

ALMANACK 1920

January

S	...	4.11.18.25
M	...	5.12.19.26
Tu	...	6.13.20.27
W	...	7.14.21.28
Th	1.	8.15.22.29
F	2.	9.16.23.30
S	3.	10.17.24.31

February

S	1.	8.15.22.29
M	2.	9.16.23...
Tu	3.	10.17.24...
W	4.	11.18.25...
Th	5.	12.19.26...
F	6.	13.20.27...
S	7.	14.21.28...

March

S	...	7.14.21.23
M	1.	8.15.22.29
Tu	2.	9.16.23.30
W	3.	10.17.24.31
Th	4.	11.18.25...
F	5.	12.19.26...
S	6.	13.20.27...

May

S	...	2.9.16.23.30
M	...	3.10.17.24.31
Tu	...	4.11.18.25...
W	...	5.12.19.26...
Th	...	6.13.20.27...
F	...	7.14.21.28...
S	1.	9.15.22.29...

April

S	...	4.11.18.25
M	...	5.12.19.26
Tu	...	6.13.20.27
W	...	7.14.21.28
Th	1.	8.15.22.29
F	2.	9.16.23.30
S	3.	10.17.24...

June

S	...	6.13.20.27
M	...	7.14.21.28
Tu	1.	8.15.22.29
W	2.	9.16.23.30
Th	3.	10.17.24...
F	4.	11.18.25...
S	5.	12.19.26...



July

S	...	4.11.18.25
M	...	5.12.19.26
Tu	...	6.13.20.27
W	...	7.14.21.28
Th	1.	8.15.22.29
F	2.	9.16.23.30
S	3.	10.17.24.31

August

S	1.	8.15.22.29
M	2.	9.16.23.30
Tu	3.	10.17.24.31
W	4.	11.18.25...
Th	5.	12.19.26...
F	6.	13.20.27...
S	7.	14.21.28...

September

S	...	5.12.19.26
M	...	6.13.20.27
Tu	...	7.14.21.28
W	1.	8.15.22.29
Th	2.	9.16.23.30
F	3.	10.17.24...
S	4.	11.18.25...

October

S	...	3.10.17.24.31
M	...	4.11.18.25...
Tu	...	5.12.19.26...
W	...	6.13.20.27...
Th	...	7.14.21.28...
F	1.	8.15.22.29...
S	2.	9.16.23.30...

November

S	...	7.14.21.28
M	1.	8.15.22.29
Tu	2.	9.16.23.30
W	3.	10.17.24...
Th	4.	11.18.25...
F	5.	12.19.26...
S	6.	13.20.27...

December

S	...	5.12.19.26
M	...	6.13.20.27
Tu	...	7.14.21.28
W	1.	8.15.22.29
Th	2.	9.16.23.30
F	3.	10.17.24.31
S	4.	11.18.25...

L. CRABER



PEACE MANŒUVRES.

Inspecting General (to sentry on outpost). "YOU SEEM TO KNOW PRECIOUS LITTLE ABOUT YOUR DUTIES. WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU ARE?"

Sentry. "I—I—I THINK I'M A 'SPECIAL IDEA,' SIR."



Cynic (fed up with stories of record drives). "I KNEW A CHAP WHO THREW A GOLF-BALL OVER A MILE—ON THE ICE."
Golf Enthusiast. "WHY DID HE DO THAT?"
Cynic. "BECAUSE HE DIDN'T WANT IT."



Squire. "SO YOUR DAUGHTER IS GOING TO BE MARRIED, MRS. FAULKNER?"

Mrs. Faulkner. "YES, SIR. LEASTWAYS HER BANNIS WAS PUT UP LAST SUNDAY, AND SO FAR NOBODY'S PUT THEIR FOOT ON 'EM."



Landlady (to actor seeking rooms). "WELL, I DON'T KNOW YOU, BUT YOU SEEM——"

Actor. "YES, YES! I KNOW I'M PLAIN. BUT PLEASE—OH, PLEASE—DON'T SAY I HAVE AN HONEST FACE!"



THE GREAT DIFFICULTY IN CHILD PORTRAITURE IS TO GET THE
PLEASED EXPRESSION.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF SPORT.

(A Lesson for the Country at large.)



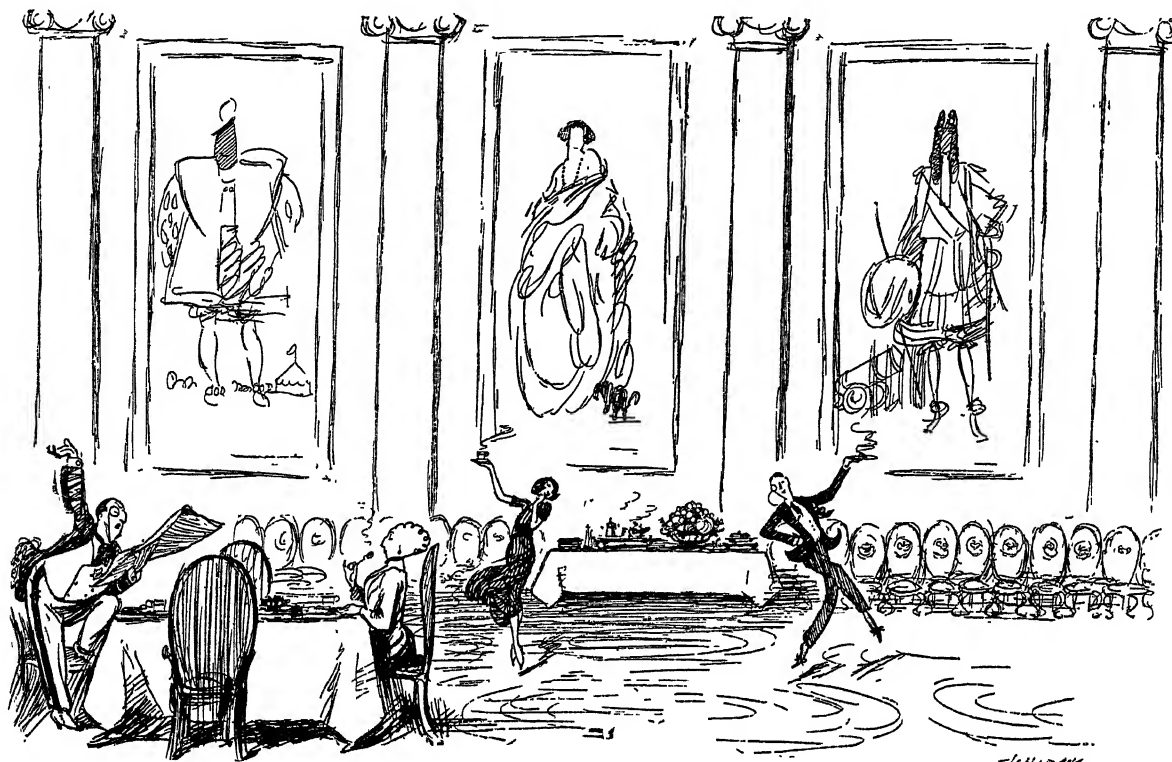
AMONG the many lovely things
That help to compensate us for
Peace and the dull routine it brings
After the lost delights of war,
I mark with inward exultation
How gentlemen of good report,
Bent on the land's regeneration,
Resume the Brotherhood of Sport.
And, following those five barren
years,
When guns on leave were much too
rare
For working off the long arrears
Accumulated in the air,
It is indeed a pleasant feature,
Now that his long reprieve is
done,
To note how well the hunted creature
Catches the spirit of the fun.

Men have remarked, as something fine,
With what a stout and reckless verve
The partridge now confronts the line
And, sportsmanlike, declines to
swerve;
Or how the grouse, in lieu of wheeling
A furlong off in fluttered rout,
Sits tight and with the nicest feeling
Waits for a dog to point him out.
Woodcock and snipe, whose chief
delight
It was by devious ways to go,
Adopt the less elusive flight
Which we associate with the crow;
The pheasant, once inclined to rocket
Right up the welkin like a lark,
Offers his tail for you to dock it
Ten feet from where your barrels
bark.

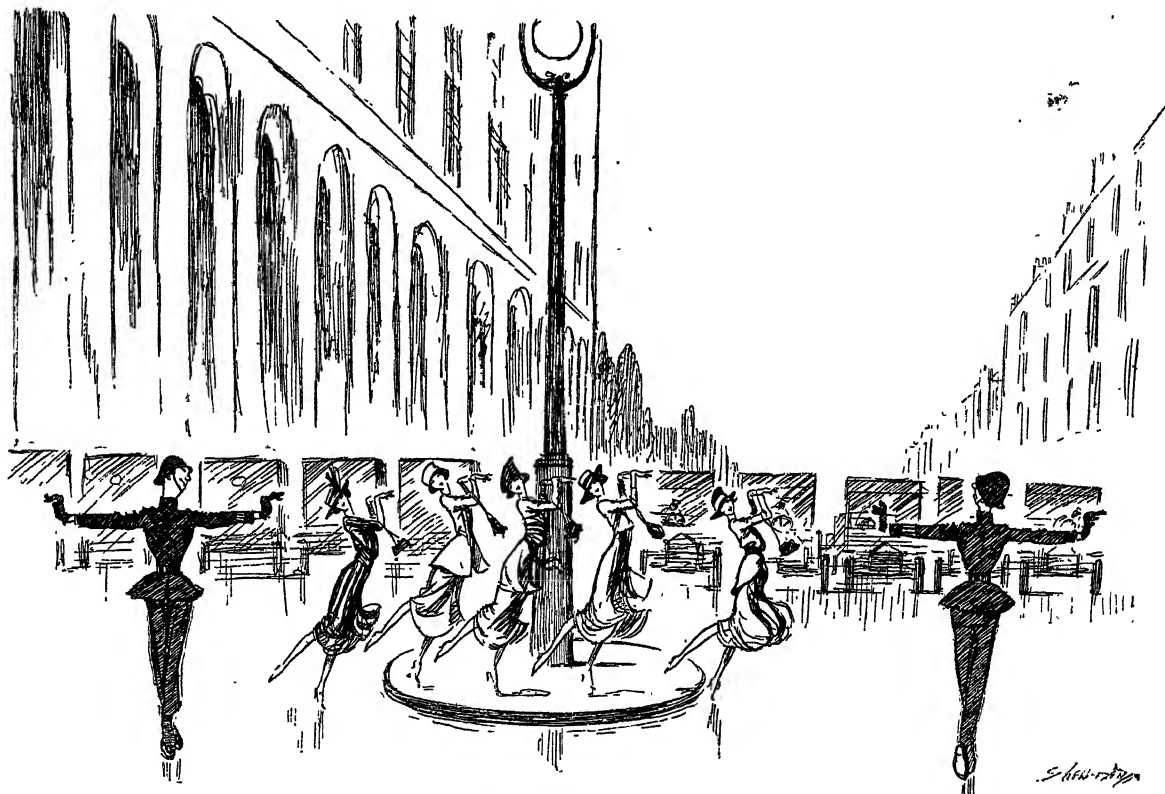
The coney, too, who used to flit
Swift as the greased lightning's
glance—
You see him slowing down a bit
To give his man a likelier chance;
The stag, again, he takes a high line,
And, bidding panic fears begone,
A silhouette along the sky-line,
Invites your notice broadside on.
This spirit which inspires the game
By moor and forest, field and crag,
This true fraternity of aim,
This common interest in the bag,
This noble zeal that fur and feather
Show for the Cause—could men
but take
Example thence and work together,
Oh, what a difference it would
make!
O. S.



IF WE ORDERED OUR LIVES AFTER THE MANNER OF THE
RUSSIAN BALLET.

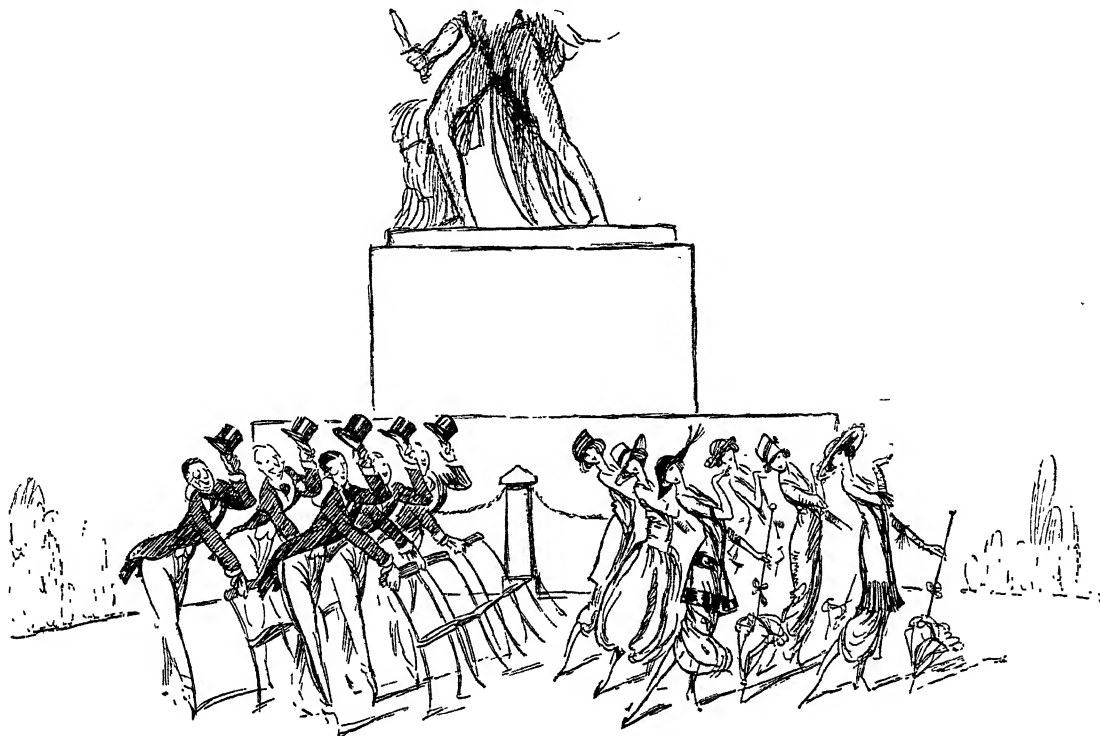


MORNING—BREAKFAST.

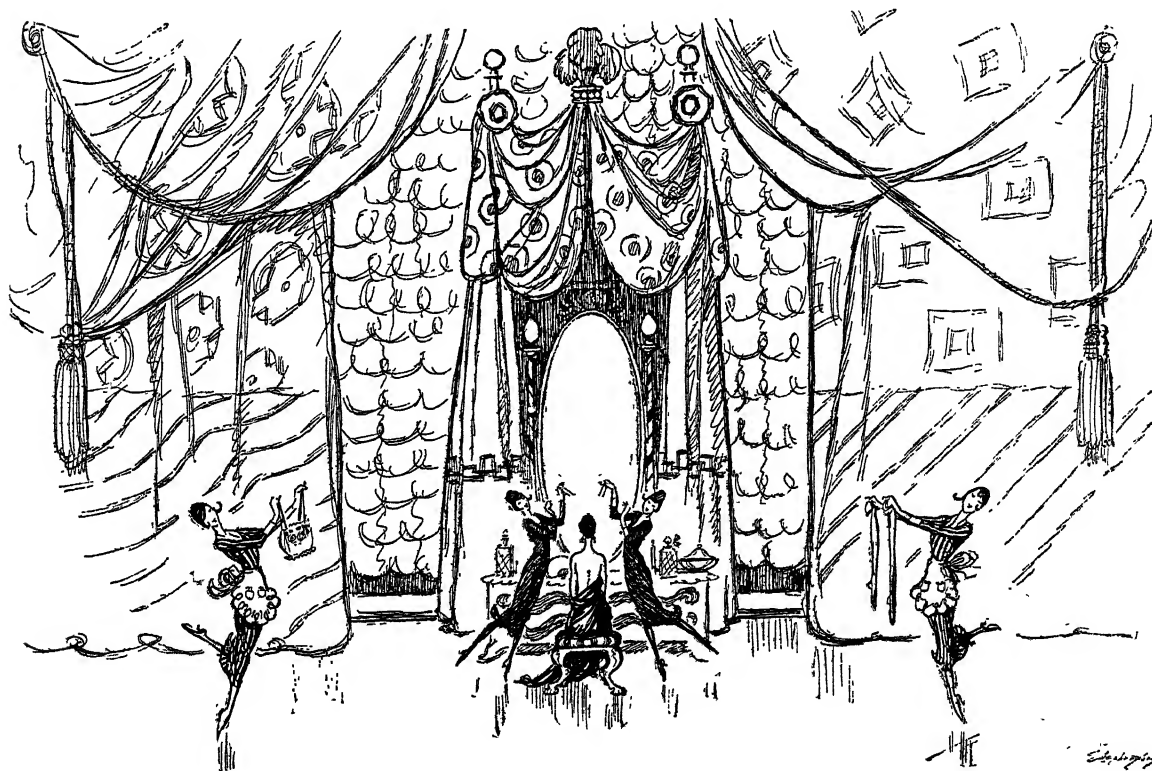


MID-DAY—GOING SHOPPING.

IF WE ORDERED OUR LIVES AFTER THE MANNER OF THE
RUSSIAN BALLET.



AFTERNOON—IN THE PARK.



EVENING—THE TOILET OF A LADY OF FASHION.

NATIONAL EFFORT, 1920.



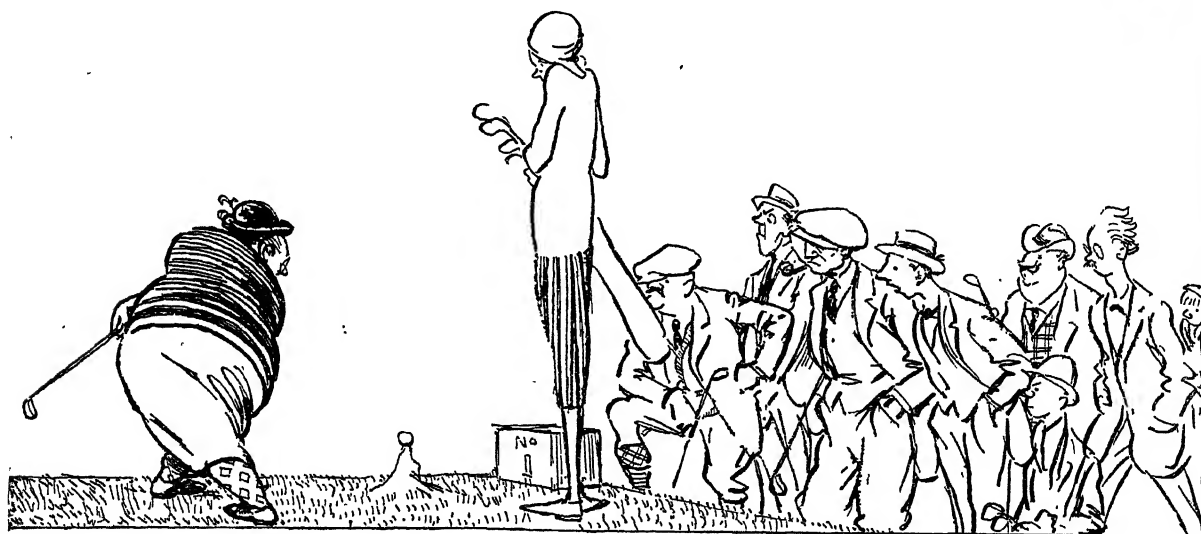
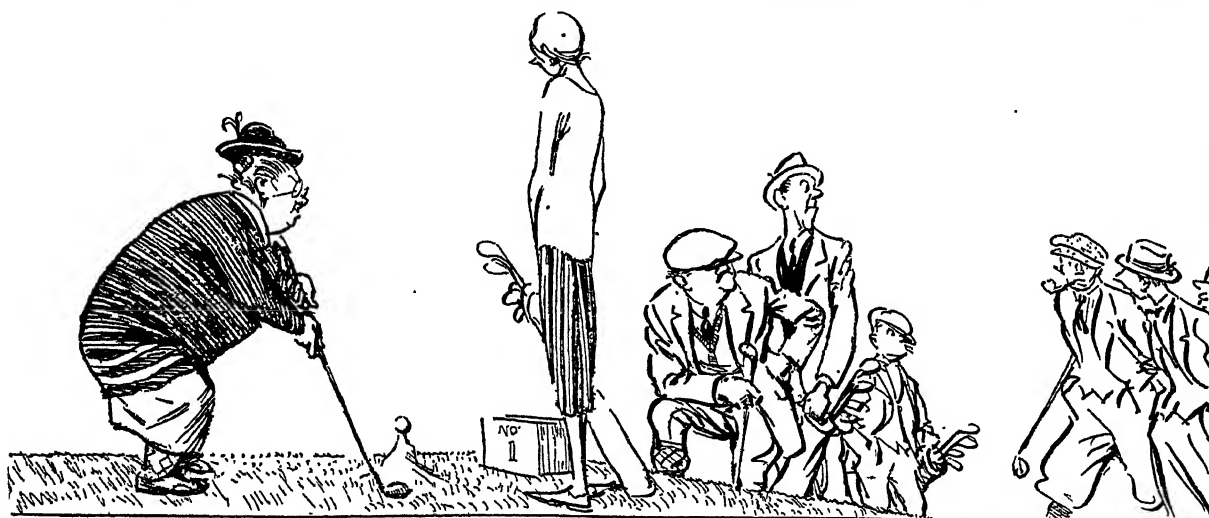
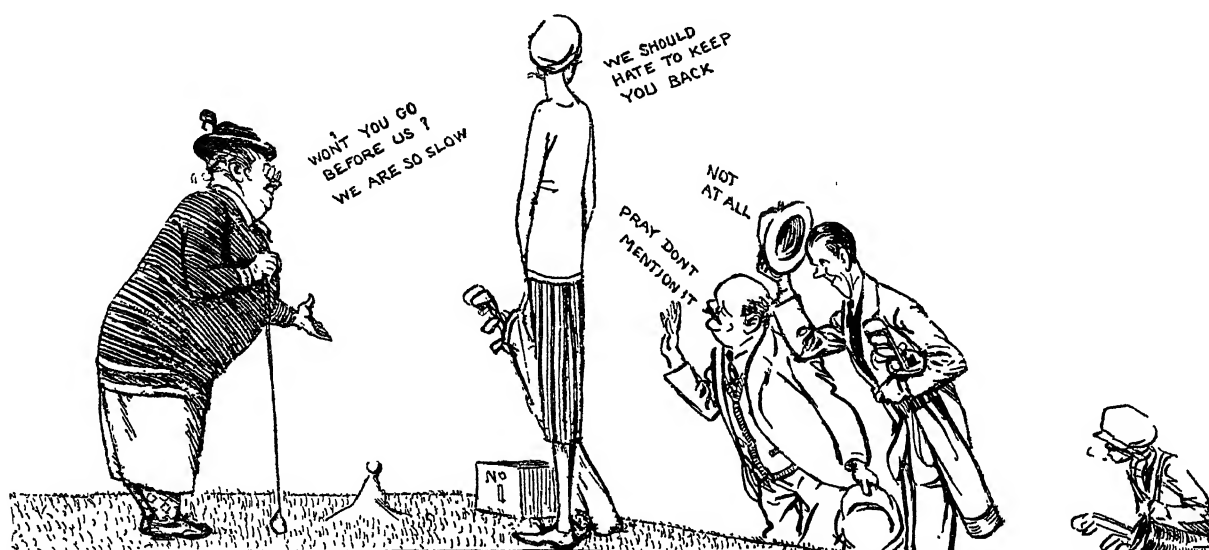
AT THE RESTAURANT GRANDE VITESSE.



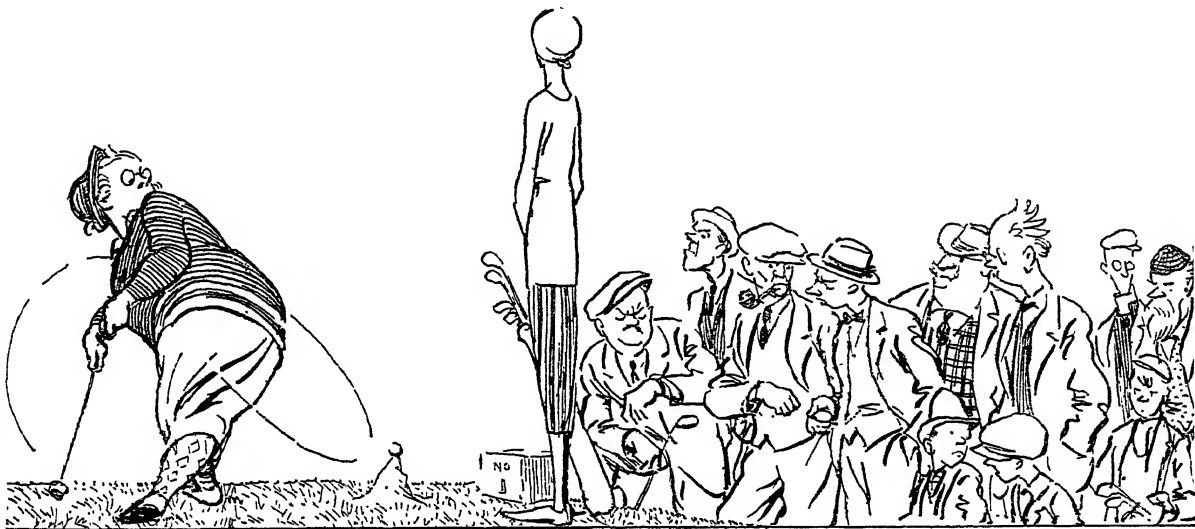
SIGNORA SQUALLINI LETS HERSELF GO.



OUR OUTSPOKEN AND FEARLESS JOURNALISM.



CONGESTION ON THE LINKS.



CONGESTION ON THE LINKS.



"TIDDLES, DARLING, COME HERE AT ONCE. DON'T YOU SEE IT DOESN'T BEAR?"

MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artistes.)

Owing to the shortage of spirits this year the old custom of pouring brandy over the Christmas-pudding must be abandoned. The more wealthy are hoping to paint the stuff on with a camel-hair brush. * *

The prospects of carol singers are very bright this year. The old danger of singing outside a house and then finding it is an empty one no longer exists. * *

If mistletoe is expensive this year here is a cheaper substitute: Bet any young lady a penny you can kiss her without touching her face. If she takes the bet, kiss her on the lips, and she'll protest that you touched her face. Then you say, "Yes, I've lost; here's your penny." * *

Several of the more lavish entertainers of the younger set have confided to their friends that they will not be able to afford rich uncles this Christmas. * *

Mystery still surrounds the identity of the London tradesman who recently applied to the Food-CONTROLLER'S Department for a profiteer's licence. * *

An authoritative announcement is expected shortly from Mr. HORATIO

BOTTOMLEY, M.P., to the effect that the War will still be over this Christmas. * *

It appears that a big boom in haggis is anticipated this year, and many of the more famous haggis breeding-farms are said to be working overtime. * *

"Have you had too much to eat, dear?" asked the anxious mother. "Not yet," replied the child bravely. * *

We hope that the bachelor who tried to make some Christmas-puddings last year with the help of a Handy Hints Book will have better luck this time. One of the pages had been torn out and though he started making the pudding all right he ended up by crocheting a burst bath-pipe. * *

It is still considered possible in some quarters that, in addition to the high cost of living, there may be a levy on capital. That ought to learn us to win wars again. * *

"We cannot hang up our stockings this Christmas," says a contemporary bitterly. Not unless Mr. LLOYD GEORGE pulls up his socks. * *

There is general complaint of the small quantity of whisky now given in a glass in most public bars. Only the other day a man who called for a small whisky dropped a lump of sugar in the

glass and the whisky disappeared. The sugar had swallowed it. * *

A baby king-penguin, the first ever born in captivity, is being reared at Corstophine Zoological Park, near Edinburgh. The little creature, we learn, is making rapid progress and can already say "Hoots!" quite distinctly. * *

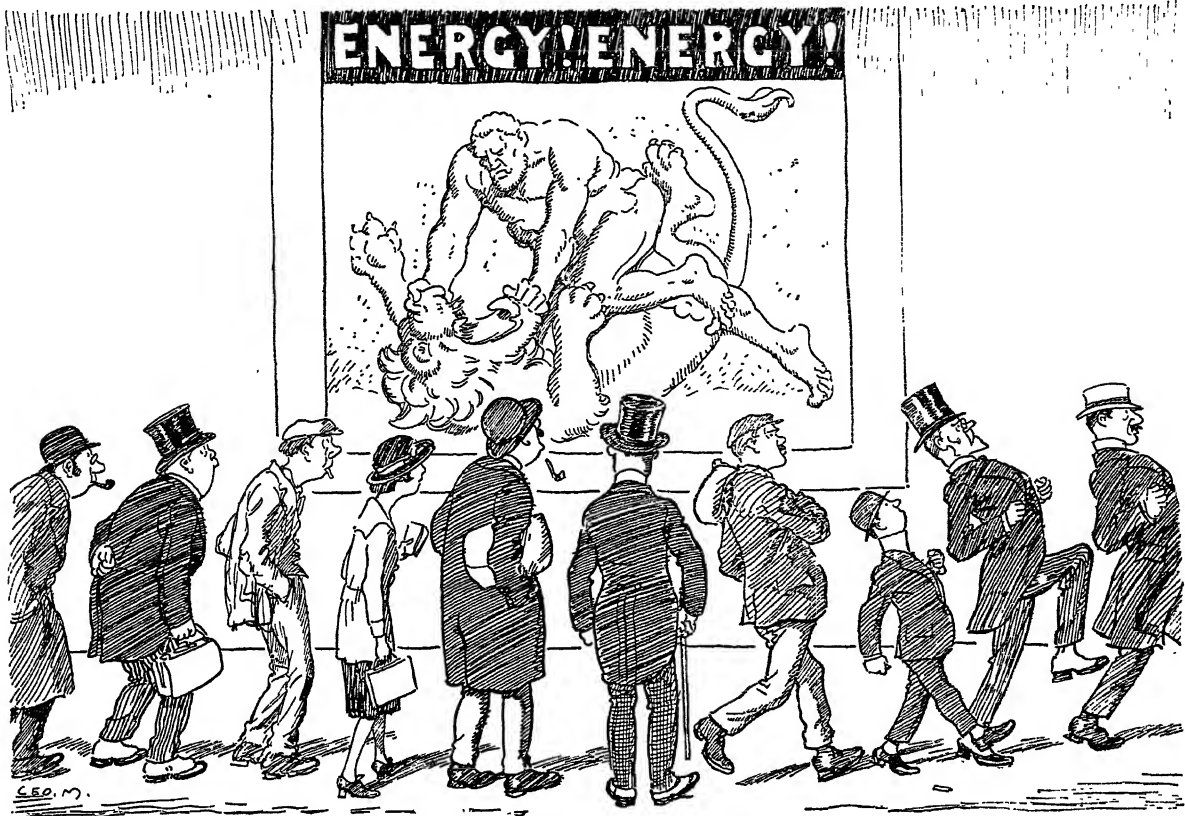
Much sympathy is being felt for the shrewd Scot who, instead of putting threepenny-bits in the Christmas-puddings this year, has decided to insert I.O.U.'s for sixpence. * *

A newspaper advertises for sale: "Mince pies, large variety. Must be sold." It looks as if the owner is breaking up his collection. * *

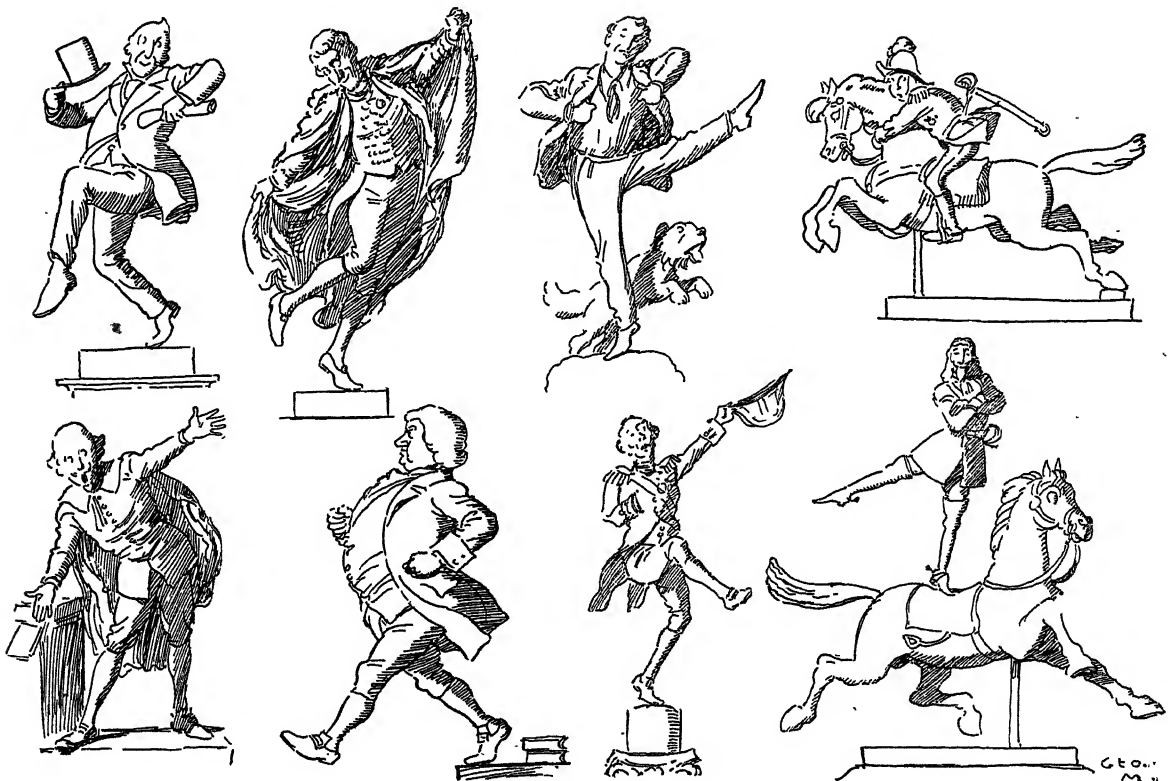
It is thought that, in order to deal with the Labour question, Parliament may have to sit throughout Christmas week. In spite of this, however, we learn that bookings for the other pantomimes are as brisk as ever. * *

"Will Christmas Day be wet or fine?" asks a headline in a weekly journal. "Why not both?" says a Scottish opponent of Mr. PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON. * *

Just as we go to press we hear that the sole rights of Boxing Day have been secured by Mr. C. B. COCHRAN.



INSTANTANEOUS EFFECT OF A PROPAGANDIST POSTER.



OUR PUBLIC STATUES CATCH THE INFECTION OF THE NEW AGE.

MAXIMS FOR MINXES.

HOW TO DO THE WRONG THING.



DON YOUR MOST OUTRAGEOUS GOWNS (AND MANNERS) AT LITTLE DANCES IN THE COUNTRY. YOU CAN'T BE OVERLOOKED.



WHILE FOR FESTIVE TOWN FUNCTIONS THE MODEST VIOLET STUNT WILL OFTEN BE FOUND EFFICACIOUS.



ARRIVE TOO EARLY WHEN ASKED TO DINNER AT A RESTAURANT.



AND TOO LATE AT THE THEATRE.

The PRIME MINISTER
makes allowances.



LORD FISHER
makes a
bonfire.



SIR GEORGE
FRAMPTON
makes faces.



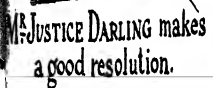
VISCOUNT GREY
makes an
impression.

LORD LEE
makes two ears
of grain grow where
one grew before.

THE PRINCE OF HEARTS
makes good.



MR JUSTICE DARLING makes
a good resolution.



DEAN INGE
makes merry.



GENERAL SEELEY
makes light of it.

I will NOT have
this Court turned
into a place of
amusement!



The BROTHERS GEDDES
make the running.

The WHITEHALL
FLAPPER
makes eyes.



JOE
BECKETT
makes thick ears.



SIR A. CONAN
DOYLE makes your flesh creep.



MR SMILLIE
makes an exhib-
ition of himself.



THE PROFITEER
makes his exit.



And MR PUNCH modest-
ly continues to make
history.

General John Galsworthy

MAXIMS FOR MINXES.

HOW TO DO THE WRONG THING.



GO TO A TENNIS PARTY IN YOUR PRETTIEST AND MOST UNSUITABLE FROCK. YOU WILL CONTRAST (NOT UNFAVOURABLY) WITH THE ATHLETIC GIRL.



AND BLOW INTO THE DUCHESS'S DREARY AFTERNOON TEAS LIKE A BREATH OF FRESH AIR FROM THE COUNTRY.



GRACEFULLY BUT FIRMLY TURN DOWN ALL YOUR DINNER, THEATRE, MOTOR AND JAZZ PARTNERS.



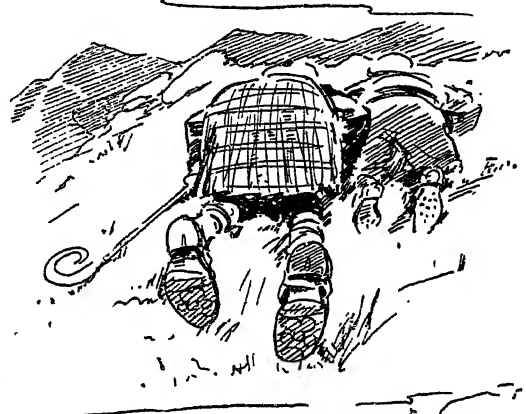
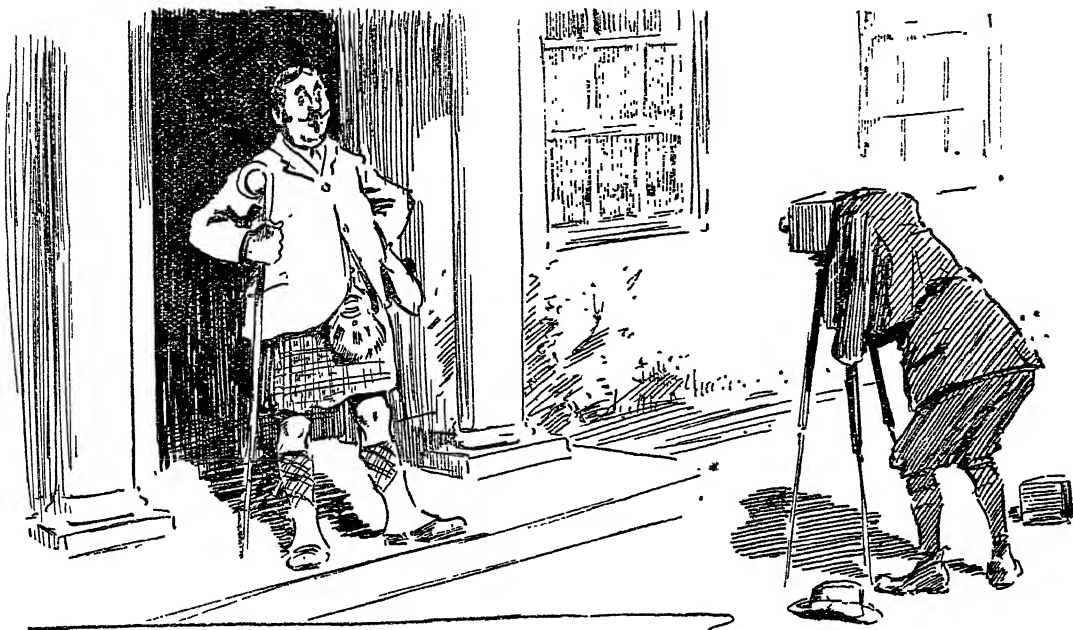
AND (HAVING MADE DISCREET INQUIRIES) GIVE YOUR FRIENDS A FINAL SURPRISE BEFORE STARTING LIFE AS A MARRIED MINX.



New Sportsman (who imagines himself to be invisible to the quarry). "THEY CAN'T SEE US, CAN THEY?"
Stalker. "I'M THENKIN' THEY'LL BE AWA'. THERE'S NAETHING SCARES THEM SAE MUCH AS AN OSTRICH."



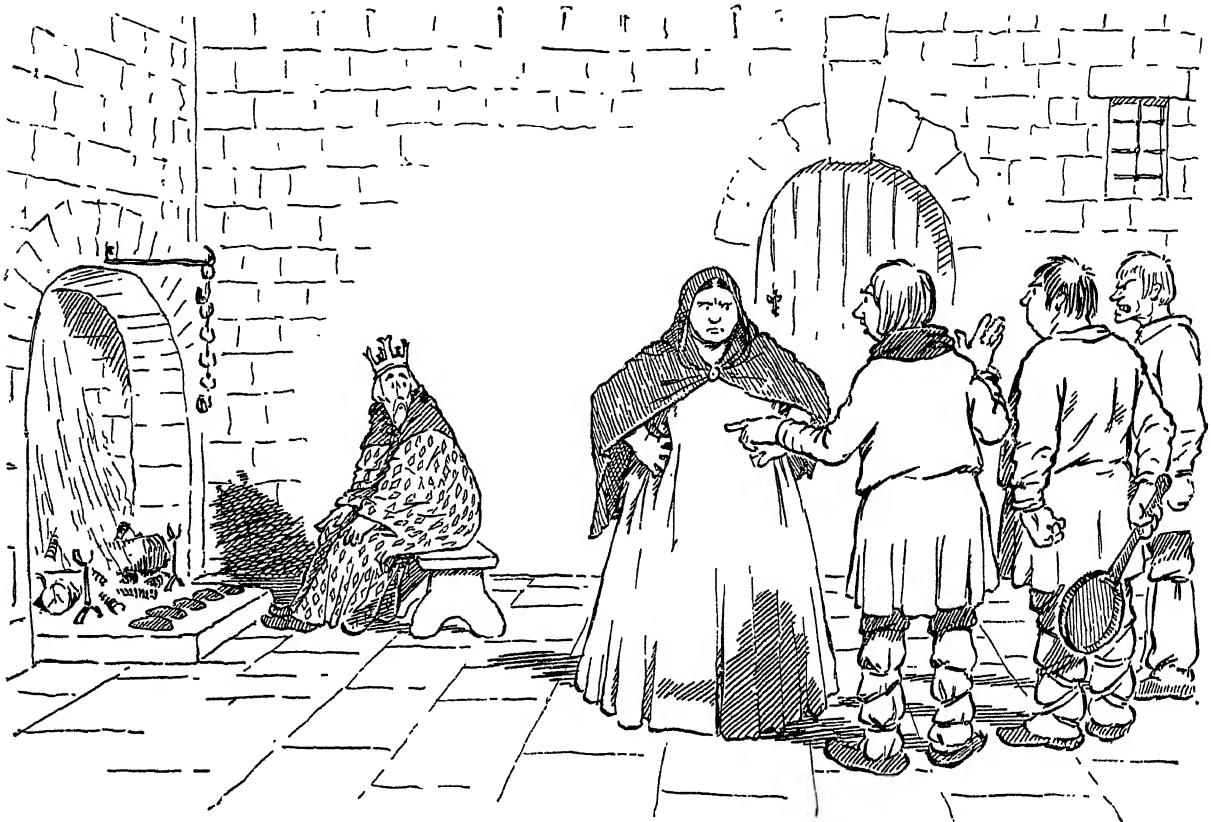
Disabled Warrior (carried away by memories of another enemy). "KEEP YOUR EYE OPEN ROUND THIS CORNER, JOCK. JUST THE PLACE WHERE THE BLIGHTERS WOULD LAY ONE OF THEIR ROTTEN BOOBY-TRAPS."



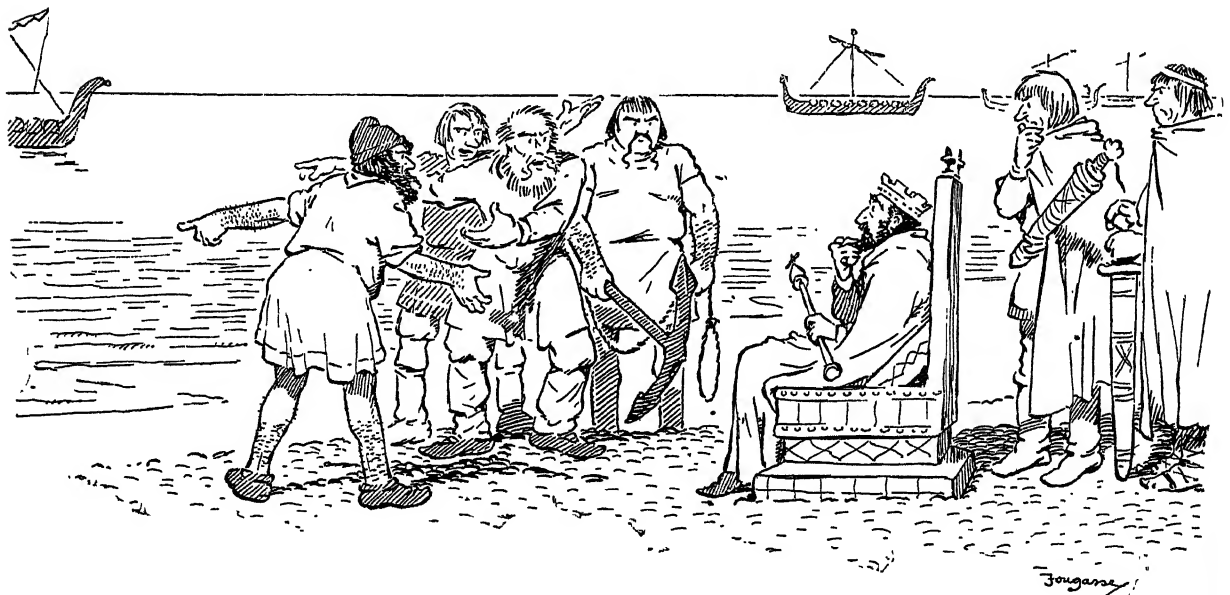
THE PROFITEER AND THE CAMERA.

MR. JOHN HOGGINS, HAVING TAKEN A DEER FOREST, ARRANGES WITH THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS TO PUBLISH A SERIES OF SPORTING PICTURES IN WHICH HE IS TO FIGURE PROMINENTLY.

UNREST THROUGH THE AGES.



THE AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF BAKERS IN GOOD KING ALFRED'S REIGN PROTESTS AGAINST THE EMPLOYMENT OF A NON-UNION MAN.



THE MARINERS' UNION THREATENS DIRECT ACTION IF KING CANUTE TAMPERS WITH THE TIDES.

UNREST THROUGH THE AGES.

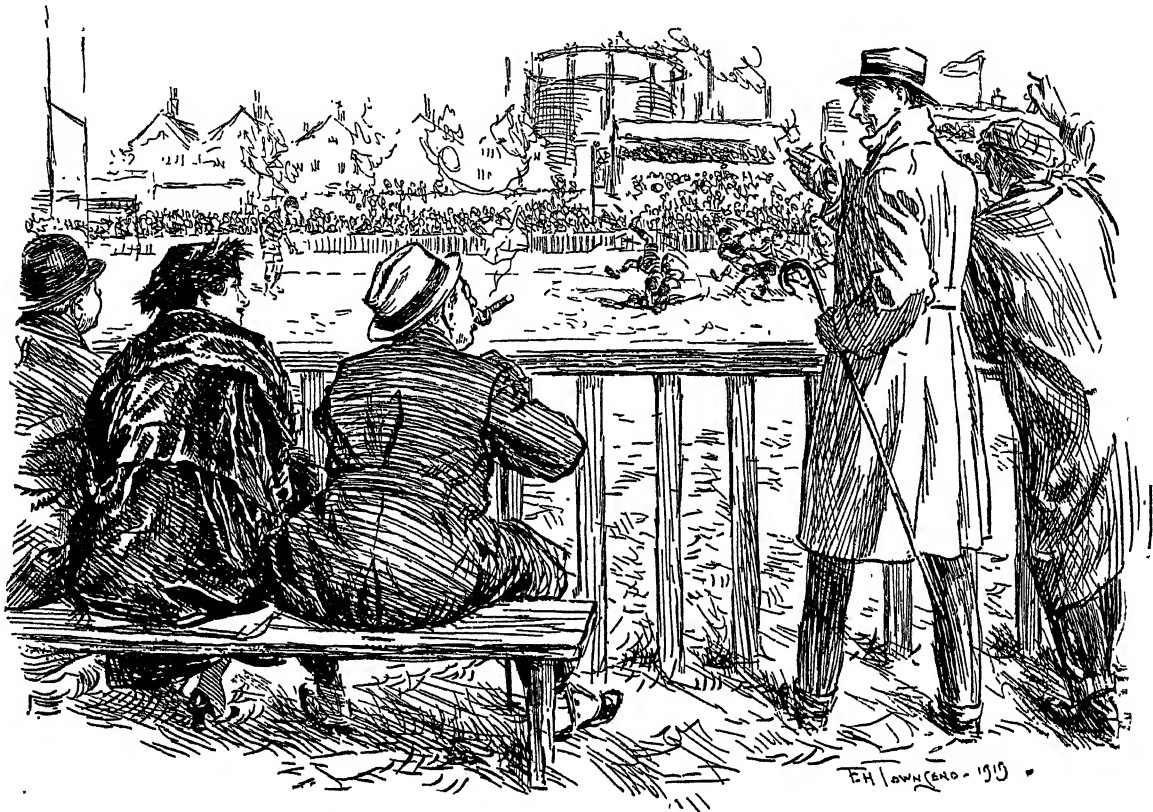


THE HOUSEHOLD STAFF OF THE BORGIAS DEMANDS TO BE PUT UPON BOARD WAGES.



JAMES WATT IS UNABLE TO CARRY OUT HIS EXPERIMENTS THROUGH A STRIKE OF THE EMPLOYEES OF THE LOCAL WATER COMPANY.

Jugasson



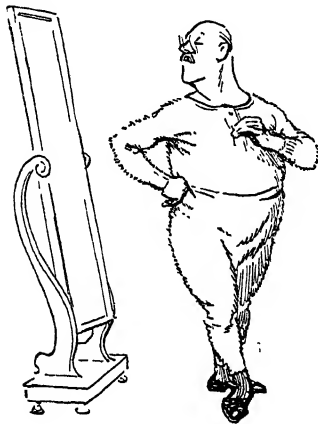
Football Enthusiast. "BY JOVE! THAT'S A PROMISING THREE-QUARTERS."

Stockbroker (day-dreaming). "YES—SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED TO SEE HIM GO TO SEVEN-EIGHTHS."



Zealous Assistant (to gentleman who has been pushed over by the crowd). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, THAT'S SOLD."

IN COLDEST ENGLAND: HOW TO OBTAIN WARMTH.



WHILE MOST PEOPLE KNOW THE VALUE OF A HEAVIER WEIGHT IN UNDERWEAR—



FEW ARE AWARE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF SEALSKIN SOCKS.



THE ABDOMINAL BLANKET—



IS HARDLY NOTICED UNDER A YIELDING LOUNGE SUIT.



SOME FEEL IT ACROSS THE SHOULDERS—



OTHERS MIGHT ADOPT FUR-LINED TROUSERS.



THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY WARM, THOUGH HARDLY SUITED TO A FUNCTION.



HOWEVER, IN THE CASE OF A WEDDING—

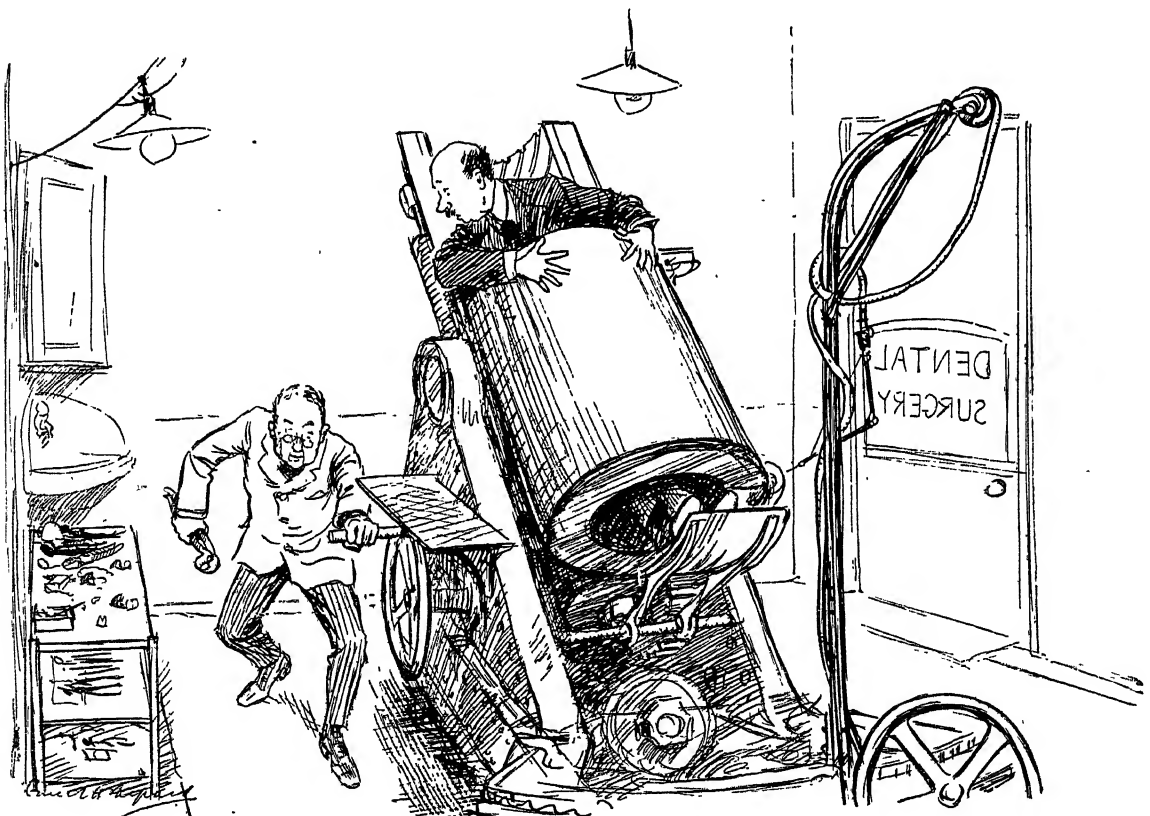


BUT, AFTER ALL, IT IS THE SLEEPING SUIT THAT MARKS THE EXPERT.
(NOTE CHINCHILLA SHEETS.)

THE ANTI-WASTE CAMPAIGN.



SURPLUS AEROPLANE PROPELLERS FOR VENTILATING RESTAURANTS.



OBSOLEScent HOWITZERS FOR DENTISTS' CHAIRS.

JOHN PENQUARTO.

A TALE OF LITERARY LIFE IN LONDON.
(Modelled on the best Authors and presented free to every purchaser of Mr. Punch's Almanack.)

I.

John Penquarto looked round his diminutive bed-sitting-room with a feeling of excitement not unmixed with awe. So this was London! The new life had begun. With a beating heart he unpacked his bag and set out his simple belongings.

First his books, his treasured books; where should he put them? It was comforting to think that, wherever they stood, they would be within reach of his hand as he lay in bed. He placed them on the window-sill and read their titles again reverently: *Half-Hours with our Water-Beetles*, *The Fretworker's Companion* and *Strenuous Days in Simla*. He owed everything to them. And what an air they gave the room!

But not such an air as was given by his other treasure—the photograph of Mary.

Mary! He had only met her once,



HE STOOD THERE TONGUE-TIED.

and that was twenty years ago, at his native Polwollop. He had gone to the big house with a message for Mr. Trevena, her ladyship's butler: "Mother's respects, and she has found the other shirt-front and will send it up as soon as it is dry." He had often taken a similar message, for Mrs. Penquarto did the washing for the upper servants at the Hall, but somehow he had known that to-day was going to be different.

There, just inside the gates, was Mary. He was only six, but even then he knew that never would he see again anything so beautiful. She was five; but there was something in her manner of holding herself and the imperious tilt of her head which made her seem almost five and a-half.

"I'm Mary," she said.

He wanted to say that he was John, but could not. He stood there tongue-tied.

"I love you," she went on.

His heart beat tumultuously. He felt suffocated. He longed to say, "So do I," but was afraid that it was not good English. Even then he knew that he must be a writer when he grew up.

She leant forward and kissed him. He realised suddenly that he was in love. The need for self-expression was strong upon him. Shyly he brought out his last acid-drop and shared it with her. He had never seen her since, but even now, twenty years after, he could not eat an acid-drop without emotion, and a whole bag of them brought the scene back so visibly as to be almost a pain.

Yes, he was to be a writer; there could be no doubt about that. Everybody had noticed it. The Vicar had said, "Johnny will never do any good at Polwollop, I fear;" and the farmer for whom John scared rooks had said, "Thiccy la-ad seems daft-like," and one after another of Mrs. Penquarto's friends had given similar testimony. And now here he was, at twenty-six, in the little bed-sitting-room in Bloomsbury, ready to write the great novel which should take London by storm. Polwollop seemed a hundred years away.

Feverishly he seized pen and paper and began to wonder what to write.

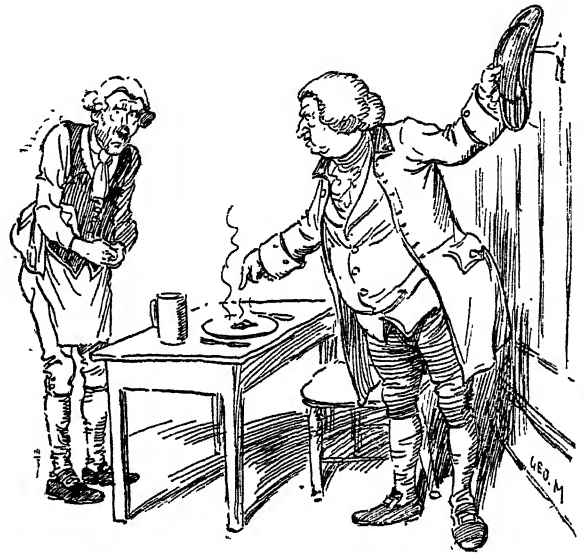
II.

It was near the Albert Memorial that the great inspiration came to him some weeks later. Those had been weeks of mingled hope and despair; of hope as he had fondled again his treasured books



THE GREAT INSPIRATION.

and read their titles, or gazed at the photograph of Mary; of despair as he had taken off his belt and counted out his rapidly-decreasing stock of money, or reflected that he was as far from completing his novel as ever. Sometimes in the search for an idea he had frequented the restaurants where the great SAMUEL JOHNSON himself had eaten, and sometimes he had frequented other restaurants where even the great SAMUEL JOHNSON himself had been un-



WHERE SAMUEL JOHNSON HAD BEEN UNABLE TO EAT.

able to eat. Often he had gone into the British Museum and leant against a mummy-case, or taken a bus to Chelsea and pressed his forehead against the brass-plate which marked CARLYLE'S house, but no inspiration had come. And then suddenly, quite close to the Albert Memorial, he knew.

He would write a novel about a boy called William who had lived in Cornwall, and who came to London and wrote a novel, a novel of which *The Westminster Gazette* said: "This novel undoubtedly places the author in the front rank of living novelists." William's novel would be a realistic account of—yes, that was it—of a boy called Henry, who had lived in Cornwall, and who came to London and wrote a novel, a novel of which *The Morning Post* said: "By this novel the author has indubitably established his claim to be reckoned among the few living novelists who count." But stay! What should this novel of Henry's be about? It would be necessary to describe it. For an hour he wrestled with the problem, and then he had another inspiration. Henry's novel would be about a boy called Thomas who had lived in Cornwall and who came to London and wrote a novel about a boy called Stephen who had lived in Cornwall,

Punch's Almanack for 1920.

and who came to London and wrote a novel [about a boy called Michael who had lived in Cornwall, and who came to London and wrote a novel (about a boy called Peter, who had lived in Cornwall, and . . .)] . . . And so on.

great Mr. Pump himself. His heart beat rapidly. He felt suffocated.

"Well, Mr. Penquarto," said the smiling publisher, "I may say at once that we like your novel. We should have written before, but we have only just finished reading it. It is a little

can only pay a nominal sum on account of royalties. Say ten thousand pounds. How will that suit you?"

With a heart still beating John left the office five minutes later and bought a new belt. Then he went to a restaurant where GOLDSMITH had never



AND SO ON.

And every one of the novels would establish the author's right to be reckoned, etc., and place him undoubtedly in the very front rank.

It was a stupendous idea. For a moment John was almost paralysed at contemplation of it. There seemed to be no end to his novel as he had planned it. Was it too much for his powers?

There was only one way to find out. He hurried back to his bed-sitting-room, seized a pen and began to write.

III.

It was two years later. For the last fortnight John Penquarto had stopped counting the money in his belt. There was none left. For a fortnight now he had been living on the belt itself.

But a great hope had always sustained him. One day he would hear from the publisher to whom he had sent his novel a year ago.

And now at last the letter had come, and he was seated in the office of the

long—about two million eight hundred thousand words, I reckon it—but I have a suggestion to make which will meet that difficulty. I suggest that we publish it in half-a-dozen volumes, stopping, for the first volume, at the Press notices of (say) Peter's novel.

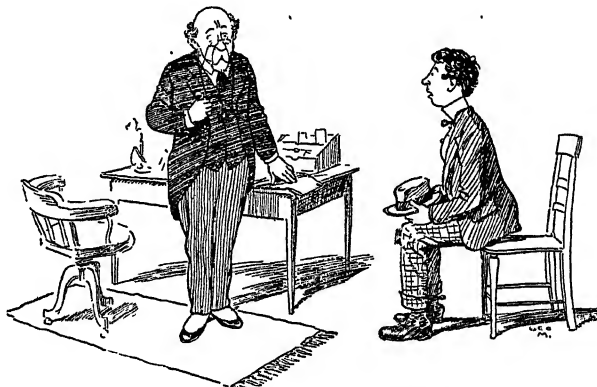
been and ordered a joint and two veg. Success had come!

IV.

I should like to dwell upon the weeks which followed. I should like to tell of John's emotion when he saw his first proofs and of the printer's emotion when he saw what a mess John had made of them. I should like to describe how my hero's heart beat during the anxious days of waiting; to picture to you his pride at the arrival of his six free copies, and his landlady's surprise when he presented her with one. Above all, I should like to bring home to you the eagerness with which he bought and opened *The Times Literary Supplement* and read his first review:—

"William Trewilliam—*The First Phase*. By John Penquarto, 7½ × 5½, 896 pp. Albert Pump. 9s. n."

I have no time to go into these matters, nor have I time in which to give



"SAY TEN THOUSAND POUNDS."

We find that the public likes these continuous books. About terms. We will send an agreement along to-morrow. Naturally, as this is a first book, we

at length his later Press cuttings, in which there was displayed a unanimity of opinion that John Penquarto was now in the front rank of living novelists, one of the limited number whose work really counted. I must hurry on.

It was a week after the publication of *William Trewulliam*, the novel which had taken all London by storm. In all the drawing-rooms of Mayfair, in all the Clubs of Pall Mall, people were asking each other, "Who is John Penquarto?" Nobody knew—save one.



LADY MARY KNEW.

Lady Mary knew. It was not the name Penquarto which had told her; it was—yes, you have guessed—the scene at the beginning of the book, when William Trewulliam meets the little Anne and shares his last raspberry-drop with her. Even under this disguise she recognised that early meeting. She pierced beneath the imagination of the novelist to the recollection of the man. John Penquarto—of course! Now she remembered the name.

It had always been a mystery to her friends why Lady Mary had never married. No girl in Society had been more eagerly courted. It was whispered that already she had refused more than one Archbishop, three Newspaper Proprietors and a couple of Dukes. Something, she scarcely knew what, told her that this was not love. She must wait. As she dressed to go to the Duchess of Bilberry's At Home, she wondered if she would ever meet John Penquarto again, and if he had altered.

"Mary!"

It was John speaking. He had seen her the moment she came in at the

door. Something—was it the Duchess's champagne at dinner?—had reminded him of the acid-drop they had eaten together and this had brought back his memories in a flood. To-night he would meet her again. He knew it instinctively. Besides, it was like this that William Trewulliam had met Anne again, and Henry Polhenery had met Sarah, and Thomas Pentummas had met Alice, and—well, anyhow he knew.

"John!"

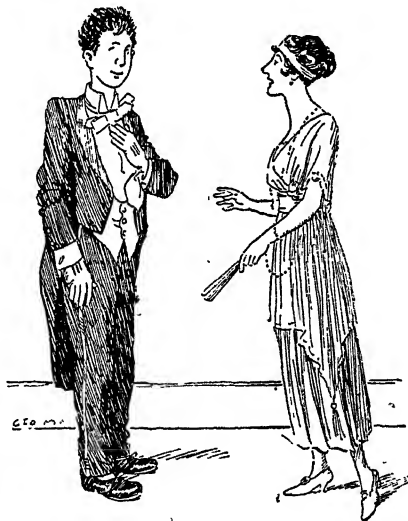
It was Mary speaking. Perhaps you had guessed.

"You know me?" (This is John. It was his turn.)

"I knew you." (Said Mary.)

"Do you remember—"

Mary blushed, and John did not deviate from the healthy red colour which he had maintained throughout the conversation. In spite of his success he was never quite at ease in society at this period of his life. Nor were Henry Polhenery and Thomas



HE WAS NEVER QUITE AT EASE IN SOCIETY.

Pentummas. They remained handsome but awkward, which was why women loved them so.

"I love you." (John speaking.)

"I think I must have always loved you." (Mary going it.)

He took her hand in his.

Nobody noticed them. They were as much alone as if they had been at the National Gallery together. Many of the guests were going through similar scenes of recognition and love-making; others were asking each other if they



THE HAPPY COUPLE DROVE AWAY.

had read *William Trewulliam* yet, and lying about it; others again were making for the buffet. John and Mary had the world to themselves . . .

v.

They were married a month later. John, who did not look his best in a frock-coat, had pleaded for a quiet wedding, and only the Duchess of Bilberry and Mr. Pump were present at the simple ceremony which took place at the Bloomsbury registry-office. Then the happy couple drove away.

And where are they spending the honeymoon?

Ah, do you need to ask?

"At Greenwich?" No, fathead, not at Greenwich.

"At Clacton-on-Sea?" Look here, I don't believe you're trying. Have another shot . . .

Yes, dear reader, you are right. They are going back to Polwollop.

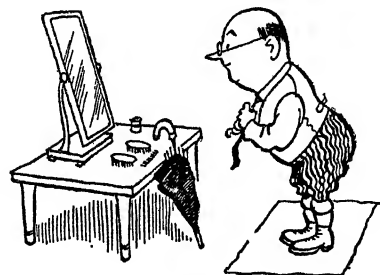
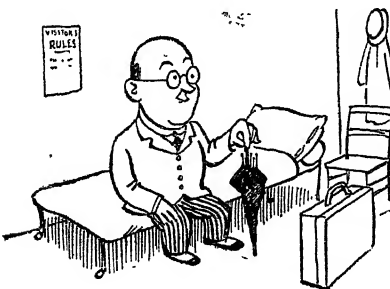
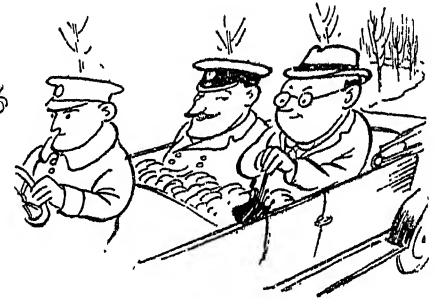
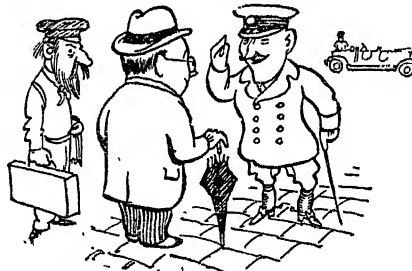
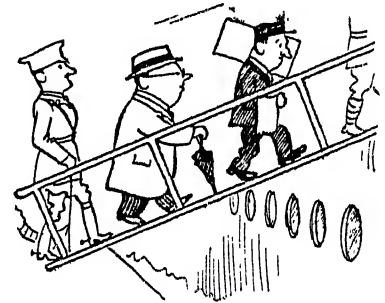
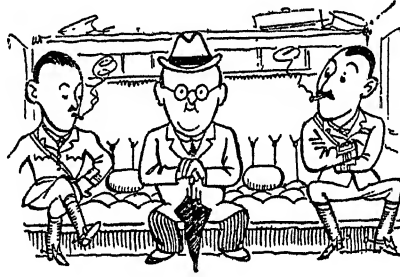
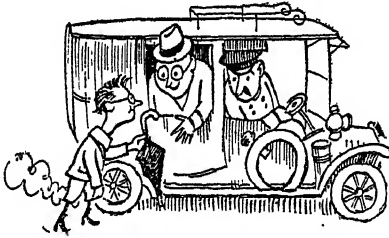
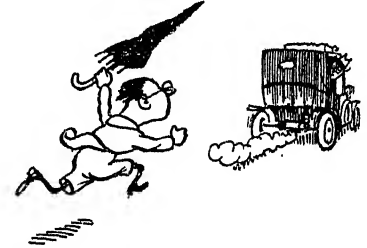
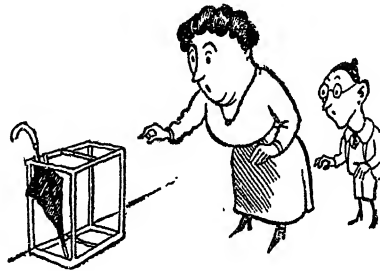
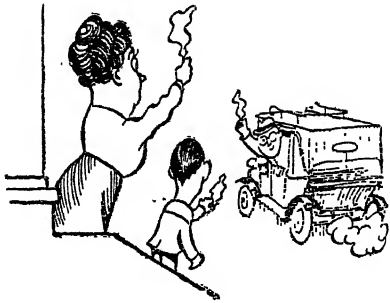
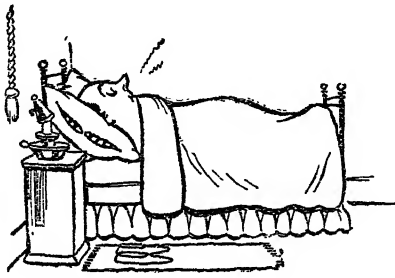
It might be a good plan to leave them there. A. A. M.

PAPER PROBLEMS.

It's very odd to lie and think that when my mother chose
The paper for my nursery wall, of lavender and rose,
She never found the funny things that I can see to-day,
Now I am ill and lie abed and watch them at their play.

The person in the paper-shop, who sold it her as "neat,"
Had no idea he'd sold a bear with fingers on his feet;
And even Nurse, who sees so much—her eyesight beats belief—
Has never seen the elephant on every other leaf.

It really is remarkable, when grown-up people call,
To hear them say how pretty are the flowers upon my wall,
And watch them stare right through the things that most appeal to me,
The Other Pictures everywhere that only I can see.



THE INVENTOR'S DREAM.

AN INEXPENSIVE IDEA FOR MAKING THE BRITISH ARMY INVULNERABLE.



J.M. BATEMAN

THE INVENTOR'S DREAM.

AN INEXPENSIVE IDEA FOR MAKING THE BRITISH ARMY INVULNERABLE.



DEMOBILISED.



TIMON.

ABOUT a month ago we lost our dog. I can't describe him, although I have tried from time to time; but Elaine, my wife, said I should not speak in that fashion of a dumb animal. He stands about two hands high, is of a reseda-green shade, except when in anger, and has no distinguishing marks except the absence of a piece of the right ear, which was carried off by a marauding Irish terrier. He answers with a growl to many names, including that of Timon. He will also answer to a piece of raw meat, another dog or a postman.

I do not know if dogs can be said to have a hobby; if so, Timon's hobby is postmen. He studies them closely. In fact I should not be surprised if he comes to write a monograph on them some day.

As soon as one of them has daringly passed the entrance gates of Bellevue, Timon trots forth like a reception committee to meet him. He studies the bunch of communications that the visitor bears in his hand. If they are all right—cheques from publishers,

editors and missing-heir merchants, invitations to tea and tennis or dinner and dominoes, requests for autographs—Timon nods and allows the postman to pass unscathed. On the other hand, if the collection includes rejected manuscripts, income or other tax demand notes, tracts or circulars, then I hear the low growl with which Timon customarily goes into action, and the next moment the postman is making for the neighbouring county and taking a four-foot gale in his stride.

Consequently it is to be anticipated that if the Olympic Games are ever held in our neighbourhood the sprint and the hurdles will be simply at the mercy of our local post-office. They take no credit for it. It is simply practice, they say.

But, to return to the main subject, we have lost Timon. One month has passed without his cheery presence at Bellevue. Reckless postmen have made themselves free of the front garden and all colour has gone out of life.

We have done everything to win him back. We have inserted numerous advertisements in the agony columns of

the newspapers: "If this should catch the eye of Timon," or "Come back, Timon. All will be forgiven;" but apparently we have yet to find his favourite newspaper.

We began with the well-known canine papers, trusting vainly that he might happen to glance through them some day when he was a bit bored or hadn't an engagement. After that we went through *The Times*, *The Morning Post* (he's strongly anti-Bolshevik), *The Daily News* (his views on vivisection are notorious) and other dailies, and then took to the weeklies.

We had strong hopes for a time that *The Meat Trade Review* would find him. Timon is fond of raw meat. But failure again resulted. We have now reached *Syren and Shipping* and *The Ironmongers' Gazette* and—

* * * * *

I must stop here to inform you of the glad news. Elaine has just hurried in to tell me that Timon has replied and will be back to-morrow.

How did we catch his eye? Well, of course we should have thought of it before. It was *The Post Office Gazette*.

THE ROMANCE OF BOOKMAKING.

A VISIT TO MESSRS. PRYCE UNLTD.
(With acknowledgments in the right quarter.)

A GIGANTIC commissioner flings wide the doors for us and, passing reverently inside, we are confronted by the magnificent equestrian statue of Mr. Bookham Pryce, the founder of the firm. This masterpiece of the Post-Cubist School was originally entitled, "Niobe Weeping for her Children," but the gifted artist, in recognition of Mr. Pryce's princely offer of one thousand guineas for the group, waived his right to the title.

On the left we see the Foreign Department. Here we watch with rapt attention the arrival of countless business telegrams from all parts of the world. We choose one or two at random and see for ourselves the ramifications of Pryce's far-flung booking service. This one from China: "Puttee fifty taels Boko Lanchester Cup;" another from distant Siberia, emerging from the primeval forests of that wondrous land of the future: "Tenbobski Quitter Ebury Handicap." Bets are accepted in all denominations from Victory Bonds to the cowrie-shells of West Africa.

Passing up the marble staircase and leaving the Home Department on our right we arrive at the Stumer Section. Here a small army of ex-Scotland Yard detectives are engaged in dealing with *mala-fide* commissions—attempts on the part of men of straw to make credit bets, or telegrams despatched after a race is over.

Where shall we go next? We ask a courteous shopwalker, who in flawless English advises us to try the Winter Gardens, where a delightful tea is served at a minimum cost: Here, whilst sipping a fragrant cup of Orange Pekoe, we can watch the large screen, on which the results of all races are flashed within ten seconds of the horses passing the winning-post. At one time, in fact, it was nothing unusual for Pryce's to have the results posted before the horses had completed the course, but in deference to the prejudices of certain purists this practice was abandoned.

Follows a hurried visit to the Library and Museum, where we gaze enthralled at the original pair of pigeon-blue trousers with which Mr. Bookham Pryce made his sensational *début* on the Lincoln course in the spring of 1894. We might linger here a moment to muse over the simple beginnings of great men, but time is pressing and we are all agog to visit the Bargain Basement.

An express lift flashes us downwards in a few seconds and behold we are in

the midst of rows of counters groaning under bargains that even the New Poor can scarce forbear to grasp.

Here, for example, is one-hundred-to-eight offered against Pincushion for the Gimcrack Stakes. This wondrous animal's lineage and previous performances are carefully tabulated on a card at the side, and, remembering the form he showed at Gatwick, one wonders, as the man in the street would say, how it is done.

Or look at Tom-tom, which left the others simply standing in a field of forty-four at Kempton Park, and carrying eight-stone-seven. Here he has a paltry four-pound penalty for the Worcester Welter Handicap, yet one can have seven to one about him.

How the House of Pryce can offer such bargains is a mystery to the old school of red-necked bookmakers, whose Oxford accent was not pronounced. They fail to see what courtesy, urbanity and meat-teas at three shillings per head can do in the way of stimulating business.

From the Bargain Basement we wander at will through the remaining departments, making inquiries here and there from the expert assistants, technically known as laymen, without being once importuned to make a bet.

And when at length, refreshed and pleased with a delightful afternoon, we pass again through the portals of the House of Pryce, we make for home, confirmed supporters of the modern personal touch, which has transformed a drab business into a veritable romance.

Our Optimistic Advertisers.

"Will Person who took Gent.'s Trenchcoat by mistake whilst motor-cycle was on fire in Rd., on Wednesday night, please return same."—*Provincial Paper*.

"Alec Herd, who went round in 72, and who is one of the old school, was second in the Open Championship no fewer than 28 years ago, and won it as far back as 19042." *B.C., of course.* *Provincial Paper*.

"Yesterday was St. Stephen's Day, and, therefore, the patronal festival of the Abbey Church. Hence the choice of the date for the issue of the appeal, though probably not one Englishman in a thousand connects the Abbey with any particular saint."—*Daily Paper*.

Well, certainly not this one, though we have heard St. PETER alluded to in this connection.

"THE HENLEY REGATTA."

A remarkable feature of the meeting is the number of ladies rowing, the ten heats for eight-oared boats in the Ladies' Challenge Cup being decided to-day."—*Provincial Paper*.

Lest the male element should be entirely forgotten, would it not be well to call it in future "The Cook-and-henley regatta"?

IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY THE MARYLAND COMPANY,
SQUINTING HOUSE SQUARE.

Ready to-day. An arresting Novel.

By RIZZIO DARNLEY.

REINCARNATION; OR, THE TWO
MARIES.

With eighteen illustrations on super-pulp paramount arcraft vellum.

"The story is one of the most gripping that I have ever read. I am still suffering from its gripe."

Lord Thanet in "The Daily Feature."

Also ready to-day. The Book of the Year.

FROM SCREEN TO THRONE.

By HARRY EGBOLD.

"I am glad to pay a tribute to the sincerity, intimate knowledge and exalted Quixotry of this extraordinary book. It is the best that has ever been written."

Lord Thanet in "The Daily Mary."

The Novel of the Century.

THE PERILS OF MAJESTY.

By H. STICKHAM WEED.

In MALLABY-DEELEY cloth, with luminous portraits.

"It is so rich in plums that I do not recommend anyone to read more than half-a-column at a time. In this way the pleasure and profit can be spread over several weeks. This wonderful book is the product of a brilliant thinker and tender-hearted gentleman. My shelves are full, but I should take down any war-book to make room for this."—Lord Thanet (third review in "The Douglas Daily Dispatch.")

A Novel of Super-Pathos.

THE QUEEN'S REST CURE.

By "MR. X."

"The Queen's Rest-Cure is a greater book than *The Rescue* by JOSEPH CONRAD, because the sinister thrill of suspense yields to the ever-fresh romance of young love. I have read and re-read it with tears of pure delight, punctuated with shrieks of happy laughter."

Lord Thanet in "The Maryland Mirror."

QUOTES AND CHEERIES.

A medium of instruction and enlightenment for literary gents, gentle readers and all persons anxious to think about four things at once.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Mary's Journal of her Trip to England.

The concluding instalment of Mary Queen of Hearts' journal of her trip to England appears in the current issue of *Quotes and Cheeries* under the caption of "Squinting House Square Papers." Reference has already been made in a preceding instalment to the riots at the Fitz Hotel and the flight of the Queen to Wimbledon in a taxi driven by Sir Philip Phibbs, afterwards Lord Fountain of Penn.



L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

YOUNG TURK. "I WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH FOR OUR NATIONAL HONOUR."

OLD TURK. "WELL, IF YOU MUST. BUT I WASH MY HANDS OF THE WHOLE BUSINESS—UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU WIN."



Golfer. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, SANDY? AREN'T YOU GOING TO PLAY THIS AFTERNOON?"
Sandy. "MAN, HAVE YOU NOT HEARD? I'VE LOST MA BALL."

ELIZABETH GOES TO THE SALES.

"ARE you goin' to the Summer Sales this year, 'm?" inquired Elizabeth, suddenly projecting herself on the horizon of my thoughts.

I laid down my pen at once. It is not possible to continue writing if Elizabeth desires to make conversation at the same time.

"Certainly I shall, if I hear of a sale of cheap crockery," I replied pointedly; "ours badly needs replenishing."

The barbed arrow did not find its mark. It may require a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotsman, but only the medium of some high explosive could properly convey a hint to Elizabeth.

"'Oo wants to go to sales to buy things like pots?" asked Elizabeth scornfully.

"People who are always getting their pots broken," I replied in italics.

"Well, everyone to their tastes," she commented casually. I began to wonder if even trinitrotoluol could be in-

effective at times. "Wot I mean by sales is buyin' clothes," she continued; "bargins, you know."

"Yes, I know," I answered; "I've seen them—in the advertisements. But I never secure any."

"Why don't you, then?"

"Because of all the other people, Elizabeth. Those who get the bargains seem to have a more dominant nature than mine. They have more grit, determination—"

"Sharper elbows is wot you mean," put in Elizabeth. "It's chiefly a matter of 'oo pushes 'ardest. My! I love a sale if only for the sake o' the scrimmage. A friend o' mine 'oo's been separated from 'er 'usband becoss they was always fightin' told me she never misses goin' to a sale so that she'll be in practice in case 'er and 'er old man make it up again."

"I'm not surprised that I never get any bargains," I commented, "although I often long to. Look at the advertisement in this newspaper, for instance. Here's a silk jumper which is absurdly

cheap. It's a lovely Rose du Barri tricot and costs only—"

"'Oo's rose doo barri trick-o when 'e's at 'ome?" inquired Elizabeth.

I translated hurriedly. "I mean it's a pink knitted one. Exactly what I want. But what is the use of my even hoping to secure it?"

"I'll get it for you," announced Elizabeth.

"You! But how?"

"I'll go an' wait an hour or two afore the doors open, an' when they do I don't 'arf know 'ow to fight my way to the counters. Let me go, m'm. I'd reelly like the outin'."

I hesitated, but only for a moment. What could be simpler than sending an emissary to use her elbows on my behalf? There was nothing unfair in doing that, especially if I undertook the washing-up in her absence.

Elizabeth set out very early on the day of the sale looking enthusiastic. I, equally enthusiastic, applied myself to the menial tasks usually performed by Elizabeth. We had just finished a

lunch of tinned soup, tinned fish and tinned fruit (oh, what a blessing is a can-opener in the absence of domestics!) when she reappeared. My heart leapt at the sight of a parcel in her hand.

"You got it after all!" I exclaimed. O thrice blessed Elizabeth! O most excellent domestic! For the battles she had fought that day on my behalf she should not go unrewarded.

"I'm longing to try it on," I said as I tore at the outer wrappings.

"Well, I order say it isn't the one you told me to get," interposed Elizabeth.

I paused in unwrapping the parcel, assailed by sudden misgivings. "Isn't this the jumper, then?"

"Not that pertickler one. You see, it was like this: there was a great 'orse of a woman just in front o' me an' I couldn't move ahead of 'er no'ow, try as I would. It was a case o' bulk, if you know what I mean, an' elbows wasn't no good. An' 'ang me if she wasn't goin' in for that there very tricky jumper you wanted! I put up a good fight for it, 'm, I did indeed. We both reached it at the same time, got 'old of it together, an'—an'—when it gave way at the seams I let 'er 'ave it," said Elizabeth, concluding her simple narrative. It sounded convincing enough. I had no reason to doubt it at the moment.

"The beast!" I said in the bitterness of my heart. "Is it possible a woman could so far forget herself as to behave like that, Elizabeth?"

"But there's no need for you to be disappointed, as I got a jumper for you arter all," she continued. She took the final wrappings off the parcel and drew out a garment. "There!" she remarked proudly, holding it aloft.

The Old Masters, we are told, discovered the secret of colour, but the colour of that jumper should have been kept a secret—it never ought to have been allowed to leak out. It was one of those flaming pinks that cannot be regarded by the naked eye for any length of time, owing to the strain it puts on the delicate optic nerve. Bands of purple finished off this Bolshevik creation.

"How dare you ask me to wear that?" I broke out when I had partially recovered from the shock.

"Why, wot's wrong with it? You said you wanted a pink tricky one. It's pink, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is pink," I admitted faintly.

"An' it's far trickier nor wot the other was."

"You had better keep the jumper for yourself," I said crossly. "No doubt it will suit you better than it would me."

She seemed gratified, but not un-



Proprietor (to the rescue of his assistants, who have failed to satisfy customer). "ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT KIND OF CAP YOU DO WANT?"

New "Blood." "WELL, YE SEE, IT'S LIKE THIS—I'VE BOUGHT A MOTOR-BIKE, AND I THOUGHT AS 'OW I'D LIKE A CAP WI' A PEAK AT THE BACK."

usually taken aback at my generosity. "Well, since you ses it yourself, 'm, p'raps it is more my style. Your complexion won't stand as much as mine."

I was pondering on whether this was intended as a compliment or an insult when she spoke again.

"I shan't 'arf cut a dash," she murmured as she drifted to the door; "an' it might be the means o' bringin' it off this time."

"Bringin' what off, Elizabeth?"

"Bringin' my new young man to the point, 'm. You see, 'e do love a bit o' colour; an' I knew 'e wouldn't 'ave liked the rose doo barry trick-o, anyhow."

"Wanted, a General, plain cooking, gas fires, two boys 9 by 5.—South Streatham."

Local Paper.

Nothing is said of their third dimensions.

A Remarkable Coincidence.

"To-day is the birthday of Lord Durham and his twin brother, the Hon. F. W. Lambton, both of whom are sixty-five."

Provincial Paper.

"Prince Arthur is well fitted for the high post to which he has been called. He is the tallest member of the Royal Family."

Daily Paper.

But it is only fair to his Royal Highness to say that he has other qualifications as well.

From the recent debate on "Doctors and Secrecy":—

"If you begin to open the door you take away the sheet anchor upon which our professional work is based."—Daily Paper.

We trust that the speaker mixes his medicines more discreetly than his metaphors.

ON WITH THE DANCE.

I HAVE been to a dance: or rather I have been to a fashionable restaurant where dancing is done. I was not invited to a dance—there are very good reasons for that, I was invited to dinner. But many of my fellow-guests have invested a lot of money in dancing. That is to say, they keep on paying dancing-instructors to teach them new tricks; and the dancing-instructors, who know their business, keep on inventing new tricks. As soon as they have taught everybody a new step they say it is unfashionable and invent a new one.

This is all very well from their point of view, but it means that, in order to keep up with them and get your money's worth out of the last trick you learned, it is necessary during its brief life of respectability to dance at every available opportunity. You dance as many nights a week as is physically possible; you dance on week-days and you dance on Sundays; you begin dancing in the afternoon and you dance during tea in the coffee-rooms of expensive restaurants, whirling your precarious way through littered and abandoned teatables; and at dinner-time you leap up madly before the fish and dance like variety artistes in a highly-polished arena before a crowd of complete strangers eating their food; or, as if seized with an uncontrollable craving for the dance, you fling out after the joint for one wild gallop in an outer room, from which you return, perspiring and dyspeptic, to the consumption of an ice- pudding, before dashing forth to the final orgy at a picture-gallery, where the walls are appropriately covered with pictures of barbaric women dressed for the hot weather.

That is what happened at this dinner. As soon as you had started a nice conversation with a lady a sort of roaring was heard without; her eyes gleamed, her nostrils quivered like a horse planning a gallop, and in the middle of one of your best sentences she simply faded away with some horrible man at the other end of the table who was probably "the only man in London who can do the Double Straddle properly." This went on the whole of the meal, and it made connected conversation quite difficult. For my own part I went on eating, and when I had properly digested I went out and looked at the little victims getting their money's worth.

From the door of the room where the dancing was done a confused uproar overflowed, as if several men of powerful physique were banging a number of pokers against a number of saucepans, and blowing whistles, and occasional catcalls, and now and then

beating a drum and several sets of huge cymbals, and ceaselessly twanging at innumerable banjos, and at the same time singing in a foreign language, and shouting curses or exhortations or street cries, or imitating hunting-calls and the cry of the hyena, or uniting suddenly in the war-whoop of some pitiless Sudan tribe.

It was a really terrible noise. It hit you like the back-blast of an explosion as you entered the room. There was no distinguishable tune. It was simply an enormous noise. But there was a kind of savage rhythm about it which made one think immediately of Indians and fierce men and the native camps one used to visit at the Earl's Court Exhibition. And this was not surprising. For the musicians included one genuine negro and three men with their faces blacked; and the noise and the rhythm were the authentic music of a negro village in South America, and the words which some genius had once set to the noise were an exhortation to go to the place where the negroes dwell.

To judge by their movements, many of the dancers had in fact been there, and had carefully studied the best indigenous models. They were doing some quite extraordinary things. No two couples were doing quite the same thing for more than a few seconds, so that there was an endless variety of extraordinary postures. Some of them shuffled secretly along the edge of the room, their faces tense, their shoulders swaying like reeds in a light wind, their progress almost imperceptible; they did not rotate, they did not speak, but sometimes the tremor of a skirt or the slight stirring of a patent-leather shoe showed that they were indeed alive and in motion, though that motion was as the motion of a glacier, not to be measured in minutes or yards.

And some in a kind of fever rushed hither and thither among the thick crowd, avoiding disaster with marvellous dexterity; and sometimes they revolved slowly and sometimes quickly and sometimes spun giddily round for a moment like gyroscopic tops. Then they too would be seized with a kind of trance, or it may be with sheer shortness of breath, and hung motionless for a little in the centre of the room, while the mad throng jostled and flowed about them like the leaves in Autumn round a dead bird.

And some did not revolve at all, but charged straightly up and down; and some of these thrust their loves for ever before them, as the Prussians thrust the villagers in the face of the enemy, and some for ever navigated themselves backwards like moving breakwaters to

protect their darlings from the precipitate seas.

Some of them kept themselves as upright as possible, swaying slightly like willows from the hips, and some of them contorted themselves into strange and angular shapes, now leaning perilously forward till they were practically lying upon their terrified partners, and now bending sideways as a man bends who has water in one ear after bathing. All of them clutched each other in a close and intimate manner, but some, as if by separation to intensify the joy of their union, or perhaps to secure greater freedom for some particularly spacious manoeuvre, would part suddenly in the middle of the room and, clinging distantly with their hands, execute a number of complicated side-steps in opposite directions, or aim a series of vicious kicks at each other, after which they would reunite in a passionate embrace and gallop in a frenzy round the room, or fall into a trance or simply fall down. If they fell down they lay still for a moment in the fearful expectation of death, as men lie who fall under a horse; and then they would creep on hands and knees to the wall through the whirling and indifferent crowd.

Watching them, you could not tell what any one couple would do next. The most placid and dignified among them might at any moment fling a leg out behind them and almost kneel in mutual adoration, and then, as if nothing unusual had happened, shuffle onward through the press; or, as though some electric mechanism had been set in motion, they would suddenly lift a foot sideways and stand on one leg. Poised pathetically, as if waiting for the happy signal when they might put the other leg down, these men looked very sad, and I wished that the Medusa's head might be smuggled somehow into the room for their attitudes to be imperishably recorded in cold stone, it would have been a valuable addition to modern sculpture.

Upon this whirlpool I embarked with the greatest misgiving and a strange young woman clinging to my person. The noise was deafening. The four black men were now all shouting at once and playing all their instruments at once, working up to the inconceivable uproar of the finale; and all the dancers began to dance with a last desperate fury. Bodies buffeted one from behind, and while one was yet looking round in apology or anger more bodies buffeted one from the flank. It was like swimming in a choppy sea, where there is no time to get the last wave out of your mouth before the next one hits you.

Close beside us a couple fell down



Farmer (booming his land to enquiring stranger). "THAT THERE LAND BE WORTH DREE HUNDRED POUND AN ACRE IF IT BE WORTH A PENNY, IT BE. WERE YOU THINKING O' BUYING AN' SETTLING HERE?"
 Stranger. "OH, NO. I'M THE NEW TAX-COLLECTOR."

with a great crash. I looked at them with concern, but no one else took any notice. On with the dance! Faster and faster the black men played. I was dimly aware now that they were standing on their chairs, bellowing, and fancied the end must be near. Then we were washed into a quiet backwater, in a corner, and from here I determined never to issue till the Last Banjo should indeed sound. Here I sidled vaguely about for a long time, hoping that I looked like a man preparing for some vast culminating feat, a side-step or a buzz or a double-Jazz-spin or an ordinary fall down.

The noise suddenly ceased; the four black men had exploded.

"Very good exercise," my partner said.

"Quite," said I. A. P. H.

"We published yesterday a protest from an eminent correspondent against the appointment of a British Ambassador to Berlin. We understand, nevertheless, that LORD D'ABERNON has been selected for the appointment."—*Times*.

Sir WILLIAM ORPEN is already at work, we understand, on a picture for next year's Academy, entitled "David defying the Thunderer."

VANISHED GLORY.

(*The Life-tragedy of a Military Wag.*)

TIME was I rocked the crowded tents

With laughter loud and hearty,
 Librettist to the regiment's

Diverting concert party;
 With choice of themes so very small

The task was far from tiring;
 There really was no risk at all
 Of any joke misfiring.

I found each gibe at army rules
 Appreciated fully;

I sparkled when describing mules
 As "embryonic bully,"

Or, aided by some hackneyed tune,
 Increased my easy laurels

By stringing verses to impugn
 The quartermaster's morals.

And so I vowed on my demob.

To shun the retrogression
 To any sort of office job;

I'd jest as a profession
 And burst upon the world a new
 Satirical rebuker,
 Acquiring fame and maybe too
 A modicum of lucre.

But vain are all my *jeux de mot*,

No lip is loosed in laughter:

I send them to the Press, but no
 Acceptance follows after;

And if, as formerly, I try
 Satiric themes my gibe'll
 Be certain to be hampered by
 The common law of libel.

In short, my hopes begin to fade;

The yawning gulf has rent them
 Twixt finding subjects ready made
 And having to invent them.

Shattered my foolish dreams recede
 And pass into the distance,
 And I must search for one in need
 Of clerical assistance.

"SOLDIER BREAKS WINDOW AND BOLTS
 WITH TWO CAKES."

Daily Paper.

You can only do this kind of thing with
 the refreshment-room variety.

"For Sceptic Throats use Iodized Throat
 Tablets."—*Local Paper.*

This distressing complaint is the very
 reverse of "clergyman's sore throat."

"LADY wishes to Exchange, from 15th July
 to 15th September, Young Englishman for
 Young Frenchman."—*Daily Paper.*

We fear she is a flirt.

THE KING'S MESSENGER.

IN Paris Geraldine's mother suggested that, as I was paying a visit to London, I could bring Geraldine out with me on the return journey. She also suggested that I might bring out a new hat for her (Geraldine's mother) at the same time. Though being in love neither with Geraldine's mother nor with Geraldine's mother's hat I had to take kindly to both, to further my dark designs with regard to Geraldine.

In London I inspected the hat, complete in box. It was immediately obvious that it and I could never make the journey to Paris together. The sight of me carrying a hat-box at the early hour of 8 A.M. on Victoria Station would have put Geraldine off. Geraldine is very pretty, but she is like that.

On reflection, the transport of the hat from London to Paris seemed to me to be a matter eminently suited to the machinery of our Foreign Office. Though the Foreign Officer is as formidable as a Bishop in his own cathedral, he is, to those who persist in knowing him personally, a man much like oneself, fond of his glass of beer, ready to exchange one good turn for another. It happens that I have assisted the F.O. to make peace much as I have helped the W.O. to make war. In the sacred precincts I reminded my friend of this fact, and impressed upon him that the consolidation of the *entente* between Geraldine and myself was one of the most urgent political matters of the day. He was undiplomatic enough to ask how he could help . . .

I don't want you to lose your awe of Diplomatic Bags, but there have been occasions when the Secret and Confidential Despatch consists of little more than a personal note from one strong silent man to another, touching on such domestic subjects as, say, a relative's hat. It was eventually, if arduously, arranged that in this instance the despatch should consist of the hat itself . . .

My fascinating manner of greeting Geraldine on Victoria Station did not betray the fact that I had seen that arch-villain, George Nesbitt, installed in our train, looking terribly important. George doesn't want to marry any girl; every girl therefore wants to marry George. I managed to hustle Geraldine into our carriage and get her locked in without her seeing George. But George had seen her, and, not knowing that he doesn't want to marry any girl and thinking that he wants to marry every girl, he firmly convinced himself (I have no doubt) that he was passionately in love with Geraldine as he travelled down to Folkestone in his lonely splendour.

On the Channel boat . . . but perhaps it is fairer to all parties to omit that part.

At Boulogne I became inextricably mixed up with the Customs' people; Geraldine meanwhile got inevitably associated with George Nesbitt. She would, of course. Indeed, when at last I scrambled to the Paris train, with the cord of my pyjamas trailing from my kit-bag, there was Geraldine installed in George's special carriage, very sympathetically studying George's passport, wherein all Foreign Powers, great, small and medium-sized, were invited in red ink to regard George as It.

George informed me that, being a King's Messenger, he was afraid he dare not trust me, as a mere member of the public, to travel in the same carriage as the Diplomatic Bag. I said I must stay with them and keep an eye on Geraldine. George said that he would do that. In that case, I said, I would stay and keep an eye on the Diplomatic Bag. Geraldine being at one end of the carriage and the bag being at the other end George could not very well keep an eye on both. The possibility of George's eyes wandering apart when he was off his guard made a fleeting impression on Geraldine in my favour. I stayed.

George then set about to make the most of himself. Geraldine abetted. Geraldine is a terror. I became more determined than ever to marry her, George and the King notwithstanding. George however got going. "For a plain fellow like myself" (he knows how confoundedly handsome he is) "it has been some little satisfaction to be selected as a Special Courier."

I explained the method of selection as I guessed it. "He forced his way into the F.O. and in an obsequious tone, which you and I, Geraldine, would be ashamed to adopt, begged for the favour of a bag to carry with him. If the King had known about it he would rather have sent his messages by post."

"The general public," said George to Geraldine, "is apt to be very noisy and tiresome on railway journeys, is it not?"

Geraldine acquiesced. She doesn't often do that, but when she does it is extremely pleasant for the acquiescee. I pressed on with my explanation desperately. "I can hear poor old George pleading in a broken voice that he had to get to Paris and dared not go by himself. So they listened to his sad story and gave him a bag to see him through, and it isn't George who is taking the bag to Paris, but the bag which is taking George." To prevent him arguing I told Geraldine that you can tell a real K.M. by his Silver

Greyhound badge, which he'll show you if you doubt him, just as you can tell a stockbroker by his pearl tie-pin, which you can see for yourself. This put George on his mettle.

"To think that to me are entrusted messages which may alter the map of Europe and change the history of the world! But I mustn't let my conceit run away with me, must I?" Positively I believe Geraldine at that began to play with the idea of doing what George said he mustn't let his conceit do. Anyhow I had half-an-hour to myself while she listened to the inner histories of European Courts and flirted with the Bearer of Despatches. I was left gazing at the bag.

There was only one bag, but it was very bulky. The contents were a tight fit; something round, about a yard in diameter, about a foot and a half in depth.

"Are you looking after this bag of yours properly, George?" I asked. "We shall be very angry with you if you go and lose it." Something indefinable but intensely important in my tone caught Geraldine's attention.

"That is between me and the F.O.," said George irritably.

"When I was talking to them about it——" said I.

"What have you to do with the Foreign Office?" asked Geraldine.

"Little enough," I said modestly.

"I have my own business to see to. But the F.O. have always wanted to have something to do with me. So I gave them the job of looking after your mother's hat. Had I known that they would send it along by any Tom, Dick or George who happened to drop in and offer to take the bag——"

George snatched the bag, examined it hastily and then tried to conceal it behind his own luggage. But Geraldine knows enough about hats to be able to spot a hatbox, when put to it, through all the heavy canvas and all the fancy labels in the world. So there was nothing more to be said about it; and there was little more to be done about it except for George to go on doing special messenger with it. The inner histories died down and, after a brief silence, George affected to go to sleep.

I only woke him up once and that was to ask whether he cared to look after the rest of my luggage for me.

When we got to Paris I explained to George that I had not meant to hurt his feelings; there was no fellow I would more gladly entrust my odd jobs to. Indeed Geraldine and I should want him to officiate in a similar capacity at the coming ceremony.

A very satisfactory conclusion. I got Geraldine; Geraldine got her full



Small Boy. "WHO'S THAT FAT MAN, DAD?"

Dad. "DON'T KNOW. HE LOOKS LIKE A PROFITEER."

Small Boy. "DON'T YOU THINK HE MUST BE ONE OF THE EXCESS PROFITEERS?"

deserts—me; and if George had the misfortune to sit on the bag in the taxi, what matter? Geraldine had acquiesced; after that who cared what Geraldine's mother did, said, thought or wore?

"Lady Clerk wanted for office work, with an engineering firm, a few miles out of Leeds; also able to cook and serve a luncheon for the principals."—*Yorkshire Paper*.

If you want a cook nowadays you must employ a little diplomacy.

"During a discussion on over-crowded motor buses a member declared that on one occasion 110 persons were found 'clinging like bees' to a car certified to hold 6."—*Provincial Paper*.

Some of these might have been accommodated in the bonnet.

"In Nepal His Highness shot what is believed to be the record tigress. She was a most magnificent specimen, with a total length of 9 feet 7 inches—her body alone measuring 9 feet 5 inches."—*Indian Paper*.

The record, of course, consisted in the brevity of her two-inch tail.

From Smith Minor's Scripture-paper:
"Abraham was the man who was very keen to go into the land of Israel but he did not obey the word of the Lord, and the Lord's punishment to him was to forbid him to go into this land. There he sat on the heights of Abraham looking down on this land."
And crying "Wolfe, Wolfe!"

GOLDWIRE AND POPPYSEED.

(A Chinese Poem.)

I MAKE a bow; and then
I seize my brush (or pen)
And paint in hues enamel-bright
Scenes of Cathay for your delight.

Two buzzards by a stream,
So still that they might seem
Part of a carving wrought in bone
To decorate a royal throne.

Two lovers by a mill,
A picture sweeter still:
Will Chen-ki-Tong in this pursuit
Evade Pa-pa's avenging boot?

Lotus and mirror-lake
Æsthetic contact make;
No interfering dragon wags
His tail across their travelling bags.

Blue terraces of jade;
Sherbet and lemonade
Regale the overloaded guests;
They loose the buttons on their chests.

Birds'-nests and shark-fin soup:
I join the festive group;
My simple spirit merely begs
A brace of fifteenth-century eggs.

Pa-pa with heavy whip
Waits near the laden ship.

The cloud that hides the ivory moon
Is singularly opportune.

Clamour of gilded gongs
And shout of wedding songs.
I do not fail to notice that
The ophicleides are playing flat.

Peacock and palanquin,
Lacquered without, within.
This is the jasmine-scented bride
Resting her fairy toes inside.

Joss-sticks and incense sweet.
The perfume of her feet
Creates around her paradise.
I also find it rather nice.

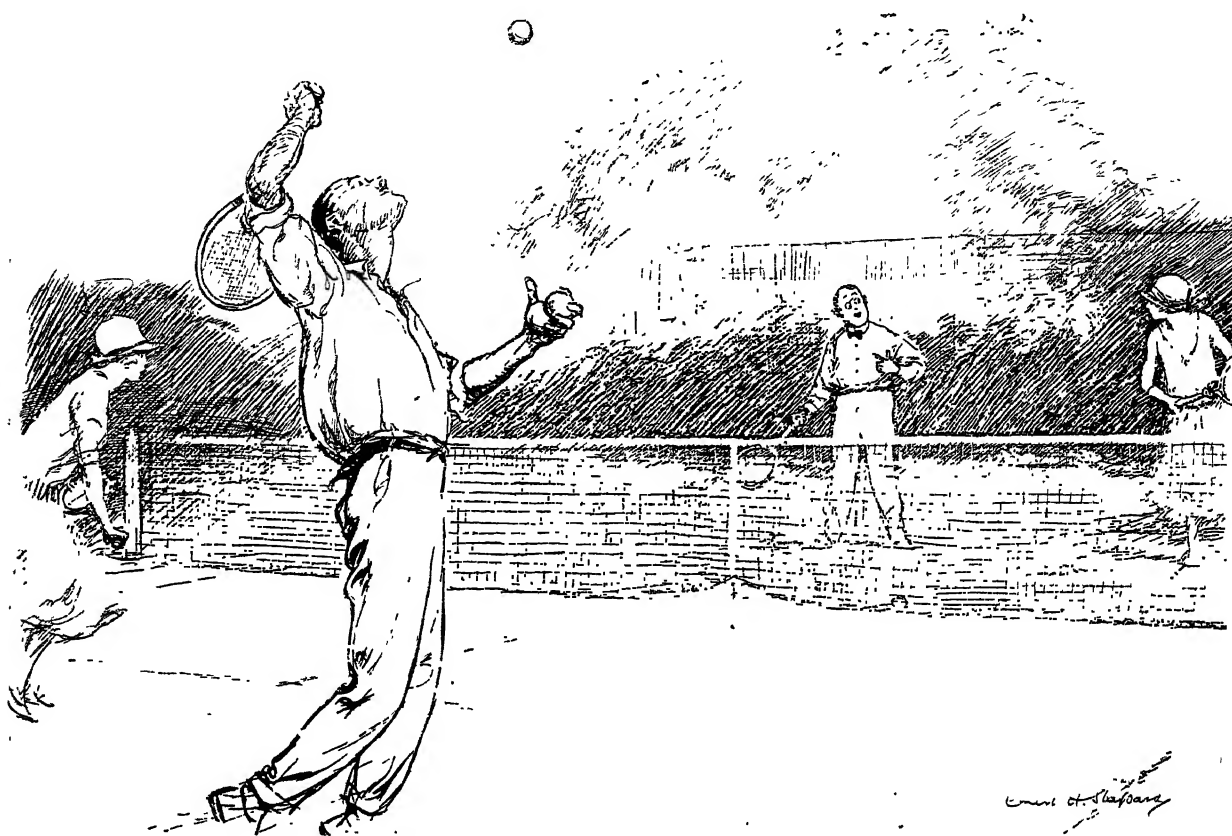
A Chinese tale, you know,
Works upward from below.
The sense of mine is none the worse
If taken backward, verse by verse.

"Frederick —, 14, was summoned for failing to display a white front light on a bicycle and pleaded guilty.
Policewoman — stated the facts, and was fined 5s."—*Local Paper*.

Most discouraging.

"Florists by the thousand for cutting. They are also nice for borders round grass-plots, along hedges, round shrubs, etc."—*Dutch Bulb Catalogue*.

We should not dare to treat a British florist like this.



Bright Beginner (as opponent is serving). "DOES THE BALL COME TO ME NOW?"

CHARIVARIA.

"THE English comedians are great," Mr. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is reported to have told an interviewer. He has already accepted an invitation, we understand, to visit the Law Courts and hear Mr. Justice DARLING ask, "Who is MARY PICKFORD?"

A turkey with four legs has been born in Purley. This attempt to divert attention from the visit of Miss MARY PICKFORD seems to have failed miserably.

"The increased wages in the catering trade," says an employer, "will be borne by the public." How he came to think out this novel plan is what mystifies the man in the street.

There is one reason, we read, why tea cannot be sold cheaper. If "The Profiteer" is not the right answer, it's quite a good guess.

No burglar seems to visit the houses of the profiteers, says a Labour speaker. Perhaps they have a delicacy about dealing with people in the same line of business.

For the seventh successive time, says a news item, there are no prisoners for trial at Stamford Quarter Sessions. We can only remind the Court that bulldog perseverance is bound to tell in the end.

It is fairly evident that the Americans fully realised the physical impossibility of having American bacon and Prohibition in their own country at the same time.

Western Texas, says a cable message, is being eaten bare by a plague of grasshoppers. Before Prohibition set in a little thing like that would never have been noticed in Texas.

Some of the new rich, says a gossip, only wear a suit once. There are others like that, only it is a much longer once.

"A healthy boy's skin should be well tanned after a holiday," says a health-culture writer. Surely not, unless he has done something to deserve it.

"But why a Ministry of Mines?" asks a contemporary. The object, of course, is to put the deep-level pocket-searching operations of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER on a national basis.

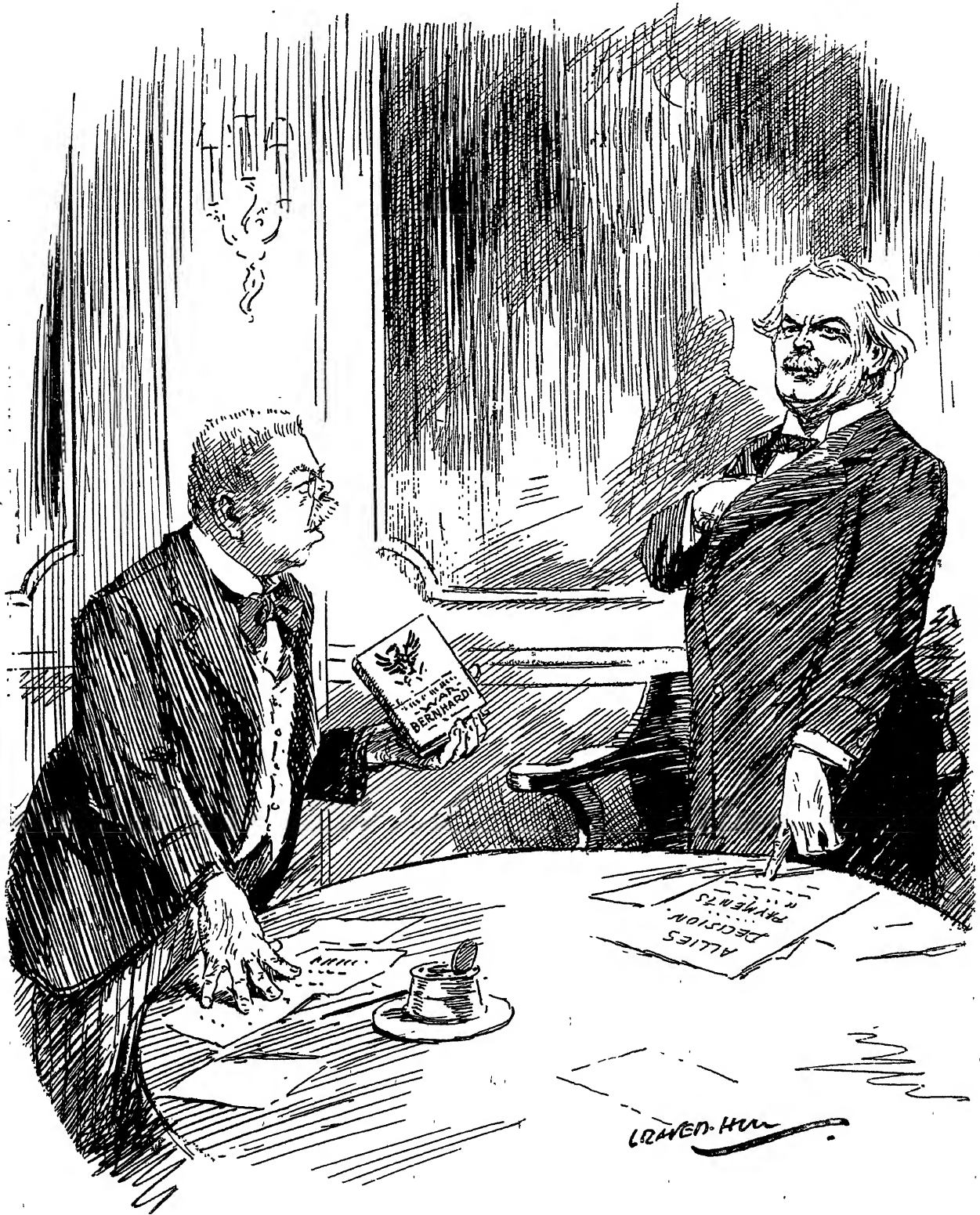
Special arrangements have been made for expediting fish traffic on all railways. Meanwhile it is to be regretted that, owing to the nation's persistent neglect of scientific research, the self-delivering haddock is still in the experimental stage.

New Jersey has a clock with a dial thirty-eight feet across. In any other country this would be the largest clock in the world. In America it is just a full-size wrist-watch.

According to a medical writer, hearing can often be restored by a series of low explosions. The patient is advised to stand quite close to a man who has just received his tailor's bill.

Baby tortoises are being sold for two-pence-halfpenny each in Kentish Town, says a news item. One bricklayer declared that he wouldn't know what to do for exercise without his to lead about.

An extraordinary report reaches us from a village in Essex. It appears that in spite of the proximity of several letter-boxes, a water-pump and a German machine-gun, a robin has deliberately built its nest in a local hedgerow.



I. O. U.

GERMAN DELEGATE *at Spa Conference*). "WE HAVE NO MONEY; BUT, TO PROVE THAT WE ARE ANXIOUS TO PAY YOU BACK, LET ME PRESENT YOU WITH OUR BERNHARDI'S NEW BOOK ON THE NEXT WAR."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 28th.—Less than thirty years ago the prophets of ill foresaw ruin for the British shipping trade if the dock labourers got their "tanner." The "tanner" has now become a florin, and this afternoon the Peers passed without a dissentient voice the Second Reading of a Bill to enable Port and Harbour authorities to pay it.

They were much more critical over the Increase of Rent Bill, and at the instance of Lord MIDLETON defeated by a two to one majority the Government's proposal to deprive landlords of the power to evict strikers in order to provide accommodation for men willing to work. But the Government got a little of their own back on the clause authorising an increase of rent on business premises by forty per cent. Lord SALISBURY wanted seventy-five per cent. and haughtily refused Lord ASTOR's sporting offer of fifty, but on a division he was beaten by 25 to 23.

In the Commons Sir FREDERICK HALL complained that slate and slack were still being supplied to London consumers under the guise and at the price of coal. What was the Government going to do about it? Mr. BRIDGEMAN replied that control having been removed the Government could do nothing, and consumers must find their own remedy—a reply which drove Sir FREDERICK into such paroxysms of indignation that the SPEAKER was obliged to intervene.

Mr. KILEY's gloomy vaticinations as to the disastrous effect of the Plumage Bill on British commerce met with no encouragement from Sir ROBERT HORNE. In his opinion, I gather, our foreign trade is quite safe, and the Bill will not knock a feather out of it.

To Viscount CURZON's inquiry whether the Allies were going to proceed with the trial of the EX-KAISER the PRIME MINISTER at first replied that he had "nothing to add." On being twitted with his election-pledge he added a good deal. When he gave that pledge, it seems, he did not contemplate the possibility that Holland would refuse to surrender her guest,

and he had no intention of using force to compel her. WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN, he considered, was not worth any more bloodshed. In that case the Govern-



"WHO WAS CHIEF MOURNER?"
"I," SAID THE WREN,
"I, WEDGWOOD BENN,
I WAS CHIEF MOURNER."

ment would save a good deal of Parliamentary time if they were definitely to write him off with their other bad debts.

Among other methods of brightening village life the Ministry of Agriculture has lately circulated "rules for the

mutual insurance of pigs and cows." The intellectual development of our domestic animals evidently proceeds apace. We have all heard of the learned pig, but that the cow also should be deemed capable of conducting actuarial calculations does, I confess, surprise me.

Having heard the latest feat of the Sinn Feiners in kidnapping a British General, the House evidently considered that it had better hurry up with the Government of Ireland Bill. Clauses 51 to 69 were run through in double-quick time. Only on Clause 70, providing for the repeal of the Home Rule Act of 1914, did any prolonged debate arise. Captain WEDGWOOD BENN pleasantly described this as the only clause in the Bill that was not nonsense, and therefore moved its omission. He was answered by the PRIME MINISTER, who declared that no Irishman would now be content with the Act of 1914, and defended the present Bill on the curious ground that it gave Ireland as much self-government as Scotland had ever asked for. Sir EDWARD CARSON's plea that it was a case of "this Bill or an Irish Republic" was probably more convincing. In a series of divisions the "Wee Frees" never mustered more than seventeen votes. The author of the Act of 1914, Mr. ASQUITH, was not present at the obsequies.

Tuesday, June 29th.—The establishment of a "National home" for the Jewish race in Palestine aroused the apprehensions of Lord SYDENHAM and other Peers, who feared that the Moslem inhabitants would be exploited by the Zionists, and would endeavour to establish Turkish rule. Lord CURZON did his best to remove these impressions. Authority in Palestine would be exercised by Great Britain as the Mandatory Power, and the Zionists would not be masters in their "national home," but only a sort of "paying guests." The confidence felt in Sir HERBERT SAMUEL's absolute impartiality as between Jews and Arabs was such that a high authority had prophesied that within six months the High Commissioner



HALF MEASURES.

SIR ROBERT HORNE, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, AND SIR ERIC GEDDES, MINISTER OF TRANSPORT (speaking together). "That's a rummy get-up. But perhaps he couldn't afford anything better."

would be equally unpopular with both races.

In the Commons Mr. BALDWIN explained that the Inland Revenue Authorities were taking all possible steps to collect income-tax in Ireland despite the obstacles placed in their way by the local authorities. Whereupon Sir MAURICE DOCKRELL, in his richest brogue, summarised the Irish situation as follows: "Is not the difficulty that they do not know which horse to back?"

A Bill "to continue temporarily the office of Food Controller" was read a first time. The House would, I think, be sorry to part with Mr. McCURDY, whose replies to Questions are often much to the point. He was asked this afternoon, for example, to give the salaries of three of his officials, and this

was his crisp reply: "The Director of Vegetable Supplies serves the Ministry without remuneration; the post of Deputy-Director of Vegetable Supplies does not exist, and that of Director of Fish Supplies has lapsed."

Mr. BONAR LAW shattered two elaborately-constructed mare's-nests when he announced that the appointment of a British Ambassador to Berlin was made in pursuance of an agreement arrived at in Boulogne on the initiative of the French Government, and that Lord D'ABERNON'S name was suggested by the FOREIGN SECRETARY. I am not betraying any confidence when I add that it will be no part of Lord D'ABERNON'S new duties to establish a Liquor Control Board on the Spree.

The Overseas Trade (Credits and Insurance) Bill was skilfully piloted through its Second Reading by Mr. BRIDGEMAN. The House was much pleased to hear that only nine officials would be required to administer the twenty-six millions involved, and that their salaries would not exceed seven thousand pounds a year—although two of them were messengers.

But this temporary zeal for economy quickly evaporated when the Pre-War Pensions Bill made its appearance. Member after Member got up to urge the extension of the Bill to this or that deserving class, until Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS pointed out that, if their demands were acceded to, the Bill, instead of costing some two millions a year,

would involve three or four times that amount.

Wednesday, June 30th.—The Lords discussed, in whispers suitable to the occasion, the Official Secrets Bill. As originally drawn it provided that any person retaining without lawful authority any official document should be guilty of a misdemeanour. But, thanks to the vigilance of Lords BURNHAM and RIDDELL, this clause, under which every editor in Fleet Street might have found himself in Holloway, was appreciably softened. Even so, the pursuit of "stunts" and "scoops" will be a decidedly hazardous occupation.

The Press Lords were again on the alert when the Rents Bill came on, and objected to a clause giving the LORD CHANCELLOR power to order proceedings under the measure to be held in private.

all from an office in Whitehall. By the Ministry of Mines Bill it is proposed to treat the mines in much the same way. Sir ERIC GEDDES' scheme has yet to run the gauntlet of Parliamentary criticism. Sir ROBERT HORNE'S had its baptism of fire this afternoon, and a pretty hot fire it was. Miners like Mr. BRACE cursed it because it did not go all the way to Nationalisation; coal-owners like Sir CLIFFORD CORY, because it went too far in that direction. The voice of the mere consumer, who only wants coal cheap and plentiful, was hardly heard. The second reading was carried, but by a majority substantially less than the normal.

Thursday, July 1st.—Unfortunately the House of Lords does not contain a representative of Sinn Fein and therefore had no opportunity of learning

the opinion of the dominant party in Ireland regarding Lord MONTAGUE'S Dominion of Ireland Bill. Other Irish opinion, as expressed by Lords DUNRAVEN and KILLANIN, was that it would probably cause the seething pot to boil over. Lord ASHBOURNE made sundry observations in Erse, one of which was understood to be that "Ireland could afford to wait." The Peers generally agreed with him, and, after hearing from the LORD CHANCELLOR that of all the Irish proposals he had studied this contained



"THERE—THAT'S WHAT COMES O' ARGUING ALONG O' YOU; I'VE LAID FOUR BRICKS OVER ME THREE 'UNDRED!'"

This time the LORD CHANCELLOR was less pliant, and plainly suggested that the newspapers were actuated in this matter by regard for their circulations. Does he really suppose that the disputes of landlords and tenants will supply such popular "copy" as to crowd out the confessions of Cabinet Ministers?

Constant cross-examination on the Amritsar affair, involving the necessity of framing polite replies to thinly-veiled suggestions that MONTAGU rhymes with O'DWYER, is making the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA a little restive. The tone in which he expressed his hope that the promised debate would not be much longer delayed distinctly suggested that his critics would then be "for it."

Two days ago the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT expounded in a White Paper his elaborate plan for redistributing and co-ordinating the activities of the railway companies—the North Eastern excepted—and directing them

the most elements of danger, threw out the Bill without a division.

"A sinecure, whose holder is in receipt of a salary of five thousand pounds per annum," was Mr. BONAR LAW'S description of his office as Lord Privy Seal. The House rewarded the modesty of its hard-working Leader with laughter and cheers. None of his predecessors has excelled him in courtesy and assiduity; as regards audibility there is room for improvement. Mr. LAW rarely plays to the Gallery; but he might more often speak in its direction.

"The funniest game in the world is clicket."
Provincial Paper.

We should like to hear more of this humorous pastime.

A daily paper describes the contest at Henley for the "Silver Giblets." It is rumoured that the Goose that laid the Golden Eggs has become a bimetal-list.

THREE EXCEPTIONAL MEN.

"If these men are types, how London has changed!" I said to myself. But can they be? I fear not; I fear that "exceptional" is the only word to use. Yet it was very remarkable to meet them all on the same day, Friday, June 25th.

The first was on an omnibus. A big man with a grey beard who was alone on the seat. Several other seats had only one passenger; the rest—mine among them—were full. At Westminster came up a youth and a girl who very obviously were lovers. Owing to the disposition of the seats they had to separate, the girl subsiding into the place beside the big man immediately in front of me. At first he said nothing, and then, just as we were passing the scaffolding of the Cenotaph, he did something which proved him to be very much out of the common, a creature apart. Reaching across and touching the youth on the shoulder, he said, "Let me change places with you. I expect you young people would like to sit together."

That was exceptional, you will agree. He was right too; the young people did like to sit together. I could see that. And the more the omnibus rocked and lurched the more they liked it.

The second exceptional man was a taxi-driver. I wanted to get to a certain office before it shut, and there were very few minutes to do it in. The driver did his best, but we arrived just too late; the door was locked.

"That's a bit of 'hard luck,'" he said. "But they're all so punctual closing now. It's the daylight-saving does it. Makes people think of the open-air more than they used."

As I finished paying him—no small affair, with all the new supplements—he resumed.

"I'm sorry you had the journey for nothing," he said. "It's rough. But never mind—have something on Comrade for the Grand Prix" (he pronounced "Prix" to rhyme with "fix") "in France on Sunday. I'm told it's the goods. Then you won't mind about your bad luck this afternoon. Don't forget—Comrade to win and one, two, three."

After this I must revise my opinion of taxi-drivers, which used not to be very high; especially as Comrade differed from most racehorses of my acquaintance by coming in first.

The third man perhaps was more unexpected than exceptional. His unexpectedness took the form not of benevolence but of culture. He is a vendor of newspapers. A pleasant old fellow with a smiling weather-beaten face, grey moustache and a cloth cap, whom I have



"A—AH! D'YOU K—KNOW YOU'RE S—STANDING ON MY FOOT?"
"WELL, WOT YER GOIN' TO DO ABAHT IT?"

known for most of the six years during which he has stood every afternoon except Sundays on the kerb between a lamp-post and a letter-box at one of London's busiest corners. I have bought his papers and referred to the weather all that time, but I never talked with him before. Why, I cannot say; I suppose because the hour had not struck. On Friday, however, we had a little conversation, all growing from the circumstance that while he was counting out change I noticed a fat volume protruding from his coat pocket and asked him what it was.

It was his reply that qualified him to be numbered among Friday's elect. "That book?" he said—"that's *Barcheater Towers*."

I asked him if he read much.

He said he loved reading, and par-

ticularly stories. MARIE CORELLI, OUIDA, he read them all; but TROLLOPE was his favourite. He liked novels in series; he liked to come on the same people again.

"But there's another reason," he added, "why I like TROLLOPE. You see we were both at the Post Office."

Some day soon I am going to try him with one of Mr. WALKLEY's criticisms.

E. V. L.

From an article on the Lawn Tennis Championship, purporting to be written by Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN:—

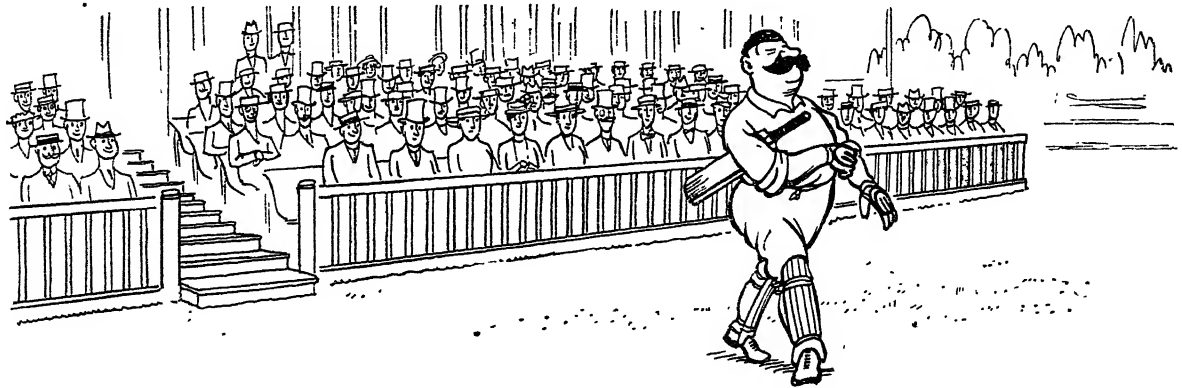
"Quelle journées ils était!"

"Mon dieu, comme était beau!"

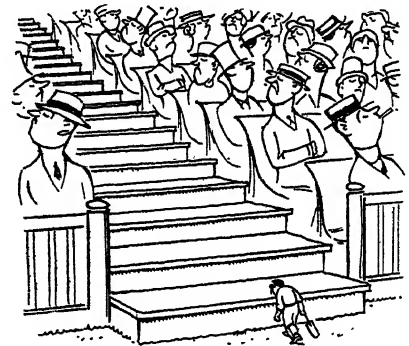
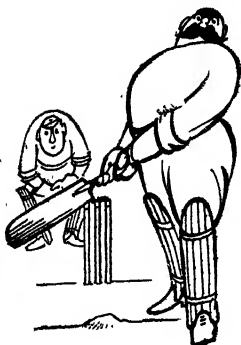
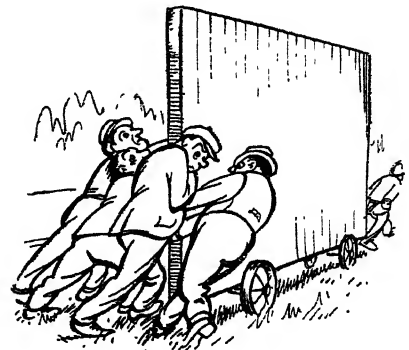
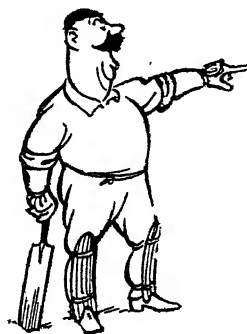
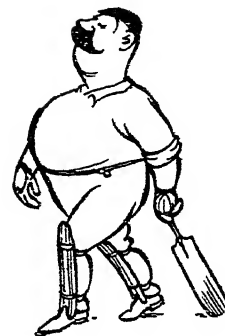
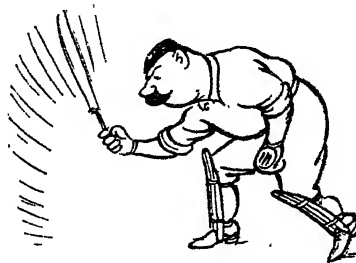
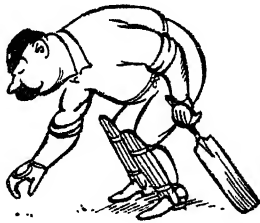
"C'est le partie le plus disputé."

Sunday Paper.

We can only hope that the Entente is now strong enough to survive even these shocks.



IT'S ALL IN THE GAME.



H.M. BATEMAN 1920

IT'S ALL IN THE GAME.

PRISCILLA PAINTS.

"THERE was a lot of men in the boat," said Priscilla from behind the table, where she sat daubing with little energetic grunts.

"Oh, there were, were there?" I answered from behind *The Times*.

Confident of arousing my enthusiasm in the end, she continued to issue tantalising bulletins about the progress of the great work.

"It was an all-colour boat," she told me, "purple and yellow and green."

"A very nice kind of boat too," I agreed.

"And the biggest man of all hadn't got *any* body at all."

I suggested weakly that perhaps the biggest man of all had left his body behind on the table at home. The suggestion was scorned.

"No, he hadn't never had any body at all, *this* man," she replied. And then, as my interest seemed to be flagging again, "They all had *very* rosy faces; and do you know why they had?"

"I don't, I'm sure."

"Because they'd eaten up all their greens."

Vanquished at last, I went over to visit the eupeptic voyagers. Seven in all, they stood in their bright boat on a blue sea beneath a round and burning sun. Their legs were long and thin, their bodies globular (all save one), and their faces large. They were dressed apparently in light pink doublets and hose, and on his head each wore a huge purple turban the shape of a cottage loaf, surmounted by a ragged plume. They varied greatly in stature, but their countenances were all fixed in the same unmeaning stare. Take it all in all, it was an eerie and terrible scene.

"I don't quite see how the boat moves along, Priscilla," I said; "it hasn't any oars or sail."

It was a tactless remark and the artist made no reply. I did my best to cover my blunder.

"I expect the wind blew very hard on their feathers," I said, "and that drove them along."

"What colour is the wind?" inquired Priscilla.

She had me there. I confessed that I did not know.

"It was a brown wind," she decided, impatient at my lack of resource, and slapped a wet typhoon of madder on the page. There was no more doubt about the wind.

"And is the picture finished now?" I asked her.

"No, it isn't finished. I haven't drawn the pookin yet."

The pookin is a confusion in the mind of Priscilla between a pelican and a

toucan, because she saw them both for the first time on the same day. In this case it consisted of an indigo splodge and a long red bar cutting right through the brown wind and penetrating deeply into the yellow sun.

"It had a *very* long beak," observed Priscilla.

"It had," I agreed.

I am no stickler for commonplace colours or conventional shapes in a work of art, but I do like things to be recognisable; to know, for instance, when a thing is meant to be a man and when it is meant to be a boat, and when it is meant to be a pookin and when it is meant to be a sun. The art of Priscilla seems to me to satisfy this test much better than that of many of our modern *maestri*. Strictly representational it may not be, but there are none of your whorls and cylinders and angles and what nots.

But I also insist that a work of art should appeal to the imagination as well as to the eye, and there seemed to me details about this picture that needed clearing up.

"Where were these men going to, Priscilla?" I asked.

"They was going to Wurvin," she answered in the tone of a mother who instructs her child. "And what do you think they was going to do there?"

"I don't know."

"They was going to see Auntie Isabel."

"And what did they do then?"

"They had dinner," she cried enthusiastically. "And do you know what they did after dinner?"

"I don't."

"They went on the Front to see the fire-escape."

It seemed to me now that the conception was mellow, rounded and complete. It had all the haunting mystery and romance of the sea about it. It was reminiscent of the *Ancient Mariner*. It savoured of the books of Mr. CONRAD. It reminded me not a little of those strange visitations which come to quiet watering-places in the novels of Mr. H. G. WELLS. When I thought of those seven men—one, alas, disembodied—so strangely attired yet so careful of elementary hygiene, driven by that fierce typhoon, with that bird of portent in the skies, arriving suddenly with the salt of their Odyssey upon their brows at the beach of the genteel and respectable Sussex town, and visiting a perhaps slightly perturbed Auntie Isabel, and afterwards the fire-escape, I felt that here was the glimpse of the wild exotic adventure for which the hearts of all of us yearn. It beat the cinema standing. It beat the magazine story to a frazzle.

"And who is the picture for, Pris-

cilla?" I asked, when I had thoroughly steeped myself in the atmosphere.

"It's for you," she said, presenting it with a motley-coloured hand; "it's for you to take to London town and not to drop it."

I was careful to do as I was told, because I have a friend who paints Expressionist pictures, and I wished to deliver it at his studio. It seems to me that Priscilla, half-unconsciously perhaps, is founding a new school of art which demands serious study. One might call it, I think, the Pookin School. EVOE.

WHEN CHARL. COMES OVER.

It is said that Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN, a prominent citizen of Los Angeles, Cal., has employed the greater part of the last few days in mopping his brow, sighing with relief and exclaiming "Gee!"

Mr. CHAPLIN declares that missing the boat for England recently was the narrowest escape from death he has ever enjoyed. But for having been thus providentially prevented from visiting his native land in the company of Miss MARY PICKFORD and Mr. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS (better known as "MARY" and "Doug." respectively) he would have come back to the dear homeland all unprepared for what would surely have happened to him no less than it happened to his illustrious colleagues in the film world.

Since his promised visit to our shores cannot long be delayed, he has already begun elaborate preparations for travelling in safety. He is growing a large beard and is learning to walk with his toes turned in. A number of his teeth will be blackened out during the whole of his European tour, and his hair will be kept well-ironed and cropped short.

He has engaged a complete staff of plain-clothes pugilists to travel with him everywhere and to stand on guard outside his bathroom door. They will also surround him during meal-times to prevent admirers from grabbing his food to hand down to their children as heirlooms.

He is being measured for a complete outfit of holeproof clothing, and his motor will be a Ford of seventeen thicknesses, with armoured steel windows, and fitted with first-aid accessories, including liniment, restoratives and raw steak. His entourage will include a day doctor, a night doctor, a leading New York surgeon and a squad of stretcher-bearers.

It has been suggested to him that a further precaution would be not to advise the Press of the date of his arrival; but that he considers would be carrying his safety-first measures to a foolish extreme.



STOP-PRESS NEWS.

Observant Visitor. "I SAY—EXCUSE ME, BUT YOUR HAT IS KNOCKED IN."
Farm Hand. "WHOI, I'VE KNOWN THAT FOR THE LAST SEVEN YEAR."

A TRAGEDY OF REACTION.

It was a super-poet of the neo-Georgian kind
 Whose fantasies transcended the simple bourgeois mind,
 And by their frank transgression of all the ancient rules
 Were not exactly suited for use in infant schools.

But, holding that no rebel should shrink from fratricide,
 His gifted brother-Georgians he suddenly defied,
 And in a manifesto extremely clear and terse
 Announced his firm intention of giving up free verse.

The range of his reaction may readily be guessed
 When I mention that for BROWNING his devotion he
 confessed,

Enthroned above the SITWELLS the artless Muse of "BAR,"
 And said that MARINETTI was not as good as CRABBE.

At first the manifesto was treated as a joke,
 A boyish ebullition that soon would end in smoke;
 But when he took to writing in strict and fluent rhyme
 His family decided to extirpate the crime.

Two scientific doctors declared he was insane,
 But likely under treatment his reason to regain;
 So he's now in an asylum, where he listens at his meals
 To a gramophone recital of the choicest bits from *Wheels*.

The Return to Woad.

"The bride's mother was handsomely attired in heliotrope stain."
Canadian Paper.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHATEVER else may be said about Mr. ARTHUR COMPTON-RICKETT as a novelist, it can at least be urged for him that he displays no undue apprehension of the too-facile laugh. For example, the humorous possibilities (or perils) in the plot of *The Shadow of Stephen Wade* (JENKINS) might well have daunted a writer of more experience. *Stephen Wade* was an ancestor, dead some considerable time before the story opens, and—to quote the old-jest—there was no complaint about a circumstance with which everybody was well satisfied. The real worry over *Stephen* was twofold: first, that in life he had been rightly suspected of being rather more than a bit of a rip, and secondly that his grandson, *Philip*, the hero of the story, had what seemed to him good cause for believing that *Stephen's* more regrettable tendencies were being repeated in himself. Here, of course, is a theme capable of infinite varieties of development; the tragedies of heredity have kept novelists and dramatists busy since fiction began. The trouble is that, all unconsciously, Mr. COMPTON-RICKETT has given to his hero's struggles a fatally humorous turn. *Philip's* initial mistake appeared to be the supposition that safety could be secured by flight. But it has been remarked before now that Cupid is winged and doth range. *Philip* dashed into the depths of Devonshire, only to discover that even there farmers have pretty daughters; seeking refuge in the slums he found that the exchange was one from the frying-pan to the fire. In short,

there was no peace for him, till the destined heroine . . . Well, you can now see whether you are likely to be amused, edified, or bored by a well-meaning story, told (I should add) with a rather devastating solemnity of style.

M. HENRI DOMELIER, the author of *Behind the Scenes at German Headquarters* (HURST AND BLACKETT), must also be accounted among the prophets, for he foretold the invasion of Belgium. Before the War he edited a newspaper in Charleville, and when the Ardennes had been "inundated by the enemy hordes" and the local authorities had withdrawn to Rethel, he stayed in Charleville and acted as Secretary to the Municipal Commission. This organisation was recognised by the Germans, but to be secretary of it was still a dangerous post, and M. MAURICE BARRÈS in eloquent preface tells us of some of the sufferings that M. DOMELIER had to endure while trying to carry out his difficult duties. The French who remained in Charleville had more than ample opportunities of seeing both the ex-Kaiser and his eldest son, and M. DOMELIER writes of them with a pen dipped in gall. No book that I have read puts before one more poignantly the miseries which the inhabitants of invaded France had to bear during "the great agony." For the most part they bore them with a courage beyond all praise; but some few, giving way under stress of physical suffering or moral temptation, forgot their nationality; and these M. DOMELIER makes no pretence to spare. I think that even those of us who have definitely made up our minds regarding the Hun and want to read no more about him will welcome this book. For if it is primarily an indictment of Germans and German methods, it is hardly less a tribute to those who held firm through all their misery and never gave up hope during the darkest days.

I have before now met (in books) heroes who wore dungarees and had as setting an engineer-shop or a foundry, but never one who equalled *Jim Robinson* (HUTCHINSON) in the strictness of his attention to business. *Jim* is the managing director of *Cupreousine, Limited*, a firm which deals in a wonderful copper alloy which he himself has invented, and the book tells the story of his long and losing fight against the other directors, who are all in favour of amalgamation with another and much larger concern. Sketched in so few words the book's subject sounds unattractive, but Miss UNA L. SILBERRAD has a genius for making "shop" as interesting in her novels as it usually is in real life, and *Jim's* plans and enterprises and the circuitous ways of the other directors provide material for quite an exciting story. When I say "other directors," *Mary Gore*, representing a brother on the board of *Cupreousine* and backing *Jim* through thick and thin to the limit of her powers, must be excepted. In spite of her gracious reserve

and self-possession, it is plain that *Mary* loves the busy managing director; but *Jim's* feelings are more difficult to fathom. In fact he is so long in mentioning his passion that it is quite a relief when, on the last page but one, what publishers call the "love interest" suddenly strengthens and their engagement is announced, very suitably and to her entire satisfaction, to the charwoman at the foundry.

Open the Door won the two hundred and fifty pounds prize offered by Messrs. MELROSE, and without troubling to inquire into the merits of its rivals I wholeheartedly commend the award. For some curious reason its length (one hundred and eighty thousand words—no less) is insisted upon by the publishers, but as a matter of fact Miss CATHERINE CARSWELL's novel would have been even more remarkable if it had been of a less generous bulk. Her style is beyond reproach and she has nothing whatever to learn in the mysteries of a woman's heart. The principal scenes are placed in Glasgow, and the *Bannermann* family are laid

stark before us. *Mrs. Bannermann* was so intent on the next world that for all practical purposes she was useless in this. Having been left a widow with two sons and two daughters, she was incapable of managing the easiest of them, let alone such an emotional complexity as *Joanna*. It is upon *Joanna* that Miss CARSWELL has concentrated her forces; but she is not less happy in her analysis of the many lovers who fell into the net of this seductive young woman. Indeed I have not for many a day read a novel of which the psychology



Countrywoman (her first glimpse of the sea). "AIN'T IT ASTONISHIN', WILLIAM? WHO'D 'AVE THOUGHT THERE COULD BE AS MUCH WATER AS THAT?"
William. "YES; AN' REMEMBER. MARIA, YE ONLY SEE WHAT'S ON TOP."

seemed to me to be so thoroughly sound.

I hope "Miss M. E. FRANCIS" will take it as a compliment when I say that *Beck of Beckford* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) should form part of the holiday equipment of all of us whose brows are not too exalted to enjoy it. In her unostentatious way Miss FRANCIS knows how to provide ample entertainment, and she has nothing to learn in point of form. When we are introduced to the *Becks* they are proud and poor, having impoverished themselves in the process of removing a blot from their escutcheon. *Sir John* is a working farmer, and *Lady Beck* does menial duties with an energy that most servants of to-day would not care to imitate. The apple of their old eyes is their grandson, *Roger*, and the story turns on his struggle between pride and love. No true Franciscan need be told that he comes through his struggle with flying colours. So quietly and easily does the tale run that one is apt to overlook the art with which it is told. But the art is there all the time.

"You can greet an acquaintance while you are cycling by smiling and nodding your head or by waving. Which you do depends on the depth of your acquaintanceship."—*Home Notes*.
And not, as you might think, on your proficiency as a cyclist.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that it has now been decided that the Ex-Kaiser will travel to England for his trial by way of the Channel Tunnel. * *

A new coal war is anticipated by *The Daily Express*. The difficulty is in knowing where the last coal war ended and this one will begin. * *

We understand that the Government fixture card is not yet complete and they still have a few open dates for Peace Conferences (away matches) for medium teams. * *

The world's largest blasting-furnace has been opened at Ebby Vale. It is expected however that others will flare up immediately the CHANCELLOR's proposals go through. * *

"Militarism has created a dragon whose fangs will never properly be drawn," announces a writer in a Sunday paper. This charge against Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's dentist is, in our opinion, most unkind. * *

The report that the Turks had appealed to the Allies to stop the new war in Asia Minor turns out to be incorrect. What the Turks demand is that the Allies shall stop the Greek end of it. * *

"I would like to take a great piece of England back to America as a souvenir of the happy time I have recently spent there," exclaimed Miss MARY PROCKFORD to a reporter in Belgium. Arrangements, we hear, are now being hastily made to offer her the whole of Ireland if she will take it away during this month. * *

According to a local paper a lawyer living in Birmingham, returning unexpectedly from the theatre, discovered two burglars at work in his library. It is reported, however, that the intruders with great presence of mind immediately retained him for their defence. * *

Several workhouses in the South of England now possess tennis-courts and bowling-greens. It is satisfactory to note that preparations are at last being made to receive the New Poor. * *

We are glad to learn that the two

members of a well-known club in the City who inadvertently took away their own umbrellas have now agreed to exchange same, so that the reputation of the club shall not suffer. * *

A Warwickshire miner summoned for not sending his child to school is reported to have pleaded that he saw a red triangle danger notice above the word "school" and therefore kept his daughter away. * *

"We must have support," said the POSTMASTER-GENERAL last week. We can only say that we always buy our stamps at one of his post-offices. * *

A little domestic tragedy was enacted in London last week. It appears that

will not open until seven in the evening on Sundays. This seems to be another attempt to discourage early rising on that day. * *

Two men have been arrested at Oignies, Pas de Calais, for selling stones as coal. We fancy we know the coal-dealer from whom they got this wrinkle. * *

Speaking at Sheffield University last week, Sir ERIC GEDDES said he hoped to see the day when there would be a degree of Transport. What we're getting now, we gather, can't really be called Transport at all. * *

A live mussel measuring six inches has been found inside a codfish at Newcastle. We expect that if the truth was known the mussel snapped at the cod-fish and annoyed it. * *

A soldier arrested at Dover told the police he was Sydney Carton, the hero of *The Tale of Two Cities*. He is supposed to be an impostor. * *

A market-gardener in Surrey is said to be the double of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. Since this announcement it is stated that the poor fellow has been inundated with messages of sympathy. * *

"The secret of success," says Mr. W. HARRIS, "is hard work." Still, some people would scorn to take

advantage of another man's secret. * *

Wives, said the Judge of the Clerkenwell County Court recently, are not so ignorant that they do not know what their husband's earnings are. There is no doubt, however, that many workmen's wives simply pocket the handful of bank-notes their husbands fling them on Saturday night without stopping to count them. * *

There were no buyers, it is stated, for fifty thousand blankets offered by the Disposals Board last week. We have all along maintained that, though it would take time, the Board would wear its adversaries down. * *

According to an official list recently published the Government employs over three thousand charwomen. The number is said to be so great that they have to take it in turns to empty Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN's portfolio. * *



Showman. "DON'T GET HIM TOO TAME, PROFESSOR. HE'S GOT TO GO FIVE ROUNDS WITH THE BOXING KANGAROO WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED."

a small boy, on being offered a penny by his mother, who had just returned from the winter sales, refused it, saying that he was not allowed to accept money from strangers. * *

An official of the New York Y.W.C.A. inquires whether a woman of thirty years is young. A more fair question would be, "When is a woman thirty years of age?" * *

President C. W. ELIOT, of Harvard University, says Britishers drink tea because it feeds the brain. Our own opinion is that we drink it because we have tasted our coffee. * *

So many servant-girls are being enticed from one house to another that several houses now display the notice, "Visitors are requested to refrain from stealing the servants." * *

Under a new Order public-houses

A CRICKET MANNERISM.

A WRITER commented recently in an article in *Punch* on the advantage to a cricketer of some harmless mannerism, giving as an instance Mr. P. F. WARNER's habit of hitching up the left side of his trousers and patting the ground seven times with his bat. This homely touch reminded me irresistibly of Rankin. Not that Rankin resembles Mr. WARNER even remotely in any other way. But Rankin has a mannerism, one which is fairly harmless, too, as a general rule. If on one occasion, of which I will tell you, it had unfortunate results, there was then a combination of circumstances for which Rankin was not entirely responsible. That much I now feel myself able to admit. At the time I could see nothing good about Rankin at all.

Rankin resides in our village of Littleborough, and is by trade what is known as a jobbing gardener. On Thursdays he is my gardener, on Wednesdays Mrs. Dobbie's gardener, and so on. On Saturday afternoons he plays cricket. Or at least he dresses in (among other garments) a pair of tight white flannel trousers and a waistcoat, and joins the weekly game.

Recently we met in deadly combat the neighbouring village of Smallwick. Away into the unchronicled past runs the record of these annual contests. Each village hints that it has gained the greater number of victories; each is inclined in its heart to believe that the other one has actually done so—because, as I suppose, the agony of defeat leaves a more lasting impression than the joy of victory. But I digress. We have not even got to Rankin's mannerism yet.

Rankin's mannerism is the habit of plunging his hands into his trouser pockets. A very ordinary one, you will say; but not when carried to the extent to which Rankin carries it. It is useless for Rankin to field at short slip, for instance. The only time he did so a catch struck him sharply in the lower chest (and fell to the ground, of course) before he had time to take his hands out of his pockets. When he is batting he crams one hand into his pocket between each delivery. As he wears a large batting glove and his trousers are very tight (as I mentioned before) this is a matter of some difficulty. In fact we usually attribute the smallness of his scores to its unsteady effect.

How he ever survived five years of military service without being shot for persistently carrying his hands in his pockets while on parade, to the detriment of good order and military discipline, I can never understand. Surely

some Brass-hat, inspecting Rankin's regiment, must have noticed that Rankin's hands were in his pockets when he should have been presenting arms? I can only presume that they all loved Rankin, and love is blind. Well, he is quite a good chap. I like him myself.

We now come to the day of the Smallwick v. Littleborough match.

Smallwick lost the toss and went out to field, and, as one of their players had not arrived, Rankin went with them as a substitute.

We lost three wickets for only ten runs, and then I went in. It was one of my rare cricket days. I felt, I knew, that I should make runs—not much more than twenty, of course, but then twenty is a big score for Littleborough. And I felt like twenty at least.

Rankin was fielding at deep long-on, close to the tent; but they had no one at square leg, which is my special direction on my twenty days. Presently the bowler offered me a full pitch on the leg side. I timed it successfully, and had no doubt of having added four to my score, when, to my astonishment, I saw a fieldsman running from the direction of the hedge. The next moment he had brought off a very creditable catch.

It did not dawn on me at first that this was their eleventh man, arrived at that moment. When it did, I could not help laughing to think that he should imagine he could rush in like that while his substitute was still fielding. Then I heard the bowler appeal to the umpire, and to my horror I heard the umpire (their umpire) say "Out."

"But they can't have twelve men fielding," I cried. "The substitute is still there."

"You're out, Sir," said the umpire haughtily. "The substitoot has already retired. 'E's standing there watching the game with 'is 'ands in 'is pockets."

A Self-Starter.

"Born of an Iris moter and a Scots father, in Chicago, U.S.A., Mr. —'s ability for the stage developed very early."

New Zealand Paper.

"Within the square of spectators were paraded about two thousand Girl Guides. It delighted the eye to see the companies march with precision and smartness, while the ear was charmed and the marital spirit stirred by the music of the pipes and drums."

Scotch Paper.

So *that's* the idea.

"Soon we could make out the Sultan's Palace, from which the tired 'Hunter of the East' was now unwinding his 'nose of light.'"

Magazine.

For further details of this remarkable organ see LEAR'S "Dong with the Luminous Nose."

PHILOSOPHERS.

WE are all different, and often our differences are of the widest. Some men can be knocked prostrate by the most trifling disappointment, while others can extract comfort or even positive benefit from what looks like complete disaster—such as the Cambridge youth I met last week, raving about TURNER's "Fighting Téméraire."

"But I didn't know you were interested in pictures," I said.

"Oh, yes, I've always been, in a way," he replied; "but it wasn't till the rain ruined the first day of the Varsity match that I ever had a real chance to get to the National Gallery, and when it came down like blazes again on Tuesday I went back there. Did you ever see such painting? And the pathos of it too! And then that frosty morning scene in the same room! Why, TURNER was too wonderful."

How some of the other dampened enthusiasts tided over their loss I can only guess; but this ardent one reminded me of the Shipwrecked Entomologist, and I placed him on a niche somewhere near that radiant soul.

And who was he?

Well, he was the curator of his own department in some Indian museum—I think at Calcutta—and when the time came for his holiday he took a passage for Japan on a little tramp steamer. Everything went well until a few hours out of Shanghai, when a typhoon began to blow with terrific force. The ship was driven on the coast of Korea, where she set about breaking up, and only with the greatest difficulty did the passengers and crew get to shore, bruised and saturated, without anything but their clothes and what their pockets could hold. Some lives were lost, but my man was saved.

It was a desolate part, with nothing but the poorest huts for shelter, dirty and verminous, so that the discomforts of the land were almost equal to the perils of the sea.

Naturally, on his return to Calcutta the curator was plied with questions. How did he feel about it? Wasn't it an awful experience? If ever a man deserved sympathy it was he. And so forth. But he wouldn't rise.

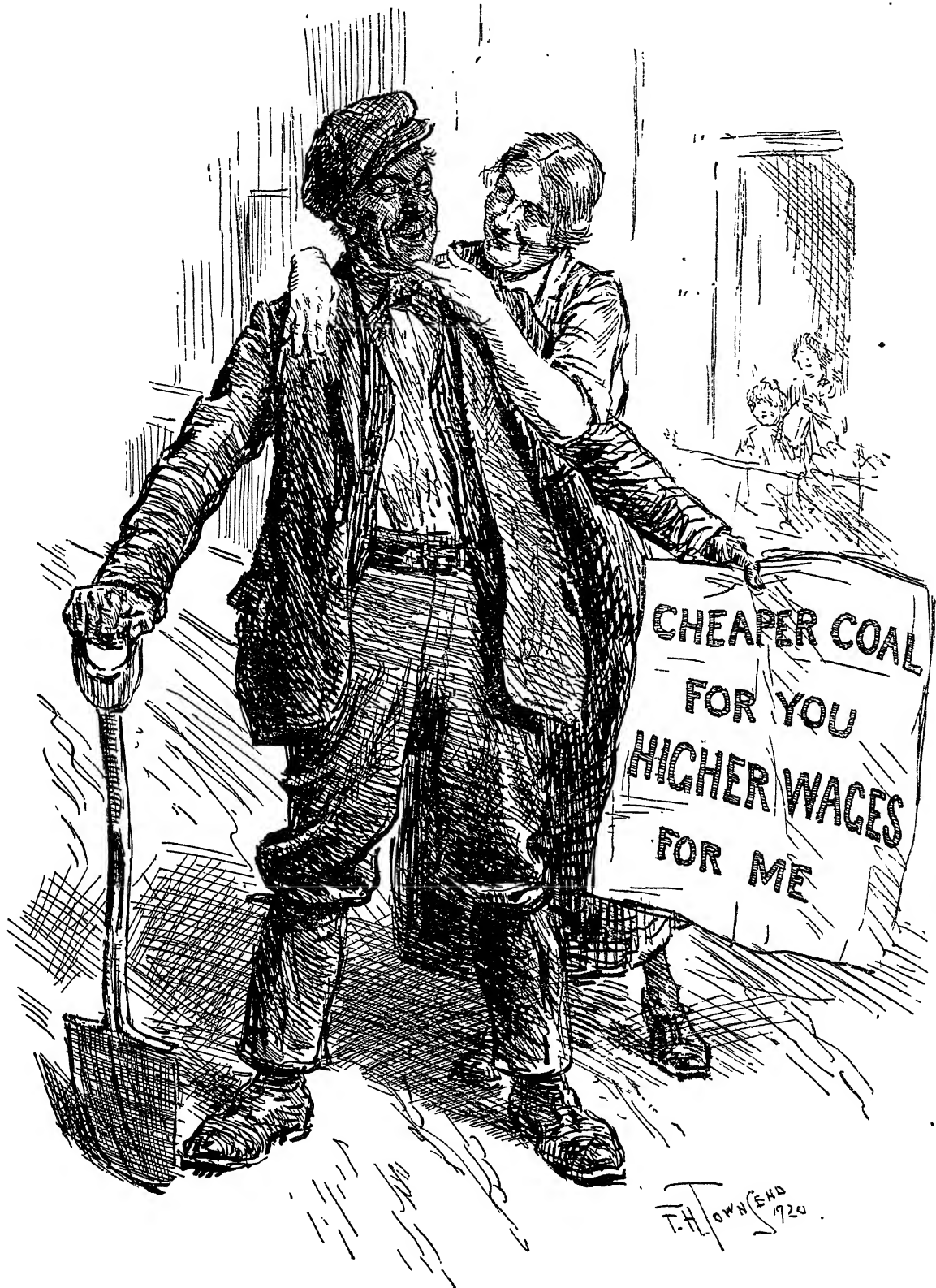
"Sympathy?" he said. "Good Heavens! I don't want sympathy. Why, I had the time of my life. Do you know that during the night in that Korean hovel I found five absolutely new kinds of bug."

E. V. L.

"NOTICE to the public, that John —, Toronto, will not be responsible for debts hereafter contracted by any one."

Canadian Paper.

Very sensible of him.



SUBJECT TO REVISION.

BRITISH HOUSEWIFE. "DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT?"
MINER. "WELL, PART OF IT, ANYWAY."



Captain (to very unsuccessful lob bowler). "OI BE SORRY TO 'AVE TO TAKE 'EE OFF, GARGE, BUT I MUST LET THE VICAR 'AVE A GO BEFORE THE BALL GETS EGG-SHAPED."

SANTAMINGOES.

A FANCY.

[The santamingo is a kind of Oriental bird believed by foolish sailors to confer on its possessor great content and peace of mind.]

East from the Mahanadi and north of the Nicobar
You will come to Evening Island where the santamingoes
are;

Their wings are sunrise-orange and their tails are starlight-
blue;

You catch a santamingo and all your dreams come true.

They've a crest of flaming scarlet and a purple-golden
breast,

And their voice is like all the music that ever you liked the
best,

And their eyes are like all the comfort that ever you hoped to
find;

You catch a santamingo and you'll get peace of mind.

You won't find buried treasures, you won't get sudden luck,
But things'll just go smoothly that used to get somehow
stuck—

The little things that matter, the trumpery things that
please,

You catch your santamingo and you're always sure of these.

You don't get thrones and kingdoms, you don't turn great
or good,

But you know you're just in tune with things, you know
you're understood,

And wherever you chance to be is home and any old time's
the best

When you've got your santamingo to keep your heart at
rest.

If ever you've dreamed of a golden day when nothing at
all went wrong,

Or a pal who'd want no tellings but would somehow just
belong,

Or a place that said, "I was made for you"—well, sailor-
men tell you flat,

You catch your santamingo and you'll find it all like that.

* * * * *

I've sailed from the Mahanadi to north of the Nicobar,
But I can't find Evening Island where the santamingoes
are,

Though I've taken salt to put on their tails and all that a
hunter should—

Perhaps you can't *really* catch them; but don't you wish
you could?

H. B.

"Capitalist who will consider financing Canadian oil fields or will
send English theologian to investigate property."—*Daily Paper*.
And do the clerical work, we suppose.

From a description of the V.C.'s at Buckingham Palace:—

"There were a sergeant-major arranged in nine separate groups, and
an attempt had been made to get old comrades together as far as
possible."—*Provincial Paper*.

The reassembling of the sergeant-major must have taken a
bit of doing.

MY RAT.

HE visits me at least once every day. His favourite time is the hour of tea, when the family and staff may be expected to be at home; but sometimes he honours us with an additional call at the luncheon hour. He emerges from his deep hole beneath an ivy root, takes the air up and down the paths of my rockery, glances in at the drawing-room window, passes on to the back premises, and so home.

There is nothing furtive about his movements. His manner is that of one who has purchased the mansion and its appurtenances but does not wish to disturb the sitting tenants. It is his duty to see that the premises are properly cared for, but for the present he has no desire to take possession. It is beautiful weather and the simple life out-of-doors contents him.

He is a brown rat. I write of his sex with confidence because his urbanity is that of a polished gentleman of the world; no feminine creature could ever display it. A female rat who had bought the house would eagerly try to get in and drive us forth. But not so my rat. He discharges the function of a landlord as considerably as he can; after all, even a landlord must be allowed the rights of inspection of his own property.

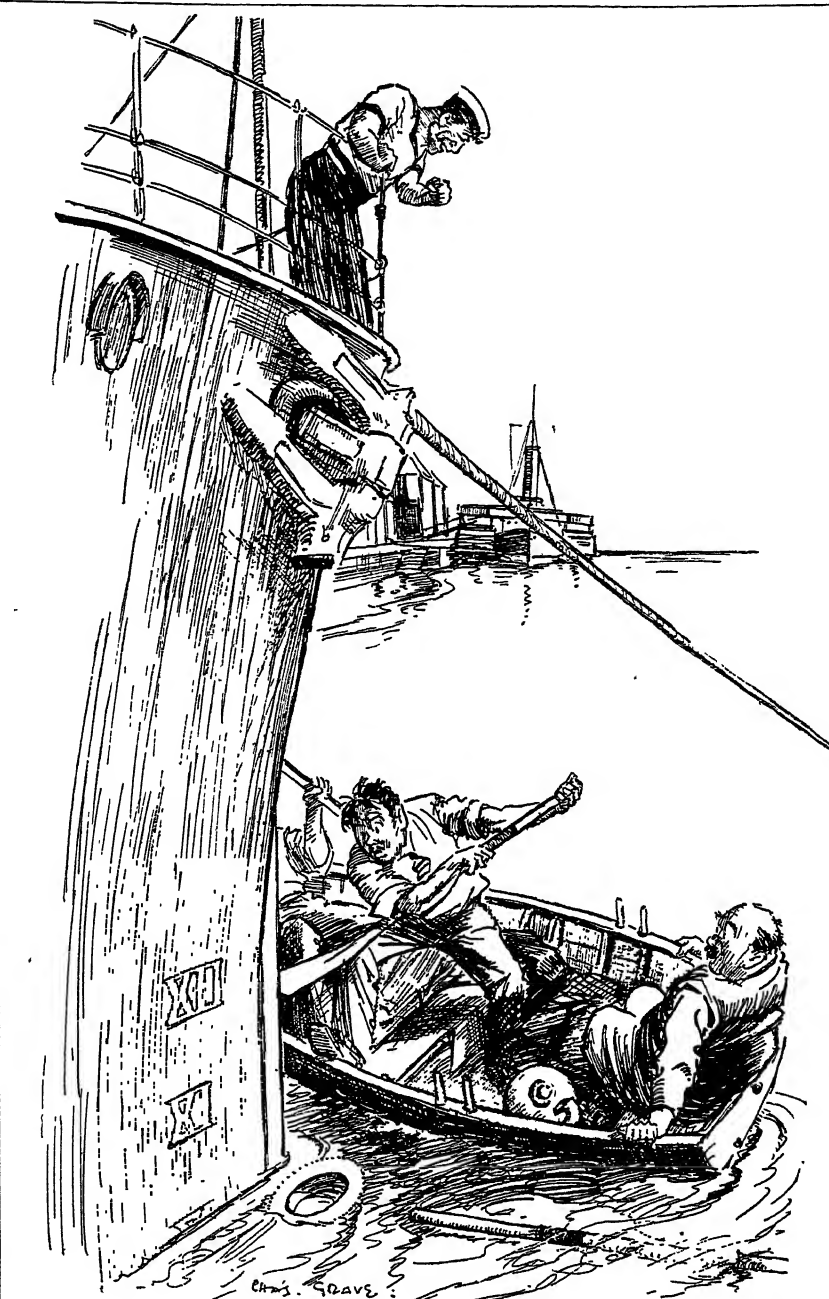
At first I regarded him as merely an ordinary intrusive brown rat. I laid down poisonous pills composed of barium carbonate and flour. He did not take offence; he understood our human limitations. He showed by a jaunty cock of the eye that all to understand is all to pardon. His daily visits continued without abatement.

It has been suggested to me that we should await his regular calls with dogs, blood-thirsty terriers. I cannot take so scurvy an advantage of his confidence.

* * * * *

I have sinned. The fault is less mine than that of the High Court of Parliament. I was bidden to study the penalties laid down for those who do not proceed to the destruction of their rats. When I weighed my landlord rat against five treasury notes I confess that in an hour of meanness I permitted the notes to tip the scale. I prepared phosphor paste and laid a trail of this loathsome condiment upon the path trodden every afternoon by my rat.

He came as usual on the day after that on which I had basely planned his murder—Heaven forgive me!—that I might escape a trifling fine, and he deigned to partake of my hospitality. Twenty-four hours later, when duty summoned him once more at the hour of tea, his eye was dim and he staggered



Jack (to novice in difficulties with the tide). "THE NEXT TIME YOU SPORTSMEN TAKES AN OUTIN' TRY A NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN BUS."

slightly in his gait. He was still able to go his rounds, but since that tragic afternoon I have seen him no more.

My family eyes me with suspicion. They look for the rat, which no longer arrives at his accustomed hour. My cook has given notice. I alone bear the burden of the fatal secret.

* * * * *

Saved! What care I for five paltry pounds now that our rat has recovered from his indisposition and has hastened to re-visit his property? The phosphor paste, like arsenic, has added brightness to his eye and brought a beautiful lustre to his smooth brown coat. He

has softened in his manner and tends towards friendship. There is less of the grand air, less assertion of the vast gap which yawns between the landlord and the tenant. Presently, if I continue to prove worthy of his condescension, my rat will eat phosphor paste out of my hand.

From the obituary notice of an octogenarian:—

"He was a keen chronologist, and possessed a valuable collection of shells."

Provincial Paper.

Picked up, no doubt, on the sands of time.

THE LITTLE HORSE.

[The following fragment is taken from the play, *David Lloyd George*, which we understand may some day be produced at the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith, as a companion-piece to *Abraham Lincoln*.]

THE scene is laid in the House of Commons, where Sir FREDERICK BANBURY has moved the rejection of the Poets and Verse (Nationalisation) Bill.

Sir FREDERICK BANBURY is speaking.

But it stands to reason,
If you propose to pay them just the same
Whether they write a little or a lot,
They won't write *anything*. There will not be
Sufficient stimulus. It's human nature,
And human nature is unchangeable.
Do you imagine, Sir, that KEATS or SHELLEY
Would have produced such valuable work,
So large an output, if this precious Bill
Had been in operation at the time?
We should have had no SHAKESPEARE. And, besides,
It means the death of British poetry,
Because we can't continue to compete
With foreign countries.

A Labour Member. I am not a lawyer

Nor I am not a manufacturer,
But earned my bread these five-and-forty years,
Sweating and sweating. I know what sweat is . . .

An Hon. Member.

You're not the only person who has sweated.

Labour Member.

At any rate I sweated more than you did.

Mr. SPEAKER.

I do not think these constant interruptions
Are really helping us.

Labour Member.

So you may take it
That what I utter is an honest word,
A plain, blunt, honest and straightforward word,
Neither adorned with worthless flummery
And tricks of language—for I have no learning—
Nor yet with false and empty rhetoric
Like lawyers' speeches. I am not a lawyer,
I thank my stars that I am not a lawyer,
And can without a spate of parleying
Briefly expound, as I am doing now,
The whole caboodle. As for this here Bill,
So far as it means Nationalising verse,
We shall support it. On the other hand,
So far as it means interferences
With the free liberty of working-men
To write their poetry when and how they like,
We will not have the Bill. So now you know.

Mr. ASQUITH.

It was remarked, I think by ARISTOTLE,
That wisdom is not always to the wise;
To which opinion, if we may include
In that august and jealous category
The President of the Board of Ululation,
I am prepared most freely to subscribe.
When was there ever since the early Forties
A more grotesque and shameless mockery
Of the austere and holy principles
Which Liberalism like an altar-flame
Has guarded through the loose irreverent years
Than this inept, this disingenuous,
This frankly disingenuous attempt
To smuggle past the barrier of this House
An article so plainly contraband
As this unlicens'd and contagious Bill—

A Bill which, it is not too much to say,
Insults the conscience of the British Empire?
I will not longer, Sir, detain the House;
Indeed I cannot profitably add
To what I said in 1892.

Speaking at Manchester I used these words:—

"If in the inconstant ferment of their minds
The KING's advisers can indeed discover
No surer ground of principle than this;
If we have here their final contribution
To the most clamant and profound conundrum
Ever proposed for statesmanship to solve,
Then are we watching at the bankruptcy
Of all that wealth of intellect and power
Which has made England great. If that be true
We may put FINIS to our history.
But I for one will never lend my suffrage
To that conclusion."

[*An Ovation.*

Mr. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.

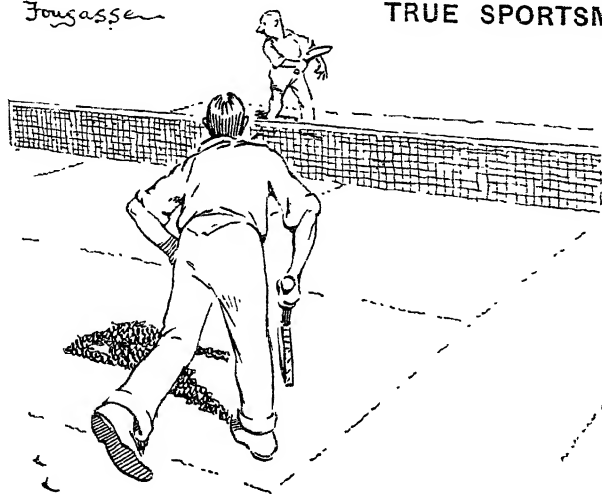
Mr. SPEAKER, Sir,

I do not intervene in this discussion
Except to say how much I deprecate
The intemperate tone of many of the speakers—
Especially the Honourable Member
For Allways Dithering—about this Bill,
This tiny Bill, this teeny-weeny Bill.
What is it, after all? The merest trifle!
The merest trifle—no, not tipsy-cake—
No trickery in it! Really one would think
The Government had nothing else to do
But sit and listen to offensive speeches.
How can the horse, the patient horse, go on
If people will keep dragging at the reins?
He has so terrible a load to bear,
And right in front there is a great big hill.
The horse is very tired, and it is raining.
Poor little horse! But yonder, at the top,
Look, look, there is a rainbow in the sky,
The promise of fair weather, and beyond
There is a splendidly-appointed stable,
With oats and barley, or whatever 'tis
That horses eat, while smiling all around
Stretch out the prairies of Prosperity,
Cornfields and gardens, all that sort of thing.
That's where the horse is going. But, you see,
The horse has got to climb the great big hill
Before he gets there. Oh, you must see that.
Then let us cease this petty bickering;
Let us have no more dragging at the reins.
What is this Bill when all is said and done?
Surely this House, surely this mighty nation,
Which did so much for horses in the War,
Will not desert this little horse at last
Because of what calumniators say—
Newspaper-owners—I know who they are—
About this Bill! No, no, of course it won't.
We will take heart and gallop up the hill,
We will climb up together to the rainbow;
We will go on to where the rainbow ends—
I know where that is, for I am a Welshman.
It is a field, a lovely little field,
Where there are buttercups and daffodils,
And long rich grass and very shady trees.
Hold on a little, and the horse will get there,
Only, I ask you, let the horse have rein.
That is my message to the British nation:
"Hold on! Hold fast! But do not hold too tight!"

[*An Ovation. A Division is taken. The Ayes have it.*
A. P. H.]

Fougasse

TRUE SPORTSMANLIKE BEHAVIOUR.



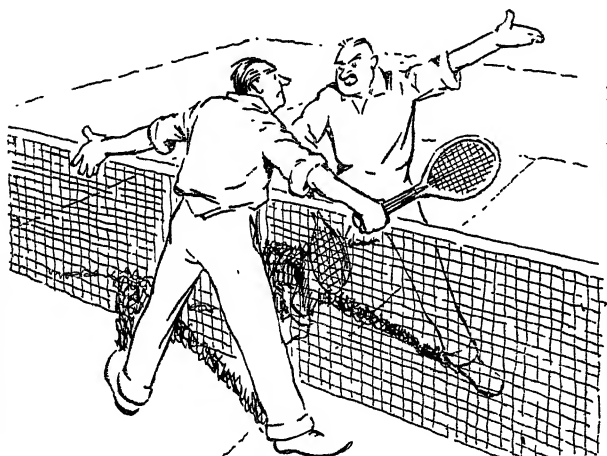
"THAT WAS A DOUBLE FAULT I SERVED, WASN'T IT? LOVE-FIFTEEN."

"NO. YOUR SECOND ONE WAS IN ALL RIGHT. I THINK. FIFTEEN-LOVE."



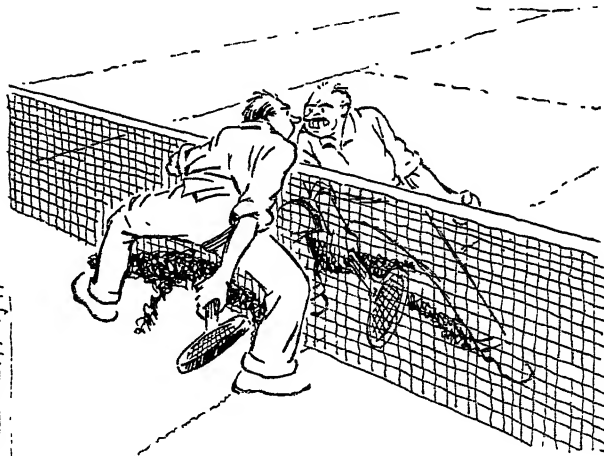
"BUT I'M ALMOST SURE IT WAS NOT. LOVE-FIFTEEN."

"NO, REALLY, I'M PRACTICALLY CERTAIN IT WAS IN. FIFTEEN-LOVE."



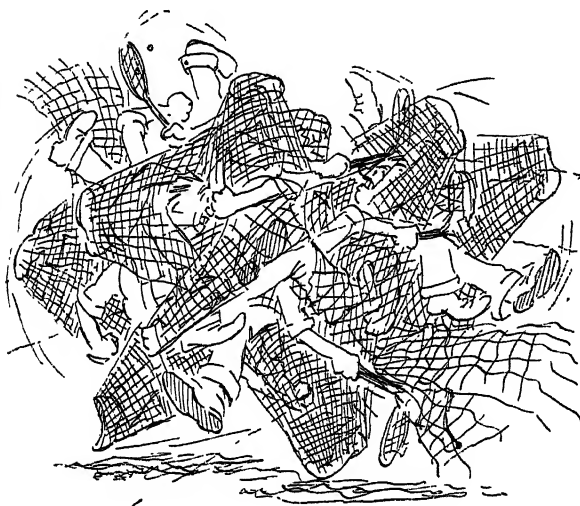
"IT LOOKED MILES OUT TO ME. ' LOVE-FIFTEEN."

"WELL, YOU WERE WRONG, THAT'S ALL. FIFTEEN-LOVE."

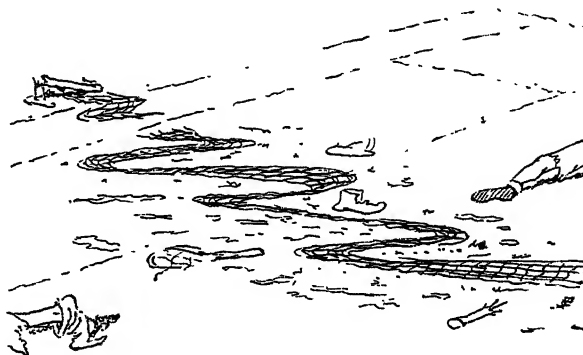


"BUT, MY DEAR GOOD FELLOW, I KNOW I'M RIGHT. LOVE-FIFTEEN."

"MY VERY GOOD IDIOT, YOU AREN'T. FIFTEEN-LOVE."



"YOU PIG-HEADED BEAST, I AM. LOVE-FIFTEEN."
"YOU'RE A LIAR! YOU'RE NOT. FIFTEEN-LOVE."



"WELL, CALL IT A LET."

WORD CHAINS.

Sheila Davies and her brother had cycled over to play tennis. They sat, with John and myself, on the steps and watched the rain falling.

"As a matter of general interest," said Arthur Davies to me, "when a man invites his friends and neighbours over to play tennis and it pours with rain all the time, what is the correct thing for him to do?"

"As a matter of general interest," I answered, "the good host will send the ladies to play the piano, if any, and to talk scandal, whether there is any or not. He will himself conduct the men of the party to the billiard-room or the smoking-room and offer them cigarettes and whisky—if any."

"Ah," said Davies, "then it isn't usual just to keep them sitting miserably on the steps watching the net float away?"

John, on whose steps we were sitting, felt the need of speech.

"I have often wondered," he said, turning to Miss Davies, "how your brother ever got into such a nice family as yours. How do you keep so cheerful with it always about?"

"One gets used to it in time," said Miss Davies.

"I suppose so," said John. "After all, we have the same sort of family disaster in Alan, but we manage to bear up."

Davies rose.

"You and I don't seem popular here," he said to me. "Will you conduct me to the billiard-room or the smoking-room? I am in need of a wash."

"As a matter of general interest," said John to Miss Davies, "is it the correct thing to wash *before* setting out to visit friends, or can it be left until some hours after arrival?"

Miss Davies sighed heavily.

"If you two are going to sit here thinking of clever remarks to make about each other I shall go home. For goodness' sake let's pretend we are enjoying ourselves."

"I am enjoying myself," said John plaintively; "I've been wanting to say what I really think of your brother for years."

"Well, don't do it now. Things are miserable enough without having discussions on Arthur. Let's all have a game at something, shall we?"

"Splendid idea," said her brother. "What about tennis?"

"We might get into bathing togs and play polo," I suggested.

"That's not a bad notion," said John, "and then he needn't have a wash until to-morrow."

"I suggest," continued Miss Davies, "that we play at Word Chains."

Davies buried his face in his hands and groaned.

"It sounds fine," I said gallantly.

"What is it?"

"Well, it's really a sort of mind exercise. They recommend it in those courses, you know," said Miss Davies, "er—it stimulates a logical sequence in reasoning and quickens the mental processes."



THE NEW RIVER "BELLE."

Society Gossip Note. "I also saw the Honourable Pamela Puntah, attended by a gorgeous creation in tangerine orange and cornflower blue, with hat and handkerchief to match."

[It was remarked that at Henley the men's river attire quite outshone the ladies'.]

"Is that what they say about it?" asked John fearfully.

"But it makes a splendid game," added Miss Davies eagerly. "Let me explain it to you and you'll see. First of all we think of a word, such as—er—'margarine.'"

"Why?" asked John.

"It's part of the game, of course," said Miss Davies indignantly.

"Oh, I see—of course. How stupid of me!" said John.

"Then we think of another word quite different, such as—"

"'Hippopotamus,'" I suggested.

"That's right," said Miss Davies. I stood up and bowed.

"Well, I'm hanged!" said John.

"Jolly good, Alan. However did you guess it? Has he won?" he asked Miss Davies.

"Of course not," said she; "we haven't begun yet."

I sat down again hurriedly.

"Then," continued Miss Davies, "we take turns, starting with the word 'margarine' and making a chain, each word being connected in some way with the one before it. And whoever can get to the word 'hippopotamus' first has won."

"One hippopotamus?" asked John.

"WON," said Miss Davies sweetly.

Her brother groaned again.

"I'll just give you an easy example," went on Miss Davies enthusiastically, "and then we'll begin. Take the words 'fire' and 'nigger.' A good chain would be 'fire—coal—black—nigger.' Do you see?"

John and I made sounds expressing that we thought we did. Davies just went on groaning.

"Very well," said Miss Davies, "we'll begin. Now don't forget. We start with 'margarine' and try to get to 'hippopotamus.' The great thing is to keep the word 'hippopotamus' in your mind all the time and keep trying to work towards it. Are you ready? Right! I'll start with 'grease.'"

"Greece?" said John, looking startled.

"Yes, margarine—grease," explained Miss Davies.

"Oh, I see," said John, "er—oil."

I thought seriously for a moment.

"Salad," I said, looking round for approval.

"Splendid," said Miss Davies. "Now you, Arthur."

"I refuse— Oh, all right," he said. "Where have we—'salad'—er—'lobster.'"

Do you catch the idea, as it were? We seemed to fall into the way of it in a moment. Once we had tried we progressed at a tremendous rate. Perhaps we are all very clever, or perhaps it was really easier than it seems in the telling, but looking back the conversation seems to have been simply brilliant.

Well, here's an idea of how we went on, anyway, and you can judge for yourselves (Davies, you remember, has just snapped out "Lobster"):

Miss Davies (quick as lightning). Shrimp.

John. Whiskers. (A very subtle one, this.)

Me. Beard. (Rather weak effort.)



"PLAY US A CHUNE, MISTER."

Davies. Moustacho. (Weaker still; received with groans.)

Miss Davies (quick as another lightning). *CHARLIE CHAPLIN.* (Loud cheers here and laughter, followed by a long pause while John thinks.) At last:—

John. MARY PICKFORD.

Me (after another pause). DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

Davies (indicating with a wave of the hand that it has been forced on him). D. W. GRIFFITHS.

There is a slight hold-up at this point while Miss Davies tells her brother that he is not trying, and he says he knows he isn't. Miss Davies gets back on to the track amidst applause, however, with:—

"Broken Blossoms."

After this things went on for a long time, hours and hours I should say. I remember that we mentioned among many subjects of interest sausage-rolls, horoscopes, hair-pins, Cleopatra's Needle and lung-wort. I must resist the temptation to tell the whole absorbing story in detail, and skip rapidly to the point where the chase reached the following interesting stage:—

Miss Davies (still going strong). Whale.

John (struggling hard but growing weak). Oil.

Me (quite innocently). Grease.

Davies (triumphantly). MARGARINE. I looked at Miss Davies in embarrassment. John gazed round pitifully.

"But," he murmured weakly, "isn't that where we started?"

"Of course it is," said Miss Davies indignantly. "You've spoilt the whole game, Arthur."

"Well, I can't help it," said her brother; "I thought that was the word we were after. What was it, anyway?"

We all looked at the sky and thought hard.

"Hanged if I know," said John.

"I'm sure I don't," I said.

"Well, isn't that ridiculous?" said Miss Davies.

"Of course it is," said her brother brutally; "I *knew* it was ridiculous from the beginning. You said it quickened the mental processes. Would memory be one of them?"

"Let's go inside and have some tea," said John.

We crept quietly indoors.

* * * * *
Halfway through tea Miss Davies suddenly waved her teaspoon aloft. We looked at her and saw a great light shining in her eyes.

"Hip—hip—hippopotamus!" she shrieked.

We all agreed that Miss Davies had won.

Magnanimity.

There was once a satirical pup
Who with newspaper rule was fed up,
So he wrote bitter rhymes
Which disparaged *The Times*
But were praised in its weekly *Lit. Supp.*

"The Canadian officials refused to allow her to land because she did not propose to carry out her original intention to marry Captain —, and the New York authorities declined to interfere with the Canadian decision."

Daily Taper.

But what we really want to know is where Tom and 'Arry come in.

"New York, Sunday.

The s.s. Minnehaha left here yesterday for London with fifty crates of American birds and a great variety of animals.

Three trunks were carried for the opossum to build in and for the beavers to gnaw."

Daily Mirror.

Nothing is said about the other creatures' luggage.

From the time-table of a Hampshire motor-service:—

"The Fares between any points on any route will be found where the vertical line of figures under the name of one of the points meets the horizontal line of figures which terminates in the name of the other of the two points between which it is desired to travel."

The Hampshire Hog needs to be a very learned pig.



Mother. "WELL, DARLINGS, WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING?"

Margaret. "WE'RE PLAYING AT WEDDINGS. I'M THE BRIDE AND BETTY'S THE BRIDESMAID."

Mother. "BUT WHERE'S THE BRIDEGROOM?"

Margaret. "OH, THIS IS A VERY QUIET WEDDING."

THE REEFS.

ALL the grim rocks that stand guard about Scilly—
Wingletang, Great Smith and Little Granilly,
The Barrel of Butter, Dropnose and Hellyweather—
Started to boast of their conquests together,
Of drowned men and gallant, tall vessels laid low
While gulls wheeled about them like flurries of snow
And green combers romped at them smashing in
thunder,

Gurgling and booming in caverns down under,
Sending their diamond-drops flying in showers.
"Oh," said the reefs, "what a business is ours!
Since saints in coracles paddled from Erin
(Fishing our waters for sinners and herrin')
And purple-sailed triremes of Hamilco came
To the Islands of Tin, we've played at the game.
We shattered the galleys of conquering Rome,
The galleons of PHILIP that scudded for home
(The sea-molluscs slime on their glittering gear);
We plundered the plundering French privateer,
We caught the great Indiaman head in the wind
And gutted her hold of the treasures of Ind;
We sank a whole fleet of three-deckers one night
(The drift of the sand keeps their culverins bright),
And cloudy tea-clippers that raced from Canton
Swept into our clutches—and never went on.
Come steel leviathans scorning disaster
We scrapped them as fast—if anything faster.

So pick up your pilot and take a cross-bearing,
Sound us and chart us from Lion to Tearing,
And ring us with lighthouses, day-marks and buoys,
The gales are our hunters, the fogs our decoys.
We shall not go hungry; we grin and we wait,
Black-fanged and foam-drabbled, the wolves at the Gate."

PATLANDER.

AWAY TO THE MEADOWS!

ALTHOUGH the cost of everything is on the rise there are still a few good things that quite a little money can buy. One pound, for example—or, if you prefer it, twenty shillings—can work wonders by taking (under the auspices of the Children's Country Holiday Fund) a London child away from our smoke and grime for a fortnight of country air and surprises, excitements and joys. The Fund (the Hon. Treasurer of which is the Earl of ARRAN, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, London) must not now be restricted because lodgings and railway fares are dearer. Last year the sum asked for each child was just half what is now required; but the increase is necessary. Yet even with the increase it is not great, considering the good that it can do! In spite of all the other claims of the moment upon his readers' generosity, Mr. Punch trusts that this modest and most excellent ameliorative organisation will not be neglected.

"The police are divided in their opinions as to whether Marnie is still alive or whether she has gone to Canada."—*Provincial Paper.*
Why this "down" on the Dominion?



OUR PARISH CHURCH.

JOHN BULL. "LET ME SEE, WE MUST BE ESPECIALLY GENEROUS TO-DAY. THE COLLECTION IS FOR THE RESTORATION FUND."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 5th.—When the Germans left Peking after the Boxer Rebellion they took with them the astronomical instruments which had hung for centuries on its walls. How the Celestial equivalent of *Old Moore* has managed to translate the message of the stars without their assistance I cannot imagine; but the Chinese Government does not appear to be worrying, for, though it was specifically provided at



"A GENEROUS TEAPOT."

COLONEL WEDGWOOD.

Versailles that the instruments should be returned, China has omitted to sign the Peace Treaty.

There are the makings of a great statesman in Sir JOHN REES. Some apprehension having been expressed lest France should prohibit the importation of silk mourning crêpe and so injure an old British industry, he was quick to suggest a remedy. "Would it not be possible," he asked in his most insinuating tones, "to have a deal between silk and champagne?" And the House, which is not yet entirely composed of "Pussyfeet," gave him an approving cheer.

A certain General GOLOVIN having published statements reflecting on Mr. CHURCHILL's conduct of the campaign in North Russia last year, that section of the House which is always ready to take the word of any foreigner as against that of any Englishman, particularly of any English Minister, at once assumed that the charges were correct. The SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR was in his place, with the light of battle in his eye, ready to meet his enemies in the gate. But by the time Mr. BONAR LAW had done with them there was not much left of the charges. So far as the statements were true, he said, they merely repeated what was already

familiar to the House. Everybody knew that the Government was helping the anti-Bolshevik forces last year. But the story that Mr. CHURCHILL had taken his orders from Admiral KOLTCHAK was both untrue and absurd. He had simply carried out the policy of the Government, a policy which, though some hon. Members did not seem to appreciate it, had now been altered.

Committee on the Finance Bill saw the annual assault on the tea duty. "We are going to drop this duty directly we are in a position to do so," said Commander KENWORTHY, with his eye on the Treasury Bench. "Who are we?" shouted the Coalitionists; and it presently appeared that "we" did not include Sir DONALD MACLEAN, but did include Colonel WEDGWOOD, who, as becomes one of his name, was all for a generous tea-pot.

Undeterred by his failure over tea, Commander KENWORTHY next attacked the duty on films, complaining *inter alia*, "Mr. CHAPLIN is taxed twenty pounds for every thousand feet." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN defended the tax on general grounds, but wisely avoided Mr. CHAPLIN's feet, over which it is notoriously easy to trip.

The debate on the beer duty shattered one more illusion. It is an article of faith with the "Wee Frees" that Sir GEORGE YOUNGER is the power behind the scenes, and that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is a mere marionette, who only exists to do his bidding. Yet here was the autocrat confessing, *quâd* brewer, that the latest addition to the beer duty was the biggest surprise of his life.

Tuesday, July 6th.—The LORD CHANCELLOR's request for leave of absence in order that he might attend the Spa Conference was granted. Lord CREWE's remark, that it was "a matter of regret that the Government had to depend upon the noble and learned lord for legal assistance," might perhaps have been less ambiguously worded. At any rate Lord BIRKENHEAD thought it necessary to allay any possible apprehensions by adding that he would be accompanied by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

The gist of Mr. CHURCHILL's comprehensive reply to allegations of waste at Chilwell was that there were not enough sheds to cover all the stores, and that to build additional accommodation would cost more than it would save. There was a pleasant Hibernian flavour about his admission that the goods, "if they remained in their present condition, would, of course, deteriorate."

Who says that D.O.R.A. has outlived her usefulness? The HOME SECRETARY

announced that the sale of chocolates in theatres is still *verboten*, so the frugal swain, whose "best girl" has a healthy appetite, may breathe again.

Mr. CLYNES, usually so cautious, was in a reckless mood. First he tried to move the adjournment over the GOLOVIN revelations, and was informed by the SPEAKER that a report of doubtful authenticity, relating to events that happened over a year ago, could hardly be described as either "urgent" or "definite."

Next, on the Finance Bill, he shocked his temperance colleagues by boldly demanding cheaper beer. But, although he received the powerful support of Admiral Sir R. HALL, he failed to soften the heart of the CHANCELLOR, who declared that he must have his increased revenue, and that the beer-drinker must pay his share of it.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN turned a more sympathetic ear to the bark of another sea-dog, Admiral ADAIR, who sought a reduction of the tax on champagne, and mentioned the horrifying fact that even City Companies were abandoning its consumption. He received the unexpected support of Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY, who declared that



LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENWORTHY GIVES AN INFERIOR IMITATION OF MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN.

Yorkshire miners always had a bottle after their day's work and denounced an impost that would rob a poor man of his "boy." Eventually the CHANCELLOR agreed to reduce the new *ad valorem* duty by a third. He might have made the same reduction in the case of cigars but for the declaration of a Labour

Member that this was becoming "a rich man's Budget from top to bottom."

Wednesday, July 7th.—Never was Lord HALDANE's power of clear thinking employed to better advantage than in his lucid exposition of the Duplicands and Feu-duties (Scotland) Bill. I would not like to assert positively that all the Peers present fully grasped the momentous fact that a duplicand was a "casualty" and might be sometimes twice the feu-duty and sometimes three times that amount; but they understood enough to agree that it was a very fearful wild-fowl and ought to be restrained by law.

After this piquant *hors-d'œuvre* they settled down to a solid joint of national finance, laid before them by Lord MIDLETON. I am afraid they would have found it rather indigestible but for the sauce provided by Lord INCHCAPE, who was positively skittish in his comments upon the extravagance of the Government, and on one occasion even indulged in a pun. In his view the Ministry of Transport was an entirely superfluous creation, solely arising out of the supposed necessity of finding a new job for Sir ERIC GEDDES. I suppose the PRIME MINISTER said, "Here's a square peg, look you; let us dig a hole round it."

The LORD CHANCELLOR's reply was vigorous but not altogether convincing. His description of the Government as a body of harassed and anxious economists did not altogether tally with his subsequent picture of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER "always resisting proposals for expenditure made by his colleagues in the Cabinet." Despite his eloquence the Peers passed Lord MIDLETON's motion by 95 votes to 23.

The Commons made good progress with the Finance Bill, though there was a good deal of justifiable criticism of its phraseology. The SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY admitted that there was one clause of which he did not understand a word, but wisely refused to specify it. Colonel WEDGWOOD advanced the remarkable proposition that "the workers in the long run pay all the taxes," but did not jump at Captain ELLIOTT's suggestion that in that case it would save trouble if the CHANCELLOR were to levy all the taxes on the working-classes direct. When asked to extend further relief to charities Mr. CHAMBERLAIN sought a definition of "charity." Would it apply, for example, to "the association of a small number of gentlemen in distress obeying the law of self-preservation in the face of world-forces which threaten to sweep them out of existence"? I seem to hear *Mr. Wilkins Micawber* reply, "The answer is in the affirmative."

Thursday, July 8th.—In the absence of the LORD CHANCELLOR the Gas Regulation Bill was entrusted to the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR AIR. The mingling of gas and air has before now been known to produce an explosion,



DAVID COPPERFIELD UP TO DATE.

Mr. Clynes. "LOOK HERE—IF THE PRICE OF ALE KEEPS ON GOING UP LIKE THIS I'LL HAVE TO SPEAK TO AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN ABOUT IT."

but on this occasion Lord LONDON-DERRY so deftly handled his material that not a single Peer objected to the Second Reading.

The proceedings in the Lower House were much more lively. Mr. STANTON



MR. MONTAGU S'EXCUSE.

threatened that there would be a general strike of Members of Parliament unless their salaries were increased; but Mr. BONAR LAW seemed to be more amused than alarmed at the prospect. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was

asked point-blank whether he was satisfied with the reduction in the bureaucracy during the last six months, and replied that he was not, and had therefore appointed Committees to investigate the staffs in seven of the Departments. The number is unfortunately suggestive.

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"

And we know what the Carpenter replied.

If an unnecessary amount of heat was engendered by the debate on General DYER's case the fault must be partly attributed to the INDIAN SECRETARY's opening speech. "Come, Montagu, for thou art early up" is a line from one of the most poignant scenes in SHAKESPEARE; but early rising, at Westminster as elsewhere, is not always conducive to good temper.

Members who thought with Sir EDWARD CARSON that General DYER had not been fairly treated resented Mr. MONTAGU's insinuation that in that case they were condoning "frightfulness." Mr. CHURCHILL was more judicious, and Mr. BONAR LAW did his level best to keep his followers in the Government Lobby. But Sir A. HUNTER-WESTON's reminder that by the instructions issued by the civil authority to General DYER he was ordered "to use all force necessary. No gathering of persons nor procession of any sort will be allowed. All gatherings will be fired on," confirmed them in the view that the GENERAL was being made a scapegoat. No fewer than 129 voted against the Government, whose majority would have been very minute but for the assistance of its usual foes, the "Wee Frees" and Labourites.

"Kemble's own future should be all the more secure in a University in which there is not only complete religious intolerance but complete religious equality."—*Local Paper.*

Poor old Oxford! Still "the home of lost causes" apparently.

"Few stories of London origin are more familiar than that of the cabby who, regarding his day off as one of his indisputable rights, spent it each week in riding about the City with a fellow cabby in order to keep him company."—*Sunday Paper.*

That's why they called him a busman and his holiday a busman's holiday.

Do you remember the sad fate of a certain distinguished hostess who found herself at midnight left with only a few hogs and elderly men to entertain her pretty girl guests, and the sudden epidemic of rents that necessitated a rush to the cloakroom for mending."

Evening Paper.

The ripping property of tusks is well known.



THE WOMAN-HATER.

FAR-EASTERN ENGLISH.

A RETURNING circumnavigator reports that the passengers on the boat—a Japanese liner—coming from Yokohama to Honolulu were apprised of the fact that they were to have two Thursdays, one immediately following the other (and you can have no notion how long a second Thursday can be), owing to the crossing of the imaginary but very boring line which divides the two hemispheres. The official notice came from the captain's own hand. The ship had an American purser and an American chief steward, and there were many English on board, but the gallant little commander preferred to tackle the linguistic problem unaided. On Wednesday, therefore, the board had this announcement pinned to it:—"As she will be crossed the meridian of 180 to-morrow, so to-morrow again." Could, after the first blow, anything be clearer?

Meanwhile from Siam come the glad tidings that the British residents in Bangkok are to have a new paper.

That the editorial promises are rich the following extracts sufficiently prove:—

"The news of English we tell the latest, writ in perfect style and earliest. Do a murder get commit, we hear and tell of it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it in borders of sombre. Staff has each one been college and writes like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circulate every town and extortionate not for advertisements. Buy it."

Rather a Tall Order.

"FOR SALE.

Grey flannel suit made by English tailor in January last, unworn Rs. 50; chest 39, height 8 ft. 5 inches."—*Indian Paper*.

"Small (Elephant) Pram, as new, extending back, 6 gns."—*Local Paper*.

Thanks; but we always take our elephant in the side-car.

"Samuel Johnson, who had pleaded guilty yesterday to stealing a wallet, was sentenced to three months' hard labour."

Evening Paper.

When he comes out (if there is any truth in BOSWELL) he will make a pun.

Vers Libre.

There was an old man of Dunoon
Who always ate soup with a fork;
For he said, "As I eat
Neither fish, fowl or flesh
I should finish my dinner too quick."

"It is as well to note that during dry weather it is always advisable to pass the watering-can along the rows of plants in order to moisten the soil."—*Daily Paper*.

This means, we think, "Water the garden."

"The City views with the gravest concern the existence of places like Didcot."

Daily Paper.

There is reason to believe that Didcot entertains precisely similar feelings in regard to the City.

Commercial Candour.

"For Lightweight Motor Cycles there is no alternative to the — MAGNETO.

Maximum Weight. Minimum Performance."

Trade Paper.

"Reason and instinct dictate the smoking of a cigarette that will give the minimum of pleasure at a moderate cost."

Advt. in Evening Paper.

OUR PASTORAL.

"HULLOA, Melhuish," I said, "after all you had ideal weather for your *Midsummer Night's Dream* yesterday."

"Ideal," said Melhuish moodily.

"Really, if you'd picked the day it couldn't have been better. You want peculiar atmospheric conditions for a pastoral, don't you? Just enough sun, not too much wind, temperature congenial for sitting out-of-doors. You had 'em all."

Melhuish nodded.

"Your garden must be looking like fairyland too now with the roses out and the trees in all their full summer greenery."

He nodded again.

"What a setting for the *Dream*! It drew a crowd, of course?"

"Yes, we drew the county."

I sighed regretfully. "How I wish I hadn't funk'd it, but with my lumbago I never dare risk damp grass and it looked so awfully like rain in the morning."

Melhuish suddenly got excited. "Looked like rain!" he said violently. "It *did* rain. It rained several drops. I never saw such drops, as big as saucers. Perhaps you didn't hear the thunder?"

"My dear bean," I said, "it was the thunder which put me off coming to see you as *Bottom* and Mrs. Mel-

huish as *Titania* in the most idyllic surroundings I can imagine."

"You wouldn't have seen us in any idyllic surroundings," said Melhuish. He had relapsed into moodiness again. I could see there was something serious.

"What happened, old friend?" I said gently.

"We began rehearsing during that glorious spell of sunshine in the spring, when the garden was a carpet of daffodils and it was a sheer joy to play about out-of-doors. Then the weather broke for a time and we migrated to the Parish Hall. You know our Parish Hall?"

"Quite well. A little tin place on the left from the rectory."

"That's it. It's got a platform on trestles at one end and a paraffin lamp in the middle. The Vicar placed it at our disposal when there wasn't a Women's Institute or a choir practice, and on chilly nights he had the 'Beatrice stove' lit for us. Then the Sum-

mer began in real earnest. We got in extra gardeners, worked like niggers ourselves, and when the turf was in perfect condition and the thyme was coming up on *Titania's* bank we fixed the date and billed the county.

"After that we all got nervous and went about consulting weather forecasts. *Old Moore* prophesied heavy rains. The *Daily Mail* said a cyclone from New York was on the way. The weather-glasses jumped about and seemed to know their own minds even less than usual. Three days before the date thunderstorms were reported all over the country and a fowl was struck by lightning. But not a drop of rain came to our village.

"At the dress-rehearsal the night

and we know his arrangements in case of rain. They're the only arrangements possible in our little village, and it's going to be a nightmare instead of a dream if they have to be carried out. But we can depend upon *Bottom* to make a wise decision. He'll notify us and the boy-scouts will notify the audience. All we've got to do is not to grouse."

"Cocklewhite said he would phone me the position of his leech at 9 A.M., and *Lysander* promised to report any change in the condition of the seaweed. I set our glass and *Titania* and I got up at half-hour intervals during the night and tapped it. It refused to budge either way.

"At dawn *Titania* looked out of the

window and gave a wild cry. 'Red sky in the morning, shepherds' warning,' she wailed. At breakfast Cocklewhite phoned that his leech was dead, and he had strong suspicions it had died from atmospheric pressure. Almost at the same moment *Lysander* sent word that his seaweed had gone clammy during the night. Half-an-hour later came a clap of thunder and the drops of rain I mentioned. I needn't go on. You can guess the rest."

Melhuish paused.

"But the performance came off, didn't it?" I said.

"Yes, in the Parish

Hall. It was a perfect day for a pastoral."

A Clean Hitter.

"J. — carried his bath through the innings."—*Scotch Paper*.

"Fishing near the bridge on Monday a schoolboy caught a chub with artificial fly weighing 2lbs. 15ozs."—*Local Paper*.

It is supposed that the unfortunate fish was struck on the head and stunned.

"After long delays a new Polish Cabinet has been formed under Mr. Grabski. He would annex much Russian territory outright."

Weekly Paper.

Pace SHAKESPEARE, there would seem to be something in a name.

"THAT QUEER FISH THE SALMON.

Some fish are 'takers,' some are not, but most salmon can be worried into talking."

Daily Paper.

Whereas most fishermen chatter of their own accord.



Profiteer. "I WANT YOU TO PAINT ME WITH A BOOK IN MY 'AND AND MY VALET STANDIN' UNOBTRUSIVELY IN THE BACKGROUND IN CASE I MIGHT WISH TO CALL 'IM."

before the performance we debated the weather prospects until the moon rose. *Lysander* said his bit of seaweed which he brought from Bognor was as dry as parched peas and he would back it against any fool barometer. Cocklewhite, our prompter, said he didn't want to depress the company, but he had a leech in a bottle of water which rose for fine weather and sank for wet, and he was bound to tell us it was like lead at the bottom at the present moment. *Hermia* pointed to the heavens, 'Red sky at night shepherds' delight,' she quoted. There was no getting away from the swallows; they were nose-diving to a bird. 'Hang swallows,' *Obéron* said; 'put your trust in mosquitoes. Look at my eyelid.'

"It's no good talking," *Theseus* said; 'nobody can tell until the morning, and then it'll be up to *Bottom* to decide by 11.30 whether it's to be indoors or out. He's our stage-manager



Fair Skipper. "WIND GETTIN' UP NICELY—WHAT?"

HARDING AND COX.

(Being an inquiry into the two Candidates for the Presidency of the United States of America.)

I WISH I knew some facts regarding
The private life of Mr. HARDING;
I wish that I had simply stocks
Of anecdotes of Mr. COX.

In U.S.A. (where both are resident
And each one hoping to be President)
Their favourite hymns, their size in boots,
Their views on liquor and cheroots

Are known to all; not JULIUS CÆSAR
Is quite so much renowned as these are.
In England, where they do not dwell,
No one appears to know them well.

One cannot say if Cox's liver
Keeps well upon the Swanee River,
Nor whether HARDING finds, when glum,
Any relief in chewing gum.

It may be that they both have good rows
Of dental ornaments like WOODROW'S,
The waist of TAFT, the ROOSEVELT eye
For pinking hippopotami.

It may be HARDING had some flickers
Of CLEVELAND'S spirit whilst in knickers,
And COX while yet a puling babe
Dreamed tiny dreams of LINCOLN (ABE);

And both, although they knew they'd catch it,
Cut fruit-trees with a little hatchet;
Both may have been, when glorious youths,
Too proud to fight or tell untruths.

I cannot say. I know they wrangle
On points I dare not disentangle,
That one of them's a Democrat
And t'other's not. And that is that. EVOE.

GEE!

On the upper floors of a shop in the Strand, between Wellington Street and the Savoy, is a well-known maker of fowling-pieces, who gave me a terrible start the other day; and probably not me alone, but many passers-by who chanced to look upwards at his windows. For he is at the moment advertising the most undesirable article in the world, a commodity for which I can conceive of no demand whatever. Yet there—the result of the caprice of adhesive cement or the desire of one letter of the alphabet to get level with its neighbour and be dropped too—the amazing notice is, in conspicuous white enamel:—

SECOND HAND
UNS.

The Domestic Problem Solved.

"A Lady wishes to meet with a gentleman or lady to share her home as sole paying guest; one with a hobby for gardening preferred; every home comfort; terms, £300 per annum."—*Sunday Paper*.

We are desirous of entertaining, on the same terms, a lady (or gentleman) with a *penchant* for cooking and washing-up.

"The Hindus and Mahomedans are the two eyes of India, but have long been engaged in a tug-of-war. On account of this cleavage both have suffered, but now the wall of separation is broken down, and they are coming together like sugar and milk, the bitter feelings between them having been pulled out like a thorn. They are advised to give up biting each other for the future."—*Indian Paper*.

Or our contemporary will have exhausted its stock of metaphors.

A STORY ABOUT A CLOCK.

OUR move-in took place in no furtive or clandestine fashion; our installation of ourselves in our semi-detached was performed well under the eye of the neighbouring public. Our furniture waited on the public thoroughfare until our new home was ready to receive it. Small children played games on our sofa; enthusiastic acquaintances played tunes on our piano. In a word, our move-in was a local festival; everyone took part. This is the sad tale of the man who took the most expensive part—the clock.

If the hard choice had been put to Diana, my wife, to say which she could least sorrowfully part with, me or the clock, the clock would have stayed. If I had been put to the same dismal alternative as to Diana or the clock, Diana would have gone. In fact, directly the clock was safely in Diana had gone out. That was all she cared about; small children might play on the sofa, enthusiastic acquaintances might play on the piano, and I might toil unremittingly with everything else, for all Diana cared. So, the clock being in, out she went upon her lawful or unlawful purposes. As she departed she said something about my seeing to the clock. I remembered that later on, but I remembered it wrong. This is how I did it.

The man sat a little on my own special chair (at that time on the pavement) before he came in. I asked him what he was sitting there for. He got up and came inside. Then I asked him what he had come in for, and he said, "The clock." I looked at the clock and it had stopped. I gave it a shake, and it still stopped. He said it was no good shaking it; that only annoyed it. He said he had come to look after it. He then took off his hat and his coat, moved the fingers about, put his ears to it to hear its heart beating, and asked me what I had been doing to it. I said I hadn't been doing anything to it; he watched me doing things to everything else, and adopted an expression as if to say he didn't believe me. He gave me the feeling that I was a very interfering person, and that he didn't want to have anything more to do with me. He said he should have to take the clock away. I asked him when he would bring it back. He said he didn't know. He appeared to take a pessimistic view of it. I asked him cheerfully if he would ever bring it back. He gave me a contemptuous look and, without another word, went, taking the clock with him.

When Diana came back she asked where the clock was. I said it had

gone. "Gone where?" asked Diana. I said I didn't know; the man had taken it. "What man?" asked Diana. I was trying to move the sofa at the moment and I was inclined to be short-spoken. I said that the man who had taken it was, no doubt, the man whom Diana had gone forth to find and bid take away our clock. Diana said that, if the man had said that she had said that he might take our clock away, the man was a liar. *Had* the man said that she had said he might take the clock away? The answer was in the negative.

Then the truth emerged. The man had stolen our clock. I had assisted the man to steal our clock, helping him to lift it off its perch and handing him his bowler hat as he left.

It all sounds incredible, doesn't it? But you will admit, I am sure, that it is a thing which could quite easily happen to anyone. Isn't it?

To be quite frank, I have improved the story a bit. The clock wasn't really stolen.

Was the man really taking it away to repair it? No; to tell you the truth he didn't actually take it away at all. In fact, I might as well own that no man ever came into the house while I was shifting the furniture in from the street. And, if you want to know, I never had a clock . . . nor a wife . . . nor a house.

The mere fact of my pretending that there are such things as semi-detacheds for people to move into these days ought to have put you wise from the start that the whole tale was a fabrication.

CURES WORTH MAKING.

(By our Medical Expert.)

The Times, in its daily summary of "News in Advertisements" recently called attention to the appeal of an invalided officer who "will be glad to give a hundred pounds to any doctor, nerve specialist or hospital that can cure him of occupation neurosis and writer's cramp." A careful study of other newspapers shows that offers of handsome remuneration for cures are not confined to those who have suffered from the War, but are made by civilians and officials of the highest position in public life. We append a few outstanding examples of the splendid opportunities now provided to psycho-pathological specialists:—

A Cabinet Minister of massive physique, perfect self-confidence and immovable determination, who has had varied experience in different business callings and (up to a certain point) unvarying success, offers five thousand pounds to any professor of deportment

or member of the Old Nobility in reduced circumstances who will impart to him suavity of manner, tact and diplomatic courtesy, the lack of which constitutes the sole obstacle to his achieving immortality. If the instructor can succeed in making him (the Cabinet Minister) really beloved the honorarium will be doubled.

An Editor of thirty years' experience as a journalist, first-rate linguist, deeply versed in geography, Central European politics, etc., will give five hundred pounds to any mental specialist, registered or unregistered, who will cure him of an irresistible temptation on all occasions, with or without provocation, to utilise every incident, occurrence, calamity or disaster as a means of assailing and undermining the position of the Coalition Government in general and the PRIME MINISTER in particular.

A Member of Parliament, formerly attached to one of His Majesty's services, is prepared to offer fifty pounds to any phrenologist who without inflicting undue pain will reduce or remove the Bump of Curiosity which at present impels him without rhyme or reason to bombard Ministers with irrelevant questions contrary to the public interest and calculated to produce the maximum amount of irritation even amongst Members who sit on the same side of the House.

A Peer of great wealth, striking physiognomy, affectionate disposition and wonderful general knowledge will pay the sum of twenty thousand pounds to any psychiatric practitioner who succeeds in eliminating from his system the microbe of filmolatri, the ravages of which have latterly threatened to infect his monumental mind with his-trionic monomania highly deleterious to the best interests of the community.

A neo-Georgian poet, disciple of FREUD, pacifist and vegetarian, will gladly pay five pounds to any psychopathic suggestionist who will extirpate from his subconsciousness the lingering relics of an antipathy to syncopated rhythms which retard his progress towards a complete mastery of the technique of amorphous bombination.

Another "Substitute."

"For the first time on record snow has fallen at Albany, Western Australia.

The Food Ministry announces that this surplus will therefore be available for home jam-making."—*Provincial Paper*.

"The Roman poets, all of them inveterate Cockneys, talk of the joys of the country, of purling streams and lowing kine and frisking lamps."—*Weekly Paper*.

And their verses occasionally smell of them.



Prospective Mistress. "ARE YOU A CONSISTENTLY EARLY RISER?"

Maid. "NOT ARF! WHY, MUM, IN MY LAST PLACE THE MASTER'S PET NAME FOR ME WAS 'THE EARLY WORM.'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Rescue (DENT) is a story in the authentic manner of Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD at his unapproachable best. If it is true, as one has heard, that the book was begun twenty-five years ago and resumed lately, this explains but does nothing to minimize a fact upon which we can all congratulate ourselves. The setting is the shallow seas of the Malay coast, where *Lingard*, an adventurer (most typically CONRAD) whose passion in life is love for his brig, has pledged himself to aid an exiled young Rajah in the recovery of his rights. At the last moment however, when his plans are at point of action, the whole scheme is thwarted by the stranding of a private yacht containing certain persons whose rescue (complicated by his sudden subjection to the woman of the party) eventually involves *Lingard* in the loss of fortune and credit. Perhaps you can suppose what Mr. CONRAD makes of a theme so congenial; how the tale moves under his hand in what was once well called that "smoky magnificence" of atmosphere, just permitting the reader to observe at any moment so much and no more of its direction. Of the style it would now be superfluous to speak. It has been given to Mr. CONRAD, working in what is originally a foreign medium, to use it with a dignity unsurpassed by any of our native craftsmen. Such phrases as (of the prudent mate remonstrating with *Lingard*): "What he really wanted was to have his existence left intact, for his own cherishing and pride;" or again, "The situation was too complicated to be entrusted to a cynical or shameless hope," give one the quick pleasure of words so delicately and deftly used as to seem newly coined. *Rescue*, in short, is probably the greatest novel of the year, one by which

its author has again enriched our literature with work of profound and moving quality.

I was inclined to flatter myself that nothing in the plot of *The Silver Tea-shop* (STANLEY PAUL) could possibly take me by surprise, but I found towards the end that Miss E. EVERETT GREEN had contrived to slip in the real villain all unsuspected while I, as she meant me to, was staring hard at the supposed one, so that there I must acknowledge myself defeated. With a stolen invention, an old gentleman found shot in his room, and a son under a vow to avenge his father, the story provides plenty of thrills, and the "Silver Tea-shop" itself has the fascination that business ventures in books often exercise. It seems to be run on such lavish lines for the prices charged that I found myself looking hungrily for its address. I wish the author had not referred to her hero as having "mobile digits" and burdened her ingenuous story with anything so important as a prologue. By making the villain's deserted offspring not one baby girl only, or even twins, but triplets, Miss EVERETT GREEN provides waitresses all of one family for the "Silver Tea-shop," and that, though a happy arrangement, is a little too uncommon to add to the likelihood of an unconvincing tale.

When a book is succinctly labelled *Love Stories* (DORAN), at least no one has any right to complain that he wasn't warned beforehand of the character of its contents. As a matter of fact, human nature being what it is, I have little doubt that Mrs. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART has hit upon a distinctly profitable title. Indeed I believe that this has already been proved in the Land of Freedom, from which the work comes to us, where (I am given to understand) the vogue of sentimental fiction is even greater than with our-

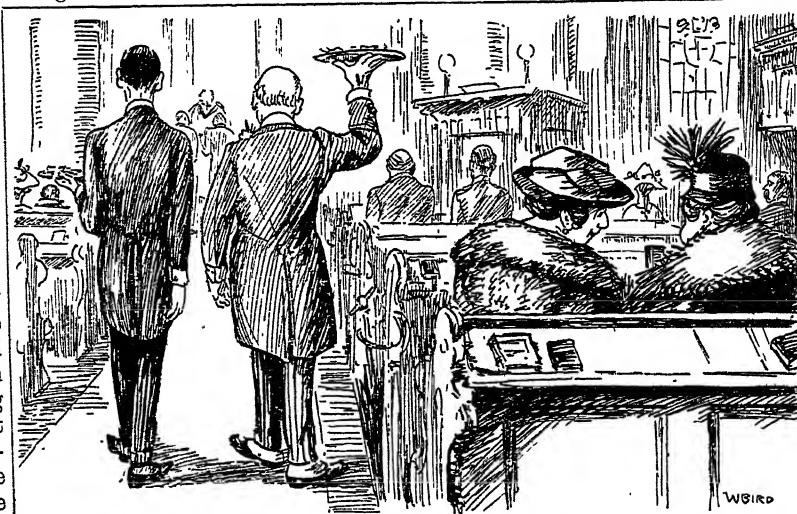
selves. What the name does nothing to indicate is that the stories are almost all of them laid in or about hospital wards. For some, perhaps most, of the author's admirers this may serve only to increase the charm; for others, who prefer their romance unflavoured with iodoform, not. Undeniable that she has a smiling way with her, and a gift of sympathetic enjoyment that carries off the old, old dialogues, even imparting freshness to the tale of the patient *in extremis* who persuades his attractive nurse into a death-bed marriage, treatment that the slightest experience of fiction should have warned her to be invariably curative. Perhaps the best of the tales is "Jane," which tells very amusingly the results of a hospital strike that in actual life would, I imagine, have provided little humorous relief. By this time you may have gathered that what matters about Mrs. RINEHART is not what she says but the way that she says it; upon which hint you can act as fancy dictates.

I very distinctly feel that "KATHARINE TYNAN" could have made a first-rate novel of *Denys the Dreamer* (COLLINS) and have had plenty over for a good second if she had taken the trouble. But her fluent pen runs away with her down paths that lead nowhere in particular, instead of developing her main characters and situations to an intelligible and satisfactory point. *Denys* is of a gentle Irish family that has come down to very small farming. He dreams good, solid and rather Anglo-Saxon dreams of draining bogs on the sea-coast estates of Lord Lennane, whose agent he becomes (and whose daughter he loves from afar), and of a great port that is to rival Belfast. Unexpected, not to say incredible, assistance comes from a Jew money-lender and his wife. The portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Arons are the best things in the book, and I hope Mrs. HINKSON will make a novel about these two admirable people some day soon. *Denys* makes his own and his patron's fortune and I am sure lives happily ever after with Dawn, who is the palest wraith of a girl, owing to the shameful neglect of her author, who is too busy putting large sums of money into the pockets of the principal puppets. Indeed, for a West Coast of Ireland story a demoralising amount of money is going about.

The principal scenes of *The North Door* (CONSTABLE) are laid in the Cornwall of some hundred-and-thirty years ago, and I welcome Dr. GREVILLE MACDONALD as an expert in the Cornish language and character. Cornwall, as all readers of fiction know, has during the last few years been attacked again and again by novelists, and most of them would do well to study Dr. MACDONALD's romance and most thoroughly to digest it. In form, however, he will have little to teach them, for his book is very indifferently constructed. It may seem ungrateful in these rather skimpy days to complain of a surfeit of matter, but there is stuff in this book for two if not three novels. One cannot blame Dr. MACDONALD for his indignation at the miseries of child-

labour, but here it is perhaps out of place. His Mr. Trevenna, the mystical parson, friend of smugglers and of everyone who suffered from laws (unrighteous or righteous), is a great figure; and I shall not soon forget either his correspondence with Lady Evangeline Walrond or his superhuman kindness of heart. If you want to get at the true flavour of Cornwall you have only to open *The North Door*.

A young clerk in an insurance office, who wanted to go as a missionary to India, is the hero, if there is one, of Mrs. ALICE PERRIN's latest novel, *The Vow of Silence* (CASSELL). I have never read a book about India which made such an ambition seem more courageous, for it gives such a hot and thirsty picture of that country when Harold Williams at last reaches it that it is positively uncomfortable to read it in Summer weather. Harold and his brother and sister missionaries live in a state of stuffy discomfort which soon undermines his health and leaves him no defence against the charms of Elaine Taverner, who has a large cool drawing-room and dainty frocks, and a young soldier lover and an old scholar husband, and all the other



Occupant of Pew. "ENTIRELY SELF-MADE. ORIGINALLY A WAITER, AS YOU CAN SEE."

things we expect of pretty young women in Anglo-Indian novels. Poor Harold, consumed at once by a zeal which makes him long to save Elaine's soul and a passion which makes him embrace a parcel of her *lingerie*, very naturally loses the remains of his reason and paves the way for her marriage with her lover by obligingly pushing the elderly husband into the jaws of a crocodile. If it were more convincing it would be a painful story—in some hands

it might have been a great one; as it is, Mrs. PERRIN seems for once to have missed her opportunity.

If the publisher of *About It And About* had told me on the wrapper that Mr. D. WILLOUGHBY has an excellent fund of literary reminiscence, on which he draws for the modelling of a very pretty epigrammatical style, I should, after reading the book, have agreed with him heartily. What Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN does say about these short essays, which embrace most of the subjects on which people have violent opinions, is that the author's "point of view is that of the natural historian making an unprejudiced examination." An unprejudiced man, I take it, is a man whose sentiments are the same as mine, and I happen to disagree with Mr. WILLOUGHBY as profoundly as possible on several of the themes he has chosen. On fox-hunting, for instance, which he considers a more decadent sport than bull-fighting; and on Ulster, which he attacks bitterly by comparison with the rest of Ireland, for cherishing antiquated political animosities and talking about the Battle of the Boyne. But will Mr. WILLOUGHBY not have been hearing of "the curse of CROMWELL"? Let us rather agree to be impatient with Yorkshire for her absurd tranquillity with regard to WILLIAM THE FIRST. I repeat that Mr. WILLOUGHBY has a very clever style, but, bless his heart, he is as bigoted as I am myself.

CHARIVARIA.

To judge by the Spa Conference it looks as if we might be going to have a peace to end peace.

It will soon be necessary for the Government to arrange an old-age pension scheme for Peace Conference delegates.

It is difficult to know whom or what to blame for the exceptionally wet weather we have been having, says an evening paper. Pending a denial from Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, *The Times* has its own opinion as to who is at the bottom of it.

Mr. STANTON pointed out in the House of Commons that, unless increased salaries are given to Members, there will be a strike. Fears are entertained, however, that a settlement will be reached.

"The Derry shirt-cutters," says a news item, "have decided to continue to strike." The Derry throat-cutters, on the other hand, have postponed striking to a more favourable opportunity.

The way to bring down the price of home-killed meat, the Ministry of Food announces officially, is for the public not to buy it. You can't have your cheap food and eat it.

Harborough Rocks, one of the few Druid Circles in the kingdom, has been sold. Heading-for-the-Rocks, the famous Druid Circle at Westminster, has also been sold on several occasions by the Chief Wizard.

A gossip writer states that he saw a man carrying two artificial legs while travelling in a Tube train. There is nothing like being prepared for all emergencies while travelling.

"The ex-Kaiser," says an American journal, "makes his own clothes to pass the time away." This is better than his old hobby of making wars to pass other people's time away.

"Danger of infection from Treasury notes," says *The Weekly Dispatch*, "has been exaggerated." Whenever we see a germ on one of our notes we pat it on the back and tell it to lie down.

A West Riding paper states that a postman picked up a pound Treasury note last week. It is said that he intends to have it valued by an expert.

An engineer suggests that all roads might be made of rubber. For pedestrians who are knocked down by motor-cars the resilience of this material would be a great boon.

According to *The Evening News* a bishop was seen the other day passing the House of Commons smoking a briar pipe. We can only suppose that he did not recognise the House of Commons.

"We can find work for everybody and

A pedestrian knocked down by a taxi in Oxford Street last Tuesday managed to regain his feet only to be again bowled over by a motor-bus. Luckily, however, noticing a third vehicle standing by to complete the job, the unfortunate fellow had the presence of mind to remain on the ground.

According to a local paper cat-skins are worth about 5½d. each. Of course it must be plainly understood that the accuracy of this estimate is not admitted by the cats themselves.

"Too much room is taken up by motor-vehicles when turning corners," declares a weekly journal. This is a most unfair charge against those self-respecting motorists who negotiate all corners on the two inside wheels only.

An American named J. THOMAS LOONEY has written a book to prove that SHAKESPEARE was really the Earl of Oxford. We cannot help thinking that SHAKESPEARE, who went out of his way to prove that *Ophelia* was one of the original Looneys, has brought this on himself.

Fashionable Parisians, says a correspondent, have decided that the correct thing this year is to be invited to Scotland for July. It may be correct, but it won't be an easy matter



First Indian Chief (of travelling show). "BROTHER BELLOWING-PAPOOSE, WHICH IS THE WAY BACK TO THE CIRCUS?"
Second Ditto. "I KNOW NOT. LET US ASK THIS PALEFACE."

everything," says a Chicago journal. But what about corkscrews?

How strong is the force of habit was illustrated at Liverpool Docks the other day when two Americans, on reaching our shores, immediately fainted, and only recovered when it was explained that spirits were not sold here solely for medical purposes.

"Watches are often affected by electrical storms such as we have experienced of late," states a science journal. Only yesterday we heard of a plumber and his mate who arrived at a job simultaneously.

We sympathise with the unfortunate housewife who cannot obtain a servant because her reference is considered unsatisfactory. It appears she was only six weeks with her last maid.

if we know our Scotland.

American women-bathers with an inclination to embonpoint, it is stated, have taken to painting dimples on their knees. The report that a fashionable New Yorker who does not care for the water has created the necessary illusion by having a lobster painted on her toe is probably premature.

A Bridgewater, Somerset, man of eighty (or octogeranium) has cancelled his wedding on the morning of the ceremony. A few more exhibitions of that kind and he will end up by being a bachelor.

There was a young lady of Beccles
Whose face was infested with freckles.
But nobody saw
Any facial flaw,
For she had an abundance of shekels.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

THE Animal Kingdom may be divided into creatures which one can feed and creatures which one cannot feed. Animals which one cannot feed are nearly always unsatisfactory; and the grasshopper is no exception. Anyone who has tried feeding a grasshopper will agree with me.

Yet he is one of the most interesting of British creatures. *The Encyclopædia Britannica* is as terse and simple as ever about him. "Grasshoppers," it says, "are specially remarkable for their saltatory powers, due to the great development of the hind legs; and also for their stridulation, which is not always an attribute of the male only." To translate, grasshoppers have a habit of hopping ("saltatory powers") and chirping ("stridulation").

It is commonly supposed that the grasshopper stridulates by rubbing his back legs together; but this is not the case. For one thing I have tried it myself and failed to make any kind of noise; and for another, after exhaustive observations, I have established the fact that, though he does move his back legs every time he stridulates, *his back legs do not touch each other*. Now it is a law of friction that you cannot have friction between two back legs if the back legs are not touching; in other words the grasshopper does not rub his back legs together to produce stridulation, or, to put it quite shortly, he does not rub his back legs together *at all*. I hope I have made this point quite clear. If not, a more detailed treatment will be found in the Paper which I read to the Royal Society in 1912.

Nevertheless I have always felt that there was something fishy about the grasshopper's back legs. I mean, why *should* he wave his back legs about when he is stridulating? My own theory is that it is purely due to the nervous excitement produced by the act of singing. The same phenomenon can be observed in many singers and public speakers. I do not think myself that we need seek for a more elaborate hypothesis. *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, of course, says that "the stridulation or song in the *Acridiidae* is produced by friction of the hind legs against portions of the wings or wing-covers," but that is just the sort of statement which the scientific man thinks he can pass off on the public with impunity. Considering that stridulation takes place about every ten seconds, I calculate that the grasshopper must require a new set of wings every ten days. It would be more in keeping with the traditions of our public life if the scientific man simply

confessed that he was baffled by this problem of the grasshopper's back legs. Yet, as I have said, if a public speaker may fidget with his back legs while he is stridulating, why not a public grasshopper? The more I see of science the more it strikes me as one large mystification.

But I ought to have mentioned that "the *Acridiidae* have the auditory organs on the first abdominal segment," while "the *Locustidae* have the auditory organ on the *tibia* of the first leg." In other words one kind of grasshopper hears with its stomach and the other kind listens with its leg. When a scientific man has committed himself to that kind of statement he would hardly have qualms about a little invention like the back-legs legend.

With this scientific preliminary we now come to the really intriguing part of our subject, and that is the place of the grasshopper in modern politics. And the first question is, Why did Mr. LLOYD GEORGE call Lord NORTHCLIFFE a grasshopper? I think it was in a speech about Russia that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE said, in terms, that Lord NORTHCLIFFE was a grasshopper. And he didn't leave it at that. He said that Lord NORTHCLIFFE was not only a grasshopper but a something something grasshopper, grasshopping here and grasshopping there—that sort of thing. There was nothing much in the accusation, of course, and Lord NORTHCLIFFE made no reply at the time; in fact, so far as I know, he has never publicly stated that he is *not* a grasshopper; for all we know it may be true. But I know a man whose wife's sister was in service at a place where there was a kitchen-maid whose young man was once a gardener at Lord NORTHCLIFFE's, and this man told me—the first man, I mean—that Lord NORTHCLIFFE took it to heart terribly. No grasshoppers were allowed in the garden from that day forth; no green that was at all like grasshopper-green was tolerated in the house, and the gardener used to come upon his Lordship muttering in the West Walk: "A grasshopper! He called me a grasshopper—ME—a GRASSHOPPER!" The gardener said that his Lordship used to finish up with, "I'll teach him;" but that is hardly the kind of thing a lord would say, and I don't believe it. In fact I don't believe any of it. It is a stupid story.

But this crisis we keep having with France owing to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's infamous conduct does make the story interesting. The suggestion is, you see, that Lord NORTHCLIFFE lay low for a long time, till everybody had forgotten about the grasshopper and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE

thought that Lord NORTHCLIFFE had forgotten about the grasshopper, and then, when Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was in a hole, Lord NORTHCLIFFE said, "Now we'll see if I am a grasshopper or not," and started stridulating at high speed about Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. A crude suggestion. But if it were true it would mean that the grasshopper had become a figure of national and international importance. It is wonderful to think that we might stop being friends with France just because of a grasshopper; and, if Lord NORTHCLIFFE arranged for a new Government to come in, it might very well be called "The Grasshopper Government." That would look fine in the margins of the history-books.

Yes, it is all very "dramatic." It is exciting to think of an English lord nursing a grievance about a grasshopper for months and months, seeing grasshoppers in every corner, dreaming about grasshoppers . . . But we must not waste time over the fantastic tale. We have not yet solved our principal problem. Why did Mr. LLOYD GEORGE call him a grasshopper—a modest friendly little grasshopper? Did he mean to suggest that Lord NORTHCLIFFE hears with his stomach or stridulates with his back legs?

Why not an earwig, or a black-beetle, or a wood-louse, or a centipede? There are lots of insects more offensive than the grasshopper, and personally I would much rather be called a grasshopper than an earwig, which gets into people's sponges and frightens them to death.

Perhaps he had been reading that nice passage in the Prophet NAHUM: "Thy captains are as the great grasshoppers, which camp in the hedges in the cold day, but when the sun ariseth they flee away, and their place is not known where they are." I do not know. But *The Encyclopædia* has a suggestive sentence: "All grasshoppers are vegetable feeders and have an incomplete metamorphosis, so that *their destructive powers are continuous from the moment of emergence from the egg until death.*"

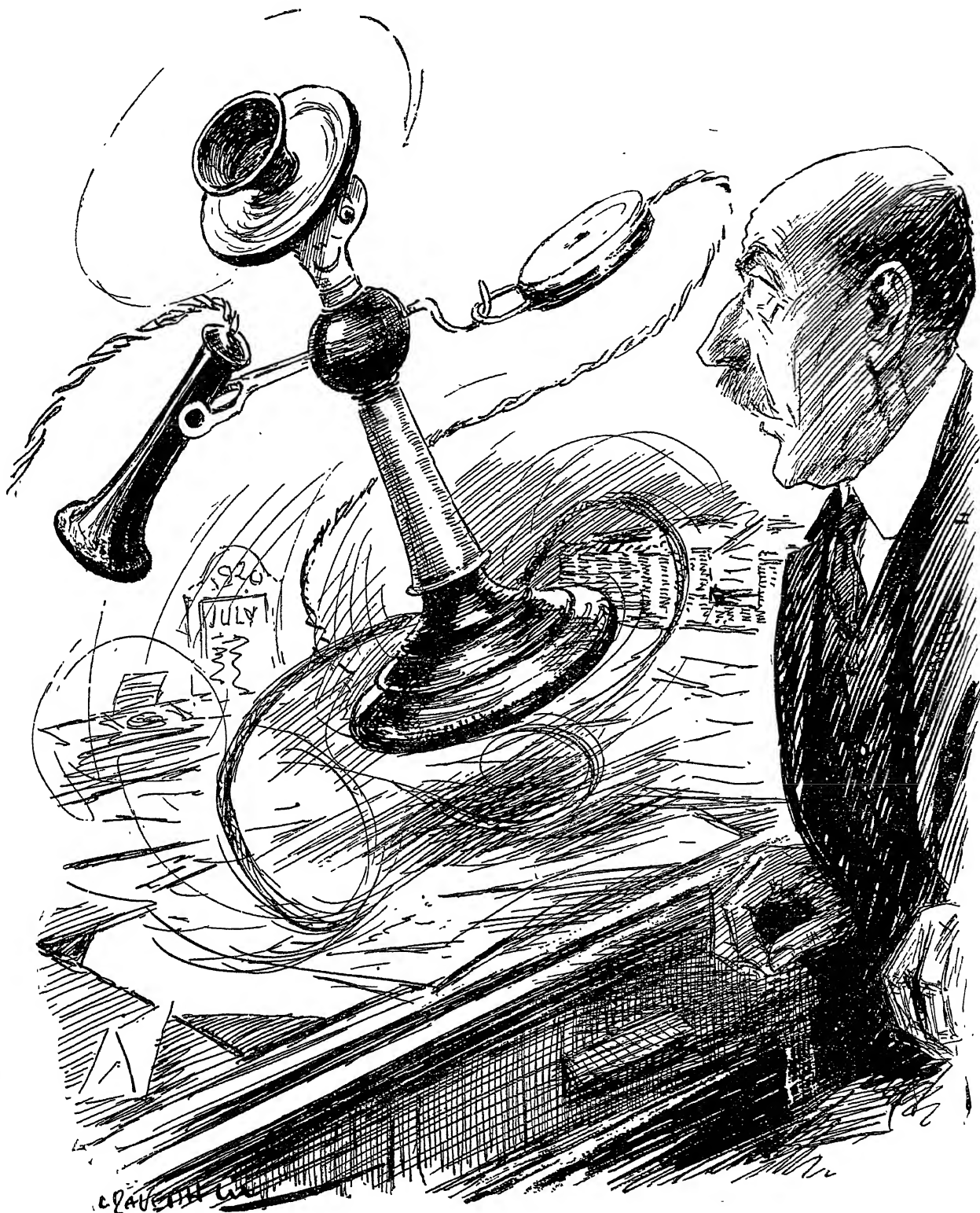
A. P. H.

"The Mayor gave details showing how the Engineer's salary had increased from £285 when he was appointed in 1811 to £600 at the present time."—*Local Paper*.

And think what he must have saved the ratepayers by not taking a pension years ago.

"Mr. — thought that the whole Committee would wish to associate themselves with the Cemeteries Sub-Committee in their congratulations to Alderman — upon his marriage."—*Local Paper*.

We do not quite see why this particular sub-committee should have taken the initiative.



EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE TELEPHONE. "I'M GOING TO COST YOU MORE."

HOUSEHOLDER. "WHY?"

THE TELEPHONE. "OH, THE USUAL REASON—INCREASING INEFFICIENCY."



A QUESTION OF TASTE.

The Wife. "YOU MUST GET YOURSELF A STRAW 'AT, GEORGE. A BOWLER DON'T SEEM TO GO WITH A CAMEMBERT."

AT THE PLAY.

"FRENCH LEAVE."

THE Mandarin of the Theatre, who are no wiser than other mandarins (on the contrary), have been long repeating the formula that the public won't look at a War play. If I'm not mistaken it will for many moons be looking at Captain REGINALD BERKELEY'S *French Leave*. He labels it a "light comedy." That's an understatement. It is, as a matter of fact, a very skilful, uproarious and plausible farce, almost too successful in that you can't hear one-third of the jokes because of the laughter at the other two-thirds (and a little because of the indistinct articulation of one or two of the players). Of course when I say "plausible" I don't exactly mean that any Brigade Headquarters was run on the sketchy lines of General Archibald Root's, or that the gallant author or anybody else who was in the beastly thing ever thought of the Great War as a devastating joke, but rather that if it be true, as has been rumoured, that not all generals were miracles of wisdom and forbearance; that British subalterns and privates sometimes put on the mask of humour; that *Venus* did wander, as the observatories punctually reported she did occasionally

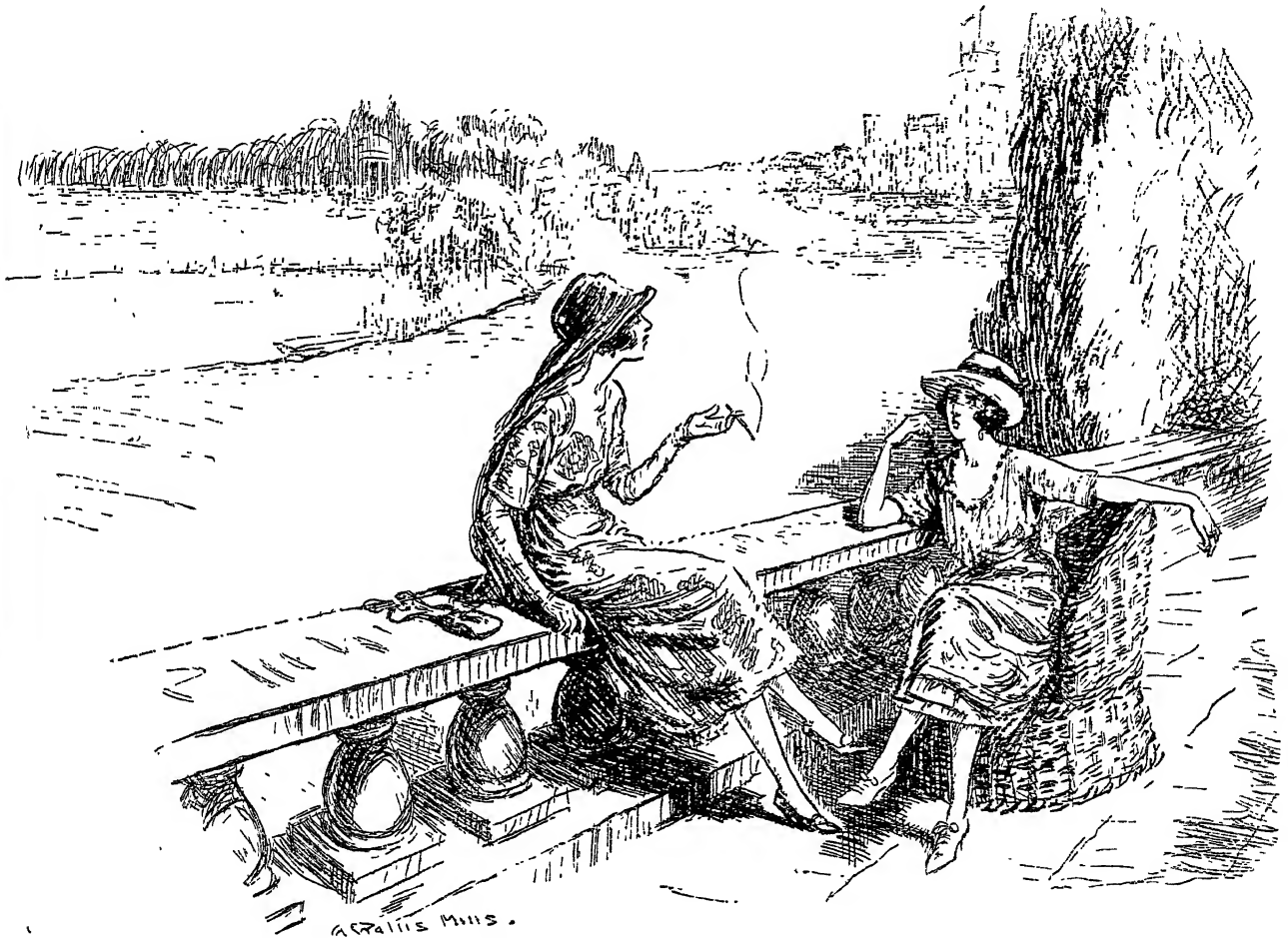
wander, into the orbit of *Mars*—then *French Leave* is a piece of artistically justifiable selection. Its absurdity seems the most natural thing in the world and its machinery (rare virtue!) does not creak.

Rooty Tooty's brigade then was resting—if in the circumstances you can call it resting. The rather stodgy Brigade-Major's leave being due, his wife has come over to Paris to wait for him. The leave being cancelled (and you could see how desperately overworked Headquarters was) there suddenly appears what purports to be a niece of the billet landlady's, a *Mlle. Juliette*, of the Paris stage, with a distinctly coming-on disposition (and frock). The uxorious Brigade-Major, weakly consenting to the deception, suffers the tortures of the damned by reason of the gallantries of the precocious Staff-Captain and the old-enough-to-know-better Brigadier. There is marching and counter-marching of detached units in the small hours; arrival of the Brigade Interpreter with Intelligence's reports; sorrowful conviction in the Brigadier's mind that *Juliette* is *Olga*—*Olga Thingummy*, the famous German spy. Confusions; explosions; solutions.

That's a dull account of a bright matter. The players were not, with

the exception of Miss RENÉE KELLY, of the star class and (I don't necessarily say therefore) were almost uniformly admirable. I suppose the honours must go to Mr. M. R. MORAND's excellently studied *Brigadier*—the most laughter-compelling performance I have seen on the "legitimate" for some years. But the *Mess Corporal* (Mr. CHARLES GROVES), the *Staff-Captain* (Mr. HENRY KENDALL), the *Brigade-Major* (Mr. HYLTON ALLEN), the *Interpreter* (Mr. GEORGE DE WARFAZ) and the *Mess Waiter* (Mr. ARTHUR RISCOE)—all deserve mention in despatches. As for the "business" it was positively inspired at times, as when the *Mess Corporal* retrieved the red-hat (which the passionate *Brigade-Major* had kicked in his jealous fury) with an address which would have done credit to the admirable GROCK. Miss RENÉE KELLY had her pretty and effective moments, but somebody should ask her (no doubt in vain) to be less tearful in the tearful and just a little less bright in the bright parts—a little less fidgety and fidgeting and out of key, in fact.

I should say in general that author and producer (Mr. EILLE NORWOOD) would do well to watch the serious passages—always the danger-points in farce. As nobody on our side of the



First Newly-Rich. "IT'S A GREAT SECRET, BUT I MUST TELL YOU. MY HUSBAND HAS BEEN OFFERED A PEEBAGE."

Second ditto. "REALLY! THAT'S RATHER INTERESTING. WE THOUGHT OF HAVING ONE, BUT THEY'RE SO EXPENSIVE AND WE ARE ECONOMISING JUST NOW."

footlights takes these seriously the folk on the other side must substantially dilute the seriousness. The tragically uttered, "O God!" at the end of the Second Act ruined an otherwise excellent curtain. But I must not end on a note of censure. I was much too thoroughly entertained for that. Here's a quite first-rate piece of fooling, with dialogue of humorous rather than smart sayings. And humour's a much rarer and less cheap a gift than smartness.

T.

Our Considerate Scribes.

"Presumptuous is a hard word that I would not readily apply to any man."—*Daily Paper*.

"PASSIVE PESSIMISM.

BERLIN'S ATTITUDE TO THE SPAR CONDITIONS." *Sunday Paper*.

But, after all, Berlin does not seem to have taken them lying down.

"At the start he made most of his runs by clever strokes on the leg side, but, once settled down, he drove with fin power."

Sunday Paper.

Cricketers need to be amphibious in these days.

SONGS OF AN OVALITE.

THERE was a young man who said,
"HOBBS

Should never be tempted with lobs;
He would knock them about
Till the bowlers gave out
And watered the pitch with their sobs."

There is no one so dreadful as FENDER
For batmen whose bodies are tender;
He gets on their nerves
With his murderous swerves
That insist upon death or surrender.

When people try googlies on SANDHAM,
You can see he will soon understand
'em;

With a laugh at their slows
He will murmur, "Here goes,"
And over the railings will land 'em.

I am always attracted by HARRISON
When arrayed in his batting caparison;
If others look worried
He never gets flurried,
But quite unconcernedly carries on.

All classes of bowlers have stuck at
Their efforts to dislocate DUCAT;

Their wildest tricks
He despatches for six,
Which is what they decidedly buck at.

You should never be down in the dumps
When STRUDWICK is guarding the
stumps;

His opponents depart
One by one at the start,
But later in twos or in clumps.

"Like father like son," says the fable,
And is justified clearly in ABEL;
No bowling he fears
And his surname appears
An extremely appropriate label.

If I were tremendously rich
I would buy a cathedral in which
I would build me a shrine
Of a noble design
And worship a statue of HITCH.

Our Sleuths Again.

"His wrists were tied together with a piece of webbing, two bricks were in his coat pockets, and, most remarkable of all, the soles of his boots were found to be nailed to his toes . . . The police theory is that somebody 'owed the dead man a grudge.'"—*Provincial Paper*.

AUTHORSHIP FOR ALL.

[Being specimens of the work of Mr. Punch's newly-established Literary Ghost Bureau, which supplies appropriate Press contributions on any subject and over any signature.]

III.—ARE WE GOING TO THE DOGS?

By Vice-Admiral (Retd.) Sir Boniface Bludger, K.C.B.

I was standing the other day at the window of the only Club in London where they understand (or used to understand) what devilled kidneys really are, musing in post-prandial gloom on the vanished glories of this England of ours. "*Ichabod!*" I cried aloud to the unheeding stream of Piccadilly wayfarers; and echo answered, "*Bod.*"

What is wrong with us? Or what is wrong with me? Are we actually going to the dogs, or is it merely that the Club kidneys are going to the devil? JEREMIAH or Mrs. Gummidge—which am I? Let the facts attest and let posterity decide; thank Heaven I shall not be there to hear the verdict.

After our half-baked victory over the Hun the popular watchword was "Reconstruction." We have now enjoyed a year and more of this "building-up" process, and the net result is that houses for those that lack them are as scarce as iced soda-fountains in the Sahara.

In this work of restoration, we were told, our women voters and legislators would play a leading part. What part are they in truth playing? Their main object apparently is still further to embitter the Drink question, although if they would only put a little more bitter into our national beverage they might help to lubricate matters. Is it not a significant fact that the slackness evidenced in every phase of industry manifests itself at a time when it becomes more and more difficult to get a decent drink? In this respect our progress is not so much to the dogs as to the cats, who sneak along on the padded paws of Prohibition.

The crazy conditions to be observed in the industrial world are well matched by the state of anarchy that prevails in the sphere of the arts. Take music, for example. I do not lay claim to more than a nodding acquaintance with Euterpe, and at a classical concert, I am afraid, the nodding character of the relation becomes especially marked. To me the sweetest music in the world is the roar of a fifteen-inch gun on a day when the visibility is good and plentiful. But I do know enough to be able to say that the wild asses who with their jazz-bands "stamp o'er our heads and will not let us sleep" (slightly to amend my old friend FITZGERALD) are nothing less than musical Trotskys.

Music was once regarded as the staple nourishment of the tender passion, and in my younger days the haunting strains of "The Blue Danube" assisted many a budding love-affair to blossom. But these non-stop stridencies of the modern ballroom, even if they left a man with breath enough to propose, would effectually prevent the girl from catching the drift of the ayowal. You can't roar, "Will you be mine?" into a maiden's ear as if you were conversing from the quarterdeck, and if you did she'd only think you were ecstatically emulating the coloured gentleman in the orchestra with the implements of torture and the misguided voice.

I will pass over in the silence of despair such other symptoms of national decadence as zigzag painting, whirlpool poetry, cinema star-gazing and the impossibility of procuring a self-respecting Stilton (which assuredly is not "living at this hour"). Nor can I trust myself to speak of the spirit of Bolshevism that seems to animate our so-called Labour Party, though I comfort myself with the conviction that this doctrine will not wash, any more than will its authors.

I will conclude these few reflections by drawing attention

to the manners of the modern girl, who is so busily engaged in kicking over the traces that formerly kept her in her proper place. Nowadays flappers who should still be in the schoolroom consider themselves called upon to teach their grandmothers how to conduct their lives; and, to complete the chaos, the grandmothers are eagerly lapping it up, and in the matter of dress and deportment are even battering the instruction. *Si vieillesse savait!*

Oh for a prophet's tongue to lash our visionless leaders into a realisation of the rocks on to which we are drifting! We need the scourge of a SAVONAROLA, but all we get is the boom of a BOTTOMLEY.

"Gone are our country's glories.
O tempora, O mores!"

ALL SORTS.

It takes all sorts to make the world, an' the same to make a crew;

It takes the good an' middlin' an' the rotten bad uns too;
The same 's there are on land (says Bill) you 'll find 'em all at sea—

The freaks an' fads an' crooks an' cads an' ornery chaps like me.

It takes a man for all the jobs—the skippers and the mates,
A chap to give the orders an' a chap to chip the platos;
It takes the brass-bound 'prentices—an' ruddy plagues they be—

An' chaps as shirk an' chaps as work—just ornery chaps like me.

It takes the stiffes an' deadbeats an' the decent shell-backs too,

The chaps as always pull their weight an' them as never do;
The sort the Lord 'as made 'em knows what bloomin' use they be,

An' crazy folks an' musical blokes an' ornery chaps liko mo.

It takes a deal o' fancy breeds—the Dagoes an' the Dutch,
The Lascars an' calashees an' the seedy boys an' such;

It takes the greasers an' the Chinks, the Jap and Portugee,
The blacks an' yellers an' half-bred fellers and ornery folks like me.

It takes all sorts to make the world an' the same to make a crew,

It takes more kinds o' people than there's creeters in the Zoo;

You meet 'em all ashore (says Bill) an' you find 'em all at sea—

But do me proud if most o' the crowd ain't ornery chaps like me!

C. F. S.

"— UNITED FREE CHURCH.

Evening—MONTHLY SERMON for YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.

'Love, Courtship, and Marriage.'

Autem—'And it shall come to pass.'

Scotch Paper.

The organist seems to be a sympathetic soul.

"The fees for Burial will in the future be doubled, in order to meet the increased cost of present-day living."—*Parish Magazine*:

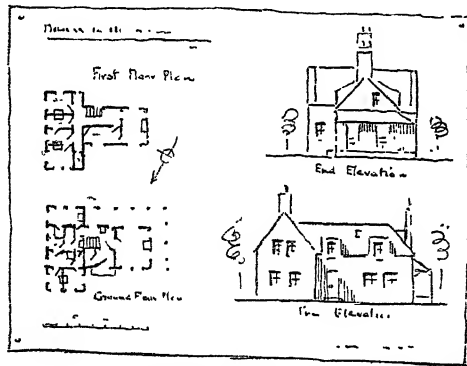
At this rate we shall soon be unable to afford either to live or to die, and must try a state of suspended animation.

"As Lady — was stepping aboard she dropped a waterproof satchel containing a pair of the Queen's shoes, and Their Majesties laughed heartily at her Ladyship's discomfiture. One of the sailors adroitly recovered the satchel with the aid of a boot-hook."

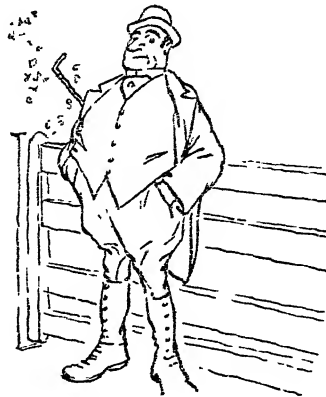
Scotch Paper.

The handy-man! Prepared for all eventualities.

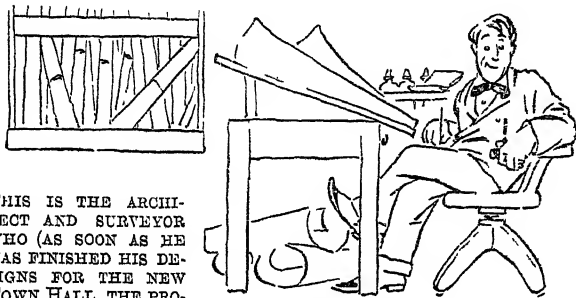
THE HOUSE THAT JACK WANTS BUILT.



THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK WANTS BUILT.



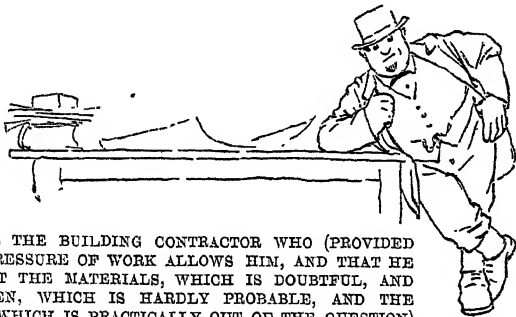
THIS IS THE LANDOWNER WHO (IF THE TALK OF A RAILWAY BEING MADE OVER THIS BIT OF LAND DOESN'T COME TO ANYTHING, AND THE CORPORATION CANNOT, AFTER ALL, BE INDUCED TO BUY IT AS A RECREATION-GROUND, AND NO ONE MAKES A BETTER OFFER) IS WILLING TO SELL THE GROUND TO CARRY THE HOUSE THAT JACK WANTS BUILT.



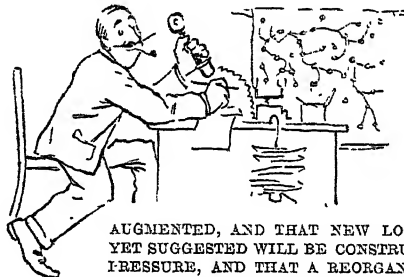
THIS IS THE ARCHITECT AND SURVEYOR WHO (AS SOON AS HE HAS FINISHED HIS DESIGNS FOR THE NEW TOWN HALL, THE PROPOSED COUNTY HOSPITAL, THE CATHEDRAL EXTENSION, THE BOROUGH POWER STATION AND THE DRINKING-FOUNTAIN, AND PROVIDED THAT NO MORE IMPORTANT COMMISSION TURNS UP) IS GOING TO DESIGN THE HOUSE TO GO ON THE GROUND OF THE LANDOWNER WHO



THIS IS THE LOCAL AUTHORITY WHO (IF HE CAN OBTAIN DETAILS OF THE SEVERAL REQUIREMENTS OF THE COUNTY COUNCIL, PARISH COUNCIL, CENTRAL HOUSING AUTHORITY, MINISTRY OF HEALTH, BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT, CONGESTED DISTRICTS BOARD, AND ANY OTHER DEPARTMENTS INTERESTED, EITHER NOW IN EXISTENCE OR CONTEMPLATED FOR THE FUTURE) IS GOING TO INSPECT, REVISE, AMEND, AND POSITIVELY FINALLY APPROVE THE DESIGNS OF THE ARCHITECT AND SURVEYOR WHO . . .



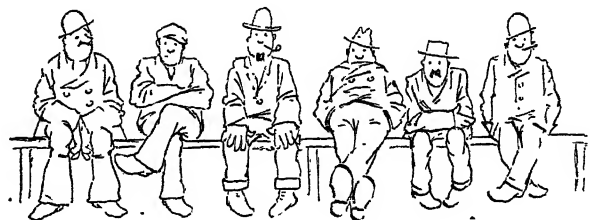
THIS IS THE BUILDING CONTRACTOR WHO (PROVIDED THAT PRESSURE OF WORK ALLOWS HIM, AND THAT HE CAN GET THE MATERIALS, WHICH IS DOUBTFUL, AND THE MEN, WHICH IS HARDLY PROBABLE, AND THE PRICE, WHICH IS PRACTICALLY OUT OF THE QUESTION) IS GOING TO CARRY OUT THE DESIGNS, AS FINALLY APPROVED BY THE LOCAL AUTHORITY WHO



THIS IS THE RAILWAY OFFICIAL WHO (ON THE SUPPOSITION THAT THE CONGESTION ON THE LINE WILL POSSIBLY BE EASIER LATER, AND THAT THE SUPPLY OF GOODS WAGONS IS VERY CONSIDERABLY AUGMENTED, AND THAT NEW LOOPS AND SIDINGS NOT YET SUGGESTED WILL BE CONSTRUCTED TO RELIEVE THE PRESSURE, AND THAT A REORGANISATION OF THE RAILWAY STAFF DOES NOT MOVE HIM ELSEWHERE, AS WILL ALMOST CERTAINLY HAPPEN) HAS PROMISED TO DO HIS BEST TO EXPEDITE THE TRANSPORT OF THE NECESSARY MATERIALS TO THE BUILDING CONTRACTOR WHO



THIS IS THE MERCHANT WHO (IF PRICES ARE LEFT ENTIRELY TO HIS DISCRETION AND TIME IS OF NO IMPORTANCE, AND IF HE FINDS THAT, AFTER ALL, IT IS TO HIS ADVANTAGE TO SELL IN THIS COUNTRY RATHER THAN TO EXPORT, AND IF HE DOESN'T RETIRE IN THE MEANTIME, AS HE IS THINKING OF DOING) HAS CONSENTED TO TRY TO SEND MATERIALS THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THE RAILWAY OFFICIAL WHO



THESE ARE THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE BUILDING TRADES WHO (IF ALL MATTERS IN DISPUTE ARE SATISFACTORILY SETTLED BY THAT TIME, AND PROVIDED THAT THEY CAN ALL GET THEIR OWN HOUSES SITED, DESIGNED, PASSED, CONTRACTED FOR, SUPPLIED AND BUILT FIRST) ARE GOING TO ERCT THE MATERIALS PROVIDED BY THE MERCHANT WHO



AND THIS? THIS, INCIDENTALLY, IS JACK.

CONVERTED CASTLES.

RURAL England, I learn, is rapidly changing hands—not for the first time, by the way, but we cannot go into that just now. Excellent treatises on feudal tenure, wapentake, the dissolution of the monasteries and the enclosure of common lands may be picked up dirt cheap at any second-hand bookshop in the Charing Cross Road with the words "Presentation Copy" erased from the flyleaf by a special and ingenious process. What is happening now is that farmers are buying up the big estates in pieces, and Norman piles or Elizabethan manors are beginning to be too expensive to maintain, what with coal and the rise in the minimum wage of vassals and one thing and another.

"The stately homes of England
How beautiful they stood
Before their recent owners
Relinquished them for good,"

as the poet justly observes. And even if there is enough money to keep up the castle without the broad acres (though as a matter of fact an acre is not any broader than it is long) there is no fun in having a castle at all when the deer park has been divided into allotments and the Dutch garden is under swedes.

The question is then what is going to happen to Montmorency (pronounced "Mumsie") Castle, and The Towers at Barley Melling?

In London the difficulty of dealing with huge houses has been solved in a very subtle manner by turning them into a couple of maisonnettes apiece, so that under the portico of what used to be 105 Myrtle Crescent you discover two perfectly good doors, marked 105A and 105B. Into the letter-box of the door marked 105A the postman invariably puts the letters intended for 105B, and *vice versa*, but, as these are always letters addressed to the last tenant but two, it does not really very much matter. Both are desirable maisonnettes, though the tenants of 105A have the sole enjoyment of the lin crusta dados in the original dining-room. In some cases there are as many as three maisonnettes, and the notice on the area gate says, "105c. Mrs. Orlando Smith," where it used to say simply "No BOTTLES." I never really understood that notice myself, for whenever I am walking

along with an empty bottle that I want to get rid of I do not throw it down into an area, where it would make a most horrible crash, but softly into the thick shrubs of the Crescent Gardens.

This brings me back to the country again.

There will not be enough of the new rich to purchase a castellated mansion apiece, partly because of the Excess Profits Duty, which is crippling this kind of enterprise, and partly because so many baronial seats, romantic and picturesque in their way, are terribly under-garaged. On the other hand you cannot expect a farmer who happens to be buying the fields round Badgery Mortimer to have any use for a dungeon keep or the haunted picture-

too. In the state-saloon, with a few trifling alterations, such as the introduction of a geyser and a sink, will live Mrs. Ponsonby-Smith, who will sniff a little at the Jeffries in their attic suite and the Mutts who live in the moat. But Mrs. Jeffries will have compensations, because the air is really so much more bracing, my dear, on the higher ground, and on fine days one can walk about the roof and peep through the boiling-oil holes, while as for the Mutts they are protected, at any rate, from those bitterly piercing east winds and have an excellent view of the draw-bridge.

A further advantage of residing at Soping Hall will be that you can do all your shopping and pay your calls with-

out going out-of-doors on a wet day, and, if you like, have a communal dining-room or restaurant, where only those who have been recognised by the county should sit above the salt. And if your friends come to visit you in expensive motor-cars they will have the privilege of passing through the great iron gates on the main road and up the large gravel drive planted on each side with the cedars of Lebanon which Roger de Soping brought back in his haversack from the Second Crusade.

I am quite aware that when federal devolution becomes really infec-

tious and every county insists on a legislative assembly of its own it may be necessary to turn some of these great houses into Parliament chambers, and the rural civil service will also no doubt insist on having offices comparable with the vast hotels which their parent bodies occupy in London. But this will not account for nearly all the ancestral seats, and, in calling the attention of the Minister of Health and Housing to this little memorandum of mine, I would specially urge him to note how it will solve some of the most difficult problems which confront him to-day.

There will be a rush upon these potted villages, and that will ease the situation in towns and free a number of cottages for agricultural labourers too. There will be a rush, not only because of the advantages which I have already enumerated, but because all the people who live in Soping Hall will be able to put "Soping Hall" on their note-



MODERN AND ANCIENT.

Young Cricketer. "YES, I COCKED ONE OFF THE SPLICE IN THE GULLY AND THE BLIGHTER GATHERED IT."

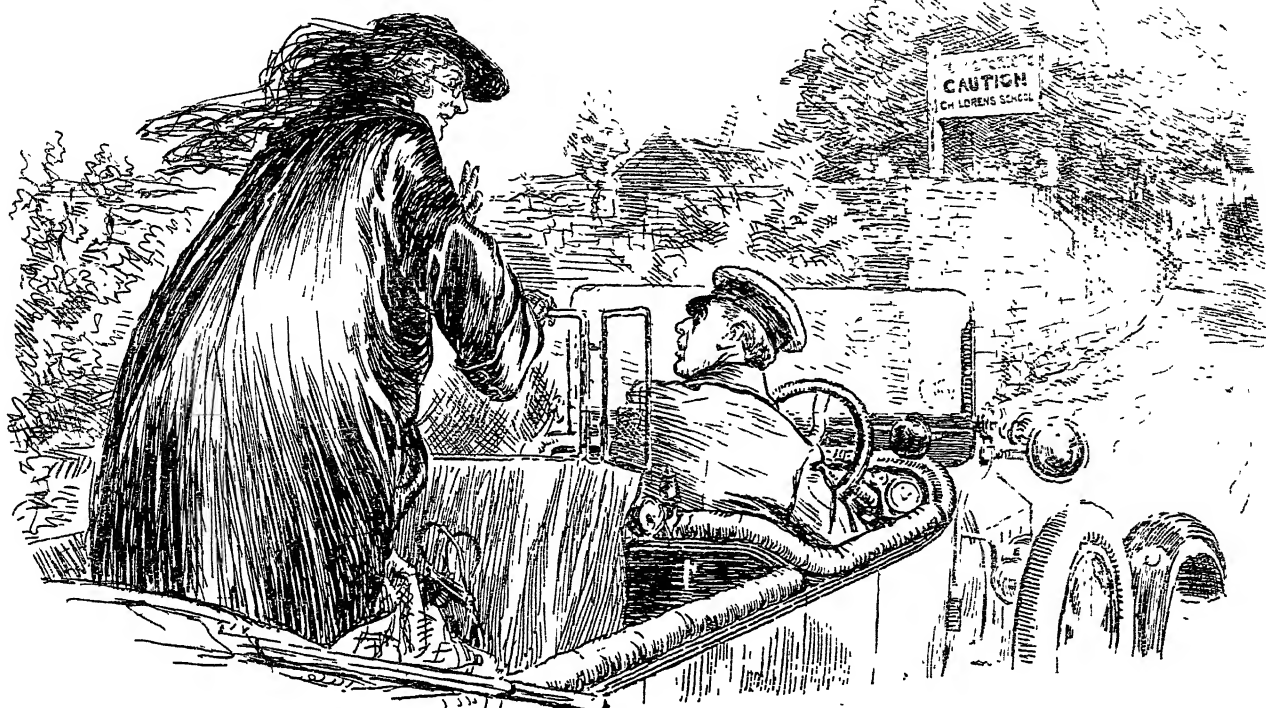
Father. "YES, BUT HOW DID YOU GET OUT? WERE YOU CAUGHT, STUMPED OR BOWLED, OR WHAT?"

gallery in the west wing. No, there is only one thing to do and that is to break these places up into a number of self-contained homes.

HISTORIC FLATS TO LET

is the house-agents' advertisement which I seem to see, and what you will actually find will be a sort of concentrated hamlet where modern improvements are mixed with ancient grandeur and the white-haired seneschal is kept on to operate the electric lift.

Let us take, for instance, the case of Soping Hall. There will be none of that untidy straggling arrangement about it which detracts so largely from the beauty of Soping Barnet, Little Soping and Soping Monachorum. In Soping Hall the billiard-room will be the village club, the armoury the blacksmith's shop, the housekeeper's room the place where you buy buttons and balls of string and barley-sugar, the cellars the village tavern, and very nice



Dame (seeing the signpost). "STOP, JENKINS—STOP! I THINK IT WOULD BE SAFER TO TURN BACK. THEY MAY HAVE CATAPULTS OR SOMETHING DANGEROUS."

paper, and, if they like to pay for it, two *wyverns rampant* as well, and everyone outside the circle of their immediate friends will imagine that they have not only bought the whole place but even become the possessors of the flock of wyverns that used to be pastured on the Home Farm.

Three acres and a cow was all very well in its way, but what about two wyverns and a flat? *Evoc.*

TIPS FOR UNCLES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am writing to you about uncles because you are in a way a kind of general uncle. Uncles are much more useful than aunts, because uncles always give money and aunts mostly give advice. Only, as the Head always says when he jaws our form, "I regret to see in this form a serious deterioration"—I mean in uncles. They come down here and trot us round and say what a luxurious place it is compared with the stern old Spartan days. They know something, though. They ask us to have meals with them at an hotel. They take care not to face a luxurious house-dinner. And while we dine they tell yarns about the hardness of the old days and how it toughened a fellow. And then, because about 1870 it was the custom to tip a boy five bob, they fork out five bob and tell you not to waste it.

If the Head had any sense—only you can't expect sense from Heads—he'd put up a notice at the school gates: "Parents, Uncles and Friends are respectfully reminded that the cost of tuck has increased three hundred per cent. since 1914." Why, old Badham, my bedroom prefect, who was a fag in 1914, turned up the other day and declared that then he could buy four pounds of strawberries for a bob, and that a fag could get enough chocolate for two bob to give him a week in the sick-room.

Yet we have uncles coming down in trains (fare fifty per cent. extra), smoking cigars (costing two hundred per cent. extra), cabbaging it up to school (a hundred-and-fifty per cent. extra) and then tipping as if the old KAISER was still swanking in Potsdam.

Now Sutton minor, who has a positive beast of a house-master and is practically a Bolshevik, says that we ought to go on strike against the tipping system and demand a regular living wage from relations. He says that if a scavenger gets four quid a week a fellow who has to tackle Greek aorists ought to get eight quid a week.

But I'm afraid a strike might aggravate uncles. It's no use upsetting the goose that lays the silver eggs, so I thought it better to write to you, pointing out that there was one luxury still at pre-war prices and that uncles should never miss a chance of indulging in it,

and whenever high prices bothered them they should write us a bright cheerful letter enclosing a postal order—they're still quite cheap.

Chalmers major, who has read this and leads a sad life, having only aunts, says that the only hope for him is in fixing a standard tip of 9s. 11½d. or, better still, 19s. 11½d., that women couldn't help giving.

So hoping that all uncles will put their hands to the plough—I mean in their pockets—and then the bitter cry of the New Poor will cease in our public schools,

Yours respectfully, BRUCE TERTIUS.

"NOTICE.

My wife, Roxie M. —, having left my bed and board, I will not be responsible for any bills contracted after this date, June 21, 1920.

FRED —.
American Paper.

"NOTICE.

The undersigned wishes to state I had just cause to leave, but I left neither bed nor board as I furnished my own board, and the bed being mine I took it.

ROXIE —.
Same Paper, following day.

A good example of what *Touchstone* calls "The lie with circumstance."

"TO-NIGHT AT 9.30.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

For the first time in Calcutta."

Indian Paper.

Where was the Censor?



Bridegroom-Elect. "— AND WE WANT TO HAVE THE HYMN, 'THE FLAG THAT WAVED O'ER EDEN.'"

THE STATE AND THE SCREEN.

(By a Student of Film Politics.)

GREAT satisfaction has been evinced in film circles over the conferment of a signal honour on Signor PAVANELLI, the outstanding Italian screen luminary. The rank of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy is equivalent to a knighthood in this country, and PAVANELLI's elevation is a gratifying proof of the paramount position which the cinema is assuming in Italian national affairs. But gratification is sadly tempered by the deplorable lack of State recognition from which film-artists suffer in this country. The joint co-starring Sovereigns of the Screen, though acclaimed by the populace with an enthusiasm unparalleled in the annals of adoration, were allowed to depart from our shores without a single official acknowledgment of their services to humanity. No vote of congratulation was passed by the Houses of Parliament; no honorary degree was conferred on them by any University; no ode of welcome was forthcoming from the pen of the POET LAUREATE.

The discontent caused by the indif-

ference of the Government to the wishes of the people is fraught with formidable possibilities. Already there are serious rumours of the summoning of a Special Trade Union Congress to discuss the desirability of direct action as a means of compelling the Government to abandon their attitude of hostility to the only form of monarchy which the working-classes can conscientiously support. It is further reported that Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY, M.P., will seize the first opportunity to move the impeachment of Dr. BRIDGES. The indignation in Printing House Square has reached boiling-point, and it is reported that the authorities are only awaiting the delivery of a huge consignment of small pica type to launch a fresh and final onslaught on the Coalition.

The provocation has undoubtedly been intense. It was proved in an article of studied moderation and exquisite taste that the time had come to revise our estimates of bygone grandeur and substitute for the devotion to a Queen of tarnished fame and disastrous tendencies the spontaneous and chivalrous worship of her beneficent and pros-

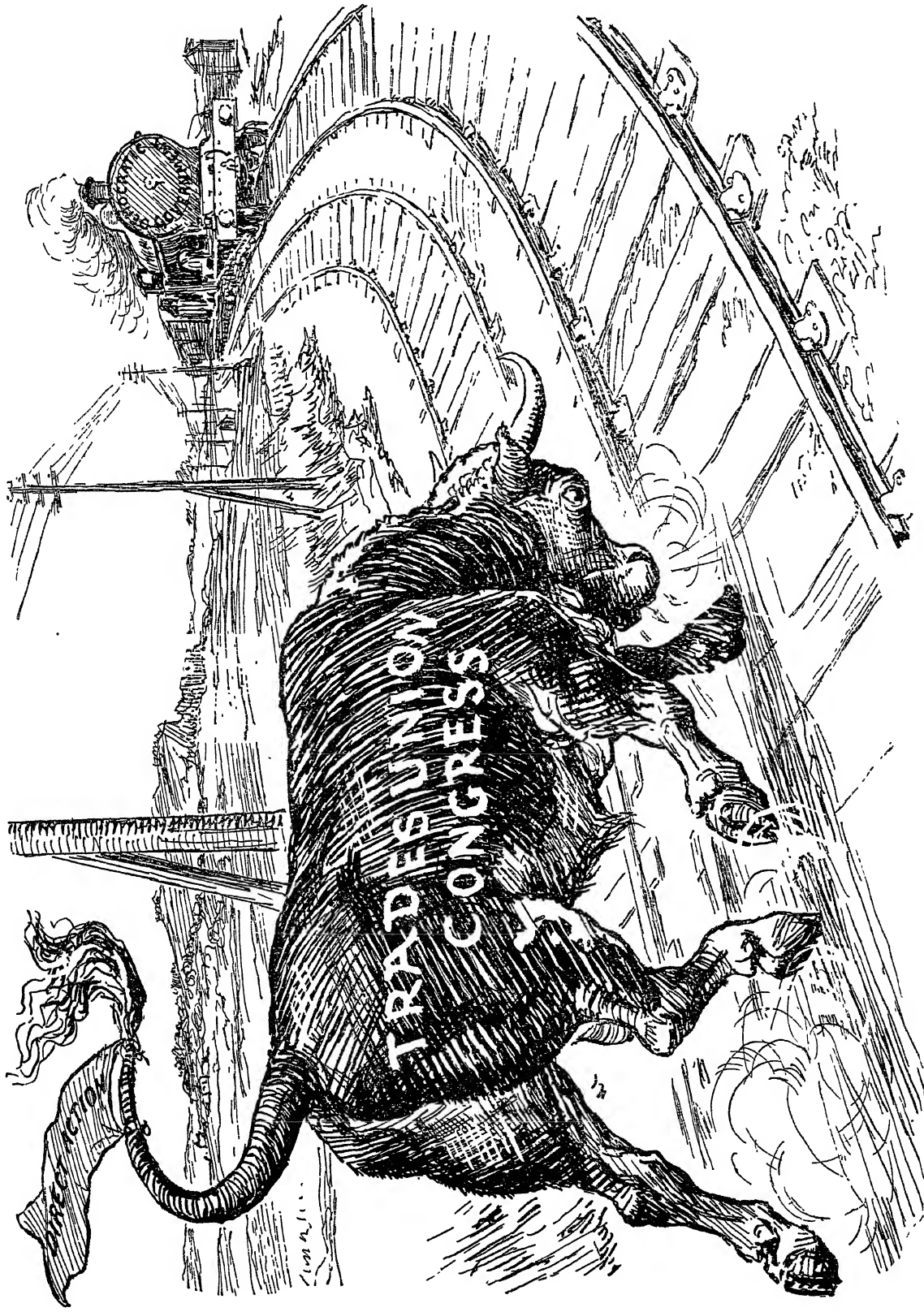
perous namesake. Yet in spite of this dignified and convincing appeal no invitation was sent to the one person whose presence at the recent proceedings at Holyrood would have lent them a crowning lustre. The action or inaction of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN is inexplicable, except on the assumption that Queen PICKFORD's engagement to attend the Spa Conference would have rendered it impossible for her to accept the invitation to Edinburgh. None the less the invitation should have been sent. Besides, the resources of aviation might have surmounted the difficulty. In any case this deplorable oversight has knocked one more nail in the coffin of the PRIME MINISTER.

"At the fifth each played a magnificent tea shot. Hodgson again used his favourite spoon."—*Provincial Paper*

Obviously the right club for the purpose.

"THE TONGUE CAN NO MAN TAME."
St. Peter.
Heading in *Daily Paper*.

A clear case of robbing JAMES to pay PETER.



BAD FOR THE BULL.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 12th.—Viscount CURZON's complaint about "crawling" taxicabs was ostensibly based upon the obstruction thus caused to more rapidly



SIR FREDERICK BANBURY SHOWS HOW IT'S DONE.

"TO PRODUCE A SAVING OF ONE HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY MILLIONS YOU MERELY HAVE TO HOLD THE HAT FIRMLY IN THE LEFT HAND—THUS."

moving traffic. But I fancy that it was really due to an inherent belief that the motor-car is a noble creature, only happy when exceeding the speed-limit and dashing through police-controls, and that to compel the poor thing to crawl is "agin natur'" and ought to be dealt with by the R.S.P.C.A.

As usual much of Question-time was devoted to Russian affairs. Colonel WEDGWOOD wanted to know whether the Cabinet had approved a message from Mr. CHURCHILL to the late Admiral KOLCHAK, advising him how to commend his Administration to the PRIME MINISTER, who was described in the telegram as "all-powerful, a convinced democrat and particularly devoted to advanced views on the land question." Mr. LAW, while provisionally promising a Blue-book on Siberia, declined to pick out a single message from a whole bunch.

The news that the Soviet Gov-

ernment had accepted the British conditions with regard to the resumption of trade and had thereupon been requested to conclude an armistice with Poland did not seem particularly welcome to any section of the House. Those whom Mr. STANTON in stentorian whispers daily describes as the "Bolshies" evidently feared that the request had been accompanied by a threat, while others were horrified at the idea of recognising the present régime in Russia, and drew from Mr. LAW a hasty disclaimer. The House as a whole would, I think, have liked to learn how you can do business with a person whom you do not recognise?

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER refused to accept Mr. GEORGE TERRELL's proposal to reduce the Excess Profits Tax from sixty per cent. to forty, but, in reply to Sir G. YOUNGER—who "has such a way wid him"—promised that next year he would make the reduction. He admitted that it was in many ways an unsatisfactory tax, but the Government could not afford to part with it unless a substitute was provided. Somebody suggested "Economy," and Sir F. BANBURY proved to his own satisfaction that the present estimates could be reduced by a hundred-and-fifty millions. But unexpected support for the Government came from Mr. ASQUITH, who as the original sponsor of the tax felt it his duty to support it.

There was a perfect E.P.D.mic of criticism, but it was brilliantly countered by Mr. BALDWIN, who declared that the CHANCELLOR, far from leading the country down the rapids, "was the one man who had seized a rock in mid-stream and was hanging on to it with hands and feet." The Amendment was rejected by 289 to 117, and the clause as a whole was passed by 202 to 16.



THE LIMPET OF THE EXCHEQUER.

MR. BALDWIN PORTRAYS HIS CHIEF "HANGING TO A ROCK WITH HANDS AND FEET."

Tuesday, July 13th.—Lord O'HAGAN was one of the Peers who helped to outvote the Government a few days ago on a motion excusing them of extravagance. Yet that did not prevent him



MR. NEAL. "YOUR FARES WILL COST YOU MORE."

to-day from saying that the War Office should be more generous in their financial treatment of the Territorial Force, and particularly of the Cadet Corps.

Naturally Lord PEEL did not refrain from calling attention to this inconsistency—common to most of the financial critics of the Administration—but nevertheless he made a reply indicating that the grants for the Territorial Force were being revised, presumably in an upward direction, since Lord O'HAGAN expressed himself grateful.

The Commons, like the Lords are all for economy collectively if not individually. General cheers greeted Mr. BONA LAW's announcement that all war-subsidies—save that of wheat—were to be brought to an end as soon as possible, but then there were similar cheers for those Members who urge the substitution of ex-servic

men for the less highly-paid women in various Public Departments.

The House enjoyed the unusual experience of hearing from Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY an apology—and a very handsome one too—for something that he had said in debate about Colonel CROFT. It was accompanied by a tribute to his military efficiency which made that gallant warrior blush. It only now remains for the Leader of the National Party to reciprocate by rescuing from the Naval archives some equally complimentary reference to the services of Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY.

A new sport has been invented by Colonel GUINNESS. It consists in sending two telegrams simultaneously to Paris, one *via* London and the other *via* New York, and seeing which gets there first. At present New York wins by twenty minutes. Mr. ILLINGWORTH excused himself from giving an immediate explanation on the ground that he had not had time to check the facts. No doubt he hopes that in the interim other Members will follow Colonel GUINNESS's example and, by joining in the new pastime, bring grist to the Post-Office mill.

Wednesday, July 14th.

—Lord MILNER must have thought he was back in the era of "Chinese Slavery" when he found himself assailed on all sides because the Chief Native Commissioner in Kenya Colony (late British East Africa) had issued a circular instructing the chiefs to influence their followers in the direction of honest toil. Lord ISLINGTON described this as "perilously near forced labour;" His Grace of CANTERBURY facetiously suggested that the chiefs' idea of influence would be the sjambok; and Lord EMMOTT talked of "Prussianism."

Taught by past experience Lord MILNER did not make light of the accusations, but set himself to show how little real substance they contained. The Chief Native Commissioner was "not a Prussian"; on the contrary the local white population thought him too great an upholder of native privileges. But he was very keen on getting the black

man to work, and had therefore issued this circular, which was open to misinterpretation. An explanatory document would be issued shortly.

Echoes of the DYER debate are still reverberating through the Commons, and Mr. MONTAGU was put through a searching cross-examination regarding his relations with Mr. GANDHI. Apparently that gentleman has a very simple plan of campaign. He agitates more and more dangerously until he is threatened with prosecution. Then he says "Sorry!" and Mr. MONTAGU begs

garded as "a definite matter of urgent public importance."

It is unfortunate that the PRIME MINISTER was unable to get back from Spa in order to assist in the final suppression of his famous land-duties. Most of the speeches delivered were made up of excerpts from his old orations of ten years ago—that almost prehistoric era known as the Limehouse Period—and it would have been an object-lesson in political gymnastics to see him explaining himself away.

The land-taxers made a gallant effort to frighten their opponents away by chanting the "Land Song" in the Lobby, but it is supposed that the Government supporters had copied Ulysses' method with the Sirens, for enough of them remained faithful to defeat the land-taxers by 190 to 68.

Thursday, July 15th.

—Mr. NEAL's announcement that the proposed increase in railway fares had been postponed until August 5th, in order not to spoil the Bank Holiday, was far from satisfying the House. Mr. CLYNNIS pointed out that large numbers of the working-classes now took their long holidays in August. Mr. PALMER was of opinion that the working-classes could pay well enough; it was the middle-class that would suffer most; and Mr. R. McNEILL, following up this assertion, suggested (without success) that for the sake of poverty-stricken M.P.'s the House should adjourn before the fateful date.

Sir H. GREENWOOD gave particulars of the Sinn Fein raid on the Dublin Post-Office, but declined to give an opinion as to whether there had been any collusion with the staff inside. Judging by the promptitude and efficiency of the raiders' procedure it seems highly improbable that postal officials had anything to do with it.

"Each day the barometer seems to drop a little lower, the rain seems to drop a little more persistent and wet."—*Provincial Paper*. It is this persistent wetness that is so annoying. Nobody would mind a little dry rain.



B.C. 1920.

SIR ALFRED MOND. "WHAT A TOPPING IDEA! THEY'LL NEVER GET A MORE SUITABLE DESIGN FROM THE OFFICE OF WORKS—NOT IF THEY WAIT 3840 YEARS."

him off. After a brief interval of quiescence he starts again. Just now he is once more nearing the imaginary line that separates proper from improper Gandhism.

The House was delighted to see Mr. DEVLIN and Mr. MACVEAGH back in their places. A little honest Irish obstruction would be a refreshing change after the feeble imitations of the Kenworthies and Wedgwoods. But the SPEAKER could not accept the proposition that a speech delivered three weeks ago, in which an Irish official was alleged to have prophesied some dreadful things which as a matter of fact had not happened, could be re-



Farmer. "I WONDER WHAT SOME OF THESE LONDON FOLKS 'UD SAY TO THIS?"
Farm-hand. "ZAY? THEY'D ZAY AS WE MUST BE MAKIN' OUR FORTUNES OUT O' MUSHROOMS."

TWENTY YEARS ON.

WE were sitting in the verandah, Ernest and I. On the greensward before us Ernest Junior and James Junior (I am James) disported themselves as became their years, which were respectively $1\frac{1}{2}$ and $1\frac{3}{4}$. In the middle distance, or as middle as the size of our lawn permits, might be seen the mothers of Ernest Junior and James Junior deep in conversation, discussing, perhaps, the military prowess of their lords, though I rather fear I caught the word "jumper" every now and then.

A loud difference of opinion between James II. and Ernest II. as to the possession of a wooden horse momentarily disturbed the peaceful scene. It was left to Ernest and myself to settle it, our incomparable wives being still completely engrossed with the subject of our military prowess (or of jumpers). When quiet reigned once more Ernest said, "Have you ever looked twenty years on?"

"Practically never," I answered. "It is too exhausting."

"It is exhausting, but with my usual energy I do it all the same," said Ernest, who is as a fact the world's champion lotus-eater. "Last night I was picturing a little scene in the year 1940. Shall I tell you of it?" And with-

out waiting for my assent he proceeded:—

"The scene is laid in an undergraduate's rooms. Ernest Junior and James Junior are discovered in *négligé* attitudes and the conversation proceeds something like this:—

"Ernest Junior. What are you going to do with yourself in the Vac.?"

"James Junior. I shall go abroad, in spite of my choice of objectives being so terribly restricted.

"Ernest Junior. Why restricted?"

"James Junior. Well, I wouldn't say this to anybody else, but to tell you the truth it is impossible for me to go to either France, Belgium or Italy. You see my dear old father was in these countries during the first Great War, and if I were so much as to mention them he'd never stop talking. If I were to say that I proposed spending a fortnight in the Ardennes it would let loose such a flood of reminiscence that I should hardly get away before next term begins.

"He gets a little confused too at times. He told me the other day a long story about the relief of Ypres, and he also boasted of having himself captured a large number of Turks on the Somme.

"And it isn't only that. My mother was a V.A.D. in France, you know. And when the old man had done talk-

ing of Ypres and the Somme she'd begin about Rouen and Etaples."

I laughed, but without mirth, for I did not really think this at all funny. And after all I might have said just the same about Ernest, if only I'd thought of it first.

"CHAR-À"-VARIA.

[The Manchester Daily Dispatch gives a most distressing account of the bibulous hooliganism which is becoming more rampant week by week among char-à-bancs trippers.]

THE patrons of the charabang Employ the most outrageous slang And talk with an appalling twang. Their manners ape the wild orang; They do not care a single hang For sober folk on foot who gang, But as they roll, with jolt and clang, For parasang on parasang, They cause a vulgar *Sturm und Drang*. They never heard of ANDREW LANG, Or even Mr. WILLIAM STRANG; They are, I say it with a pang, A most intolerable gang; In fact I wish them at Penang Or on the banks of Yang-tse-Kiang— Some folk who use the charabang.

"Wanted, a good, clean General, for private."—Provincial Paper.

Discipline is going to the dogs.

POINTS OF VIEW.

THE manager had seen to it that the party of young men, being very obviously rich, at any rate for this night, had some of the best attendance in the restaurant. Several waiters had been told off specially to look after them, the least and busiest of whom was little more than a boy—a slender pale boy, who was working very hard to give satisfaction. The cynic might think—and say, for cynics always say what they think—that this zeal was the result of his youth; but the cynic for once would be only partly right. The zeal also had sartorial springs, this eventful day being the first on which the boy had been promoted to full waiterhood, and the first therefore on which he had ever worn a suit of evening dress; which by dint of hard saving his family had been able to obtain for him. Wearing a uniform of such dignity and conscious that he was on the threshold of his career, he was trying very hard to make good and hoping very fervently that he would get through without any drops or splashes to impair the freshness of his new and wonderful attire.

The party of young men, who had been at a very illustrious English school together and now were either at a university or in the world, were celebrating an annual event and were very merry about it. For the most part they had, between the past and the present, as many topics of conversation as were needed, but now and then came a lull, during which some of them would look around at the other tables, note the prettier of the girls or the odder of the men and comment upon them; and it chanced that in such a pause one of the diners happened for the first time to notice with any attention the assiduous young waiter. Although not old enough to have given any thought to the anomaly of youth (though lowly) attending upon youth (though gilded) at its meals in this way—not old enough indeed to have pondered at all upon the relations of Capital and Labour or of the domineering and the servile—he had reflected a good deal upon the cut and fit of clothes, and there was something about the waiting-boy's evening coat that outraged his critical sense. Nor did the fact that the other's indifferent tailoring throw the perfection of his own into such brilliant contrast—the similarity between the livery of service and the male costume *de luxe* fostering such comparisons—make him any more lenient.

"Did you ever see," he asked his neighbour, "such a coat-collar as that waiting Johnnie's? I ask you. How can anyone, even a waiter, wear a thing

like that? Don't they ever see themselves in the glass, or if they do can't they see straight? Why, it covers his collar altogether."

His companion agreed. "And the shoulders! You'd have thought that in a restaurant like this the management would be more particular. By George, that's a jolly pretty girl coming in! Look—over there, just under the clock, with the red hair." And the waiter was forgotten. Only, however, by his table critics, for at that moment a little woman who had made friends with the hall-porter for this express purpose was peering through the window of the entrance, searching the room for her son. She had never yet seen him at his work at all, and certainly not in his grand waiting clothes, and naturally she wanted to.

"Ah!" she said at last, pointing the boy out to the porter, "there he is! At that table with all the young gentlemen. Doesn't he look fine? And don't they fit him beautifully? Why, no one would know the difference if he were to sit down and one of those young gentlemen were to wait on him."

E. V. L.

PIGLETS.

WHILE waiting for proof-sheets of my book on *The Dynamic Force of Modern Art* I thought I might get a certain amount of amusement out of a little correspondence with my neighbour, Mr. Gibbs, small farmer and dairyman, between whom and myself letters had passed a short time ago on the subject of a noisy cow, since removed from the field below the study window of the house that has been lent me by my friend Hobson. With this end in view I wrote to Mr. Gibbs as follows:—

MY DEAR MR. GIBBS,—The field of the uproarious cow has, I notice, suddenly become tenanted again, this time by what appears to be a school, herd or murrain of swine. Their number seems to vary. Sometimes I count ten younglings, sometimes as many as thirteen, and once I made it as much as fourteen.

Did you know they were there, or are they a crop? Or is the field suffering from swine fever, of which they are the outward manifestation? Anyhow, whether they are friends of yours or have merely just happened, as it were, they are distinctly intriguing.

My wife was remarking to me only yesterday how nice some pork would be as a change from the eternal verities, beef and mutton, and I told her that if she would look out of my window she would see the pork running about, simply asking for it. There are so

many of these piglets that I don't think the old sow would miss one. Swine can't count, can they?

But apart from food values they interest me as subjects for the Cubist, the Vorticist and other exploiters of dynamic force in the Art of to-day (I fancy I told you in a previous letter that I am engaged upon a tome on this subject).

Figure to yourself, *mon ami*, what delightful rhomboidal figures WYNDEHAM LEWIS and his school would make of these budding porkers with the sleek torso and the well-poised angular snout, and, having visualised their treatment of the theme, compare it with the painted effigies of such animals by GEORGE MORLAND, which were merely pigs, Sir, and nothing more. No symbolism, no force. You get me—what?

But looking at these piglets from a more intimate point of view, don't you think (if they should happen to be yours, and you have any influence with their parents) that something should be done about their faces? They have such a pushed-in appearance. Can this be normal? If so, it must seriously interfere with their truffling. But perhaps this is not good truffle-hunting country. I'm sorry if this is so, as I could do with a nice brace of truffles now and again.

Remember me kindly to our mooing friend, and believe me, dear Mr. Gibbs, Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR K. WILKINSON.

How this early touch of Spring has got into the blood, to be sure.

To this letter Mr. Gibbs replied thus:—

DEAR SIR,—I can't make much of your letter except a riddlemerole about pigs and dynamite and pictures but what they have to do with one another I don't know if you want some pork why don't you say so strait out like Mr. Hobson does I shall be killing one this week shall I send you a nice leg and remain Yours obedient

HENRY GIBBS.

My reply, given in the affirmative, resulted in the arrival of a succulent-looking joint with a bill for leg of pork special 5½ lbs. at 2s. per lb. 11s.

As the price too was rather special I returned the bill with the following:—

MY DEAR MR. GIBBS,—What a rapturous piece of pork! Lovely in life, and oh, how beautiful in death. I count the hours till 7.30 to-morrow.

I am truly sorry you couldn't read my letter with comfort. I have derived great pleasure from yours. You appear to have a strong leaning towards phonetic orthography which is very refreshing and seems to bear the same relation to the generally accepted rules



Country Postman. "I'M SORRY, MA'AM, I SEEM TO HAVE LOST YOUR POSTCARD; BUT IT ONLY SAID MURIEL THANKED YOU FOR THE PARCEL, AND SO DID JOHN, AND THEY WERE BOTH VERY WELL AND THE CHILDREN ARE HAPPY AND SHE'LL GIVE YOUR MESSAGE TO MARGERY. THAT'LL BE YOUR OTHER DAUGHTER, I'M THINKIN'?"

of the art that the modern dynamic art (a favourite topic of mine, as you know) does to the academics of the late nineteenth century.

When the proof-sheets of my book arrive I should be glad of your assistance in going through them. My tendency, I think, is to over-punctuate, and your proclivity would, I believe, counteract this.

Mais revenons à nos moutons (*mutatis mutandis*, of course). The specialist who superintends my diet allows me to eat pork at 1s. 9d. per lb., but does not approve of my indulgence in it at a higher figure. If you will meet his views (and I am sure you will) I shall absorb my full share of the dainty you have provided. Otherwise I must return it with many exquisite regrets.

Anticipating your favourable recognition of my specialist's absurd prejudice, I enclose a cheque for 9s. 8d.

Accept my word for it that I am

Yours ever most truly,

ARTHUR K. WILKINSON.

To this Mr. Gibbs offered the following reply:—

DEER SIR,—i thought being a friend of mr Hobson you was a gentleman as

wouldn't mind paying a bit extra for something special like this pork which these pigs was by Barnsley Champion III i cant charge less. i dont know who your specialist is but he dont know much about pork the bests the safest. please send ballance and remain

Yours obedient,

HENRY GIBBS.

We were still in March and pork had not yet been decontrolled, so I returned the bill again with this brief but incisive note:—

MY DEAR MR. GIBBS,—I have never met your friend from Barnsley, but am surprised that you haven't come across my specialist, whose address is the Local Food Control Office at Harbury. Would you like to meet him? He is very interested in pigs, also in milk and other things in which you specialise expensively, so you would have lots to talk about, no doubt.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR K. WILKINSON.

The receipt in full, which reached me in reply, was very satisfactory. The pork was delicious.

FLOWERS' NAMES.

LADY'S BEDSTRAW.

UNDER two secret arching hedges
Masses of Bedstraw grow,
Silvery-white among the sedges,
Like drifts of fairy-snow;
Deep's the middle, fringed the edges;
Who sleeps there? Do you know?
Do you? Or you?
Hark! for the breezes know.

"Oh, there my Lady Summer lies
Adream beneath cool April skies;
About her blossoms fall
On her long limbs and secret eyes.
Still she sleeps, virginal;
Then—hark! June's clarion call!
She lifts her wistful wilful eyes,
Springs light afoot and away she flies.
But her Bedstraw dies."

"We have received from — Manufacturing Company, New York, makers of Destructive Stationery for Social Correspondence, copies of their artistic Wall Calendars."

West Indian Paper.

The calendars don't interest us, but a few samples of the "destructive stationery" would come in useful for answering bores.

NOCTURNE.

OF course I suppose I ought to be grateful for the opportunity of having a front seat at one of Nature's romances, but I imagine she reaps more applause at matinées than at soirées. I know that I—— But judge for yourself.

The *dramatis personæ* were cornercrakes, neighbours of mine. The heroine—a neat line in spring birdings—I labelled "Thisbe," and she had evidently inspired affection of no mean degree in the hearts of two enthusiastic swains, Strong-i'-th'-lung and Eugène. I know all this because Thisbe's home is a small tuft of grass not distant from my bedroom, and her admirers wooed her at long range from opposite corners of my field.

Now, as a cursory study of ornithology will tell you, the cornercrake's method of attracting his bride is by song, and the criterion of excellence in C.C. circles is that the song shall be protracted, consistent and perfectly monotonous. To those who are unacquainted with his note I would describe it as rather similar to the intermittent buzzing noise which an inexperienced telephone operator lets loose when she can't think of a wrong number to give you. It has also points of resemblance to the periodic thud of the valve of a motor-tube when one is running on a deflated tyre. But there is no real standard of comparison. As a musical feat it is unique, and I for one am glad it is.

It was night. Eugène was in possession of the stage when I began to take an interest in the romance. I cannot say for how long he had serenaded his divinity before I became conscious of his lay, but I do know that thereafter he put in one and a half hours of good solid craking before he desisted. I then felt grateful for the silence, rolled over and prepared to get on with my postponed slumber.

But Strong-i'-th'-lung decreed otherwise. With a contemptuous snort at his rival's performance he opened his epic. He was splendid. For one and three-ninths hours he descanted on the glories of field life, on the freshness of the night, on the brilliance of the June foliage; for the next two hours he ardently proclaimed the surpassing beauty of Thisbe's eye, the glossiness of her plumage, the neatness of her claw, and he wound up with a mad twenty minutes of piercing monotony as he depicted the depth of his devotion for her.

When he ceased, in a silence which was almost deafening, I could visualise Thisbe dimpling with satisfaction and undoubtedly filled with tenderness toward a lover capable of expressing him-

self so eloquently. I turned over with a sigh of relief and closed my eyes in pleasurable anticipation of rest.

But Eugène felt it necessary to reply. I think his intention was to crake disbelief of his rival's sincerity, to throw cold water on his burning professions, perhaps even to question the excellence of his intentions. But his nerve was obviously shaken by his competitor's undoubtedly fine performance, and he craked indecisively. At 4.30 A.M. I distinctly heard him utter a flat note. At 4.47 he missed the second part of a bar entirely. Thisbe's beak, I must believe, curled derisively; Strong-i'-th'-lung laughed contemptuously, and at 5.10 A.M. Eugène faltered, stammered and fled from the field defeated.

The sequel I have had to build up on rather fragmentary data, but it appears that Eugène fled as far as Pudberry Parva, and endeavoured to cool his discomfiture in a dewy hayfield.

To him there came an old crone, the "father and mother" of all cornercrakes, who comforted him, cosseted him, and from a fund of deep experience offered him hints on voice production. She also gave him of a nostrum of toadwort and garlic, which mollified his lacerated chords, and she prescribed massage of the throat by rubbing against a young beech stem.

Within two days Eugène was back in my field. In tones that feigned to falter he craked a few bars to open the performance. Strong-i'-th'-lung at once rose full of pitying confidence and craked for two and a half hours the song of the practically accepted suitor. It was a good song, and Thisbe seemed pleased, though I fancy she rather resented the note of assurance which he imparted to his ballad.

Then Eugène came on. Bearing well in mind all the instruction of his recent benefactress, he commenced at 11.45 P.M. such a masterpiece as has never before been heard in the bird world. His consistency of period was masterly, his iteration superb and his even monotony incomparable. Crake succeeded crake with dull regular inevitability. So far as I know he carried his bat. He was still playing strongly when I fell on a troubled sleep about 5.30. . . .

The next day, walking through the field, I put up two birds which flew away together. One was Thisbe. And the other? Well, not Strong-i'-th'-lung. I stumbled across him a little later, dead without a wound.

"WANTED MUSIC MASTER for 2 girls; also Mincing Machine."—*Local Paper*.

One way or another they seem determined that the poor girls shall be "put through it."

SHOULD MILLIONAIRES READ HOMER?

THE recent discovery of a London millionaire, who not only lives in a small suburban villa, where his wife dispenses with servants, goes to bed at 7.30 P.M. and rises at 3 A.M., but reads HOMER in the Greek, has caused a sensation.

His endeavours to prove to a doubting world the truth of a favourite British adage is admirable; and his modest establishment only bears out what the millionaires keep on telling us, that, owing to high taxation and the abnormal cost of luxuries, they must really be reckoned as poor men. But his study of HOMER provokes a difference of opinion.

Our representative, in interviewing a venerable sociologist on the subject, was told that the study of Greek for millionaires is, within proper limits, comparatively harmless, but that HOMER contains the elements of danger.

"It is in HOMER's apotheosis of heroism in human combat that the peril lies," he said. "Having regard to the part played in the past by financiers in the wars between civilised nations, the security of the League of Nations will be threatened if the millionaires of to-day come under the spell of that great poet, who, with all his excellent qualities, directed his genius so persistently to the praise of warfare."

One of the millionaire class was next approached, and was asked what he thought of millionaires reading HOMER.

"Why not?" he asked. "Some millionaires are great readers. I am one myself. There are not half-a-dozen of OPPENHEIM'S I haven't read; and I like HALL CAINE—and ETHEL DELL's not bad. Who is this HOMER? If he's any good I may as well order him."

"Well, HOMER was a poet, you know, a——"

"I've no use for poetry," said the millionaire.

"A Greek poet, who lived——"

"Greek. A Greek, did you say?" A shrewd look came into his eyes. "Some of the cutest devils I know are Greeks." He pulled down a shirt-cuff and took a diamond-studded pencil from his waistcoat pocket. "How do you spell it? With an H?"

POULTRY AND EGGS.

Belfast or Neighbourhood.—Locum Tenency or Sunday duty wanted by well-known Rector during holiday."—*Irish Paper*.

It looks as if he had been mistaken for a Lay-reader.

"Nothing is left of the knave of the church, but the choir still remains."—*Scotch Paper*.
We are glad they discarded the knave.



Country Cousin (who suffers from his wife's elbow at each crossing). "Oo! LAWKS, MARIA! NEXT TIME WE'VE TO CROSS LEMME BE ROON OWER!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Double Life (GRANT RICHARDS) is a story that unblushingly bases its appeal on the love of almost everyone for a fairy-tale of good fortune. The matter of it is to show how a lady amateur, wife of a novelist, herself hardly knowing one end of a horse from the other, might make forty thousand pounds in a year on the Turf, without even her own husband so much as suspecting her activities. The thing isn't likely, is indeed a fantasy of the wildest improbability; but, told with the zest imparted to it here by Mr. GRANT RICHARDS, it provides first-rate fun. Some danger of monotony there was bound to be in what is really a variation upon a single theme. Though the author cunningly avoids this, I think it might justly be observed that he has made *Olivia's* plunges almost too uniformly successful. But perhaps not; after all, while you are handling fairy-gold, why be niggardly of it? The heroine's introduction to horse-racing comes about through the unconscious agency of her husband, who takes her with him on a visit to Newmarket in search of local colour for a "sporting" novel. The resulting situation reaches its climax in what is the best scene of the book, when *Geoffrey*, returning from a race that he has visited alone, but upon which *Olivia*, unknown to him, has risked thousands, recounts its progress in the best manner of realistic fiction, wholly ignorant of the true cause of what seems such flattering agitation in the listener. Altogether a happy if not very subtle story which I am glad that Mr. GRANT RICHARDS could persuade himself to publish.

To write, as Mr. R. W. CHAMBERS has written, fifty-two novels, many of them excellent and all readable, while still on the right side of sixty, is an achievement of intelligent industry that entitles any novelist, at the latter end, to take matters a little easily. *The Moonlit Way* (APPLETON) has neither the imaginative qualities of *The King in Yellow*, the humour of *In Search of the Unknown*, nor the adventurous tang of *Ashes of Empire*, but it is a good live story that will carry the reader's interest to the last page. Mr. CHAMBERS is at his best when dealing with spies and secret service agents and scheming chancellors and the other subterranean apparatus of war and diplomacy; at his least interesting when depicting affluent young America on its native heath of New York bricks and mortar. *The Moonlit Way* deals with all these things and more. We are whisked from the Bosphorus to the Welland Canal on the heels of Germany's "War in the United States," and French Secret Service officers, German saloon keepers and Sinn Fein revolutionaries jostle one another for a place in our interest. The novel-reading public knows that it is quite safe in buying any story by Mr. CHAMBERS, and, if it does not expect too much of *The Moonlit Way*, it will not be disappointed.

Lately, volumes of individual memorial to dead youth seem to have become less frequent. Perhaps there was a suggestion that the making of them, or rather their publication for the eyes of strangers, was in danger of being overdone. However this may be, I think that, quite apart from the appeal of circumstance, there would always have been a welcome for such a bright-natured book as one that Father RONALD KNOX has put together, mostly from diaries

and letters, about *Patrick Shaw-Stewart* (COLLINS). Eton and Balliol will agree that there could be no biographer better fitted to record the life, as happy seemingly as it was fated to be short, of one who combined success with popularity at both these places, was caught by the War on the threshold of a wider career, served his country with very notable distinction and was killed in the winter of 1917. Though he met death in France, the most of SHAW-STEWART's war-service was on the Eastern front; in particular he saw more than most soldiers of the whole Gallipoli adventure, to which he went as a member of that amazing company—surely the very flower of this country's war contribution—the *Hood Battalion* of the R.N.V.R. Here he was the comrade of many of those whom England has especially delighted to honour: RUPERT BROOKE, DENIS-BROWNE, CHARLES LISTER and others, all of whom figure in these vivid and most attractive letters; from which also one gathers an engaging picture of SHAW-STEWART himself, a generously admiring, humorous and entirely independent young Tory in a band of brilliant revolutionaries. In fine a book (despite its theme of promise sacrificed) full of laughter and a singularly charming character-study of one who, in his biographer's phrase, was assuredly "not one of the passengers of his generation."

Miss ELLA SYKES, after going with her brother and a camera on his special mission to Kashgar during the earlier days of the War, has detailed in charming fashion, under the title *Through Deserts and Oases of Central Asia* (MACMILLAN), their travels in lands still almost unknown. Sir PERCY SYKES himself has added some chapters

on the history and customs of the district in order to allow himself the pleasure of referring affectionately to his hunting of the giant sheep—the *Ovis poli*—of the Pamirs. Between them they have given me a good deal of information, with a lot of really capital photographs, about a country—Chinese Turkestan—that one may have just heard of before, though it is impossible to be sure. Resisting a burning desire to pass on newly-acquired learning to the first listener, I will be content to say that a more readable volume of its kind has not come my way for a long time, and incidentally the country itself seems surprisingly desirable. For one thing it is free from the mosquitoes that spoil so many books of travel, while the people are peaceful, reasonably contented and not liable to jar on the reader's nerves, in the time-honoured fashion, with spears and poisoned arrows. Even the yaks, that one had supposed to be fearsome beasts, are mild benevolent pacifists. The authors do not suggest that it is all Paradise, of course, though for the Moslem there may be something of that sort in it. "Praise be to Allah! I have four obedient wives, who spend all their days in trying to please me," said a Kirghiz farmer to Sir PERCY. But even Paradise may be a matter of taste.

If *War in the Garden of Eden* (MURRAY) cannot be numbered among the books which must be read by a serious

war-student it is in its unassuming way very attractive. Captain KERMIT ROOSEVELT made many friends while serving as a Captain with the Motor Machine-Gun Corps in Mesopotamia, and here he reveals himself as a keen soldier and a pleasant companion. In style he is perhaps a shade too jerky; his frequent failure to make his connections gives one a sense of being in the hands of a rather rambling guide. But the important points are that he is an engaging Rambler, and that he can describe his experiences both of war and peace with so clear a simplicity that they can be easily visualized. When the American Army arrived in France Captain ROOSEVELT naturally wished to join it, and his last chapter is called "With the First Division in France and Germany." But for us the main interest of his book lies in the work he did with the British in Mesopotamia, and to thank him for this would seem to be an impertinence.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT's *From the Log of the Velsa* (CHATTO) deals with some vague period before the war (dates are most carefully concealed), when the versatile

author undertook certain cruises up and down Dutch canals, the Baltic, French, Flemish and Danish coasts and East Anglian estuaries with companions about whom he preserves an equally mysterious silence. (Was it secret service, I wonder?) A delightful book, produced with something like pre-war attention to aesthetic appearance—a pleasant quarto with roomy pages faithfully printed in a fair type. You ought to enjoy the owner's evident enjoyment (he was never bored and therefore never boring), his



THE SPECIALIST.

Eminent Botanist on scientific expedition. "DEAR ME! WHY DIDN'T I TAKE UP ZOOLOGY INSTEAD OF BOTANY? THIS SEEMS SUCH AN INTERESTING SPECIMEN."

charmingly ingenuous pride of possession, his shrewd, humorous and excessively didactic utterances about painters, pictures, architecture and female beauty, his zeal for water-colour sketching and his apparently profound contempt of other exponents of the craft. Nothing could be less like (I thank Heaven) the ordinary yachtsman's recollections of his travels, and I get an impression that Mr. BENNETT was not ill-pleased to leave most of the work and the technical knowledge to his skipper.

"Crêpe de Chine in oyster white will show the top of the dress embroidered to the knees in some unconventional design of black and a deeper shade of white."—*Daily Paper*.

"The bridesmaid's dress was of heavy white crêpe-de-chine, of pale apricot shade."—*Provincial Paper*.

CANNING must have had a premonition of the modern fashions when he wrote in *The New Morality*, "Black's not so black, nor white so very white."

From a bookseller's advertisement:—

"Mr. — has the way of when you finish one of his most interesting books that you really cannot help yourself by reading all." *Newfoundland Paper*.

Not being quite sure whether this is a compliment or not we have suppressed the distinguished author's name.

CHARIVARIA.

"THE public will not stand for increased railway fares," says a contemporary. They have had too much standing at the old prices.

A Mile End man writes to *The Daily Express* to say that one of his ducks laid four eggs in one day. It seems about the most sensible thing the bird could have done with them.

As a result of the recent Tube extension, passengers can now travel from the Bank to Ealing in thirty-five minutes. It is further claimed that the route passes under some of the most beautiful scenery in England.

Mersey shipyard workers have made a demand on their employers for five pounds ten shillings a week when not working and seven pounds a week when working. This proposal to discriminate between the men who work and those who don't is condemned in more advanced trade union circles as savouring dangerously of capitalism.

"One evening at Covent Garden," says M. ABEL HERMANT in *Le Temps*, "will teach more correct behaviour than six months' lessons from a certified professor of etiquette." Opinion among the smart set is divided as to whether he means Covent Garden Theatre or Covent Garden Market.

The Bolsheviks in Petrograd are finding a difficulty in the appointment of a public executioner. This is just the chance for a man who wants a nice steady job.

On looking up our diary we find that the MAD MULLAH is just about due to be killed again. We wonder if anything is being done in the matter.

A German merchant is anxious to get into touch with a big stamp-dealer in this country. Our feeling is that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL is the man he wants.

We are asked to deny the rumour that Sir PHILIP SASSOON has been appointed touring manager to the Peace Conference.

A Newbury man has succeeded in breeding pink-coated tame rats. It is said that the Prohibitionists hope to exterminate these, as they did the green ones.

A blunder of thirty million pounds in the estimates for British operations in Russia is revealed in a White Paper. It is expected that the Government will bequeath it to the nation.

Owing to the high cost of material we understand that a certain pill is to-day worth £1 11s. 6d. a box.

The Sinn Feiners now threaten to capture one of our new battleships. We sincerely hope that the Government will place a caretaker on board each of our most valuable Dreadnoughts.

finished playing. It was at first feared that they had overblown themselves.

"A true lover of nature is nowadays very hard to find," complains a writer in a Nature journal. Yet we know a golfer who always shouts "Fore!" on slicing a ball into a spinney.

The two African lions which escaped from the Zoo in Portugal have not yet been captured, and were last seen near the border-line of Switzerland. It is thought that they are endeavouring to walk across Europe as a reprisal for the flight across Africa by two Europeans.

The Dublin Trades Council called a one-day strike last week "to secure the release of Mr. JAMES LARKIN." So successful was the strike, we understand, that the United States authorities have decided that the presence of Mr. LARKIN at forthcoming celebrations of a similar character would be quite superfluous.

Speaking to an audience of miners at Morpeth Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD said he dreamed of a time when the miners would govern the country. Not even the miners, on the other hand, would dream of letting Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD govern it.

"Does the Government realise," asks a newspaper correspondent, "that as regards the situation in Ireland we are on the edge of a crater or with a thunderbolt over our heads?" We rather imagine that the Government, like the writer, isn't quite sure which.

Oswestry Guardians have accepted an offer to supply Bibles to tramps. This is the first occasion on which the current belief that the tramp class is nowadays being recruited largely from the ranks of the minor clergy has received formal recognition.

A bricklayer has been summoned for not sending his son to school. It appears that the father, finding his boy could count up to twenty and wishing him to follow his own occupation, thought further schooling unnecessary.

"When the country really understands the need of the Government," says an essayist, "we shall travel far." But not at twopence a mile, thank you.



TRUE POLITENESS.
"YOUR EEL, I THINK, SIR?"

A Lanarkshire magistrate the other day doubted whether a miner could remember details of an accident which happened two years ago. It is said that the miner had vivid recollections of the affair as it happened to be the day he was at work.

It is urged that all taxi-cabs should have a cowcatcher in front in case of accidents. We gather that the drivers are quite willing provided they are allowed to charge for anyone they pick up as an "extra."

It is reported that the muzzling order may come into force again in South Wales. We understand that a dog which thoughtlessly attempted to bark in Welsh in the main street of Cardiff was responsible for the belief that rabies had broken out again.

During a brass-band contest a few days ago three members of the winning band were taken ill just after they had

A CRIMINAL TYPE.

TO-DAY I am MAKING an innovation. as you may already have guessed, I am typing this article myself. Instead of writing it. The idea is to save time and expense, also to demonstrate that I can type just as well as any blessed girl. If I give my mind to it. Typing while you compose is really extraordinarily easy, though composing while you type is more difficult. I rather think my typing style is going to be different from my usual style, but I daresay no one will mind that much. Looking back I see that we made rather a hash of that awful word extraordinary in the middle of a word like that. N-e gets quite lost? Why do I keep putting question marks instead of full stops? wonder. Now you see I have put a full stop instead. Of a question mark it never re-ins but it pours.

The typewriter to me has always been a mystery. and even now that I have gained a perfect mastery over the machine in front of me I have not the faintest idea how it works. For instance why does the thing on the top of the kind of overhead railway arrangement move along one pace after every word? I have examined the mechanism from all points of view but there seems to be no reason at all why it should do this. damn that £, it keeps butting in: it is just like real life. then there are all kinds of attractive devices and levers and buttons of which is a marvel in itself, and does something useful without letting on how it does it.

For instance on this machine which is a marvel in itself, made of aluminium, and very light so that you can carry it about on your holidays (there is that £ again) and type out your poems on the Moon immediately, and there is only one lot of keys for capitals and ordinary letters; when you want to do a capital you press down a special key marked cap I mean CAP with the left hand and you press down the letter with the other, like that a b c d e f g. how jolly that looks. as a matter of fact this takes a little getting into as all the letters on the keys are printed in capitals so now and then one forgets to press down the special capital key. not often, though. on the other hand once one has got it down and has written a nice name in capitals like LLOYDGEORGE IT IS VERY DIFFICULT TO REMEMBER TO PUT IT DOWN AGAIN AND THEN YOU GET THIS SORT OF THING WHICH SPOILS THE LOOK OF THE HOLE PAGE. or else instead of pressing down the key marked CAP one presses down the key marked FIG

and then instead of LLOYDGEORGE you find that you have written 196% : 394:3. this is very disheartening and it is no wonder that typists are so often soured in their youth.

Apart from that though the key marked FIG is rather fun, since you can write such amusing things with it, things like % and @ and dear old & not to mention = and 1/2 and 3/4 and !!! I find that in one ordinary (I never get that word right) correspondence one does not use expressions like @@ and % % % nearly enough. typewriting gives you a new idea of possibilities of the English language; the more I look at % the more beautiful it seems to be: and like the simple flowers of England it is perhaps most beautiful when seen in the mass. Look at it

% % % % % % % % % % % %
% % % % % % % % % % % %
% % % % % % % % % % % %
% % % % % % % % % % % %

how would that do for a bathroom wallpaper? it could be produced very cheaply and it could be called the CHERY design damn, I meant to put all that in capitals. I am afraid this article is spoilt now but butt butt curse. But perhaps the most exciting thing about this machine is that you can by pressing a little switch suddenly write in red or green instead of in black; I don't understand how it is done but it is very jolly? business men use the device a great deal when writing to their members of PARLIAMENT, in order to emphasise the point in which their injustice is worse than anyone else's injustice. when they come to WE ARE RUINED they burst out into red and when they come to WE WOULD REMIND YOU THAT AT THE LAST ELECTION YOU UNDERTOOK they burst into GREEN. their typists must enjoy doing those letters. with this arrangement of course one could do all kinds of capital wallpapers. for instance what about a scheme of red £'s and black %'s and green &'s? this sort of thing

£ % £ % £ % £ % £ %
& £ & £ & £ & £ & £
£ % £ % £ % £ % £ %
& £ & £ & £ & £ & £

Many a poor man would be glad to have that in his parlour rather than what he has got now. of course, you won't be able to appreciate the full beauty of the design since I understand that the retched paper which is going to print this has no red ink and no green ink either; so you must just imagine that the £'s are red and the &'s are green. it is extraordinarily (what a terrible word!!!) how backward in

many ways these up-to-date papers are now. how did that happen I wonder; I was experimenting with the BACK SPACE key; if that is what it is for I don't think I shall use it again. I wonder if I am improving at this? sometimes I think I am and so sometimes I think I am not. we have not had so many £'s lately but I notice that there have been one or two misplaced q's & I cannot remember to write i in capital s there it goes again.

Of course the typewriter itself is not wholly guiltless like all machines it has a mind of its own and is of like passions with ourselves. I could put that into Greek if only the machine was not so hopelessly MODERN. its chief failing is that it cannot write modestly and instead of that it will keep putting that confounded £. as a matter of fact it has been doing m's rather better today but that is only its cussedness and because I have been opening my shoulders whenever we have come to an m; or should it be A m? who can tell; little peculiarities like making different m's are very important & when one is buying a typewriter one should make careful enquiries about them; because it is things of that sort which so often give criminals away. there is nothing a detective likes so much as a typewriter with an idiosyncrasy an idiosyncrasy damn it an idiosyncrasy for instance if I commit a murder I should not think of writing a letter about it with this of all typewriters because because that fool of a £ would give me away at once I daresay Scotland Yard have got specimens of my typewriting locked up in some pigeon-hole already. if they save them they ought to; it ought to be part of my dossier.

I think the place of the typewriter in ART is insufficiently appreciated. Modern art I understand is chiefly symbolic expression and straight lines. a typewriter can do straight lines with the under lining mark) and there are few more attractive symbols than the symbols I have used in this article; I merely throw out the suggestion.

I don't think I shall do many more articles like this it is too much like work? but I am glad I have got out of that £ habit; A.P.£.

"PRISON FOR FLAT LANDLORDS."
Evening Paper.

Good. But is nothing going to be done about the landlords with round figures?

"With favourable weather, Thatcham can look forward to a pre-war show this year"

Local Paper.

Apparently Thatcham carries its eyes in the back of its head.



A SEA-VIEW OF THE SITUATION.

INDIGNANT LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER. "AND TO THINK OF THAT THERE ERIC WANTING TO SQUEEZE THE POOR HOLIDAY-MAKERS BEFORE I GETS AT 'EM."



Outraged Batsman. "JARGE, OI DO BELIEVE YOU 'M BOWLIN' DELIBERATE AT MOI GAMMY LEG."
Jarge (feeling that something ought to be said). "WHY, WILLYUM, OI THOUGHT THEY WAS BOTH GAMMY."

ELIZABETH GOES ON HOLIDAY.

"PLEASE, 'm, may I go for my 'olids a week come Thursday?" asked Elizabeth. She was evidently labouring under some strong excitement, for she panted as she spoke and so far forgot herself in her agitation as to take up the dust in the hall instead of sweeping it under the mat.

"But you promised to go on your holiday when we have ours in September," I protested, aghast. (You will shortly understand the reason of my dismay.) "I don't see how I can possibly manage—"

"I'm sorry, 'm, but I *must* take 'em then," interposed Elizabeth with a horrid giving-notice gleam in her eye which I have learnt to dread. "You see, my young man is 'avin' 'is 'olids then an'—an"—she drew up her lank form and a look that was almost human came into her face—"e's arsked me to go with 'im," she finished with ineffable pride.

I am aware that this is not an unusual arrangement amongst engaged couples in the class to which Elizabeth belongs; nevertheless I felt it was the moment for judicious advice, knowing how eph-

meral are the love-affairs of Elizabeth. No butterfly that flits from flower to flower could be more elusive than her young men. Our district must swarm with this fickle type.

"Do you think it right to go off on a holiday with a stranger?" I began diffidently.

"'Im! 'E isn't a stranger," broke in Elizabeth. "'E's my young man."

"Which young man?"

"My *new* young man."

"But don't you think it would be better if he were not such a new young man—I mean, if he were an old young man—er—perhaps I ought to say you should know him longer before you go away with him. It's not quite the thing—"

"Why, wot's wrong with it?" demanded Elizabeth, puzzled. "All the girls I know spends their 'olids with their young men, an' then it doesn't cost them nothink. That's the best of it. But it's the first time I've ever been arsked," she admitted, "an' I wouldn't lose a charnce like this for anythink."

Further appeal was useless, and with a sigh I resigned myself to the inevitable; but when, ten days later, Eliza-

beth departed in a whirl of enthusiasm and brown paper parcels I turned dejectedly to the loathsome business of housework.

It is a form of labour which above all others I detest. My *métier* is to write—one day I even hope to become a great writer. But what I never hope to become is a culinary expert. Should you command your cook to turn out a short story she could not suffer more in the agonies of composition than I do in making a simple Yorkshire pudding.

My household now passed into a condition of settled gloom. My nerves began to suffer from the strain, and I came gradually to regard Henry as less of a helpmate and more of a voracious monster demanding meals at too frequent intervals. It made me peevish with him.

He too was far from forbearing in this crisis. In fact we were getting disillusioned with each other.

One evening I was reflecting bitterly on matters like washing-up when Henry came in. Only a short time before we should have greeted each other cordially in a spirit of *camaraderie* and affection. Now our conversation was something like this:—

Henry (gruffly). Hullo, no signs of dinner yet! Do you know the time?

Me (snappily). You needn't be so impatient. I expect you've gorged yourself on a good lunch in town. Anyhow it won't take long to get dinner, as we are having tinned soup and eggs.

Henry. Oh, damn eggs. I'm sick of the sight of 'em.

You can see for yourself how unrestrained we were getting. The thin veneer of civilisation (thinner than ever when Henry is hungry) was fast wearing into holes.

The subsequent meal was eaten in silence. The hay-fever from which I am prone to suffer at all seasons of the year was particularly persistent that evening. A rising irritability engendered by leathery eggs and fostered by Henry's face was taking possession of me. Quite suddenly I discovered that the way he held his knife annoyed me. Further I was maddened by his manner of taking soup. But I restrained myself. I merely remarked, "You have finished your soup, I hear, love."

Henry, though feeling the strain, had not quite lost his fortitude. My hay-fever was obviously annoying him, but he only commented, "Don't you think you ought to see a doctor about that distressing nasal complaint, my dear?" I knew, however, that he was longing to bark out, "Can't you stop that everlasting sniffing? It's driving me mad, woman."

How long would it be before we reached that stage of candour? I was brooding on this when the front-door bell rang.

"You go," I said to Henry.

"No, you go," he replied. "It looks bad for the man of the house to answer the door."

I do not know why it should look bad for a man to answer his own door, unless he is a bad man. But there are some things in our English social system which no one can understand. I rose and went to open the front-door. Then my heart leapt in sudden joy. The light from the hall lamp fell on the lank form of Elizabeth.

"You've come back!" I exclaimed.

"I suppose you didn't expect to see me inside of a week," she remarked.

"I didn't; but oh, Elizabeth, I'm so glad to see you," I said as I drew her in. Tears that strong men weep rose to my eyes, while Henry, at this moment emerging from the study, uttered an ejaculation of joy (it sounded like "Thank God!") at the sight of Elizabeth.

"An' 'ow 'ave you got on while I've bin away?" she inquired, eyeing us both closely. "Did everythink go orf orl right?"

I hesitated. How was I to confess



OUR VILLAGE SOLOMON.

First Rustic. "D'YE 'EAR OLD DADDY SMITH'S COTTAGE WAS BURN'T DOWN LAST NIGHT?"

Second Rustic (of matured wisdom). "I BEAN'T SURPRISED. WHEN I SEES THE SMOKE A-COMING THROUGH THE THATCH I SEZ TO MYSELF, 'THERE'S SELDOM SMOKE WITH-OUT FIRE.'"

my failures and muddling in her absence and hope to have authority over her in future? Would she not become still more difficult to manage if she knew how indispensable she was? I continued to hesitate. Then Henry spoke. "We've managed admirably," he said. "Your mistress has been wonderful. Her cooking has absolutely surprised me."

I blessed Henry (the devil!) in that moment. "Thank you, dear," I murmured.

Then Elizabeth spoke and there was a note of relief in her voice. "Well, I'm reerly glad to 'ear that, as I can go off to-morrer after all. I 'aven't been for my 'oliday yet, like."

"What do you mean?" I gasped.

"Well, you see, 'm, my young man didn't turn up at the station, so I went and stayed with my sister-in-law at Is-

lington. She wants me to go with 'er to Southend early to-morrer, but I thort as 'ow I'd better come back 'ere first and see if you reerly could manage with-out me, for I 'ad my doubts. 'Owever, as everythink 's goin' on orl right I can go with an easy mind."

I remained speechless. So did Henry. Elizabeth went out again into the darkness. There was a long pause, broken only by my hay fever. Then Henry spoke. "Can't you stop that everlasting sniffing?" he barked out. "It's driving me mad, woman."

"REQUIRED an English or French resident governess for children from 30 to 45 years old, having notions of music."

Standard (Buenos Ayres).

We are glad they have picked up something during their prolonged juvenescence.

AUTHORSHIP FOR ALL.

Being specimens of the work of Mr. Punch's newly-established Literary Ghost Bureau, which supplies appropriate Press contributions on any subject and over any signature.

IV.—WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE DRAMA?

By Marcus P. Brimston, the gifted producer of "*Shoo, Charlotte!*"

I HAVE been invited to say a few words to readers of *The Sabbath Scoop* on the alleged decay of the British drama. There is indeed some apparent truth in this allegation. On all sides I hear managers sending up the same old wail of dwindling box-office receipts and houses packed with ghastly rows of deadheads. No "paper" shortage there, at any rate.

Sometimes these unfortunate people come to me for counsel, and invariably I give them the same admonition, "Study your public."

There is no doubt that, with a few brilliant exceptions (among which my own present production is happily enrolled), the playhouses have recently struck a rather bad patch. Useless to lay the blame either on the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER or on the weather. Give the play-going public what it wants and no consideration of National Waste or of Daylight Saving will keep it from the theatre.

And that brings me to my point. Whence comes the playgoing public of to-day, and what does it want?

From the commercial point of view (and in the long run as in the short all art must be judged by its monetary value) the drama depends for its support on what used to be known as the better-dressed parts of the house. Now-a-days the majority of the paying patrons of these seats come from the ranks of the new custodians of the nation's wealth. These people, who have the business instinct very strongly developed, insistently and very rightly demand value for their money; and the problem is how to give them value as they understand the meaning of the word. My friend Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS gives it to them in sand; but that is a shifting foundation on which to build up a prosperous run.

Those who, like myself, have studied closely the tastes and intelligence of this new force that is directing the destiny of the modern theatre must have come to the conclusion that the essential factor in dramatic success is "punch," or, as our cross-Atlantic cousins would term it, "pep." The day of anæmic characterisation and subtle dissection of motives is past. The audience (or the only part that really counts) has no desire to be called upon to think; it can afford to pay others to do its thinking for it. There is much to be said for this point of view. The War and its effects (especially the Excess Profits Duty) have imposed on us all far too many and too severe mental jerks; in the theatre we may well forget that we possess such a thing as a mind.

As a charming and gifted little actress said to me only yesterday, "We want something a bit meatier than the dry old bones of Ibsen's ghosts." Well, I am out to provide that something; my present success certainly does not lack for flesh.

In producing *Shoo, Charlotte!* I have taken several hints from that formidable young rival of the articulate stage known as the Silent Drama. There effects are flung at the spectator's head like balls at a cocoanut; if they fail to register a hit it is the fault of the shier, not of the nut. My aim throughout has been to throw hard and true, so that even the thickest nut is left in no doubt as to the actuality of the impact. *Shoo, Charlotte!* makes no high-sounding attempt at improving the public taste. As the dramatic critic of *The Sabbath Scoop* pithily remarked, it is just "one

long feast of laughter and *lingerie*," and its nightly triumph is the only vindication it requires.

The fundamental mistake of the British drama of to-day lies, in my humble opinion, in its perpetual striving after the unexpected. The public, such as I have described it, fights shy of novel situations; it isn't sure how they ought to be taken. But give it a play where it knows exactly what is going to happen next and you are rewarded with the delighted applause that comes of prophecy fulfilled. The thrill or chuckle of anticipation is succeeded by the shudder or guffaw of realisation. Father nudges Mother and says, "Look, Emma, he's going to fall into the flour-bin." He does fall into the flour-bin, and Father slaps his own or Mother's knee with a roar of triumph. After all, the old dramatic formulæ were not drawn up without a profound knowledge of human nature.

Let managers take a lesson from these few observations and they will no longer go about seeking an answer to the riddle, "Why did the cocoanut shy?"

THE BEST LAID SCHEMES.

[A contemporary declares that the side-car stands unrivalled as a matchmaker. It would seem, however, that opinion on the subject is not unanimous.]

We motored together, the maiden and I,

And I was delighted to take her,

For, frankly, I wanted my side-car to try

Its skill as a little matchmaker;

Though up to that time I had striven my best,

I'd more than a passing suspicion

The spark I was anxious to light in her breast

Still suffered from faulty ignition.

We started betimes in the promptest of styles

For scenes that were rustic and quiet:

I opened the throttle; we ate up the miles

(A truly exhilarant diet);

Till sharply, as over a common we went,

Gorse-clad (or it may have been heather),

The engine stopped short with a tactful intent

To leave the young couple together.

'Twas instinct (I take it) directing my course

That named as my first occupation

A fruitless endeavour to track to its source

The cause of this sudden cessation;

And so I had tinkered with tools for a space

Ere I thought of my favourite poet,

And said to myself, "Lo! the time and the place

And the loved one in unison; go it."

I might have remembered man seldom appears

Alluring in look or in manner

With a smut on his nose, oleaginous ears

And frenziedly clutching a spanner;

Though down by the cycle I fell to my knees

And ported my heart for inspection,

I only received for my passionate pleas

A curt and conclusive rejection.

"Gentlewoman, good family, small means, musical, devoted to parish work, wishes to correspond with clergyman with view to being 'an helpmeet for him.'"—*Church Times*.

The *Matrimonial News* must look to its laurels.

"The Picturedrome, —, and — Cinema, have been acquired by a London Syndicate, in which are several gentlemen."

Provincial Paper.

We do not profess to know much about the film-trade, but is this so very unusual?



MANNERS AND MODES.

POST-WAR SIMPLICITY IN BATHING-GEAR.

WAYS AND MEANS.

I HAVE read somewhere that when and/or if railway fares are increased it will cost a man travelling with his wife and two children (the children being half-fares) as much as twenty pounds to take third-class return tickets to St. Ives.

Presumably this refers to the Cornish St. Ives, and to show how serious the problem will be for quite large families I need only refer my readers to the well-known poetical riddle which is generally supposed to refer to the Cornish St. Ives too. It will be seen at once that in the case of a septuagimist going to or returning from St. Ives with his family the cost will be vastly greater, even if no special luggage rates are leviable for the carriage of excess cats.

Fortunately there is a much nearer St. Ives in Huntingdonshire, and if I was going to St. Ives at all, with or without encumbrances, I should certainly choose that one. As a matter of fact the Huntingdonshire St. Ives is a very pleasant place indeed, with a lot of red-and-yellow cattle standing about, if one may take the authority of the County Card Game in these matters. It is almost as pleasant as Luton, where there is a fellow in a blue smock with side-whiskers and a reaping-hook, and Leicester, which consists solely of a windmill and a house where RICHARD III. slept on the night before the Battle of Bosworth Field. Not a word about RAMSAY MACDONALD.

But we are not talking about RAMSAY MACDONALD and the County Card Game; we are talking about Sir ERIC GEDDES and his railway fares, and talking pretty sharply too. What is to be done about this monstrous imposition? And how are we going to show the Government that you cannot play about with ozone as you can with margarine and coal? If only all passengers were prepared to act in concert it would be easy enough to bring Sir ERIC to his knees. The best and simplest plan would be for everybody to ask at the booking-office for a half-fare, stating boldly that his or her age was exactly eleven years and eleven months. It might not sound very convincing, of course, even if you had a red-and-black

cricket-cap on the back of your head and covered your beard or what not with one hand; but a constant succession of people all demanding the same thing would most certainly cause the booking-clerk to give way. It might occur to him besides that, since so many people insisted on giving their wrong ages for the pleasure of fighting in war-time, they had a perfect right to do the same for the pleasure of travelling in peace-time; and in the case of the women his reputation for gallantry would be imperilled if he had the impudence to doubt their word.

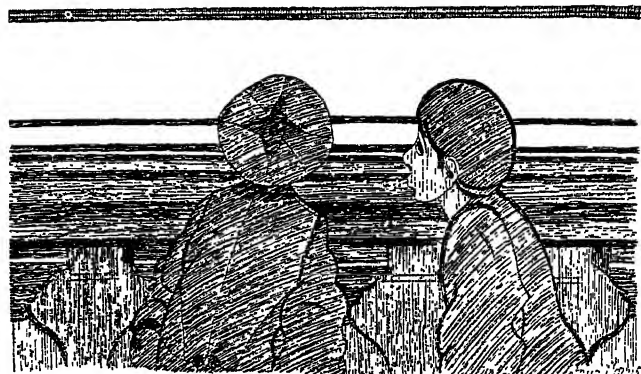
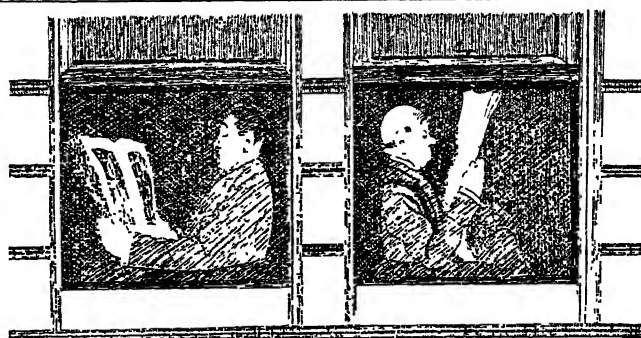
But would everybody be prepared to

off just before the terminus, which hurts, the same objection arises as in the under-the-seat method; and in any case you are practically certain to be spotted not only by the officials of the railway company concerned but with axle-grease.

It is of course possible to travel without concealment and without a ticket either, merely discovering with a start of surprise when you are asked for it that you have lost the beastly thing. But this involves acting. It involves hunting with a great appearance of energy and haste in all your pockets, your reticule, your hatband, the turn-ups of your trousers, *The Rescue* (for you certainly used something as a book-marker) and finally turning out in front of all the other passengers the whole of your note-case, which proves that you cannot have been going to stay at the "Magnificent" after all, and the envelopes of all the old letters which you were taking down to the sea in the hopes of answering them there; and even after that you have to give the name and address of somebody you don't like (say Sir ERIC GEDDES) to satisfy the inspector.

On the whole I think the best way is the one which I mean to adopt myself at the earliest opportunity. Let us suppose that you are going to Brighton. At Victoria Station you will purchase (1) a return ticket to Streatham Common, (2) a platform ticket. The platform ticket entitles you to walk on to the platform from which the Brighton train starts, and, when it is just moving out and all the

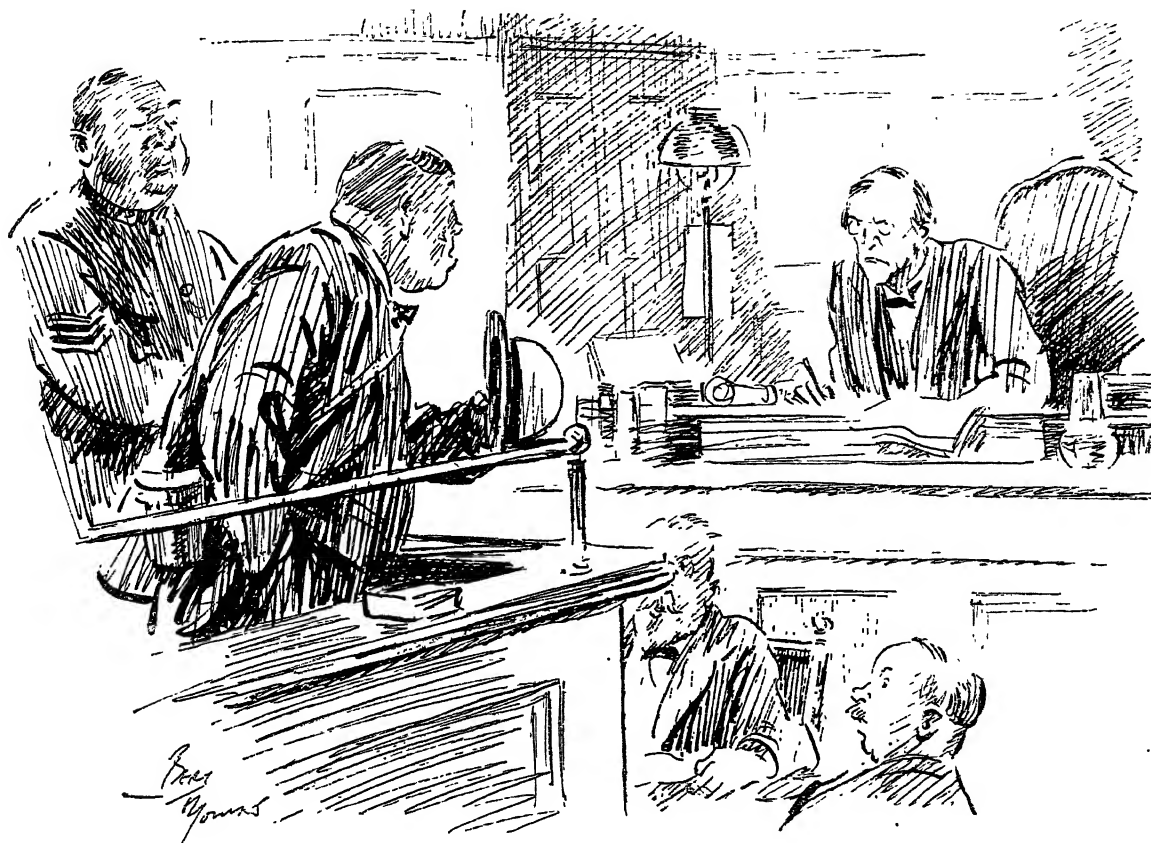
tickets have been looked at, you will leap on board. This brings you to Brighton, and all you have to do there is to accost the man who takes the tickets in a voice hoarse with fury. "Look here," you will say, "I had an important business engagement at Streatham Common, worth thousands and thousands of pounds to me, and one of your fool porters told me a wrong platform at Victoria. What are you going to do about it?" Now you might think that the porter would reply, "Come off it, Mister; you don't kid me like that," or make some other disappointing and impolite remark; but not a bit of it. Bluster is the thing that pays. First of all he will apologise, and then he will fetch the station-master, and he will apologise too, and after



Urchin (outside Club). "I BET IT WAS THE FAULT OF 'IM ON THE RIGHT."

take up this strong and reasonable line? I doubt it, and we must turn to the consideration of other economical devices.

One plan which I do not honestly recommend is travelling under the seats of the railway compartment, like *Paul Bunty* in *Vice Versa*. I say this partly because the accommodation under the seats is not all that it ought to be, and even where there is no heating apparatus a tight fit for large families, and partly because you have to face the possibility that your tickets may be demanded on the platform at the other end. Nor do I favour the method invariably adopted by people in cinema plays, which is to sit on the buffers or the roofs, or conceal yourself among the brakes or whatever they are underneath the carriages. Unless you drop



Racing Tout (arrested the day before). "CAN YER TELL ME WOT WON THE THREE-THIRTY?"
Magistrate. "SILENCE!"
Tout. "W'Y, THERE WASN'T NO SUCH 'ORSE RUNNING."

a bit they will offer you a special train back to Streatham Common, probably the one the KING uses when he goes to the seaside. But you will of course refuse to be pacified and wave it away, saying, "Useless, absolutely useless. Now that I am in this awful hole I shall spend the night here. But I shall certainly sue your Company for the amount of the business that I have lost."

That is what I mean to do, and with slight variations the ruse can be applied to almost any non-stop run. Now that I have given the tip I shall hope to find quite a little crowd of disappointed business men round the station exits at holiday time when and/or if railway fares are increased.

OUR NATURAL HISTORY COLUMN.

Letters to the Editor.

THE HYDE PARK MONUMENT.

DEAR SIR,—The experience of the Parisian scavenger who recently discovered a crocodile in a dustbin encourages me to write to you on a similar subject. I note with profound dismay the proposal to turn Hyde Park into a Zoological Garden. At least this is not an unfair deduction from the scheme to

instal a huge python in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park Corner. I do not profess to know much about snakes, but I believe the python is a most dangerous reptile, and I see it stated that the pythons which have just arrived at Regent's Park are "large and vigorous, already active and looking for food." Surely this monstrous suggestion, threatening the safety of the peaceful frequenters of the Park, calls for a national protest. Can it be that the PREMIER is at the back of this, as of every invasion of our rights?

Yours faithfully, MATERFAMILIAS.

P.S.—My son says it is a pylon, not a python, but that only makes it worse.

STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF A HERMIT.

DEAR SIR,—My grandfather, who died in the 'fifties, used to tell a story of a hermit who lived in Savernake Forest, an extraordinarily absent-minded man with a beard of such colossal dimensions that several of the feathered denizens of the forest took up their abode in its recesses. This curious phenomenon was, I believe, commemorated in verse by an early-Victorian poet, but I have not been able after considerable

research to trace the reference. I have the honour to remain,

Yours faithfully, ISIDORE TUFTON
(Author of *The Growth of the Moustache Movement*, *The Topiary Art as applied to Whiskers*, and the article on "Pogonotrophy" in *The Hairdressers' Encyclopædia*).

PRESENCE OF MIND IN A PORBEAGLE.

DEAR SIR,—The following verses, though not strictly relevant to the crocodile incident, commemorate an occurrence illustrating the extent to which piscine intelligence can be developed in favourable circumstances:—

"There was an unlucky porbeagle
Who was picked up at sea by an eagle;
On reaching the nest
It began to protest
On the ground that the speed was illegal."

I am Sir, Yours faithfully,
GEORGE WASHINGTON COOK.

"Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy said it had been advocated in *The Times*.

The Premier: I will be prepared to believe anything of *The Times*, but really I do not think it has ever suggested tat."—*Daily Mail*.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is always ready to give *The Times* tink-for-tat.



Guest (to Fellow-Guest at garden-party who has offered to introduce her to well-known Socialist). "I DON'T THINK SO, THANKS. HE LOOKS RATHER FEARSOME."

Fellow-Guest. "MY DEAR, HE'S ONE OF THE FEW DECENT PEOPLE HERE—BELONGS TO AN OLD ENGLISH LABOURING FAMILY."

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

(Carefully imitated from the best models, except that it has somehow got into metre and rhyme.)

FOUR-AND-NINETY English winters
Having flecked my hair with snows,
I am ready for the printers,
And my publishers suppose
That these random recollections
Of a mid-Victorian male,
Owing to my high connections,
Ought to have a fairish sale.

Comrades of my giddy zenith,
Gazing back in retrospect,
I should say Lord Brixton (Kenneth)
Had the brightest intellect;
Though of course no age enfeebles
James Kircudbright's mental vim
(Now the seventh Duke of Peebles)—
I have lots of tales of Jim.

We were gilded youths together
In our Foreign Office days;
Used to fish and tramp the heather
At his uncle's castle, "Braes;"

I recall our wild elation
One day when we stole the hat,
At the Honduras Legation,
Of a Danish diplomat.

James had scarcely any vices,
His career was made almost
When the Guatemalan crisis
Caused him to resign his post;
He possessed a Gordon setter
On whose treatment by a vet
I once wrote *The Times* a letter
Which has not been published yet.

Politics were dry and dusty,
Still they had their moods of fun,
As, for instance, when the crusty
Yet delightful Viscount Bunn
Broke into the Second Reading
Of a Church Endowment Bill
With a snore of perfect breeding
Which convulsed the Earl of Brill.

Through my kinship with the Gortons
I was much at Widnes Square;
People of the first importance
Often came to luncheon there;
GLADSTONE, DIZZY, even older
Statesmen used to throng the hall;

PALMERSTON once touched my shoulder—
Which one I do not recall.

Then I went to routs and dances,
Ah, how fine they were, and how
Different from the dubious prances
That the young indulge in now;
There I first encountered Kitty,
Told the girl I was a dunce,
But implored her to have pity,
And she said she would, at once.

Eh, well, well! I must not linger
On those glorious halcyon days;
Time with his relentless finger
Brings me to the second phase;
Politics were always creeping
Like a ghost across my view—
I contested Market Sleeping
In the Spring of Seventy-Two.

GLADSTONE—[No, please not. ED.]
EVOE.

"BRIGHTON.—The ——. One minute sea,
West Pier, Lawns. Gas fires in beds."
Advt. in *Daily Paper*.

Thanks, but we prefer a hot-water
bottle.



MORAL SUASION.

THE RABBIT. "MY OFFENSIVE EQUIPMENT BEING PRACTICALLY NIL, IT REMAINS FOR ME TO FASCINATE HIM WITH THE POWER OF MY EYE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE INCOHERENTS.

The reply of the Soviet Government to the Spa Conference was described by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as "incoherent; the sort of document that might be drawn up by a committee composed of Colonel WEDGWOOD, Commander KENWORTHY, Lord ROBERT CECIL, Mr. BOTTOMLEY and Mr. THOMAS." It is understood that these hon. Members intend to hold an indignation meeting to discuss means—if any—of refuting this charge.

Monday, July 19th.—Opinions may differ as to the wisdom of the Peers in reopening the DYER case, but the large audience which assembled in the galleries, where Peeresses and Indians vied with one another in the gorgeousness of their attire, testified to the public interest in the debate. At first the speakers made no attempt to "hot up" their cold porridge. In presenting General DYER's case Lord FINLAY was strong without rage. In rebutting it the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA proved himself a grave and reverend SINHA, without a trace of the provocativeness displayed by his Chief in the Commons. Not until the LORD CHANCELLOR intervened did the temperature begin to rise. His description of the incident in the Jullianwallah Bagh was only a little less lurid than that of Mr. MONTAGU. The Peers would, I think, have liked a little more explanation of how an officer who admittedly exhibited, both before and after this painful affair, "discretion, sobriety and resolution," should be regarded as having on this one day committed "a tragic error of judgment upon the most conspicuous stage," and may

have wondered whether, if the stage had been less conspicuous, the critics would have been more lenient.

For as long as I can remember the French have been *partant pour la Syrie*. Now they have got there, with a mandate from the Supreme Council, and have come into collision with the Arabs. As we are the friends of both parties the situation is a little awkward. Mr. ORMSBY-GORE hoped we were not going to fight our Arab allies, and was supported by Lord WINTERTON, who saw service with them during the War. A diplomatic speech by Mr. BONAR LAW, who pointed out that the French were in Syria on just the same conditions as we were in Mesopotamia, helped to keep the debate within safe limits.

Tuesday, July 20th.—The Lords continued the DYER debate. Lord MILNER confessed that he had approached the subject "with a bias in favour of the soldier," and showed how completely he had overcome it by finally talking about "Prussian methods"—a phrase that Lord SUMNER characterised as "facile but not convincing." Lord CURZON hoped that the Peers would not endorse

such methods, but would be guided by the example of "Clemency" CANNING. The Lords however, by 129 to 86, passed Lord FINLAY's motion, to the effect that General DYER had been unjustly treated and that a dangerous precedent had been established.

The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS was inundated with questions about the pylon and explained that it had been designed by Sir FRANK BAINES entirely on his own initiative. Its submission to the Cabinet had never been contemplated, and its exhibition in the Tea Room was due to an hon. Member, who said that a number of people would be interested. Apparently they were.

Asked if the scheme might be regarded as quite dead, Sir ALFRED MOND replied that he certainly thought so. In fact, to judge by his previous answer, it was never really alive.

There is still anxious curiosity regarding the increase of railway fares, but when invited to "name the day" Mr. BONAR LAW remained coy. Suggestions for postponements in the interests of this or that class of holiday-maker finally goaded him into asking

sarcastically, "Why not until after Christmas?" Whereupon the House loudly cheered.

Wednesday, July 21st.—Tactful man, Lord DESBOROUGH. In urging the Government to call a Conference to consider the establishment of a fixed date for Easter he supported his case with a wealth of curious information, some of it acquired from the Prayer-book tables, as he said, "during the less interesting sermons to which I have listened." You or I would have said "dull" *tout court*, and in that case we should not have deserved to receive, as Lord DESBOROUGH did, the almost enthusiastic support of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

In spite of this Lord ONSLOW, for the Government, was far from encouraging. He quite recognised the drawbacks of the movable Easter, and agreed that it was primarily a matter for the Churches. But he feared the Nonconformists might dissent, and displayed a hitherto unsuspected reverence for the opinion of the Armenians. Besides, what about the Dominions and Labour? And with Europe in such a state of unrest ought we to throw in a new apple of discord? With much regret the Government could not see their way, etc. Whereupon Lord DESBOROUGH, who seems to be easily satisfied, expressed his gratitude and withdrew his motion.

In an expansive moment Mr. MONTAGU once referred to Mr. GANDHI as his "friend." He did so, it appears, in the hope that the eminent agitator would abandon his disloyal vapourings. But the friendship is now finally sundered. Mr. GANDHI has been endeavouring to organise a boycott of the PRINCE OF WALES' visit to India, and, as Mr. MONTAGU observed more in sorrow than in anger, "Nobody who suggests disloyalty or discourtesy to the Crown can be a friend of any Member of this House, let alone a Minister."

If anyone were to take exception to the accuracy of some of the PRIME MINISTER's historical allusions in his post-Spa oration he would doubtless reply, "I don't read history; I make it." He was tart with the Turks, gratulatory to the Greeks, peevish with the Poles and gentle to the Germans. The German CHANCELLOR and Herr von SIMONS were described as "two perfectly honest upright men, doing their best to cope with a gigantic task." Their country was making a real effort to meet the indemnity; it was not entirely responsible for the delay in trying the war-criminals, and even in the matter of disarmament was not altogether blameworthy. The Bolsheviks also were handled more tenderly than usual. Their reply was "incoherent" rather than

"impertinent"—it might have been drawn up by a WEDGWOOD-KENWORTHY-CECIL-BOTTOMLEY-THOMAS syndicate. Still they must not be allowed to wipe out Poland, foolish and reckless as the Poles had been.

A well-informed speech was made by Mr. T. SHAW, evidently destined to be the Foreign Minister of the first Labour Cabinet. Having travelled in Russia he has acquired a distaste for the Soviet system, both political and industrial, and is confident that no amount of Bolshevik propaganda will induce the British proletariat to embrace a creed under which he would be compelled to work.

Thursday, July 22nd.—The Peers held an academic discussion on the



AN ARABIAN KNIGHT AT HOME.
LORD WINTERTON.

League of Nations. Lords PARMOOR, BRYCE and HALDANE, who declared themselves its friends, were about as cheerful as Job's Comforters; Lord SYDENHAM was frankly sceptical of the success of a body that had, and could have, no effective force behind it; and Lord CURZON was chiefly concerned to dispel the prevalent delusion that the League is a branch of the British Foreign Office.

The Commons had an equally unappetising bill-of-fare, in which Ireland figured appropriately as the *pièce de résistance*. Sir JOHN REES' well-meant endeavour to furnish some lighter refreshment by an allusion to the Nauru islanders' habit of "broiling their brothers for breakfast" fell a little flat. The latest news from Belfast suggests that in the expression of brotherly love Queen's Island has little to learn from Nauru.

A SCENE AT THE CLUB.

I NEVER liked Buttinbridge. I considered him a vulgar and pushful fellow. He had thrust himself into membership of my club and he had forced his acquaintance upon me.

I was sitting in the club smoking-room the other day when Buttinbridge came in. His behaviour was characteristic of the man. He walked towards me and said in a loud voice, "Cheerio, old Sport!"

I drew the little automatic pistol with which I had provided myself in case of just such an emergency, took a quick aim and fired. Buttinbridge gave a convulsive leap, fell face downwards on the hearthrug and lay quite still. It was a beautiful shot—right in the heart.

The room was fairly full at the moment, and at the sound of the shot several members looked up from their newspapers. One young fellow—I fancy he was a country member recently demobilised—who had evidently watched the incident, exclaimed, "Pretty shot, Sir!" But two or three of the older men frowned irritably and said, "Sh-sh-sh!"

Seeing that it was incumbent upon me to apologise, I said, in a tone just loud enough to be audible to all present, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen." Then I dropped the spent cartridge into an ash-tray, returned the pistol to my pocket and was just stretching out my hand to touch the bell when old Withergreen, the *doyen* of the club, interposed.

"Pardon me," he said, "I am a little deaf, but almost simultaneously with the fall of this member upon the hearthrug I fancied I heard the report of a firearm. May I claim an old man's privilege and ask if I am right in presuming a connection between the two occurrences, and, if so, whether there has been any recent relaxation of our time-honoured rule against assassination on the club premises?"

Shouting into his ear-trumpet, I said, "I fired the shot, Sir, which killed the member now lying upon the hearthrug. I did so because he addressed me in a form of salutation which I regard as peculiarly objectionable. He called me 'Old Sport,' an expression used by bookmakers and such."

"Um! Old Port?" mumbled old Withergreen.

"OLD SPORT," I shouted more loudly. Then I stepped to the writing-table, took a dictionary from among the books of reference, found the place I wanted and returned to the ear-trumpet.

"I find here," I said, for the benefit of the room at large, for all were now

listening, though with some impatience, "that in calling me a 'sport' the deceased member called me a plaything, a diversion. If he had called me a *sportsman*, which is here defined as 'one who hunts, fishes or fowls,' he would have been not necessarily more accurate but certainly less offensive."

At this point there stood up a member whom I recognised as one of the committee. "I am sure, Sir," he said, "that all present are agreed that you fired in defence of the purity of English speech, and that the incident was the outcome of an unfortunate attempt to relieve the financial embarrassment of the club by relaxing our former rigorous exclusiveness. Speaking as one of the committee, I have no doubt that the affair will be dismissed as *justifiable homicide*."

Having bowed my acknowledgments I rang the bell. When the waiter appeared I bade him "Bring me a black coffee and then clear away the remains of Mr. Buttinbridge."

* * * * *

Then I was awakened by the voice of Buttinbridge yelling, "Wake up, old Sport!"

THE PECULIAR CASE OF TOLLER.

Toller first floated into public notice on the fame of Rodman, who by an irony of fate is now all but forgotten. Rodman, it may be remembered, was a promising young poet during the first decade of this century. Out of a scandalous youth whose verses made their appearance in slim periodicals that expired before their periodicity could be computed, he was evolving into a reputable poet who was given a prominent position facing advertising matter in the heavy magazines when he met with his regrettably early end. Apart from his poems he left no literary remains, except a few letters too hideously ungrammatical for publication. The sole materials for a biography lay in the memory of Toller, who by a stroke of luck happened to have known him intimately.

By an equal piece of good fortune Toller had taken a course of mind training and his memory was exceptionally retentive. His *Life of Rodman* achieved instant success, a far greater than *Rodman's Collected Works*. The undomesticities of a poet's life naturally excite greater interest in the cultured than his utterances on Love, Destiny and other topics on which poets are apt to discourse. Toller, until then a struggling journalist, became all at once a minor literary celebrity, much in demand at conversaziones and places where they chatter. Sympathy for Rodman aroused curiosity which only Toller could sat-

isfy. His memory, continually stimulated by questions, gained further in strength. The more he was asked the more he remembered, and so on in a virtuous circle. His Rodmaniana provided him with a comfortable income. He removed from Earl's Court to luxurious chambers off Jermyn Street, from which he poured out article after article on the deceased poet.

Then suddenly, without warning, probably from overstrain, his memory gave way. Everything in the past, Rodman included, vanished from his mind. A greater calamity one could not conceive. It was as though a violinist had lost a hand, a popular preacher his voice. His livelihood was gone. Much as his babble about Rodman had bored me I could not but feel some sorrow for him, fallen from

his little pinnacle of fame and affluence. Judge, then, of my surprise when I passed him about a fortnight ago faultlessly dressed and wearing an air of great prosperity. He showed of course not the smallest recollection of me.

"How does Toller manage to live?" I asked Cardew, who knows him better than I do.

"He still writes," was the reply.

"What—without a memory?"

"Yes, he finds it an advantage. You see, since the fusion of the old parties and the formation of new ones, the possession of a memory is often a source of considerable embarrassment to a leader writer. Toller now does the political articles for a prominent morning paper. The proprietors consider him a wonderful find."



Grocer. "Now, my man, the butter you brought us last week—every packet of it weighed only fifteen ounces."

Farmer's Man. "Well, to be sure, Sir, we'd lost our one-pound weight; but we took one of your pound packets of tea to weigh it with."

BUCKLER'S.

To acquire an estate is, even in these days of inflated prices and competitive house-hunters, an easy matter compared with finding a name for it when it is yours. It is then that the real trouble sets in.

Take the case of my friend Buckler.

A little while ago he purchased a property, a few acres on the very top of a hill not too far from London and only half-a-mile from his present habitation, and there he is now building a home. At least the plans are done and the ground has been pegged out. "Here," he will say, quite unmindful of the clouds emptying themselves all over us—with all an enthusiast's disregard for others, and an enthusiast, moreover, who has his abode close by, full of changes of raiment—"here," setting his foot firmly in the mud, "is where the dining-room will be. Here," moving away a few yards through the slush, "is the billiard-room." Then, pointing towards the zenith with his stick, "Above it"—here you look up into the pitiless sky as well as the deluge will permit—"are two spare rooms, one of which will be yours when you come to see us." And so forth.

He then leads the way round the place, through brake fern wetter than waves, to indicate the position of the tennis-courts, and in course of time you are allowed to return to the dry and spend the rest of the day in borrowed clothes.

Everyone knows these Kubla Khans decreeing pleasure domes and enlarging upon them in advance of the builders, and never are they so eloquent and unmindful of rain and discomforts as when their listeners are poor and condemned to a squalid London existence for ever.

But that is beside the mark. It is the naming of these new country seats that leads to such difficulties.

That night at dinner the question arose again.

"As it is on the top of the hill," said a gentle wistful lady, "why not call it 'Hill Top'? I'm sure I've seen that name before. It is expressive and simple."

"So simple," said Buckler, "that my nearest neighbour has already appropriated it."

"I suppose that would be an objection," said the lady, and we all agreed.

"Why not," said another guest, "call it 'The Summit'? or, more concisely, just 'Summit'?"

"Or why not go further," said a frivolous voice, "and suggest hospitality too—and Buckler's hospitality is notorious—by calling it 'Summit-to-Eat'?"

Our silence was properly contemptuous of this sally.

"If you didn't like that you might call it 'Summit-to-Drink,'" the frivolous voice impenitently continued. "Then you would get all the Americans there too."

The voice's glass having been replenished (which, I fancy, was its inner purpose) we became serious again.

"As it is on the top of the hill," said the first lady, "there will probably be a view. Why not call it, for example, 'Bellevue'? 'Bellevue' is a charming word."

"A little French, isn't it?" someone inquired.

"Oh, yes, it's French," she admitted. "But it's all right, isn't it? It's quite nice French."

We assured her that, for a French phrase, it was singularly free from impropriety.

"But of course," she said, "there's an Italian equivalent, 'Bella Vista.' 'Bella Vista' is delightful."

"I passed a 'Bella Vista' in Surbiton yesterday," said the frivolous voice, "and an errand-boy had done his worst with it with a very black lead pencil."

"What could he do?" the gentle lady asked wonderingly, with big violet eyes distended.

"It is not for me to explain," said the frivolous voice; "but the final vowel of the first word dissatisfied him and he substituted another. The capabilities of errand-boys with pencil or chalk should never be lost sight of when one is choosing a name for a front gate."

"I am all at sea," said the lady plaintively. Then she brightened. "Is there no prominent landmark visible from the new house?" she asked. "It is so high there must be."

Our hostess said that by cutting down two trees it would be possible to see Windsor Castle.

"Oh, then, do cut them down," said the lady, "and call it 'Castle View.' That would be perfect."

During the panic that followed I made a suggestion. "The best name for it," I said, "is 'Buckler's.' That is what the country people will call it, and so you may as well forestall them and be resigned to it. Besides, it's the right kind of name. It's the way most of the farms all over England once were named—after their owners, and where the owner was a man of character and force the name persisted. Call it 'Buckler's' and you will help everyone, from the postman to the strange guest who might otherwise tour the neighbourhood for miles searching for you long after lunch was finished."

"But isn't it too practical?" the first lady asked. "There's no poetry in it."

"No," I said, "there isn't. The poetry is in its owner. Any man who can stand in an open field under a July rainstorm and show another man where his bedroom is to be in a year's time is poet enough." E. V. L.

TO ISIS.

ISIS, beside thine ambient rill

How oft I've snuffed the Berkshire breezes,

Or, prone on some adjoining hill,
Thrown off with my accustomed skill

The weekly fyte of polished wheezes;
How oft in summer's languorous days,

With some fair creature at the pole, I
Have thrid the Cherwell's murmurous ways

And dared with lobster mayonnaise
The onslaughts of Bacillus Coli?

Once—it was done at duty's call—

My labouring oar explored thy reaches;
They said I was no good at all

And coaches noting me would bawl
Things about "angleworms and breeches;"

But oh! the shouts of heartfelt glee

That rang on thine astonished margins
As we bore (rolling woundily)

Full in the wake of Brasenose III.

And bumped them soundly at the barges.

That night on Oxenford there burst

A sound of strong men at their revels,
And stroke, in vinous lore unversed,

Retired, if you must know the worst,

On feet that swam at different levels,
Nor knew till morning brought its cares

That, while the cup was freely flowing,

He'd scaled a flight of moving stairs

And commandeered his tutor's chairs

To keep the college bonfire going.

Immortal youth it was that bound

Us twain together, beauteous river;
And, though these limbs just crawl

around

That once would scarcely touch the ground,

And alcohol upsets my liver,

Still, in a punt or lithe canoe

I can revive my vernal heyday,

Pretend the sky's ethereal blue,

The golden kingcups' cheery hue,

Spell my, as well as Nature's, May-day.

The evening glows, the swallow skims

Between the water and the willows;

The blackbird's pipe their evening hymns,

A punt awaits at Mr. Tims'

With generous tea and lots of pillows,

And of all girls the first, the best

To play at youth with this old fossil;

Then Isis, as we glide to rest

Upon thy shadow-dappled breast,

We'll pledge thee in a generous was-sail.

ALGOL.



Mistress. "DID EVERYTHING COME FROM THE STORES THAT I ORDERED?"

Maid. "EVERYTHINK, MUM, 'CEPT THE 'ADDICK, WHICH IS COMING ON BY ITSELF LATER."

ENGLAND UNBENDS.

REPORTS FROM SPA AND SHORE.

SCARGATE.—This famous Yorkshire Spa is now in a condition of hectic activity and offers a plethora of attractions. A recent analysis of the waters shows that the proportion of sapid ovaloid particles and sulphuretted trinitrotoluene is larger than ever. Lieutenant Platt-Stithers' stincopated anthropoid orchestra plays four times daily—in the early morning and at noon for the relief of the water-drinkers, and in the afternoon and evening in the rotating Jazz Hall. Special attractions this week include cinema lectures daily on the domestic life of the Solomon Islanders by Mr. Nicholas Ould; a recital on the Bolophone on Thursday by Mr. Tertius Quodling, and, at the Grand Opera House, *Pope Joan* and *The Flip-Flappers*. On Saturday the Stridecar Golf Club will hold a series of competitions in rational fancy dress for the benefit of the Phonetic Spelling Association.

FALLALMOUTH.—Visitors to this romantic resort are offered a wide field of entertainment and moral uplift. The steamer excursions embrace trips up

the lovely river Fallal to Gongor, famous for the prehistoric remains of the shrine of Saint Opodeldoc, and to beauty spots in the harbour like Glumgallion, Trehenna and Pangoffin Creek. There are also excursions in armed motor-char-à-bancs to Boscagel, Cadgerack and Flapperack. To-day visitors can view the gardens at Poljerrick, where many super-tropical plants, including man-eating cacti, are growing in the most unbridled luxuriance. There is a fine sporting nine-hole golf-course on the shingle strand at Grogwalloe, where the test of niblick play is more severe than on any links save those of the Culbin Sands near Nairn. Among other attractive features are the brilliant displays of aurora borealis over the Bay, which have been arranged at considerable cost by the Corporation in conjunction with the Meteorological Society.

BORECAMBE.—The demand for bathing-machines and tents continues to increase, though the shopkeepers are complaining of a decreasing spending power on the part of the visitors and a disinclination to pay more than a shilling a head for shrimps. The practice of dispensing with head-gear is also much resented by local outfitters, but other-

wise the situation is well in hand. On Monday last Mr. Silas Pargeter, an old resident, caught a fine conger-eel, weighing fifty-six pounds, which he has presented to the Museum. As Borecambe is a good jumping-off ground for the Lake District there are daily char-à-banc excursions to the land of WORDSWORTH and RUSKIN, each passenger being supplied with a megaphone and a pea-shooter.

DOWN CHANNEL.

THE chime of country steeples,
The scent of gorse and musk,
The drone of sleepy breakers
Come mingled with the dusk;
A ruddy moon is rising
Like a ripe pomegranate husk.

The coast-wise lights are wheeling
White sword-blades in the sky,
The misty hills grow dimmer,
The last lights blink and die;
Oh, land of home and beauty,
Good-bye, my dear, good-bye!

PATLANDER.

How to be Lonely though Married.

"Lonely Officer (married, with three children) wants Sealyham Terrier Dog."—*Times*.



Lancelotti Speed

Golfer. "LET'S SEE—WHAT'S BOGEY FOR THIS HOLE?"

Caddie (fed up). "DINNA FASH YERSEL' ABOUT BOGEY. YE'VE PLAYED FIFTEEN AN' YE'RE NO DEID YET—(aside) WORSE LUCK."

MY DROMEDARY.

I SEE by *The Times* that dromedaries are on sale at sixty-five pounds apiece.

In these days, when commodities of all kinds are so expensive, one cannot afford to overlook bargains of whatever nature they may be. And it seems to me that a dromedary at sixty-five pounds is really rather cheap.

For after all sixty-five pounds to-day is little more than thirty pounds in pre-war times. Considering their trifling cost I am surprised that more people do not possess dromedaries. Most of my neighbours during the past two years have built garages, but not one, so far as I am aware, has built a dromedary-drome.

I think I shall buy one of these attractive pets if my pass-book encourages me. Cheaper than a motor-car and far more intelligent and responsive to human affection, a dromedary will add distinction to my establishment and afford pleasant occupation for my leisure. It brings no attendant annoyance from the Inland Revenue authorities; there are no tiresome registration fees or regulations as to the dimensions of a number-plate.

As long as I can remember I have lived in a state of uncertainty as to whether a dromedary has two humps

and a camel one, or a camel two humps and a dromedary one. With one of these exotic quadrupeds tethered only a few yards away from the kitchen door that condition of doubt need not exist in the future for more than a few moments. In a good light it should be perfectly easy to count the humps or hump. Then again a dromedary will come for a walk on a fine evening without involving one in a dog-fight. It will provide quiet yet healthful exercise for the two children. If it turns out that the type possesses two humps it will be able to convey Edgar and Marigold at one and the same time, thus saving delay and inconvenience.

It will be a protection to the house. When we have gone to bed the faithful creature will lie on guard in the hall, and no amount of poisoned liver thrust through the letter-box will assuage its ferocity or weaken its determination to protect the hearth and home of its master against marauders. For the dromedary is not only a strict teetotaler and non-smoker, but a lifelong vegetarian. Famous for its browsing propensities, a dromedary about the garden will save untold labour and expense, keeping the lawn trimmed and the hedges clipped. And indoors its height will serve me admirably in enabling me, while seated on its hump

or one of its humps, to attend in comfort to a little whitewashing job which will not brook further postponement.

I will look at my pass-book to-morrow.

FLOWERS' NAMES.

COLT'S FOOT.

WHEN the four Horses of the Sun
Were little leggy things,
When they could only jump and run
And hadn't grown their wings,
The Sun-God sent them out to play
In a field one July day.

Oh, the four Horses of the Sun
They galloped and they rolled,
They leapt into the air for fun
And felt so brave and bold;
And when they'd done their galloppings
They'd grown four splendid pairs of wings.

The Sun-God fetched them in again
To draw his car of gold;
But you can still see very plain
Where each one leapt and rolled;
For from each hoof-mark, every one,
There sprang a little golden sun,
And that same little golden flower
People call Colt's Foot to this hour.

"The stove will stand by itself anywhere.
It omits neither smoke nor smell."

Provincial Paper.

We know that stove.



Lady. "CAN YOU SHOW ME SOMETHING SUITABLE FOR A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR A GENTLEMAN?"

Shopwalker. "MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT ON THE NEXT FLOOR, MADAM."

Lady. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW. THE GIFT IS FOR MY HUSBAND."

Shopwalker. "OH, PARDON, MADAM. BARGAIN COUNTER IN THE BASEMENT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Not every regiment has the good luck to find for chronicler one who is not only a distinguished soldier but a practical and experienced man of letters. This fortune is enjoyed by *The Gold Coast Regiment* (MURRAY) in securing for its historian Sir HUGH CLIFFORD, K.C.M.G., from whose book you may obtain a vivid picture of a phase of the Empire's effort about which the average Briton has heard comparatively little. The very strenuous campaigns of the G.C.R., the endurance and achievements of its brave and light-hearted troops, and the heroism and fostering care of its officers, make an inspiring story. Almost for the first time one gains some real idea of the difficulties of the East African campaign, that prolonged tiger hunt, in which every advantage of mobility, of choice of ground, ambush and the like lay with the enemy; and over very tough physical obstacles, as, for example, rivers so variable that, in the author's incisive phrase, they "can rarely be relied upon, for very long together, either to furnish drinking-water or to refrain from impeding transport." It is interesting to note that Sir HUGH, while giving every credit to the remarkable personality of the German commander, entirely demolishes the theory, so grateful to our sentimentalists, that the absence of surrenders on the part of the enemy's black troops was due to any devotion to Von LETTOW-VORBECK as leader; the explanation being the characteristic German dodge of creating from the natives a military caste so highly privileged, and consequently unpopular with their fellows, that surrender, involving return to native civilian life, became a practical impossibility.

Much the best part, and a good best, of *Sir Harry* (COLLINS) is the opening, which is not only delightful in itself but contains almost the sole example of a chapter-long letter (of the kind usually so unconvincing in fiction) in which I have found it possible to believe as being actually written by one character to another. The explanation of which is that this one is supposed to be sent to his wife by the new *Vicar of Royd*, himself a successful novelist; on a visit of inspection to his future parish. The efforts of *Mrs. Grant*, at home, to disentangle essential facts from the complications of the literary manner form as pleasant and human an introduction to a story as any I remember. The story itself is one highly characteristic of its author, Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, both in charm and truth to life, as also in one minor drawback, of which I have taken occasion to speak before. Nothing could be better done than the picture of the household at Royd Castle, the boy owner, *Sir Harry*, sheltered by the almost too-encompassing care of the three elder inmates, mother, grandmother and tutor. When the fictionally inevitable happens and an Eve breaks into this protected Eden there follow some boy-and-girl love-scenes that may perhaps remind you—and what praise could be higher?—of the collapse of another system on the meeting of *Richard* and *Lucy*. I will not anticipate the end of a sympathetically told story, which I myself should have enjoyed even more but for Mr. MARSHALL's habit (hinted at above) of following real life somewhat too closely in the matter of non-progressive discussion. How I should like him to lay his next scene in a community of Trappists!

The Haunted Bookshop (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is a daring, perhaps too daring, mixture of a browse in a second-hand

bookshop and a breathless bustle among international criminals. To estimate the accuracy of its technical details the critic must be a secret service specialist, the mustiest of bookworms and a highly-trained expert in the science and language of the American advertising business. Speaking as a general practitioner, I like Mr. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY best when he is being cinematographic; he hits a very happy mean with his spies and his sleuths, giving a nice proportion of skill and error, failure and success, to both. There is a strong love-interest which will be made much of and probably spoilt by the purchasers of the film-rights; and, though strong men will doubtless applaud hoarsely and women will weep copiously, as the bomb in the bookshop throws the young lovers into each other's arms, I feel that the book gives a more attractive portrait of *Titania Chapman*, the plutocrat's daughter, than ever can be materialised in the film-man's "close-up." I am afraid that Mr. MORLEY will not thank me for praising his brisk melodrama at the cost of his ramblings in literature. But, if he has the knowledge, he lacks the fragrance: not to put too fine a point on it, he is long-winded and tends to bore in his disquisitions upon books and bookishness; which is no proper material for a novelist. The story is all about America and is thoroughly American; inevitably therefore there is some ambitious word-coining. The only novelty which sticks in my memory and earns my gratitude is the title for the female Bolshevik, to wit, Bolshevixen.

Wayward and capricious heroines who marry young are entitled, I think, to a certain amount of introspective treatment by their authors. Without some knowledge of their mental working it is not very easy

for the reader to have patience with them. I was introduced to *Anne* (HEINEMANN) when she was fifteen, and in the act of snatching a loaf of bread from a baker's cart and running away with it merely to annoy the baker; and, as she had large blue eyes and two young men as self-appointed guardians, I was prepared for a certain amount of heart trouble later on. One of these heroes she married at the age of seventeen, and, after various innocent but compromising vagaries (including a flight to Paris after the death of her son in order to study art), she followed the other one, still innocently, to Ireland, because he had been in prison and she was sorry for him. Both these guardians discharged their duty to *Anne* at least as well as OLGA HARTLEY, who chronicles but does not explain; and this is a pity, for with a rather different treatment she might have made her heroine a very likeable person. Looked at from another point of view, *Anne* may be taken as a mild piece of propaganda against divorce. I am glad it didn't come to that, of course, but I do feel that a cross-examining K.C. would have discovered a good deal more about *Anne's* soul for me than I learnt from the writer of her story.

John Fitzhenry (MILLS AND BOON) is one of those pleasant

stories about people who live in big country houses, a subject that seems to have a particular attraction for the large and ungrudging public which lives in villas. We have already several novelists who tell them very ably, and I feel that some one among them has served as Miss ELLA MACMAHON's model. The tale deals with the affairs of a showy fickle cousin and a silent constant cousin who compete for the love of the same delightful if rather nebulous young woman, and moves to its *dénouement* against a background of the great War, which Miss MACMAHON has very sensibly decided to view entirely from the home front. It contains some fine thinking and some bad writing (the phrase telling of the middle-aged smart woman who "waved her foot impatiently" gives a just idea of the author's occasional inability to say what she means), some quite extraneous incidents and some scenes very well touched in. The people, with a few exceptions, are of the race which inhabits this sort of book, and, as we have long agreed with our novelists that "the county" is just like that, I don't see why Miss MACMAHON should be blamed for it.



IN OLD VERSAILLES.

Mother. "GOOD NEWS, MY SON! EVEN AS I PONDERED WHETHER I SHOULD EAT OUR LAST CRUST THE EVER-KIND ABBÉ CALLED TO SAY HE HAD FOUND THEE A HIGHLY-PAID APPOINTMENT AT COURT."

Son. "YES—BUT DID HE TELL YOU IT WAS AS FOOD-TASTER TO HIS MAJESTY, WHO DAILY EXPECTS TO BE POISONED?"

hard with a scandalmongress of the type we happily meet less often in life than in fiction. I hope he will not be quite so dental in his next book. I didn't so much mind *Mrs. Hopper's* teeth, which "flashed like an electric advertisement," but when he made two golfers also flash "triumphant teeth" I recoiled.

The Golden Bird of Miss DOROTHY EASTON (HEINEMANN) is indeed lucky to set out on its flight with a favouring pat from Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY. He asserts that these short studies of people and things in England and France are very well done indeed; that moreover, though the short sketch may look, and the bad short sketch may be, one of the easiest of literary feats, the good short sketch is in fact one of the most difficult. Now who should know this if not Mr. GALSWORTHY, and who am I that I should presume to disagree? As a matter of fact I don't. Quite the contrary. But naturally I shall get no credit for that. I will only add that Miss EASTON has not a majority mind, that she sees the sad thing more easily than the gay, that I like her work best in her more objective moods, and that, like so many writers of perception, she finds the quintessence of England's beauty in happy Sussex.

CHARIVARIA.

A DROUGHT is reported from India and Eastern Africa. Considering the amount of water which has recently escaped from clouds over here it is not surprising to find that they are feeling the pinch in other countries.

A correspondent writes to a weekly paper inquiring when Sir ERIC GEDDES was born. We admire the fellow's restraint in not asking "Why?"

We understand that one wealthy connoisseur has decided to give up buying Old Masters in order to save up for the purchase of a railway ticket.

The *Daily Mail* points out that Lord NORTHCLIFFE has left England for the Continent. Sir ERIC GEDDES is said to have remarked that he will catch his lordship coming back.

A gentleman who is about to travel to a South Coast resort writes to inquire what his position will be if some future Government reduces the railway fares before he arrives at his destination.

In view of the increased railway fares there is some talk of starting a Mansion House Fund to convey Scotsmen home from England before it is too late.

Of the new railway rates it can be said that those who go farthest will fare worse.

With reference to the man who was seen laughing in the Strand the other day, it should be pointed out that he is not an English tax-payer but a Colonial who was catching the boat home next morning.

A Christmas-card posted at Farnham in December, 1905, has just been delivered at Ivychurch. The theory is that the postal authorities mistook it for a business communication.

The monocle is coming into fashion once again, and it is thought that a motorist wearing one goggle will soon be quite a common sight.

In view of their unwieldiness and size it is being urged that motor charabancs should be required to carry a special form of hooter, to be sounded

only when there is no room for a vehicle coming in the other direction to pass. A more elaborate system of signals is also suggested, notably two short squawks and a long groan, to signify "My pedestrian, I think."

According to a County Court judge it is the duty of every motorist who knocks down a pedestrian to go back and ask the man if he is hurt. But surely the victim cannot answer such a question off-hand without first consulting his solicitor.

A great pilgrimage of house-hunters has visited the enormous marrow which is growing in an allotment at Ingatstone, but the strong military guard sent to protect it has succeeded up to

precipice, but escaped without injury. We understand that in spite of many tempting offers from cinematograph companies the motorists have decided not to repeat the experiment.

SOLVING THE HOLIDAY FARE PROBLEM.

"NONE but the rich can pay the fare" is as true at this moment as when the words were first penned.

The reference, of course, is to the return fare, for the single fare of tomorrow is hardly more than we paid without complaint in years gone by for the journey there and back.

How comparatively few people seem to be aware that the solution of the difficulty lies in not returning. Could anything be simpler?

Nobody wants to return. In preparing for a holiday our thoughts are concentrated on when to go, where to go and how to get there. Who bothers himself about when to come back, where to come back from, and how to do it? After all, holiday-making is not to be confused with prize-fighting.

That we have come back in the past has been due as much to custom as to anything. Someone introduced the silly fashion of returning from holidays, and we have unthinkingly acquired the habit. Once we shake off this holiday convention the problem of the return fare is solved.

Just stay where you are and all will be well. Sooner or later your friends or

your employer (if your return is really considered desirable) will send a money-order. But that is their look-out. The point is that the return fare need not trouble you. And you can please yourself as to what you buy with the money-order.

Why all this outcry then about the cost of travelling in the holiday season?

"M. Lappas, the young Greek tenor whose debut last season won him a host of fiends."

Daily Paper.

As *Mephistopheles*, we presume.

"Lost, Monday, July 19th, silver purse containing 10s. note and photographs; also lady's bathing costume."—*Local Paper.*

Wrapped up in the "Fisher," no doubt.

I once knew a bowler named Patrick Who, after performing the "hat-trick,"
Remarked, as he bowed
His respects to the crowd,
"It's nothing: I often do that trick!"



The Girl. "ISN'T THAT MR. JONES BOWLING?"

The Enthusiast. "YES. THE OTHER DAY HE TOOK THREE WICKETS FOR SIX."

The Girl. "HOW DREADFUL! I'D NO IDEA HE DRANK."

the present in frustrating all attempts to occupy it.

A motor fire-engine dashed into a draper's shop in the North of London last Tuesday week. We understand that one of the firemen with great presence of mind justified his action by immediately setting fire to the building.

A petrified fish about fifty feet long has been discovered in Utah. This is said to be the largest sardine and the smallest whale America has ever produced.

Building operations were interrupted in North London last week, when a couple of sparrows built a nest on some foundations just where a bricklayer was due to lay a brick the next day.

Six tourists motoring through the mountainous district of Ardèche Department fell a thousand feet down a

BADLY SYNGED.

THE scene is the morning-room of the Smith-Hybrows' South London residence. It is the day following the final performance of the Smith-Hybrows' strenuous season of J. M. SYNGE drama, undertaken with the laudable intention of familiarising the suburb with the real Irish temperament and the works of the dramatist in question.

Mrs. Smith-Hybrow is seated at the breakfast-table, her head buried behind the coffee urn. She is opening her letters and "keening" softly as she rocks in her chair.

Mrs. Smith-Hybrow (*scanning a letter*). Will I be helping them with the sale of work? It's little enough the like of me will be doing for them the way I was treated at the last Bazaar, when Mrs. McGupperty and Mrs. Glyn-Jones were after destroying me with the cutting of the sandwiches. And was I not there for three days, from the rising of the blessed sun to the shining of the blessed stars, cutting and cutting, and never a soul to bear witness to the destroying labour of it, and the two legs of me like to give way with the great weariness (*keens*)? I'll have no call this year to be giving in to their prayers and beseechings, and I won't care the way the Curate will be after trying to come round me, with his eyes looking at me the way the moon kisses the drops of dew on the hedgerows when the road is white.

[*Opens another letter, keening the while in a slightly higher key. Enter Gertrude Smith-Hybrow. She crosses to the window and stares out.*]

Gertrude. There are black clouds in the sky, and the wind is breaking in the west and making a great stir with the trees, and they are hitting one on the other. And there is rain falling, falling from the clouds, and the roads be wet.

Mrs. S.-H. It is your mackintosh you will be wanting when you are after going to the Stores.

Gertrude (*coming to the table and speaking with dull resentment*). And why should I be going to the Stores the way I have enough to do with a meeting of the League for Brighter Homes and a luncheon of the Cubist Encouragement Society? Isn't it a queer hard thing that Dora cannot be going to the Stores, and her with time enough on her hands surely?

[*Sits in her place and begins keening. While she has been speaking Dora has entered hurriedly, buttoning her jumper.*]

Dora (*vigorously*). And is it you, Gertrude Smith-Hybrow, that will be

talking about me having time on my hands? May the saints forgive you for the hard words, and me having to cycle this blessed day to Mrs. Montgomery's lecture on the Dadaist Dramatists, and the méringues and the American creams to be made for to-night's Tchekoff *Conversazione*. Is it not enough for a girl to be destroyed with the play-acting, and the wind like to be in my face the whole way and the rain falling, falling?

[*Sits in her place and keens.*]

Mrs. S.-H. (*after an interval of keening*). Is it your father that will be missing his train this morning, Dora Smith-Hybrow?

Dora (*rousing herself and selecting an egg*). It is my father that will be missing his train entirely, and it is his son that would this minute be sleeping the blessed daylight away had I not let fall upon him a sponge that I had picked out of the cold, cold water.

Gertrude. It is a flapper you are, Dora Smith-Hybrow.

Dora. It is a flapper you will never be again, Gertrude Smith-Hybrow, though you be after doing your queer best to look like one.

Mrs. S.-H. Whisht! Is it the time for loose talk, with the wind rising, rising, and the rain falling, falling, and the price of butter up another threepence this blessed morning?

[*They all three recommence keening. Enter Mr. Smith-Hybrow followed by Cyril.*]

Mr. S.-H. (*staunching a gash in his chin*). Is it not a hard thing for a man to be late for his breakfast and the rain falling, falling, and the wind rising, rising. It's destroyed I am with the loss of blood and no food in my stomach would keep the life in a flea.

[*Sits in his place and opens his letters savagely. Cyril, a cadaverous youth, stares gloomily into the depths of the marmalade.*]

Cyril (*dreamily*). There's gold and gold—caverns of gold. And there's a woman with hair of gold and eyes would pick the locks of a man's soul, and long shining hands like pale seaweed. Is it not a terrible thing that a man would have to go to the City when there is a woman with gold hair waiting for him in the marmalade pot—waiting to draw him down into the cold, cold water?

Dora. Is it another spongy you are wanting, Cyril Smith-Hybrow, and myself destroyed entirely waiting for the marmalade?

[*Cyril blushes, passes the marmalade, sits down languidly and selects an egg. Mrs. S.-H. pours out the coffee and resumes her keening.*]

Mr. S.-H. (*glaring at her*). Is it not a nice thing for the wife of a respectable City stockbroker to sit at the breakfast-table making a noise like that of a cow that is waiting to be milked?

Mrs. S.-H. (*hurt*). It is keening I am.

Gertrude (*passing him "The Morning Post"*). Is it not enough that the price of butter is up another threepence this blessed day, and the wind rising, rising, and the rain falling, falling?

Mr. S.-H. It is destroyed we shall all be entirely.

Cyril (*gazing into the depths of his egg*). There was a strange queer dream I was after having the night that has gone. It was on the rocks I was . . .

Mr. S.-H. (*glaring at the market reports*). It is on the rocks we shall all be.

Cyril. . . . on the rocks I was by the sea-shore . . .

Dora (*slightly hysterically*). With the wind rising, rising?

Cyril (*nodding*). . . . and the rain falling, falling. And a woman of the chorus drove up in a taxi, and the man that had the driving of it was eating an orange. The woman came and sat by the side of me, and the peroxide in her hair made it gleam like the pale gold coins that were in the banks before the Great War (*more dreamily*). Never a word said she when I hung a chain of cold, cold sausages about her neck, but her eyes were shining, shining, and into my hands she put a tin of corned beef. And it is destroyed I was with the love of her, and would have kissed her lips but I saw the park-keeper coming, coming out of the sea for tickets, and I fled from the strange queer terror of it, and found myself by a lamp-post in Hackney Wick with the wind rising, rising, and the rain falling, falling.

[*He stops. The others stare at him and at one another in piteous inquiry. The women begin keening. Mr. S.-H. seizes the remaining egg and cracks it viciously.*]

Mr. S.-H. (*falling back in his chair*). Damnation!

[*The air is filled with a pungent matter-of-fact odour. Dora, holding her handkerchief to her nose, rushes valiantly at the offender and hurls it out of the window on to a flower-bed. The SYNGE spell is broken.*]

Mr. Punch begs to thank the seven hundred and forty-three correspondents who have so thoughtfully drawn his attention to the too familiar fact that "there's many a slip 'twixt the Cup and the LIPTON."



THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE SEA.

COLUMBIA. "YOUR HEALTH, SIR THOMAS, AND BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME."

SIR THOMAS LIPTON. "'BUT LEAVE A KISS WITHIN THE CUP

• AND [*very tactfully*] I'LL NOT ASK FOR WINE.'"



Professional (to self-made man having his first lesson). "YOU'VE HIT THIS ONE HARD ENOUGH, SIR, AND NO MISTAKE. WHY, I'VE NEVER SEEN A BALL GASHED LIKE THAT BEFORE."

Self-made Man. "WELL, LAD, AH MOSTLY DO GET RESULTS FROM ONYTHING AH TAKES OOP."

THE SUCCULENT COMEDIANS.

AMONG the literary and artistic treasures of American collectors the manuscript of LAMB's essay on Roast Pig is eminent. I have seen this rarity, which is now in the strong room where Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN keeps his autographs safe equally from fire and from theft—if not from the desire to thief. Much did I covet in this realm of steel, and LAMB's MS. not least. The essay occupies both sides of large sheets of foolscap, written in a minute hand, with very few corrections, both the paper and the time occupied in transcription, if not also in actual composition, being, I should guess, the East India Company's. It is not, I imagine, the first draft, but the first fair copy after all the changes had been made and the form was fixed; and its author, if he is in any position to know what is going forward on a planet which he left some six-and-eighty years ago, must have been amused when he heard that so much money—thousands and thousands of dollars—had been given for it at auction the other day.

Reading the essay again, in the faded ink on the yellowing paper, I realised once more that everything that can be

said about little pigs, dead and ripe for the eater, had been said here and said finally. But the living? That very evening I was to find little live pigs working for their maintenance under conditions of which I had never dreamed, in an environment less conducive, one would suppose, to porcine activity than any that could be selected.

It was at Coney Island, that astonishing permanent and magnified Earl's Court Exhibition, summer Blackpool and August-Bank-Holiday-Hampstead-Heath, which New York supports for its beguilement. In this domain of switch-backs and chutes, merry-go-rounds and shooting-galleries, dancing-halls and witching waves, vociferous and crowded and lit by a million lamps, I came suddenly upon the Pig Slide and had a new conception of what quadrupeds can do for man.

The Pig Slide, which was in one of the less noisy quarters of Luna Park, consisted of an enclosure in which stood a wooden building of two storeys, some five yards wide and three high. On the upper storey was a row of six or eight cages, in each of which dwelt a little live pig, an infant of a few weeks. In the middle of the row, descending to the ground, was an inclined board, with

raised edges, such as is often installed in swimming-baths to make diving automatic, and beneath each cage was a hole a foot in diameter. The spectators and participants crowded outside the enclosure, and the thing was to throw balls, which were hired for the purpose, into the holes. Nothing could exceed the alert and eager interest taken by the little pigs in the efforts of the ball-throwers. They quivered on their little legs; they pressed their little noses against the bars of the cages; their little eyes sparkled; their tails (the only corkscrews left in America) curled and uncurled and curled again: and with reason, for whereas, if you missed—as was only too easy—nothing happened, if you threw accurately the fun began, and the fun was also theirs.

This is what occurred. First a bell rang and then a spring released the door of the cage immediately over the hole which your ball had entered, so that it swung open. The little pig within, after watching the previous infirmity of your aim with dejection, if not contempt, had pricked up his ears on the sound of the bell, and now smiled a gratified smile, irresistible in infectiousness, and trotted out, and, with the smile dissolving into an expression of



Ordinary Artist (to Ultra-Modern ditto). "HOW TOPPING THOSE KIDDIES LOOK WITH THE SUN ON THEM! OH, I FORGOT—I MEAN THOSE THINGS SPLASHING ABOUT OVER THERE. OF COURSE YOU DON'T SEE THEM AS HUMAN BEINGS."

absolute beatitude, slid voluptuously down the plank: to be gathered in at the foot by an attendant and returned to its cage all ready for another such adventure.

It was for these moments and their concomitant changes of countenance that you paid your money. To taste the triumph of good marksmanship was only a fraction of your joy; the greater part of it consisted in liberating a little-prisoner and setting in motion so much ecstasy.

We do not use baby pigs in this entertaining way in England. At the most we hunt them greased. But when other beguilements weary we might. The R.S.P.C.A. could not object, the little pets are so happy. And what a privilege is theirs, both alive and dead, to enchant creation's lord.

"In order to give a lead in economy King George and Queen Mary and a number of peeresses have decided not to wear plumes or tulle veils at the opening of Parliament."

Australian Paper.

Very self-sacrificing of His MAJESTY.

"My husband says I must leavee teo-night," said a wife at Acton. "Oh, hee eceanee't givee you...notice to quit," said the magistrate."

Evening Paper.

His worship seems to have settled the matter with e's.

THE MINISTERING ANGEL.

[Yawning, it is now claimed, is an excellent thing for the health.]

STRETCHED prone upon my couch of pain,

An ache in every limb,
Fell influenza having slain
My customary *rim*,
I mused, disconsolate, about
The pattern of my pall,
When lo! I heard a step without
And Thomson came to call.

"Your ruddy health," I told him,
"mocks

A hand too weak to grip
The tea-cup with its captive ox
And raise it to my lip;"
To which he answered he had come
To bring for my delight
Red posies of geranium
And roses pink and white.

'Twas kind of Thomson thus to seek
To mitigate my gloom,
But why did he proceed to speak
Of how he'd reared each bloom,
Telling in language far from terse
On what his blossoms fed
And how he made the greenfly curse
The day that it was bred?

He told me how he rose at dawn
To titivate the land

('Twas here that I began to yawn
Behind a courteous hand),
And how he thought his favourite pea
Had found the soil too dry
(And here I feared my yawns would be
Apparent to his eye).

On fruit and blossom good and bad
He rambled on unchecked,
Until his conversation had
Such curative effect
That in the end it drove away
My weak despondent mood.
I clasped his hand and blessed the day
He came to do me good.

"MORE DEARER PUBLICATIONS."

Daily Mail.

More dearer nor what they was?
Dear, dear!

From *Young India*, the organ of Mr. GANDHI:—

"In our last issue the number of those in receipt of relief is given at 500. This is a printer's devil. The number is 5,000."
Mr. GANDHI ought to exorcise that devil.

"The tests were entirely satisfactory, and the pilot manœuvred for a quarter of an hour at a height of 500 metres and a speed of 150 millimetres an hour."—*Aeronautics.*

This is believed to be the nearest approach to "hovering" that has yet been achieved by a machine.

NITRATES.

ALL alone I went a-walking by the London Docks one day,
For to see the ships discharging in the basins where they
lay;

And the cargoes that I saw there they were every sort and
kind,

Every blessed brand of merchandise a man could bring to
mind;

There were things in crates and boxes, there was stuff in
bags and bales,

There were tea-chests wrapped in matting, there were
Eastern-looking frails,

There were baulks of teak and greenheart, there were stacks
of spruce and pine,

There was cork and frozen carcasses and casks of Spanish
wine,

There was rice and spice and cocoa-nuts, and rum enough
was there

For to warm all London's innards up and leave a drop to
spare;

But of all the freights I found there, gathered in from far
and wide,

All the smells both nice and nasty from the Pool to Barking-
side,

All the harvest of the harbours from Bombay to Montreal,
There was one that took my fancy first and foremost of
them all;

It was neither choice nor costly, it was neither rich nor
rare

And, in most ways you can think of, it was neither here
nor there,

It was nothing over-beautiful to smell nor yet to see—

Only bags of stuffy nitrate—but it meant a lot to me.

I forgot the swarming stevedores, I forgot the dust and din,
And the rattle of the winches hoisting cargo out and in,
And the rusty tramp before me with her hatches open
wide,

And the grinding of her derricks as the sacks went overside;
I forgot the murk of London and the dull November sky—
I was far, ay, far from England, in a day that's long
gone by.

I forgot the thousand changes years have brought in ships
and men,

And the knots on Time's old log-line that have reeled away
since then,

And I saw a fast, full-rigger with her swelling canvas spread,
And the steady trade-wind droning in her royals overhead,
Fleecy trade-clouds on the sky-line—high above the
Tropic blue—

And the curved arch of her foresail and the ocean gleaming
through;

I recalled the Cape Stiff weather, when your soul-case
seemed to freeze,

And the tramping, cursing watches and the pouring,
pooping seas,

And the ice on spar and jackstay, and the cracking, volleying
sail,

And the tatters of our voices blowing down the roaring
gale . . .

I recalled the West Coast harbours just as plain as yester-
year—

Nitrate ports, all dry and dusty, where they sell fresh water
dear—

Little cities white and wicked by a bleak and barren shore,
With an anchor on the cliff-side for to show you where to
moor;

And the sour red wine we tasted, and the foolish songs we
sung,

And the girls we had our fun with in the days when we
were young;

And the dancing in the evenings down at Dago Bill's saloon,
And the stars above the mountains and the sea's eternal
tune.

Only bags of stuffy nitrate from a far Pacific shore,
From a dreary West Coast harbour that I'll surely fetch
no more;

Only bags of stuffy nitrate, with its faint familiar smell
Bringing back the ships and shipmates, that I used to know
so well;

Half a lifetime lies between us and a thousand leagues of
sea,

But it called the days departed and my boyhood back to
me.

C. F. S.

ROSES ALL THE WAY.

FIRE by an Irish rose-grower's pictures of some of his
beautiful new seedlings we are tempted to describe one or
two of our own favourite flowers in language similar to
his own. This is an example of the way he does it:—

"LADY MAUREEN STEWART (*Hybrid Tea*).—A gloriously-finished
globular slightly imbricated cupped bloom with velvety black scarlet
cerise shell-shaped petals, whose reflex is solid pure orangey maroon
without veining. An excellent bloom, ideal shape, brilliant and non-
fading colour with heavy musk rose odour. Erect growth and flower-
stalk. Foliage wax and leathery and not too large. A very flori-
ferous and beautiful rose. 21s. each."

Why not also these?—

DAVID (*Hybrid Tory-Lib.*).—A gloriously-finished true-
blue-slightly-imbricated-with-red-flag coalition rose whose
deep globular head with ornate decorative calyx retains its
perfect exhibition-cross-question-hostile-amendment sym-
metry of form without blueing or burning in the hottest
Westminster sun. Its smiling peach and cerise endear-
ments terminating in black scarlet shell-shaped waxy Berlin
ultimata are carried on an admirably rigid peduncle. Equally
vigorous in all parts of Europe. Superbly rampant. Not
on sale.

AUSTEN (*Tea and most other things*).—This bottomless-
cupped bank-paper-white-edged-and-rimmed-with-tape-
pink-margin bloom, the reflex of whose never-fading demand
notes is velvety black thunder-cloud with lightning-flash
six-months-in-the-second-division veinations, has never been
known to be too full. It is supported by a landlordly stalk
of the utmost excess-profits-war-profits-minor-profits
rigidity. A decorative, acquisitive and especially captivat-
ing rose, and already something more than a popular
favourite. 18s. in £1.

SIR THOMAS (*Ceylon and India Tea*).—This true sport
from the British bull-dog rose has a slightly globular
double-hemisphere-popular-greatly-desiring-and-deserving-
to-be-cupped bloom whose pearly preserved-cream flesh is
delicately flushed and mottled with tinned salmon and dried
apricot. Rich golden and banking-account stamina, foliage
deep navy blue with brass buttons and a superb fragrance
of western ocean. Its marvellous try-try-try-again flori-
ferousness in all weathers is the admiration of all beholders.
Price no object.

From a weather forecast:—

"General Outlook.—It appears probable that further expressions will
arrive from the westward or north-westward before long, and that
after a temporary improvement the weather will again become un-
settled; with much cloud and occasional rain."—*Evening Paper*.

In which event further expressions (of a sultry character)
may be expected from all round the compass.

"COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS."



"COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS
AND THEN——



—TAKE HANDS."

[The Tempest, Act I., Sc. 2.]

QUEEN'S COUNSEL.

THE Fairy Queen shook her head in answer to my question. "No," she said, "I have no favourite flower."

She had dropped in after dinner, as was her occasional habit, and at the moment sat perched on a big red carnation which stood in a flower-glass on the top of my desk.

"You see," she continued, floating across to where I was sitting and lowering her voice confidentially, for there were a good many flowers about—"you see it would never do. Just think of the trouble it would cause. Imagine the state of mind of the lilies if I were to show a preference for roses. There's always been a little jealousy there, and they're all frightfully touchy. The artistic temperament, you know. Why, I daren't even sleep in the same flower two nights running."

"Yes, I see," I said. "It must be very awkward."

I lapsed into silence; I had had a worrying day and was feeling tired and a little depressed. The Queen fluttered about the room, pausing a moment on the mantel-shelf for a word or two with her old friend the Dresden china shepherdess. Then she came back to the desk and performed a brief *pas seul* on the shining smooth cover of my pass-book. My mind flew instantly to my slender bank-balance and certain recent foolishnesses.

"Talking of favourites," I said—"talking of favourites, do you take any interest in racing?"

Instantly the Queen subsided on to my rubber stamp damper, which was fortunately dry.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I take a great interest in racing. I love it. I can give you all sorts of hints."

I thought it was a pity she hadn't called a week or two earlier. I might have been a richer woman by a good many pounds.

"And there are so many kinds," continued the Queen earnestly. "Now in a butterfly race it's always best just to hold on and let them do as they like. It's not a bit of use trying to make them go straight. Rabbits are better in that way, but even rabbits are a little uncertain at times. Full of nerves. But have you ever tried swallow-racing?" she went on enthusiastically. "It's simply splendid. You give them their heads and you never know where you may get to. But, anyway, it doesn't really matter in the least afterwards who wins; it's only while it's happening that you feel so thrilled, isn't it?"

I didn't acquiesce very whole-heartedly. I'm afraid my thoughts were

with my lost guineas. It *had* rather mattered afterwards. I really had been very foolish.

"You look depressed," said the Fairy Queen. "Can I help you? I'm really extremely practical. You know, don't you," she leaned forward and looked at me earnestly, "that I should be delighted if I could assist you with any advice?"

I hesitated. Just before she came I had been anxiously considering as to how I was going to make one hundred pounds do the work of two during the next few weeks; but somehow I didn't quite like to mention such material matters to the Queen; it didn't seem suitable.

I looked up and met her kind eyes fixed on mine with an expression of the gentlest interest and solicitude.

"I wonder," I said, still hesitating, "whether you know anything about stocks and shares?"

"Stocks and shares," she repeated slowly, looking just a little vague and puzzled. And then—"Oh, yes, of course I do, if that's all you want to know."

I felt quite pleased now that I had really got it out.

"If you could just give me a useful hint or two I should be tremendously grateful," I said. Already thousands loomed entrancingly before me. Already I saw myself settled in that darling cottage on the windy hill above Dacombe Wood. Already—

"I think I had better get a pencil and paper," I said. "My memory's dreadful."

But the Fairy Queen shook her head. "I'll write it down for you," she said, "and you can read it when I'm gone. That's so much more fun. But I don't need paper."

She drew a tiny shining implement from her pocket and, picking up a couple of rose-petals which had fallen upon the table, she busied herself with them for a moment at my desk, her mouth pursed up, her brows contracted in an expression of intense seriousness.

"There," she said, "that's that. And now show me *all* your new clothes."

We spent quite a pleasant evening over one thing and another, and I forgot all about the rose-leaves until after she had gone; but when I came back to my empty sitting-room they shone in the dusk with a soft radiance which came, I discovered, from the writing on them. It glowed like those luminous figures on watches which were so entrancing when they first appeared. I had never realised before that they were fairy figures.

I spread the petals out on my palm, feeling quite excited at the prospect of

making my fortune by such means, though I was a little anxious as to how I was going to make use of the information I was about to acquire.

"I will ask Cousin Fred," I decided (Cousin Fred being a stockbroker), and I smiled a little to myself as I thought how amazed and possibly amused my dapper cousin would be when he learnt the source of my knowledge. He might even refuse to believe in it—and then where should I be?

I needn't have troubled. When I unfolded my rose-petals this is what I read:—

"Stocks.—The white ones are much the best and have by far the sweetest scent.

Shares.—Always go shares." R. F.

HEART OF MINE.

(Being a rather hysterical contribution from our Analytical Novelist.)

Friday.—I suppose one never realises till one is actually dead how nearly dead one can be without actually being it. You see what I mean? No. Well, how blithely, how recklessly one rollicks through life, fondly believing that one is in the best of health, in the prime of condition, and all the time one is the unconscious victim of some fatal infirmity or disease. I mean, take my own case. I went to see my doctor in order to be cured of hay fever. He examined my heart. He made me take off my shirt. He hammered my chest; he rapped my ribs with his knuckles to see if they sounded hollow. I don't know why he did this, but I think he was at one time attached to a detective and has got into the habit of looking for secret passages and false panels and so on.

Anyhow, he suspected my chest, and he listened at it for so long that any miscreant who had been concealed in it would have had to give himself away by coughing or blowing his nose.

After a long time he said, "Your heart's dilated. You want a complete rest. Don't work. Don't smoke. Don't drink. Don't eat. Don't do anything. Take plenty of exercise. Sit perfectly still. Don't mope. Don't rush about. Take this before and after every meal. Only don't have any meals." I laughed at him. I knew my heart was perfectly sound, much sounder than most men's. I went home. I didn't even have the prescription made up.

Saturday.—Now comes the tragic thing. *That very night I realised that he was right.* There is something wrong with my heart. It is too long. It is too wide. It is too thick. It is out of place. It would be difficult to say *exactly* where the measurements



Sympathetic Old Lady. "AND WHEN YOU WENT DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME THE WHOLE OF YOUR PAST LIFE OF COURSE FLASHED BEFORE YOUR EYES?"

Longshore Billy. "I EXPECT IT DID, MUM, BUT I 'AD 'EM SHUT AT THE TIME, SO I MISSED IT."

are wrong, but one has a sort of *sense* . . . you know? . . . One can feel that it is too large . . . A swollen feeling . . . Somehow I never felt this before; I never even felt that it was there . . . but now I always know that it is there—trying to get out . . . I put my hand on it and can feel it definitely expanding—like a football bladder. Sometimes I think it wants to get out at my collar-bone; sometimes I think it will blow out under my bottom rib; sometimes some other way. It is terrible . . .

I have had the prescription made up.

Sunday.—The way it beats! Sometimes very fast and heavy and emphatic, like a bad barrage of 5-9's. Fortunately my watch has a second-hand, so that I can time it—forty-five to the half-minute, ninety-five to the full minute. Then I know that the end is very near; everyone knows that the normal rate for a healthy adult heart is seventy-two. Then sometimes it goes very slow, very dignified and faint, as when some great steamer glides in at slow speed to her anchorage, and the engines thump in a subdued and profound manner very far away, or as when at night the solemn tread of some huge policeman is heard, remote and soft and

dilated—I mean dilatory, or as when—But you see what I mean.

Monday.—How was it, I wonder, that all this was hidden from me for so long? And now what am I to do? I am a doomed man. With a heart like this I cannot last long. I have resigned my clubs; I have given up my work. I can think of nothing but this dull pain, this heavy throbbing at my side. My work—ha! Yesterday I met another young doctor at tea. He asked me if there was any "murmur." I said I did not know—no one had told me. But after tea I went away and listened. Yes, there was a murmur; I could hear it plainly. I told the young doctor. He said that murmurs were not considered so important nowadays. What matters is "the reaction of the heart to work." By that test I am doomed indeed. But the murmur is better.

Tuesday.—I have told Anton Gregorovitch Gregorski. He says he has a heart too.

Wednesday.—I have been learning things to-day. I am worse even than the doctor thought. In a reference book in the dining-room there is a medical dictionary. It says: "Dilatation leads to dropsy, shortness of breath and blueness of the face." I have got

some of those already. I have never seen a face so blue. It is like the sea in the early morning.

Thursday.—The heart is bigger again to-day—about an inch each way. The weight of it is terrible to carry . . . I have to take taxis . . . This evening it was going at thirty-two to the minute. . . .

Friday.—Last night, when I tried to count the beats, I could not find it. . . . It must have stopped. . . . Anton Gregorovitch says it is the end. . . . This is my last entry. . . .

Saturday.—My face is very blue. It is like a forget-me-not . . . it is like a volume of *Hansard*. . . .

I shall go to see the doctor as I promised . . . he can do nothing, but it will interest him to see how much bigger the heart has grown in the last few days. . . .

No more . . .

Sunday.—The doctor said it was much better . . . It is undilated again . . . After all I am not going to die. But the reaction to work is still bad. This evening I make it sixty to the minute. . . .

Monday.—This morning's count was seventy-two. It is terrible. . . .

A. P. H.



Mollie. "AUNTIE, DON'T CATS GO TO HEAVEN?"

Auntie. "No, my dear. DIDN'T YOU HEAR THE VICAR SAY AT THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE THAT ANIMALS HADN'T SOULS AND THEREFORE COULD NOT GO TO HEAVEN?"

Mollie. "WHERE DO THEY GET THE STRINGS FOR THE HARPS, THEN?"

FLOWERS' NAMES.

SHEPHERD'S PURSE.

THERE was a silly shepherd lived out at Taunton Dene
(Hey-nonny-nonny-no for Taunton in the summer!)
And oh, but he was bitter cold! and oh, but he was mean!
The maidens vowed a bitterer had never yet been seen
At Taunton in the summer.

He lived to gather in the gold—he loved to hear it chink
(Hey-nonny-nonny-no for Taunton in the summer!),
And he could only dream of gold—of gold could only
think;
And all the fairies watched him, and they watched him
with a wink

At Taunton in the summer.

At last one summer noonday, when the sky was blue and
deep
(Hey-nonny-nonny-no for Taunton in the summer!),
They made him him heavy-headed as he watched beside
his sheep
And all the little Taunton elves came stealing out to peep
At Taunton in the summer.

They opened wide his wallet and they stole the coins away
(Hey-nonny-nonny-no for Taunton in the summer!),
They took the round gold pieces and they used them for
their play,
They rolled and chased and tumbled them and lost them in
the hay
At Taunton in the summer.

And when they'd finished playing they used all their magic
powers

(Hey-nonny-nonny-no for Taunton in the summer!);
The silly shepherd woke and wept, he sought his gold for
hours,
And all he found was drifts and drifts of tiny greenish
flowers
At Taunton in the summer.

More Work for His Majesty's Judges.

"Potato disease has unfortunately made its appearance in the — district, the early and second early crops being seriously attacked. The late crops are free from disease up to the present, and it is hoped by judicial spraying to save them."—*Local Paper*.

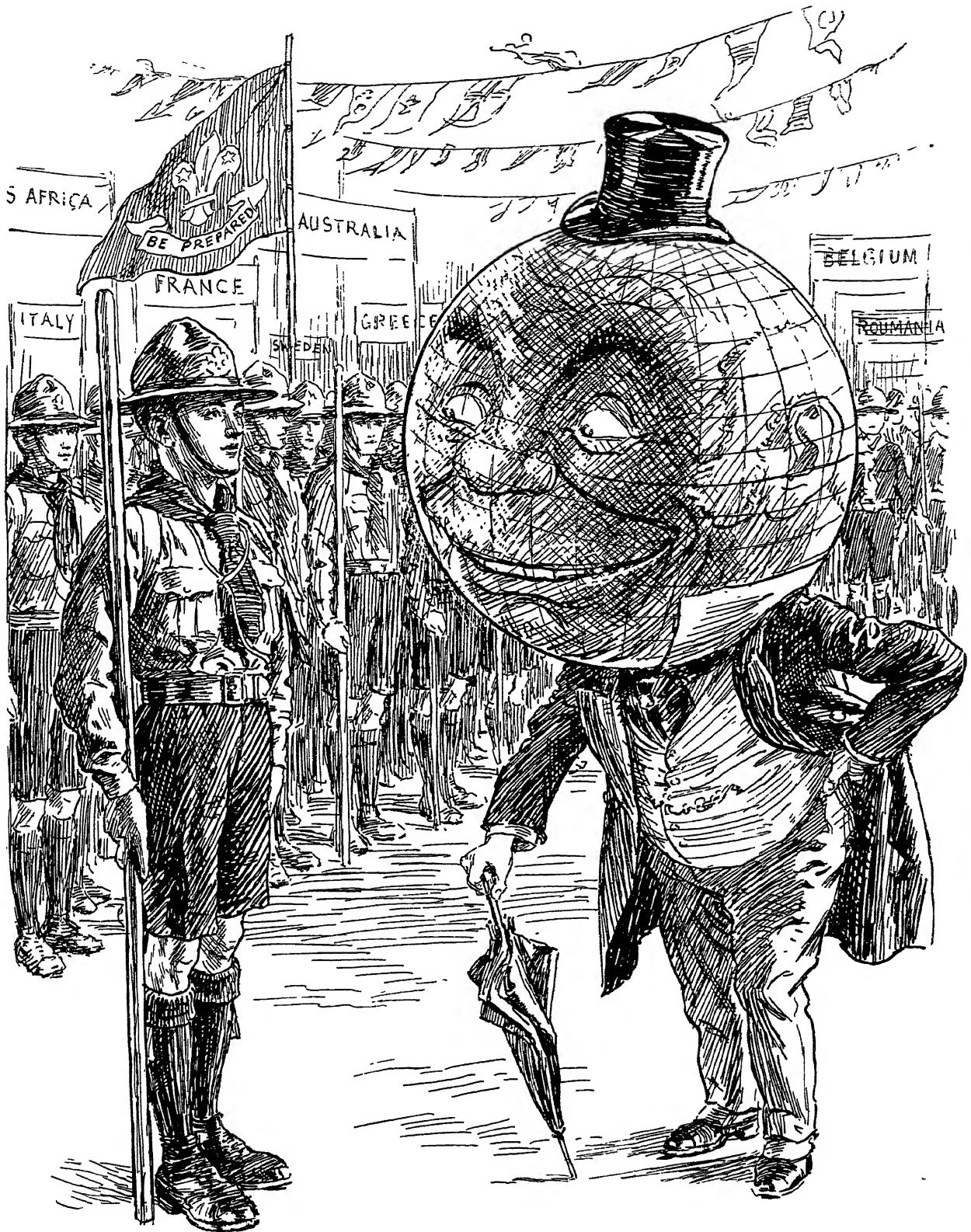
From an interview with the Superintendent of Regent's Park:—

"'People seem surprised,' he said, 'when I tell them that within a few minutes' walk of Baker Street Station, and the incessant din of Marylebone Road, such birds as the cuckoo, flycatcher, robin and wren have reared their young.'—*Observer*.

To hear of the cuckoo bringing up its own family in any circumstances was, we confess, a little bit of a shock.

"'Idling, my dear fellow!' was Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's decisive answer to my question: 'What do you most like doing at holiday-time?' 'But if, and only when, I am really driven to exertion, let me have a horse between my legs, a pair of oars, and a billiard-table, and I ask nothing more of the gods.'—*Answers*.

The next time Mr. JEROME indulges in this performance may we be there to see.



THE LEAGUE OF YOUTH.

WAR-WEARY WORLD (at the Jamboree). "I WAS NEARLY LOSING HOPE, BUT THE SIGHT OF ALL YOU BOYS GIVES IT BACK TO ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 26th.—When the Peers were about to discuss the Law of Property Bill, which seeks to abolish the distinction between land and other property, Lord CAVE dropped a bomb-shell into the Committee by moving to omit the whole of Part I. Lords HALDANE and BUCKMASTER were much upset and loudly protested against the proposal to cut out "the very heart and substance of the measure." The LORD CHANCELLOR was less perturbed by the explosion and was confident that after further discussion he could induce the CAVE-dwellers to come into line with modern requirements. Thirty-four clauses thus disappeared with a bang; and of the hundred and odd remaining only one gave much trouble. Objection was taken to Clause 101, granting the public full rights of access to commons, on the grounds *inter alia* that it would give too much freedom to gipsies and too little to golfers. Lord SALISBURY, who, like the counsel in a famous legal story, claimed to "know a little about manors," was sure that only the lord could deal faithfully with the Egyptians, but, fortified by Lord HALDANE's assurance that the clause gave the public no more rights and the lords of the manor no less than they had before, the House passed it by 42 to 29.

Mr. BRIDGEMAN, for the Board of Trade, bore the brunt of the early questioning in the House of Commons. He sustained with equal imperturbability the assaults of the Tariff Reformers, who asserted that British toy-making—an "infant industry" if ever there was one—was being stifled by foreign imports; and those of the Free Traders, who objected to the Government's efforts to resuscitate the dyeing trade.

The alarming rumours in the Sunday papers about the PRIME MINISTER's state of health were effectually dispelled by his appearance on the Front Opposition, a little weary-looking, no doubt, but as alert as ever to seize the weak point in an adversary's case and to put his own in the most favourable light. From the enthusiasm of his announcement that the Soviet Govern-

ment had accepted our invitation to attend a Conference in London, one would have thought that the Bolsheviks had agreed to the British proposals unconditionally and that peace—"that is what the world wants"—was now assured.

Abhorrence of the Government of Ireland Bill is the one subject on which all Irishmen appear to think alike. It is, no doubt, with the desire to preserve that unanimity that the PRIME MINISTER announced his intention of pressing the measure forward after the Recess "with all possible despatch."

But before that date it looks as if Irishmen would have despatched one

Before and after this melancholy interlude good progress was made with the Finance Bill, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made several further concessions to the "family-man."

Tuesday, July 27th.—The Lords rejected the Health Resorts and Watering Places Bill under which local authorities could have raised a penny rate for advertising purposes. Lord SOUTHWARK's well-meant endeavour to support the Bill by reminding the House that Irish local authorities had enjoyed this power since 1909 was perhaps the proximate cause of its defeat, for it can hardly be said that the last few weeks have enhanced the reputation of Ireland as a health resort.

Mr. HARMSWORTH utterly confounded the critics of the Passport Office. Its staff may appear preposterously large and its methods unduly dilatory, but the fact remains that it is one of the few public departments that actually pays its way. Last year it spent thirty-seven thousand pounds and took ninety-one thousand pounds in fees. "See the world and help to pay for the War" should be the motto over its portals.

It is, of course, quite proper that soldiers who wreck the property of civilians—albeit under great provocation—should receive suitable punishment. But a sailor is hardly the man to press for it. Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY received a much-needed lesson in etiquette when Major JAMESON gravely urged, in his penetrating

Scotch voice, that soldiers in Ireland should be ordered not to distract the prevailing peace and quiet of that country, but should keep to their proper function of acting as targets for Sinn Féin bullets.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN dealt very gingerly with Sir ARTHUR FELL's inquiry as to whether "any ordinary individual can understand the forms now sent out by the Income Tax Department?" Fearing that if he replied in the affirmative he would be asked to solve some particularly abstruse conundrum, he contented himself with saying that the forms were complicated because the tax was complicated, and the tax was complicated because of the number and variety of the reliefs granted to the taxpayer. It does not seem to have oc-



David. "YOU KNOW THE RHYME, GRANDMAMMA, THAT SAYS—
'THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET,
AND THIS LITTLE PIG STAYED AT HOME'?"

The Mother of Parliaments. "YES, DAVID, DEAR. WHY DO YOU MENTION IT?"

David. "OH, I WAS MERELY WONDERING WHAT WAS TO BE DONE ABOUT IT."

another. The little band of Nationalists had handed in a batch of private-notice Questions arising out of the disturbances in Belfast. Their description of them as the outcome of an organised attack upon Catholics was indignantly challenged by the Ulstermen, and the SPEAKER had hard work to maintain order. The contest was renewed on a motion for the adjournment. As a means of bringing peace to Ireland the debate was absolutely futile. But it enabled Mr. DEVLIN to fire off one of his tragical-comical orations, and Sir H. GREENWOOD to disclaim the accusation that he had treated the Irish problem with levity. "There is nothing light and airy about me," he declared; and no one who has heard his pronunciation of the word "Belfast" would doubt it.

curred to him that it is the duty of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to make the tax simple as well as equitable. Is it conceivable that he can have forgotten ADAM SMITH'S famous maxims on the subject, and particularly this: "The time of payment, the manner of payment, the quantity to be paid, ought all to be clear and plain to the contributor, and to every other person"?

The House did not rise till half-past one this morning, and was again faced with a long night's work. In vain Sir DONALD MACLEAN protested against the practice of taking wee sma' Bills in the wee sma' oors. Mr. BONAR LAW was obdurate. He supposed the House had not abandoned all hope of an Autumn recess. Well, then, had not the poet said that the best of all ways to lengthen our days was to steal a few hours from the night?

The Report stage of the Finance Bill was finished off, but not until the Government had experienced some shocks. The Corporation tax, intended partially to fill the yawning void which will be caused some day by the disappearance of E.P.D.—on the principle that one bad tax deserves another—was condemned with equal vigour, but for entirely different reasons, by Colonel WEDGWOOD and Sir F. BANBURY. They "told" together against it and had the satisfaction of bringing the Government majority down to fifty-five.

The champions of the Co-operative Societies also put up a strong fight against the proposal to make their profits, for the first time, subject to taxation. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN declined, however, to put them in a privileged position as compared with other traders, but carried his point only by sixty-one votes.

Wednesday, July 28th.—In spite of the limitation of Questions the Member for Central Hull still manages to extract a good deal of information from the Treasury Bench. This afternoon he learned from Mr. LONG that the Board of Admiralty was not created solely for the purpose of satisfying his curiosity; and from Mr. KELLAWAY that the equipment of even the most versatile Under-Secretary does not include the gift of prophecy.

At long last the House learned the Government decision regarding the increase in railway fares. It is to come into force on August 6th, by which time the most belated Bank-Holiday-maker should have returned from his revels. Mr. BONAR LAW appended to the announcement a surely otiose explanation of the necessity of the increase. Everybody knows that railways are being run at a loss, due in the main to the increased wages of miners and rail-

way-men. Mr. THOMAS rather weakly submitted that an important factor was the larger number of men employed, and was promptly met with the retort that that was because of the shorter hours worked.

Cheered by the statement of its Leader that he still hoped to get the adjournment by August 14th the House plunged with renewed zest into the final stage of the Finance Bill. Mr. BORTOMLEY, whose passion for accuracy is notorious, inveighed against the lack of this quality in the Treasury Estimates. As for the war-debt, since the Government had failed to "make Germany pay," he urged that the principal burden should be left for posterity to shoulder.

These sentiments rather shocked Mr. ASQUITH, who, while mildly critical of Government methods, was all in favour of "severe, stringent, drastic taxation."



MR. BONAR LAW PACKS HIS TRUNKS.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN repeated his now familiar lecture to the House of Commons, which, while accusing the Government of extravagance, was always pressing for new forms of expenditure. In the study of economy he dislikes abstractions—except from the pockets of the taxpayer.

"Company's water is on to the house and cowshed."—*Advert. in Daily Paper.*

Now we know why our water is sometimes contaminated with milk.

"One of the most striking of the collection of exhibits of fascinating interest [at the Imperial War Museum] is the Air Force map for carrying out the British plan for bombing Berlin. Specimens of the bombs, weighing 3,000 pounds each, are also included in this museum of war souvenirs with the object of demonstrating the resources of the Empire and giving a stimulus to its trade."

South African Paper.

Motto for British traders: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try trinitrotoluene."

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

I WENT into the morning-room with a worried frown upon my brow. Kathleen was doing the accounts at the table.

"Kathleen," I said, "it's Veronica's birthday on Wednesday and——"

"What did you say seven eighths were?" said Kathleen. "I asked you last week."

"I can't possibly carry complicated calculations in my head from week to week," I said; "you should have made a note of it at the time. It's Veronica's birthday on Wednesday, and what do you think she wants?"

But Kathleen was enthralled by the greengrocer's book. "Have we really had eight cabbages this week?" she said. "We must, I suppose. Greengrocers are generally honest; they live so near to nature. Well, now," she shut up her books, "what were you saying, dear?"

I sighed, cleared my throat and began again. "It's Veronica's birthday on Wednesday, and what do you think she wants? She wants," I said dramatically, "a 'frush' from the bird-shop in the village. The ones that hang in cages outside the door."

"Well," said Kathleen, "why not?"

"Why not?" I became more than serious. "A daughter of ours has demanded for a plaything a caged bird. Psychologically it is an important occasion. Now or never must she learn to look upon a caged bird with horror. What I am thinking of is the psychological effect upon the child's character. The psychological——"

"You needn't worry about Veronica's psychology," said Kathleen. "Veronica's psychology is in the right place."

"You misunderstand the meaning of the word," I said loftily. "However, if you wish to wash your hands of Veronica's training, if you refuse to cope with your own child, I must take it upon myself."

"Do," said Kathleen sweetly; "I'll listen."

* * * * *

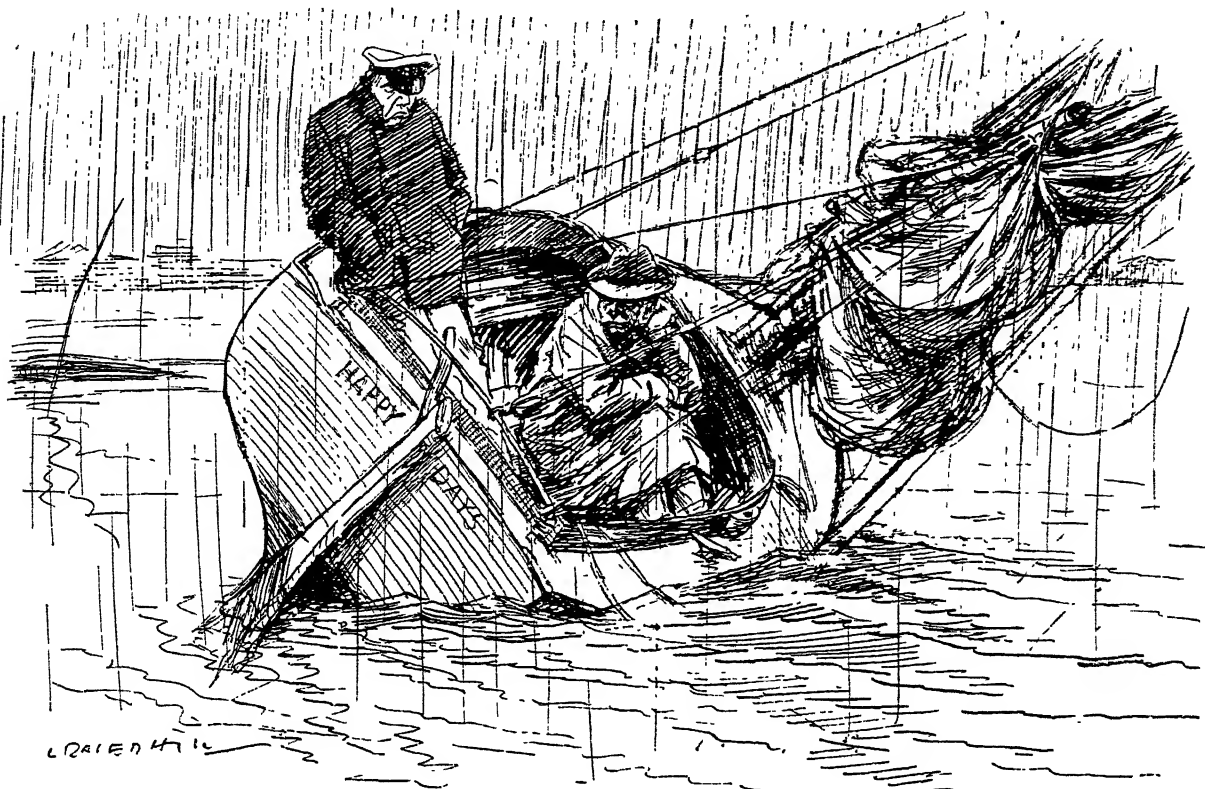
It was Veronica's birthday. We were outside the bird-shop. The thrushes in cages hung around the door.

Veronica lifted grave blue eyes to me trustingly. "You promised me a frush, darlin'," she said.

Veronica is small for her name and has a disarming habit of introducing terms of endearment into her conversation.

"You didn't quite understand me," I said gently. "I said I'd think about it."

"Yes, but that means promising, doesn't it? Finking about it means promising. I fought you meant promising."



The Colonel. "ANYONE MAY MISS THE TIDE OR GET STUCK UPON A MUD-BANK; BUT TO LOSE THE MATCHES AND FORGET THE WHISKY IS TO PROVE YOURSELF UNWORTHY OF THE NAME OF 'YACHTSMAN'!"

I fought all night you meant promising. Darlin'." The last word was a sentence all by itself.

Kathleen raised her eyebrows when we came out with the bird in the cage.

"This isn't quite the moment," I said with dignity; "it's best to let her get it first and realise afterwards."

"Let's all go to Crown Hill now," said Veronica in a voice that admitted of no denial.

* * * * *
We were on Crown Hill. Veronica had hugged the cage to her small bosom all the way, making little reassuring noises to its occupant.

"Now," said Kathleen, "hadn't you better begin? Isn't this the psycho—you know what moment?"

I took a deep breath and began.

"Veronica," I said, "listen to me for a moment. If you were a little bird——"

But she wasn't listening to me. She had held up the little wooden cage, opened the clasp of the door and, with a rapt smile on her small shining face, was watching the "frush" as he soared into the air with a sudden burst of song.

We none of us spoke till he had vanished from sight. Then Veronica broke the silence.

"It's all my very own plan," she said proudly. "I planned it all by myself. An' all my birfdays I'm going to have

one of that nasty man's frushes for a present, and we'll all free come up here and let it out—always an' always an' for ever an' ever—right up till I'm a hundred."

"Why stop at a hundred?" I murmured, recovering myself with an effort. But I could not escape Kathleen's eye. "I hope you feel small," it said. I did.

RHYMES OF THE UNDERGROUND.

I.

I NEVER heard of Ruislip, I never saw its name,
Till Underground advertisements had brought it into fame;
I've never been to Ruislip, I never yet have heard
The true pronunciation of so singular a word.

I'd like to go to Ruislip; I'd like to feast my eyes
On "scenes of sylvan beauty" that the posters advertise;
But, though I long to view the spot, while I am in the dark
About its name I dare not face the booking-office clerk.

Suppose I ventured "Riz-lip" and in answer to his "Eh?"
Stammered "Ruse-lip, Rise-lip, Rees-lip," just imagine how he'd say,

"Well, where *do* you want to book to?" and the voices from behind,
"Must we wait until this gentleman has ascertained his mind?"

II.

The trains that stop at Down Street—
(Sing willow-waly-O!)—
They run through Hyde Park Corner as fast as they can go;
And trains at Hyde Park Corner that stop—(Oh dearie me!)—
Contrariwise at Down Street are "non-stop" as can be.

There's a man at Down Street Station—he came there years ago
To get to Hyde Park Corner—(Sing willow-waly-O!)—
And, as the trains go past him, 'tis pitiful to see
Him beat his breast and murmur, "Oh dearie, dearie me!"

† "The Rev. R. S. — has accepted the post of librarian of Pussy House, Oxford."

Local Paper.

And will soon get to work on the catalogue.

"WANTED—a middle-aged Witty Indian to read Bengali religious books and capable of telling witty and fairy tales from 12 to 3 p.m."

Indian Paper.

This might suit Mr. GANDHI. If not witty, he is very good at fairy-tales.

VADE MECUMS.

I HAVE invented a new sort of patience. It is called Vade Mecums. The rules are quite simple and all the plant you need for it is a "Vade Mecum" traveller's handbook and a complete ignorance of all languages but your own. Get one of these fascinating little classics, a passport and a single to Boulogne, and you can begin at once.

The game consists in firing off (in the local lingo) every single phrase that occurs in the book. The only other rule in the game is that the occasion for making each remark must be reasonably apposite. You need not keep to the order in the book and no points are awarded for pronunciation, provided that the party addressed shows by word or deed that he (or she) has understood you. By way of illustration I will give some account of my first experiments in this entrhralling pastime.

As it happened I was able to start at once—too soon, in fact, to be altogether comfortable. We had scarcely put out from Folkestone before I got my chance. The sea was distinctly rough, but I just had time to open my Vade Mecum at page 228 (sub-heading, "On embarking and what happens at sea"), and to read to a passing French steward the first sentence that caught my eye. It was as follows: "The wind is very violent; the sea is very rough; the waves are very high; the rolling of the vessel makes my head ache; I am very much inclined to be sick."

After that I made no more progress till we reached Boulogne; but from the steward's subsequent actions I judged that he had understood; so I was one up.

My Vade Mecum, like most of its kind, was unfortunately compiled many years ago and had never been brought up to date. This, of course, saved me the expense of having to hire aeroplanes or even motor-cars, but it landed me in quite a number of difficulties at the opposite extreme, as you will see.

For instance, in order to polish off the heading, "Of what may happen on the road," I was compelled to obtain a carriage. Judge then my joy when, on reaching a carriage builder's, I discovered a whole section tucked away in a corner of the book dealing exclusively with that very topic. I can think of no other conceivable circumstances under which I could have said, "The wheels are in a miserable state; the body is too heavy; the springs are too light; the shafts are too short; the pole is too thin; the shape is altogether old-fashioned, and the seats are both high and uncomfortable."

Yet now I said it all—in two halves, it is true, and in two different shops; but still I said it all. The first half cost me three front teeth, which fell out while the outraged *carrossier* was ejecting me; the second cost me a large sum of money, because somehow or other I found I had *bought* the vehicle in question. This I fancy must have been occasioned by my turning over two pages at once, so that I suppose I really said, "Mr. X., you are an honest man; I will give you ten thousand francs, but on condition that you furnish splinter-bars and traces also for that price."

Still one must pay for one's pleasures, and once *en route* I made short work of the "What-may-happen-on-the-road" section. The sentence from which I anticipated most trouble was this: "Postilion, stop. A spoke of one of the wheels is broken; some of the harness is undone; a spring is also broken and one of the horses' shoes is come off." I got out all this (without having to tell a lie too) and was just looking feverishly through the book to find phrases to describe the rickety state of every other part of the vehicle when the off hind-wheel came in half, the front axle snapped and the carriage rolled over on its side stone dead. When I came to myself I found that I was comfortably seated in a ditch, my driver beside me and my Vade Mecum still open in my hand; so I had the gratification of being able to continue the conversation where I had left off. "We should do well," I read, "to get out."

I will not detain you long over the difficulties that I had with the "Society" section. But I feel I ought to mention the business of the Countess, if only to put intending players on their guard. There is a puzzling phrase which occurs in answer to the observation, "Pray come nearer the fire; I am sure you must be cold." The proper answer is, "No, I thank you. I am very well placed here beside the Countess." It took me a month to find a Countess, two to meet her in the drawing-room of a mutual friend, and four to recover from the hole which the irascible little Count made in me when we met next morning on the field of honour.

So I pass sadly and with tears of chagrin to my ultimate defeat. I met my Waterloo, my friends, in the section labelled "The Tailor." Requests within reason I can comply with, for the fun of the thing. Eatables and drinks, suites of rooms and carriages, when ordered on the lavish scale of my Vade Mecum, are not exactly *cheap* now-a-days. But it's about the limit when one's Mecum expects one to squander

the savings of a lifetime in ordering several suits of clothes at once. And yet there it was as large as life, the accursed sentence that made me shut the book with a snap and come home:—"These coats fit me well, though the cut is not fashionable. I shall require also three pairs of trousers, three nankeen pantaloons and four waistcoats."

If anyone feels inclined to try my patience—and theirs—I should like to mention that I have a nice annotated Mecum and a good second-hand carriage for disposal at a very moderate figure.

A VICTIM OF FASHION.

LIKE everybody else that one knows, Kidger is an ex-service man. During the last year of that war on the Continent some time ago he had the acting rank of captain, as second in command of a six-mangle army laundry.

When I knew him in pre-war days he was an amiable character, with only two serious weaknesses. One of these was an exaggerated fastidiousness about clothes, and the other an undue deference to the dicta of the Press. A leader in *The Tailor and Cutter* would make him thoughtful for days. This fatal concern about clothing amounted to a mania where neckwear was concerned.

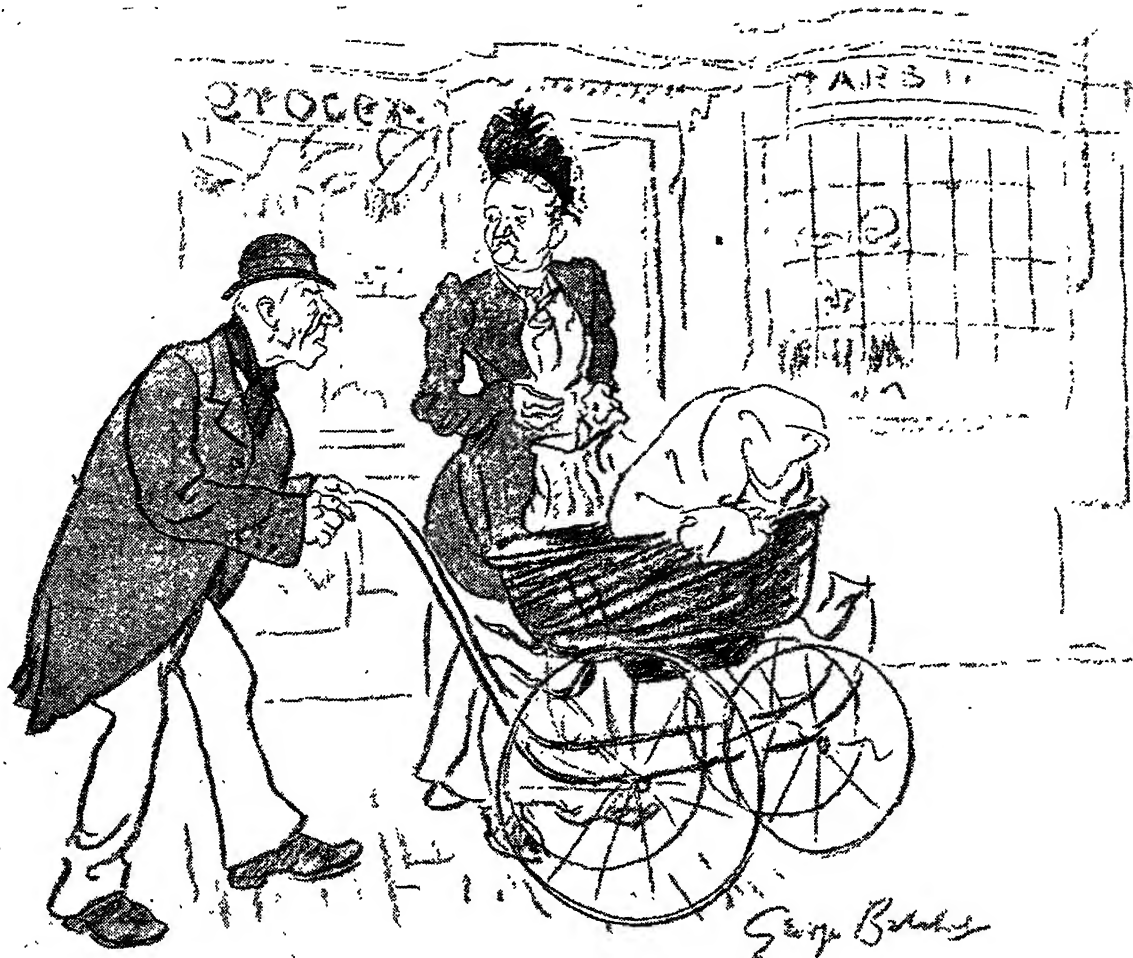
In pre-war days he wore the ordinary single, perpendicular variety of collar, with sharp turn-over points, starched and white to match his shirts.

Before leaving England to join his laundry, Kidger, with a magnificent gesture, abandoned his fine collection of collars to his aunt, bidding her convert them to some patriotic end. The fond lady, however, fearing lest anything should befall her nephew if a hot sector of the line moved up to the laundry, preserved them carefully, and Kidger was very glad to reclaim them on his demobilisation.

One unfortunate day Kidger's morning paper contained one of those Fashions for Men columns, where he learned that the best people were wearing only soft collars, as they couldn't stand being cooped up in starch after the freedom of uniform. Kidger felt that as an ex-army man it was up to him to maintain any military tradition, and he immediately bought several dozen soft white collars with long sharp points. The fellow in the shop said they were correct.

A week later another expert mentioned in print that no man who had any self-respect wore collars with sharp corners.

Kidger is not a manual worker. He reduced his cigarette allowance and bought some round-cornered ones, white as before. And then his aunt directed the poor fellow's attention to



She. "I TOLD 'EE TO GREASE THE WHEELS AFORE WE COME OUT."
He. "IT BE AS MUCH AS I CAN DO TO KEEP UP WITH IT AS 'TIS."

a paragraph by an authority signing himself "The Colonel," which stated that none but the profiteer was wearing white collars, and that you might know the man who had done his bit by the fact that he wore a blue one with slightly rounded corners, accompanied by a self-coloured tie of a darker shade, tied in a neat butterfly bow.

This was a blow to Kidger, but he resigned from his golf club and laid in some haberdashery in accordance with "The Colonel's" orders. Recommendations would be too mild a word. I saw the paragraph—most peremptory.

But in a rival paper "Brigadier" mentioned only three days later that none but the most noxious boulder and tout would be found dead in a blue collar with a white shirt. Kidger saw the truth of this at once; he had receptivity if not intuition. After a trying interview with his banker he bought several blue shirts.

Then the General who contributes "Sartorial Tips" to several leading

journals remarked that, since all kinds of people were wearing coloured shirts and collars, the man who desired to retain or achieve that touch of distinction which means so much must at any cost wear white ones; and that, further, Society was frowning on the slovenly unstarched neck-wear of the relapsed temporary gentleman.

Kidger began to show signs of neurasthenia. His stock of pre-war collars was exhausted, or rather eroded. His faithful aunt, however, remembered a neglected birthday and gave him a dozen new ones, of the up-and-down model, to save Kidger's delicate neck. These, with his nice butterfly-bow ties, looked really well, and Kidger recovered his old form.

I warned him to keep to the police and Parliamentary news in the papers, but his eyes would wander. The result was that he learned from "Brigade Major" that the wearing of a butterfly bow with a double event collar was a solecism past forgiveness or repent-

ance, and that its smart appearance was the deadly bait which caught the miserable bumpkin who ignorantly fancied that a man could dress by the light of nature.

Kidger collapsed. His aunt volunteered to sell her annuity and help him, but the innate nobility of the man forbade him to accept this useless sacrifice.

His medical attendant tells me that he is now allowed to read only poetry, wearing a sweater meanwhile, and that arrangements are being made for him to join a sheep-farming cousin in Patagonia, where collars are despised and newspapers invariably out of date.

W. K. H.

A Superfluous Announcement.

"The Government have found it impossible to proceed with the Government of Ireland before the Autumn Session."—*Daily Paper*.

"Clerk (Junior) Wanted for Spinners' Office, age 1617.—*Yorkshire Paper*.

"Junior," we take it, is a misprint.

EDWARD AND THE B.O.F.

It was the first Sunday of the season, and the select end of Folkesbourne revealed in each carefully curled geranium leaf, in each carefully-combed blade of grass, the thought and labour expended by the B.O.F. (Borough of Folkesbourne).

Upon the greensward stood orderly rows of well-washed chairs, each with B.O.F. neatly stencilled upon its back. On this day, however, and at this hour (12.30 P.M.) scarce a B.O.F. was visible; each was hidden by a well-dressed visitor. And between the orderly rows of well-dressed visitors paraded orderly pairs of superbly-dressed visitors.

I was standing at the corner by the steps leading to the lower parade and thence to the beach and the rocks where the common people (myself on weekdays, for instance) go to paddle with their children. I was wearing my new pale-grey suit which cost—but you will know more or less what it cost; I need not labour an unpleasant subject—and I was actually talking at the time to a member of the B.O.F.

"This is Peace at last," he was saying; "the place really begins to look—"

It was at this moment that Edward appeared. His route was the very centre of the lawn. He was wearing a battered Panama hat, a much-darned brownish jersey, and his nether man—or rather boy, for Edward's years are but four—was encased in paddling drawers made of the same material as a sponge-bag. Black sand-shoes completed his outfit, and a broken shrimping-net trailed behind him. At the moment when Edward first caught my horrified eye a particularly well-groomed young gentleman of about his own age caught Edward's eye in turn. Edward paused to survey this silken wonder with interest. Then, as if prompted thereto by the sight, he snatched off his hat and, casting it upon the ground, kicked it vigorously across the grass.

The removal of the hat was the last straw, for Edward's hair is provocatively red. My friend of the B.O.F. advanced towards him with the intention of

exerting authority and restoring discipline. Edward turned at the sound of a stern voice. Possibly he might have put out his tongue—you never know with Edward. But, what was worse, far worse, he saw me. With a glad cry of "Daddy" he rushed to me and, regardless of the fact that his front was covered with green slime, the result of going *ventre à pierre* over the rocks, he flung his arms round my legs.

I would gladly have sunk into the ground. All eyes were upon us, and remained, as I felt, upon me, even when a breathless nursery-maid had retrieved Edward and borne him seawards once more.



Mother. "IT IS VERY NAUGHTY TO TELL UNTRUTHS, KITTY. THOSE WHO DO SO NEVER GET TO HEAVEN."

Kitty. "DIDN'T YOU EVER TELL AN UNTRUTH, MUMMY?"

Mother. "NO, DEAR—NEVER."

Kitty. "WELL, YOU'LL BE FEARFULLY LONELY, WON'T YOU, WITH ONLY GEORGE WASHINGTON?"

One especially I had noticed, a very superbly dressed female visitor who had paused to witness the whole scene and was now resuming her promenade. I dreaded the comment which I felt I should overhear as she passed me—"What a horrible child!" it would be at the very least. But women are strangely unaccountable, even in so highly civilised an atmosphere as this. I distinctly heard her say, "What a darling!"

The Horrors of Peace.

"WANTED.—Boy for Butchering, about 15 years old."—*Local Paper*.

Extract from a solicitor's letter:—

"The sale of the above premises is now nearing completion and we expect to have the conveyance ready for execution in the course of a short period the length of which depends to some extent upon how soon we can obtain the execution of the Bishop."

NEO-TOPICS.

THERE was a young neo-DELANE
Whose writing was frequently sane;
But the name of LLOYD GEORGE
So uplifted his gorge
That it threatened to swallow his brain.

There was an adored neo-Queen
Who ruled the whole world on the screen;

She simply knocked spots
Off poor MARY OF SCOTS,
But she doubled the gloom of our Dean.

There was an advanced neo-Georgian,
Or perhaps we should say Georgy-Porgian,

When asked to declare

What his principles were,
He invariably answered,
"Pro-Borgian."

There was a great neo-Art critic

Whose style was extremely mephitic;
He treated VAN GOGH
And CÉZANNE as dead dog,
And JOHN as a growth parasitic.

Our Bloated Pluralists.

"Wanted, Organist. Small country church. Salary £20. Good lodgings. (Could be held with post of Milkor on Manor Farm; permanent work; Sundays free; ample salary.)"—*Church Times*.

"The Grimsby trawler Silurian has towed Sir George Grahame, Minister Plenipotentiary in Paris, to be his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the King of the Belgians."—*Provincial Paper*.

We really think the Government might have provided him with a torpedo-boat.

"The one thing which the Cabinet does not intend to do is to authorise the proclamation of marital law. It would engage far too many troops."—*Provincial Paper*.

The Irish girls are so attractive.

"A friend of mine bought from a bookseller who was also, oddly enough, a bibliophile himself, a copy of Arnold's very rare book, *The Strayed Revetter*, by A. He gave 6d. It is worth £5."—*Book Post*.

Surely more than that!

"An Ipswich omnibus pushed its bonnet through the window of a millinery shop."—*Daily Paper*.

This intelligent animal (believed to be the female of the Brontosaurus) was probably seeking a change of headgear.



Tripper. "I'VE A BLOOMIN' GOOD MIND TO REPORT YOU FOR PROFITEERING."

Old Salt. "WHAT YER TALKIN' ABOUT?"

Tripper. "WELL, THEM SHRIMPS I BOUGHT OFF YOU. ONE OF EM'S GOT ONLY ONE EYE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I RATHER wish that the publishers of *Invincible Minnie* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) had not permitted themselves to print upon the wrapper either their own comments or those of Miss ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING, the author. Because for my part, reading these, I formed the idea (entirely wrong) that the book would be in some way pretentious and affected; whereas it is the simple truth to call it the most mercilessly impersonal piece of fiction that I think I ever read. There is far too much plot for me to give you any but a suggestion of it. The story is of the lives of two sisters, *Frances* and *Minnie*; mostly (as the title implies) of *Minnie*. To say that no one but a woman would have dared to imagine such a heroine, much less to follow her, through every phase of increasing hatefulness, to her horrid conclusion is to state an obvious truism. It is incidentally also to give you some idea of the kind of person *Minnie* is, that female Moloch, devastating, all-sacrificing, beyond restraint. . . . As for Miss HOLDING, the publishers turned out to be within the mark in claiming for her "a new voice." I don't, indeed, for the moment recall any voice in the least like it, or any such method; too honest for irony, too detached for sentiment and, as I said above, entirely merciless. Towards the end I found myself falling back on the old frightened protest, "People don't do these things." I still cling to this belief, but the fact remains that Miss HOLDING has a haunting trick of persuading one that they might. Minor faults, such as an irritating idiom and some carelessness of form, she will no doubt correct; meanwhile you have certainly got to read—"to suffer" would be the apter word—this remarkable book, whose reception I await with curiosity.

A much misunderstood man is Count BERNSTORFF, formerly German Ambassador at Washington. While we were all supposing him to be a bomb-laden conspirator, pulling secret strings in Mexico or Canada or Japan from the safe protection afforded to his embassy, really he was the most innocent of men, anxious for nothing but to keep unsophisticated America from being trapped by the wiles of the villain Britisher. One has it all on the best of authority—his own—in *My Three Years in America* (SKEFFINGTON). Of course awkward incidents did occur, which have to be explained away or placidly ignored, but really, if the warlords at home had not been so invincibly tactless in the matter of drowning citizens of the United States, this simple and ingenuous diplomat might very well have succeeded, he would have us believe, in persuading President WILSON to declare in favour of a peace-loving All-Highest. As an essay in special pleading the book does not lack ingenuity, and as an example of the familiar belief that other peoples will shut their eyes and swallow whatever opinions the Teuton thinks good to offer them, it may have interest for the psychologist. For the rest it is a very prosy piece of literature, only saved occasionally in its dulness by the unconscious crudity of the hatreds lurking beneath its mask of plausibility. One of these hatreds is clearly directed against Ambassador GERARD, to whose well-known book this volume is in some sort a counter-blast. Neither a historian seeking truth nor a plain reader seeking recreation will have any difficulty in choosing between them.

Mr. D. A. BARKER, in *The Great Leviathan* (LANE), doesn't merely leave you to make the obvious remark about his having taken Mr. H. G. WELLS's loose, tangential and, for a beginner, extraordinarily dangerous method as a model,

but rubs it in (stout fellow!) by transplanting his hero to India, seemingly in order to have excuse for writing a passage which one would say was obviously inspired by that gorgeous description of the jungle in *The Research Magnificent*. Mr. BARKER has enough matter for two (or three) novels and enough skill in portraiture to make them more coherent and plausible than this. The theme is old but freshly seen. *Tom Seton*, resolved to avoid risking for his beloved the unhappiness which his mother had found in the bondage of marriage, offers her—indeed imposes on her—a free union. How the pressure of *The Great Levathan* (Mrs. Grundy—well, that's not perhaps quite the whole of the idea, but it will serve) drove her into the shelter of a formal marriage with a devoted don, I leave you to gather. I don't think the author quite succeeds in making *Mary's* defection inevitable, nor do I see the significance of the apparently quite irrelevant background of Indian philosophy and intrigue. But here's a well-written book, with sound positive qualities outweighing the defects of inexperience.

Captain ALAN BOTT ("Contact") has a literary gift of a high order, the gift of getting the very last thrill out of his experiences while telling his tale in the simplest and most straightforward way. In *Eastern Nights* (BLACKWOOD) he describes his adventures as a prisoner of the Turks, first in Damascus and Asia Minor and finally in Constantinople. The narrative, which is purely one of action, the action being supplied by the efforts, finally successful, of the author and various brother-officers to escape from their most un-

attractive captivity, nevertheless offers a most vivid picture of the social fabric of the Near East and in particular of the attitude of the *mélange* of Oriental peoples that comprised the Turkish Empire towards the War in which they found themselves taking part, most of them with reluctance and all inefficiently. Apathy rather than calculated brutality was chiefly responsible for the hardships suffered by the prisoners of war of all nations who were unfortunate enough to fall into Turkish hands. From the point of view of an officer determined to escape, however, the prevalence of this quality was not without its advantage. Most of the officials (Turks and Germans excepted) with whom Captain BOTT and his fellow-officers had to do were pro-Ally at heart and ready enough to assist an escaping prisoner if they did not happen to be too timid. And even the Turk was amenable on occasion to *baksheesh*. Altogether a most fascinating book, *Eastern Nights* is likely to win wide appreciation not alone for its literary merit but as a stirring record of the courage and resource, under desperate and trying conditions, of the Empire's soldiers.

Miss HENRIETTA LESLIE belongs to the school of novelists

who believe in telling you all about their characters and leaving you to pass judgment on them yourself, without expert assistance. It is a fine impartial method which succeeds in representing life and the indecisiveness of human nature very well; but such books somehow lack the glow of more partisan writings. In *A Mouse with Wings* (COLLINS) she tells the story of a woman's life from the time of her engagement until her son is a young man and she herself married again. *Olga* is a splendid creature, but, as Miss LESLIE cleverly lets you see for yourself, the belief in her own principles and their application, which is the essence of her character, alienates her husband and makes something like a ninny of *Arnold*, her son. *A Mouse with Wings* is not only the sobriquet of *Beryl*, the cheerful young Suffragette whom he loves, but has its application also to poor *Arnold*, who finds the courage to face life and a way out of it fighting in France. It is a nicely-written book with a little air of distinction, but, in case anyone should

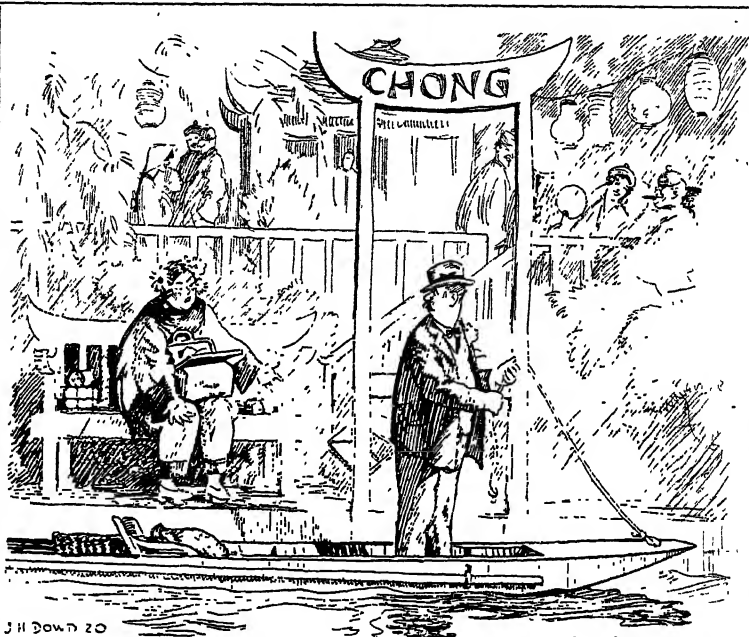
blame me for hushing it up, I ought to mention that both *Olga* and *Beryl* would probably have admired *Arnold* a great deal more had he "found himself" by way of Conscientious Objection.

I can testify that Mr. ZANE GREY's *The Man of the Forest* (HODDER AND STROUTON) is a yarn told with considerable zest and with just that undercurrent of sentiment which sweeps large portions of the British public completely off its feet. In this book the heroine, *Helen Rayner*, and her sister, *Bo*, leave Missouri for their uncle's ranch in New Mexico; but before they reach their destination many and wonderful adventures befall them.

To escape from being kidnapped by some superb scoundrels they were hustled off to *Milt Dale's* home in the forest, and there they had for a long time to remain. *Milt* was one of nature's gentlemen, but as his boon companion was a cougar (whose uninviting picture is to be seen upon the paper cover), this forest home had its slight inconveniences. Mr. GREY, however, writes of it so admirably that he almost persuades me to be a camper-out, provided always that I may live in a cavern and not in a caravan. Cowboys, bandits, Mormons and other vigorous characters keep things moving at a terrific pace. But stirringly full of incident as this tale is, Mr. GREY never forgets that it is love that really makes the world go round. He is in short a born storyteller, with a style by no means to be despised, and I see no reason why his popularity should not continue to wax here, and ultimately to rival its American magnitude.

Another Geddes Promotion.

"Among celebrities who will watch British seamanship matched against American are Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Sir Auckland Geddes, British Admiral to the United States."—*Canadian Paper*.



ATMOSPHERE IN OUR RIVER BUNGALOWS.

Hostess (to her husband just arrived from Town). "YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THE CHOP-STICKS, JOHN. YOU'VE SPOILT THE PARTY!"

CHARIVARIA.

"We doubt," says a contemporary, "if the Government has effected much by refusing to let Dr. MANNIX land on Irish shores." We agree. What is most wanted at the moment is that the Government should land on Ireland.

We feel that the time is now ripe for somebody to pop up with the suggestion that the wet summer has been caused by the shooting in Belfast.

Manchester City Council has decided to purchase the famous Free Trade Hall for the sum of ninety thousand pounds. A thorough search for the Sacred Principles of Liberalism, which are said to be concealed somewhere in the basement, will be undertaken as soon as the property changes hands.

There is no truth in the report that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, after listening to the grand howl of the Wolf Cubs at Olympia, declared that it was a very tame affair for anyone used to listening to Mr. DEVLIN.

"Kangaroos and wallabies," says a Colonial journalist, "are about the only things that the Australian sportsman can chase." Members of the M.C.C. team declare that they expect to change all that.

Reports that the gold had been removed from the Bank of Ireland to this country for the sake of safety have caused consternation in Dublin. There was always a possibility, the Irish say, that the Sinn Feiners might not lay hands on the stuff, but there isn't one chance in a hundred of it getting past Sir ERIC GEDDES.

A propos of the growing reluctance on the part of railway servants to take tips from holiday-makers, it appears that they are merely following the example set by the higher officials. We have positive information that only a week or so since Sir ERIC GEDDES flatly refused to take a tip from *The Daily Mail*.

While approving in principle of the proposal that the finger-prints of all

children should be registered, Government officials point out that the expense would certainly be out of all proportion to the advantage obtained, in view of the prevailing high prices of jam.

There is just this one consolation about the weather of late. So far the Government have not placed a tax on rain.

"Soldiers are very dissatisfied with the way in which ex-service men are now being treated," states a Sunday paper. We understand that, if this dissatisfaction should spread, Mr. CHURCHILL may call upon the Army to resign.

After exhaustive experiments Signor

owing to the failure of the Registrar to appear. It was not until the best man, who denied having mislaid the Registrar, had been thoroughly searched that the ceremony was abandoned.

A burglar accused of stealing sixteen volumes of classical poetry was sentenced to a month's imprisonment. The defence that he was insane was evidently ignored.

The Westminster magistrate, the other day, described a prisoner as "a very clever thief." It is said that the fellow intends printing this testimonial on his letter-paper.

A man knocked down by a racing motorist in New York is reported to have had both legs and an arm fractured, several ribs broken, and other injuries. Motorists in this country incline to the theory that it was the work of an amateur.

A Swiss guide recently discovered a chamois within sixty feet of the summit of the Jungfrau. Only on receiving the most explicit assurance that the Fourth Internationale would not be held at Grindelwald would the creature consent to resume its proper place in the landscape.

According to the conductor of the Southern Syncopated Orchestra the modern fox-trot has been evolved from a primitive negro dance called "The Blues." The theory that the Blues are the logical outcome of a primitive negro dance called the fox-trot is thus exploded.

A gentleman advertises for an island for men who are fed up with taxation. We can only say that Great Britain is just the very place.

"In some ways the American woman, it must be confessed, can give we English points on good dressing."—*Evening Paper*. She might now extend her beneficence and include some points on syntax.

"The clergy had to work far more than forty-eight hours per day, but their pay was quite inadequate."—*Local Paper*. We don't see how it would be possible to give adequate remuneration for such a feat.



The Laird. "Now, who on earth might those people be, DONALD, DRESSED LIKE TOURISTS?"

MARCONI has failed to obtain any wireless message from Mars. Much anxiety is being felt by those persons having friends or mining shares there.

The youngest son of Sir ERIC GEDDES is learning to play golf. It is hoped by this plan to keep his mind off thoughts of a political career.

A reader living in Aberdeen informs us that the last batch of Scotch refugees arrived from England last Thursday in an exhausted condition.

"Cats are very poor swimmers," states a writer in a weekly journal. This no doubt accounts for the exceptionally high infantile mortality among these domestic pets.

Last week a wedding at Ibstock, Leicestershire, had to be postponed after the ceremony had already begun,

IN DEFENCE OF DOROTHY.

I WAS greatly pained to read, the other day, in one of our leading dailies a most violent and uncalled-for attack on a popular favourite. Perhaps I should say one who *was* popular, for, alas, favourites have their day, and no doubt this attack was but to demolish the reputation of the setting star and enhance that of a rising one. Still it was unnecessarily churlish; it criticised not only the colour of her complexion, the exuberance of her presence, but her very name was held up to ridicule, the fault surely of her god-parents.

There has been, not unnaturally, quite a sensation in her circle over this attack; Papa Gontier and Maman Cochet clasped each other's hands in sympathy and said, "What will people say next of *us*, a respectable and time-honoured old couple, if they flout pretty popular little Dorothy Perkins?" "Of course, if people who live in a brand-new red-brick villa choose to invite Dorothy into their garden, one can't expect her to look her best; but, after all, there's only that languishing Stella Gray who can stand such a trial as that, and perhaps the stout Frau Druschki." "She, poor thing, is quite out of favour just now—hardly mentioned in polite society. Quite under a cloud; in fact a greeting from Teplitz is the only one she gets." "Now William Allen Richardson (there's a ridiculous long name, if you like!) was saying only yesterday how grateful we should all feel to dear Dorothy, who never seems to mind the weather and cheers us up when all else fails." "I must say I don't feel quite sure of William's sincerity, he is so very changeable, you know, and does not *really* care to be seen in Dorothy's company."

Pretty little Mme. Laurette Messimé was quite hanging her head about it all. "I live in harmony with *all* my neighbours," she simpered. "Ah, yes," flaunted Lady Gay, in that unblushing manner of hers, "that's very easy to do for colourless people." At this Caroline Testout turned quite pale and stuttered, "Well, Dorothy *does* scream so." "Hush, hush, my children," said the deep voice of the venerable Marshal Niel. Though yellow with extreme old age the old gentleman bore himself proudly and his dress was glossy and clean. "We all have our place in the world. Let carping critics say what they please, whether it is Dorothy in her gay gown or Liberty in her revolutionary wear, our showy American cousins, our well-beloved Scotch relations, or our Persian guests—they are *all* welcome, *all* beautiful." "Hear, hear!" murmured the other roses.

MORE MARGO BIOGRAPHY.

PROPOSALS — CARLYLE — BISMARCK — DISRAELI — A NEW BROWNING POEM — NAPOLEON ON LIVING BRITISH STATESMEN.

[Readers of the vivacious but too reticent serial now appearing in *The Sunday Times* may have noticed that the narrative is now and then interrupted by a row of what Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, during one of his conversations with Mrs. ASQUITH and JOWETT, called (to the immense delight of the MASTER OF BALLIOL) "those damned dots." Mr. Punch has, at fabulous expense, acquired the right to publish certain of the omitted passages, a selection of which is appended.]

Many Admirers.

No sooner was I in my earliest teens and had made up my mind as to the best cigarettes, than proposals began to be a matter of daily occurrence, so that whenever I saw the fifth footman or the third butler stealthily approaching me I knew that he was concealing a *billet doux*. Sometimes they were very flattering. Here is one, written in the big boyish hand of a Prince of the Blood:—

My beautiful, there is no one like you. They want me to marry the daughter of a royal house, but if you will say "Ycs" I will defy them. We will be married by the Archbishop, who marries and buries so beautifully; but I shall never need burying, because those who marry you never die.

Poor boy, I had to send him a negative by the fifteenth groom in the third phaeton, drawn by a pair of dashing chestnuts which another of my unsuccessful adorers had given me. I noticed that when they got back to Grosvenor Square the chestnuts had turned to greys.

The Sage of Chelsea.

THOMAS CARLYLE loved to have me trotting in and out of his house in Cheyne Row, and we had endless talks on the desirability of silence. "Yon wee Meg," he used to say, for he refused to call me "Margot," declaring it was a Frenchified name—"yon wee Meg is the cleverest girl in Scotland—and the wittiest."

I remember once that RUSKIN was there too, and we had a little breeze.

RUSKIN (*patronisingly*). What do you think of the paintings of TURNER?

MARGOT. He bores me.

RUSKIN (*drawing in a long breath*). Bores you?

MARGOT (*with a slow smile*). He probably bores you too, only you daren't admit it.

What would have happened I cannot imagine had not dear old CARLYLE offered me a draw of his pipe, while remarking laughingly, "She's a wonder, is Meg; she'll lead the world yet."

One day he asked me what I thought of his writing.

MARGOT. Too jerky and overcharged. CARLYLE (*wincing*). I must try to improve. What is your theory of authorship?

MARGOT. I think one should assume that everything that happens to oneself must be interesting to others.

CARLYLE (*as though staggered by a new idea*). Why?

MARGOT (*simply*). Because oneself is so precious, so unique.

I asked him once what he really thought of Mrs. CARLYLE, but he changed the subject.

Bismarck.

It was in Berlin, when I was seventeen, that I met BISMARCK. It was at the Opera, where, being a young English girl, I was in the habit of going alone. The great Chancellor, who was all unconscious that I had penetrated his identity, watched me for a long while between the Acts and then overtook me on my way home and in French asked me to supper.

MARGOT (*also in French*). But I am not hungry.

BISMARCK. In Germany you should do as the Germans do and eat always; (*with emphasis*) I do.

MARGOT (*scathingly*). I wonder if you are aware that I am English?

BISMARCK (*muttering something I could not catch about England lying crushed at his feet*). But you are beautiful too! Some day you will be a countrywoman of mine.

MARGOT. How?

BISMARCK. Because we shall make war on England and conquer it, and it will then be our own and all of you will be our people and our slaves. At least we should conquer it if—

MARGOT. If what?

BISMARCK. If it were not for a young man who will then be Prime Minister. It is of him we are afraid.

MARGOT. What is his name?

BISMARCK. ASQUITH.

Could prescience further go? BISMARCK then left me with another un-gainly effort at French: "*Au revoir, Mademoiselle*." But we never met again.

Disraeli's Last Days.

I was with DISRAELI (who was one of the few men who did not propose to me) not long before the end, and he gave me many confidences, although he knew all about my friendship with GLADSTONE. But then I have always chosen my friends impartially from all the camps. My exact memory enables me to repeat my last conversation with DIZZY word for word:—

MARGOT. You look tired. Shall I dance for you?

(Continued on page 104).



THE REAL MUSIC.

JOHN BULL. "I WISH THEY'D LET ME HEAR THE LADY."



The Wife (bitterly). "YES, IT MAKES A NICE OULIN' FOR ME, DON'T IT—SETTIN' IN THE RAIN ALL DAY GUARDIN' A TIN O' WORMS?"

DIZZY. No, no.

MARGOT (brightly). Let us be sensible and talk frankly about your approaching death. Have you any views as to your biography?

DIZZY. Need there be one?

MARGOT. Of course.

DIZZY (earnestly). Would you write it? You would be so discreet.

I had to refuse, but I am sure I could have made a more amusing job of it than Mr. BUCKLE has done, in spite of the love-letters. What a pity they didn't entrust it to my dear EDMUND GOSSE!

A Browning Poem.

Here is a little poem that BROWNING wrote for me on hearing me say that when we were girls "we did not know the meaning of the word 'fast'":—

We all of us worship our Margot,
She's such a determined *escargot*.

Talks with the Dead.

The great NAPOLEON had died many years before I was born; and how unjust it is that the lives of really interesting people should not coincide! But with the assistance of my beloved OLIVER LODGE I have had many con-

versations with him. Our first opened in this manner:—

MARGOT. Do you take any interest in current English politics?

NAPOLEON. *Oui* (Yes).

MARGOT. What do you think of LLOYD GEORGE?

NAPOLEON. An opportunist on horse-back.

MARGOT. I love riding too. I met most of my friends in the hunting-field. You should have seen me cantering into the hall of our town mansion. Who do you think our greatest statesman?

NAPOLEON. ASQUITH beyond a doubt.

Both PLATO and JULIUS CÆSAR, whom my beloved OLIVER has also introduced to me, said the same thing.

E. V. L.

FLOWERS' NAMES.

SOLOMON'S SEAL.

Oh, lordly was KING SOLOMON

A-stepping down so proud,

With his negro slaves and dancing girls
And all his royal crowd;

His peacocks and his viziers,

His eunuchs old and grey,

His gallants and his chamberlains

And glistening array.

Oh, blithesome was KING SOLOMON

That burning summer day

When lo! a humble shepherdess

Stood silent in his way;

Then stepped down kingly SOLOMON,

And proud and great stepped he,

And there he kissed the shep-

herdess—

Kissed one and two and three.

Then proudly turned the peasant-

maid—

Pale as a ghost was she—

"For all ye are KING SOLOMON,

What make ye here so free?"

Oh, lordly laughed KING SOLOMON,

"Shalt be my queen," quoth he;

"These kisses pledged KING SOLOMON

And sealed him to thee."

Then on went splendid SOLOMON

And all his glittering band,

And the wondering white peasant-

girl

He led her by the hand;

But in that place sprang flower-

stems

All green, for kingly pride,

With the small white kisses hanging

down

With which he sealed his bride.

SQUATTERS.

Ursula came into the study, carrying something that had once been a photograph, but which the ravages of time had long since reduced to a faded and almost indecipherable problem.

"Dear," she said, "you know this portrait of Clara's boy, the one in the sailor suit, from my writing-table? I was looking at it just now——"

I interrupted her (it really was one of my rushed mornings). "I've been looking at it any time these fifteen years," I observed bitterly, "watching it become every day more and more fly-blown and like nothing on earth. What entitles it to special notice at this moment?"

"Nothing—much," said Ursula; but from the tone of her voice experience taught me that sentiment was only just out of sight. "I was wondering whether to burn it——"

"Good."

"And then I thought that, as he was married the other day and is quite likely to have a boy of his own, it would be interesting to compare this early portrait."

"It would," I assented grimly. Perhaps disappointment had made me brutal. "There's almost nothing, from the Alps at midnight to Royalty down a coalmine, with which it would not be equally safe and appropriate to compare it. Only, as I gather that this involves its continued existence for a further indefinite period, my one request is that in the meantime you remove it. Shut it in the safe. Bury it. But don't leave it about."

"Aren't you being rather excited about nothing?"

"No. This is a matter of principle, and I am speaking for your own good. Fifteen years ago that photograph, unframed and in the first flush of youth, was casually deposited on your writing-table. Perhaps you only meant to put it out of your hand for a moment while you attended to something else. But you know what the result has been. It has remained there, gradually establishing a prescriptive right. No doubt it has been dusted, with the rest of the room, seven times a week . . ."

"Six times," said Ursula, smiling, but blushing a little too—I was glad to observe that.

". . . and as often been replaced. Its charm for the observant visitor has, to put the thing mildly, long since vanished. I doubt if either of us would so much as see it had it not attained for me the fascination of an eye-sore. Yet it stays on, simply because no one has the initiative to take action. To put it concisely, it is a squatter."



Navy. "WHY DON'T YER WEAR THEM BOARDS THE RIGHT WAY ROUND?"
Sandwichman. "WOT! IN ME DINNER-HOUR? NOT ME!"

"Don't be ridiculous."

"I was never more serious in my life. This speckled travesty, this photographic mummy, is but one example out of many. I do not know whether other homes resemble ours in the same tendency towards the mausoleum. But I strongly suspect it."

"What things are there besides this?" broke out Ursula, suddenly defensive. "Tell me a list of them."

"You forget, sweetheart, that as a professional literary man my time, especially in the morning, has a certain commercial value, but I will endeavour to do as you ask. You would of course justly repudiate any comparison between your own artistic setting and those Victorian houses wherein the 'drawing-room book' reposed always in the same sacred corner. Yet in the matter of derelict articles we are millionaires, we are beset by squatters."

I could see that Ursula was impressed, though she tried to conceal the fact. "Professional literary men seem to be strangely under the dominion of one word," she began coldly.

At that moment a bell tinkled.

"Eliza!" cried Ursula; "and I'm not dressed." As she fluttered from the room I had a distinct impression that she was not sorry for an excuse to break off the interview.

I re-settled myself at my desk, smiling a little cynically. How long would the lesson last? Then I happened to glance towards the mantelpiece, beside which Ursula had been standing. There, hastily propped against the clock, was that detestable photograph. It still quivered in the movement of release, as though shaking its shoulders, settling down palpably for another decade. With an uncontrollable impulse I leapt up, seized the abomination and, flinging it on the floor, ground it to powder with my heel.

In one word, the anti-squatting campaign had definitely begun. A. E.

"Some five or six million years hence, therefore, it is prophesied, the earth will fall into the grip of an ice age. There will descend on all living things the blight of eternal cod." *Scotch Paper.*

Although the danger is not immediate it deserves the serious consideration of the FOOD CONTROLLER.

SQUISH.

(Being some notes on a bye-path in politics.)

THE Board of Agriculture has been biding its time. In the fierce light of publicity which has been beating of late upon Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and Sir ERIC GEDDES the attempt of this rustic Ministry to assert itself has passed almost unnoticed. Our gaze has been fixed upon the London railway termini, upon Warsaw and upon Belfast; we have been neglecting Campden (Glos.). Yet in that town, I read, "the Ministry of Agriculture has completed arrangements for a commercial course in the State Fruit and Vegetable College to instruct students in the manufacture of preserved fruit products."

I have considered the last part of the sentence quoted above very carefully in the light of the Rules and Regulations governing procedure in State Departments, Magna Carta, the Habeas Corpus Act and the Constitutions of Clarendon, and have come to the conclusion that it means "making jam." I am very sure, as the PRIME MINISTER would say, that things are about to happen in preserved fruit products; things will become very much worse and very much sterner in jam. And if in jam why then also in jelly and in marmalade. Even at this moment in the offices of the Board of Agriculture there are a number of clerks, I suppose, sitting with schedules in front of them, something like this:—

	No. of candidates in training in	No. of candidates awaiting training in	No. of candidates fully trained	No. of candidates trained, but not full	No. of candidates full, but not trained	TOTAL
1. Jam . . .						
2. Jelly . . .						
3. Marmalade .						
TOTAL . .						

The perfect beauty of schedules framed upon this model is only to be apprehended by those who realise that when they are filled in and added up correctly the figure at the base of the vertical "Total" column on the right is identical with the figure on the right of the horizontal "Total" column at the base. It is the haunting magic of this fact that gives to Government clerks the wistful far-away look which they habitually wear.

It is not a good schedule this, of course—not a complete, not an exhaustive one. After a month or so it will be discovered with a cry of astonishment that no record has been kept of the number of candidates who are being trained in jam or jelly (combined) but not in marmalade, in jelly and marmalade (combined) but not in jam, and in jam and marmalade (combined) but not in jelly. And so a new and a greater schedule will have to be compiled. But even after that for a long time no one will notice that nothing has been said about the number of candidates who are being trained in jam and jelly and marmalade all combined and mashed up together, as they are at a picnic on the sands.

Of the many debatable issues raised by this new Government project, in so far as it affects the spheres of jelly and jam, I do not propose to speak now; I prefer to confine my attention for the moment to the fruit product which touches most nearly the home breakfast-table—namely, marmalade.

There are three schools of thought in marmalade. There are those who like the dark and very runny kind with large segments or wedges of peel. There are those who prefer a clear and jellified substance with tiny fragments of peel

enshrined in it as the fly is enshrined in amber. And there are some, I suppose, who favour a kind of glutinous yellow composition, neither reactionary nor progressive, but something betwixt and between. There can be very little doubt which kind of marmalade the State Marmalade School will produce.

And then, mark you, one fine day the President of the Board of Agriculture will turn round and issue a *communiqué* to the Press like this:—

"Preferential treatment in the supply of sugar for the purpose of conducting the processes of manufacture of fruit products will henceforward be given to those who possess the Campden diploma for proficiency in the conduct of the above-named processes."

And where is your freedom then? Cooks and housewives will be condemned either to make State marmalade or to make no marmalade at all. Personally I am inclined to think that the President of the Board of Agriculture will go further than this. I think that encouragement will be given to those who take the State Marmalade course to follow it up with a subsidiary or finishing course of wasp treatment.

And in wasp treatment also there are three schools. There is what is called the CHURCHILL school, which hits out right and left with an infuriated spoon. Then there is the MONTAGU school, which takes no provocative action, but sits still and says, "They won't sting you if you don't irritate them;" it says this especially when they are flying round somebody else's head. And lastly there is the MEDIUM school, which, choosing the moment when the wasp is busily engaged, presses it down gently and firmly into the marmalade, so that the last spoonfuls of the dish are not so much a fruit product as a kind of entomological preserve. The last way, I think, will be the State way of dealing with wasps, and a reward will probably be offered for the stings of all wasps embalmed on Coalition lines.

The electorate has stuck to the Government through the Peace Treaty, through Mesopotamia, through Ireland and through coal. Can it stick to them, is what I ask, through marmalade?

BYRON.

MENS CONSCIA MALI.

THE lightning flashed and flickered, roared the thunder;

Down came the rain, and in the usual way
Pavilionward we sped to sit and wonder
Was this the end of play.

In scattered groups my comrades talked together,
Their disappointment faded bit by bit,
So soothing can it be to tell the weather
Just what you think of it.

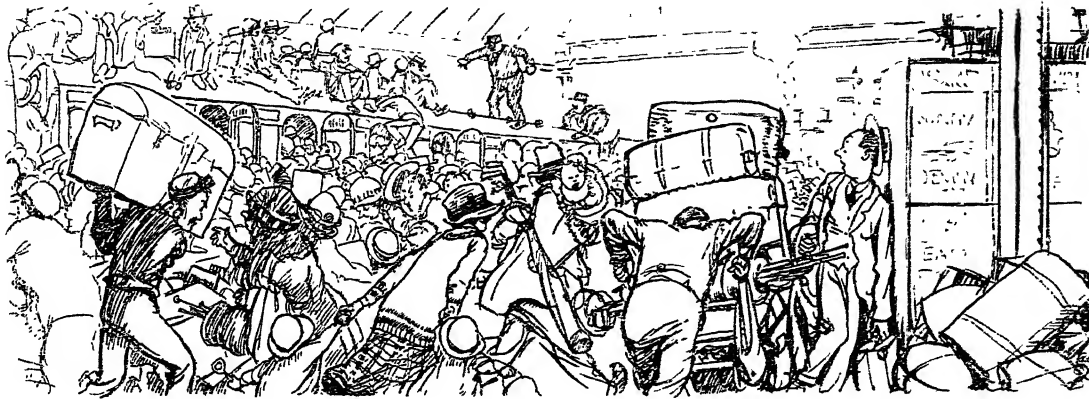
But I—I sat aloof as one distressed by
A painful tendency to droop and wilt;
Though none suspected it, I was oppressed by
A conscience charged with guilt.

I watched the pitch become a sodden pulp, a
Morass, a sponge, a lake, a running stream,
What time a sad repentant *Mea culpa*
Was all my musing's theme.

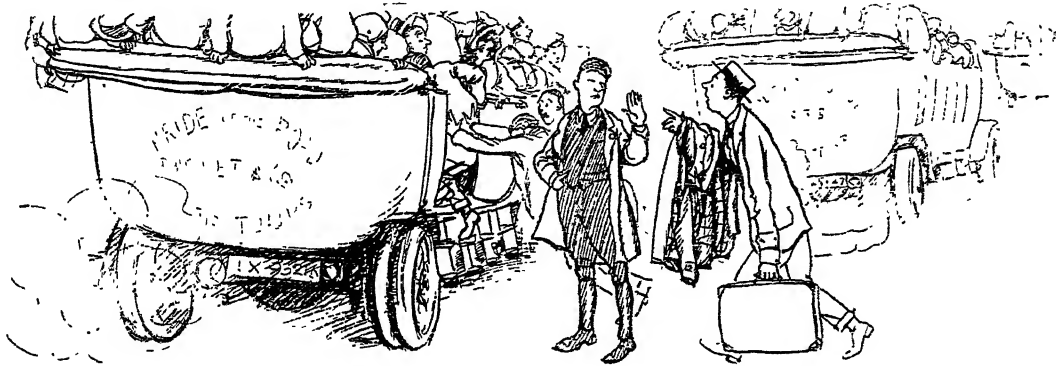
Mine was the cricket sin too hard to pardon
In one whose age should carry greater sense;
On Friday night I'd watered all the garden,
Thus tempting Providence.

"Mr. — asserted that the Russian people would be permitted 'untrammelled to pork out their own salvation.'"—*Canadian Paper*.
And why not the Irish people too?

THE MAN WHO WOULD GET TO THE SEASIDE.



TRAINS FULL.

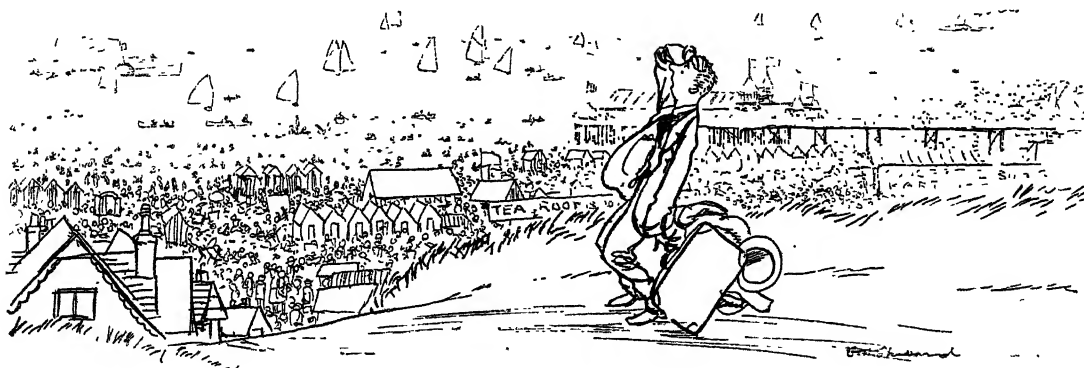


CHARABANCS FULL.



AEROPLANES FULL.

THE LAST RESOURCE.



SEA, SANDS AND HOTELS FULL.

THE COUNTER-IRRITANT.

Most men have a hobby. Timbrell-Timson's is to bear on his narrow shoulders the burden of Middle Europe. He calls it Mittel-Europa. Lately he has been sharing his burden with me.

"You know," he said, frowning—he always frowns, because of the burden—"I am rather uneasy about the Czechoslovaks."

"I'm not too comfortable about them myself," I said truthfully.

"There seems to be a certain lack of stability about their new constitution," said T.-T., "a—a—a—what shall I say?"

"A—er—um—a," I put in.

"Exactly; just so," said T.-T. He then got into his stride and gave me twenty minutes' Czechoslovakism when I was dying to discover whether HOBBS had scored his two-millionth run.

As T.-T. talked my mind wandered away into regions of its own—Aunt Jane's rheumatic gout, my broken niblick, the necessity for getting my hair cut. But sub-consciously I reserved a courteous minimum of attention for T.-T., and said, "H'm" and "Ha" with decent frequency. He went on and on, shedding several ounces of the burden. I decided that Aunt Jane ought to have a shot at Christian Science.

"... very much the same plight as the Poles," said T.-T., emerging from a cloud of Czechoslovakism and pausing to clear his meagre throat.

I felt it was up to me. "Of course," I said, "the Poles don't strike one as being—er—very—that is—"

"Precisely. They are not," said T.-T., as I knew he would. "But I am very relieved to see that M. Grabski—"

This was something new and sounded amusing. "Grabski?" I said. "What's happened to dear old—I mean, I thought M. Paderewski was—"

"I am referring to the recent Spa Conference," said T.-T. severely.

"Of course, how silly of me," I murmured.

T.-T. gave me another twenty minutes of Poland. Then he released me, with a final word of warning against putting too much faith in M. Daschovitch. I promised I wouldn't.

T.-T. shook me cordially by the hand and said, "It has been a pleasure to talk to such a sympathetic listener."

What led me to revolt was T.-T.'s hat-trick. Three evenings in succession he unloaded on me chunks of the burden. Probably he thought the third time made it my own property.

I asked advice from Brown, a man of commonsense.

"During the Great War," said Brown,

"I went down with pneumonia. They painted my chest yellow, and, when I asked the Sister why, she said it was a counter-irritant. That's what you want to use now, my lad. Stand up to your little friend and beat him at his own game."

"But how?" I said. "I can't. What he doesn't know about the gentle Czech isn't worth a cussovitch."

"Cultivate a counter-burden," said Brown, "and make him eat it as he has made you eat his."

When I left Brown it was decided that I was henceforth to be an authority on Mittel-Afrika. The next evening I was purposely unoccupied in a corner of the smoking-room when T.-T. came in, frowning and bowed down by his burden, to which apparently I had brought no relief.

"Well, to-day's news from Mittel-Europa is hardly—" he began.

"Scarcely glanced at it," I said. "I was so busy with the news from Mittel-Afrika—Abyssinia, in fact."

T.-T. looked surprised, partly, no doubt, because he knew as well as I did that Abyssinia is nowhere near the middle of Africa. Then he gained balance and reopened with the remark that "The ineradicable weakness of the Czechoslovak is—"

"Just what I feel about the Ethiopians," I said.

"Of course there is in the Czechoslovak a fundamental—" began T.-T. once more.

"Not half so fundamental as in the Abyssinians," I said promptly.

T.-T. was puzzled but obstinate. The burden, I think, was rather bad that evening. He tried me with Grabski and got as far as saying that he had little respect for that gentleman's antecedents.

I broke in by comparing Grabski's antecedents with the antecedents of B'lumbu, the Abyssinian Deputy Under-Secretary of the Admiralty, much to the detriment of the latter. Then I launched out into a long and startling *exposé* of what I called the Swarthy Peril. I told T.-T. that the Ethiopians ate their young, and warned him that, unless he was careful, they would soon be over here devouring his own spectacled progeny. I told him about the Ethiopic secret plans for the invasion of Mexico as a stepping-stone to the subjugation of Mittel-Amerika. I hinted that Abyssinian spies were everywhere—that even one of the club waiters was not above suspicion.

For thirty-five minutes I held T.-T. in his chair (may the Abyssinian gods forgive me!). After the first three minutes he forgot his burden and never a word spake he.

Then I released him with a final warning against putting any faith at all in Gran'slam, the Abyssinian Assistant Foreign Secretary, and as we parted I said gratefully, "It has been a pleasure to talk to such a sympathetic listener."

I don't think T.-T. really believes even now in the Swarthy Peril, but the counter-irritant has done its work.

ANOTHER GARDEN OF ALLAH.

[The Metropolitan Water Board announces an advance in the Water Rate.]

I CANNOT fill the bounteous cup

Munificently as of yore
Because the water's going up
(It didn't at Lodore);

No longer now can I regale
The canine stranger with a pail
Drawn from my cistern's store.

Let Samuel the sunflower die,
Let Gerald the geranium fade,
And all the other plants that I
Have hitherto displayed;
The virgin grass within my plot
May call for water—I will not
Preserve a single blade.

Henceforth let Claude the cactus dress
My garden beds, who bravely grows
Without a frequent S.O.S.
To water-can and hose.

I've cast these weapons to the void
And permanently unemployed
Is Hildebrand the hose.

Within the house by words and deeds
I've run an Anti-Waste Campaign;
On every tap the legend reads:
"Teetotalers, abstain!"

While on each bath and tub of mine
I've drawn freehand a PLIMSOLL line,
Impressionist but plain.

When upward mount my chops and
cheese

I fain must bend beneath the blow;
I have to pay the price for these
Whether I will or no.

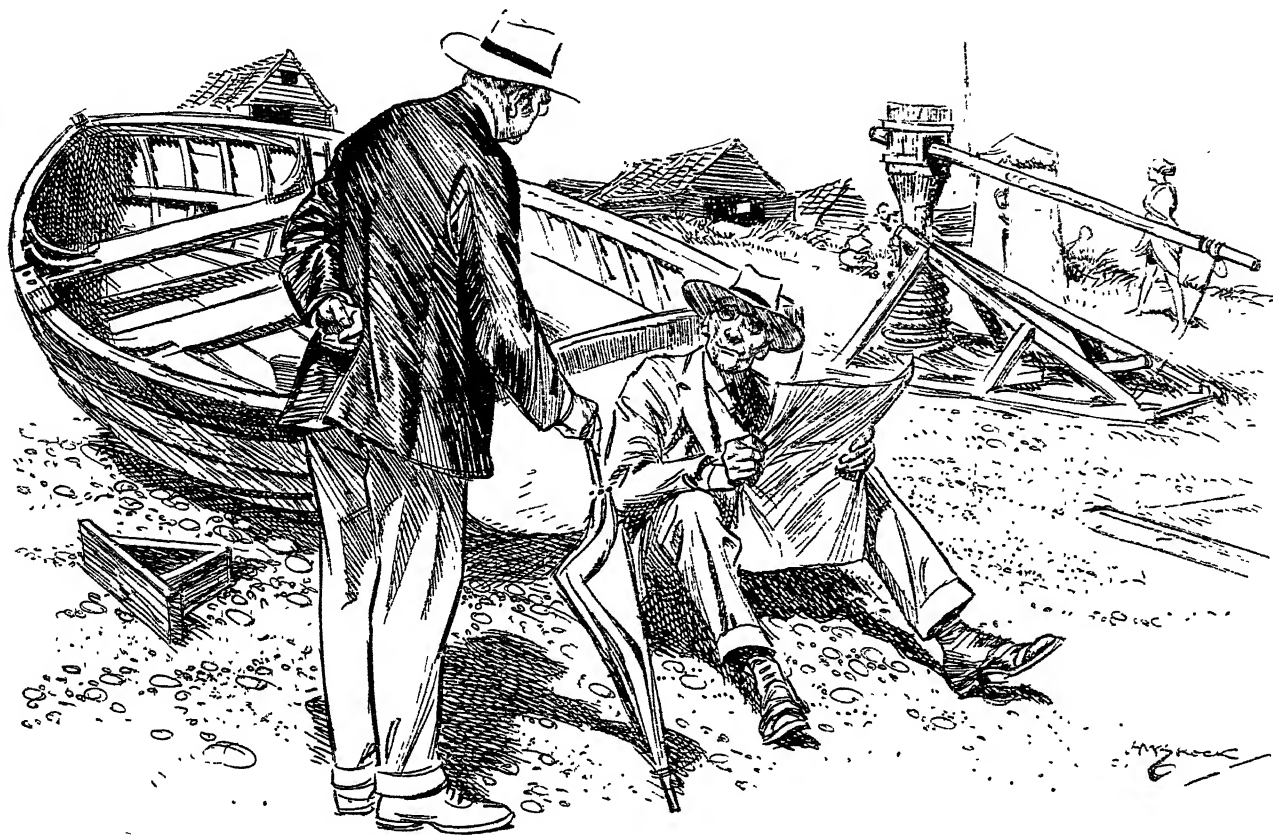
But here at least, by dint of thought,
I feel that I can bring to naught
The rise in H₂O.

You'll find that I shall keep in check
The gross expense of water when
Domestic *nettoyage à sec*

Rules my ancestral den.
I, unlike Nature, don't abhor
A "vacuum"—to clean the floor:
In fact I've ordered ten.

"At Bremen . . . the crowd seized the stalls in the market, and sold the goods at prices between 100 and 200 per cent. lower than the prices demanded."—*Provincial Paper*.

The correspondent who sends us the above cutting demands similar reductions in English markets in order that he may live within his income of *minus* two pounds a week.



INCORRIGIBLES.

"EXCUSE ME, SIR—I'M DOWN HERE FOR A REST CURE, AND NOT ALLOWED TO LOOK AT A NEWSPAPER. PERHAPS YOU WOULDN'T MIND TELLING ME WHAT KAFFIRS STOOD AT YESTERDAY?"

"SORRY I CAN'T OBLIGE YOU. I'VE SWORN OFF NEWSPAPERS MYSELF. THIS IS *THE SHRIMPION COURIER* FOR FEBRUARY 12 THAT MY LANDLADY WRAPPED MY SANDWICHES IN."

THE BEGINNER.

Six months ago Maurice Gillstone's flat was the home of unrest. Maurice was one of those authors who tire of their creations before completion. He would get an idea, begin to write and then turn to some other theme.

It made the domestic atmosphere difficult. You would go to call on the Gillstones and find them plunged in despair. Maurice would gaze at you with a wild unseeing eye, pass his hand through his dishevelled hair, mutter "The inspiration has left me," and fling himself into a chair and groan. Mrs. Maurice would burst into tears.

The flat was strewn with fragments of manuscripts. Plays, novels, poems (none finished) littered the rooms in profusion; a brilliant but isolated Scene I., stray opening chapters of novels, detached prologues of mighty epics.

"His beginnings are wonderful," Mrs. Maurice would wail between her sobs; "keen critics and men of the most delicate literary taste rave over

them; but if he can't finish them, what's the use?"

It was very sad.

Then John Edmund Drall, the inventor of the non-alcoholic beverage which is now a household word and an old friend of the Gillstones, came along and tried to cure Maurice of his literary defect by the sort of ruse one would employ on a jibbing horse. He sent Maurice a bottle of his Lemonbeer and asked him to write an appreciation of that noxious fluid.

"I have asked Maurice," Drall confided to me, "to scribble a testimonial to Lemonbeer. It will kind of break the spell, and it wouldn't be Maurice if he didn't turn out a perfect gem of literary composition. I know my Lemonbeer is really good and I know that Maurice is extremely appreciative. Maurice is under a spell. It must be broken. If he can write a complete testimonial he will easily finish all those beginnings of his." The idea seemed sound.

Well, Maurice drank the Lemonbeer and, in spite of an increasing tendency to swoon, did begin to write a gem of a

testimonial. He had, however, written but the first four words of it when he fainted. These words were "Lemonbeer is the best . . ."

Maurice would do anything for a friend, and, as I say, had actually written "Lemonbeer is the best . . ." after drinking a whole bottle of it.

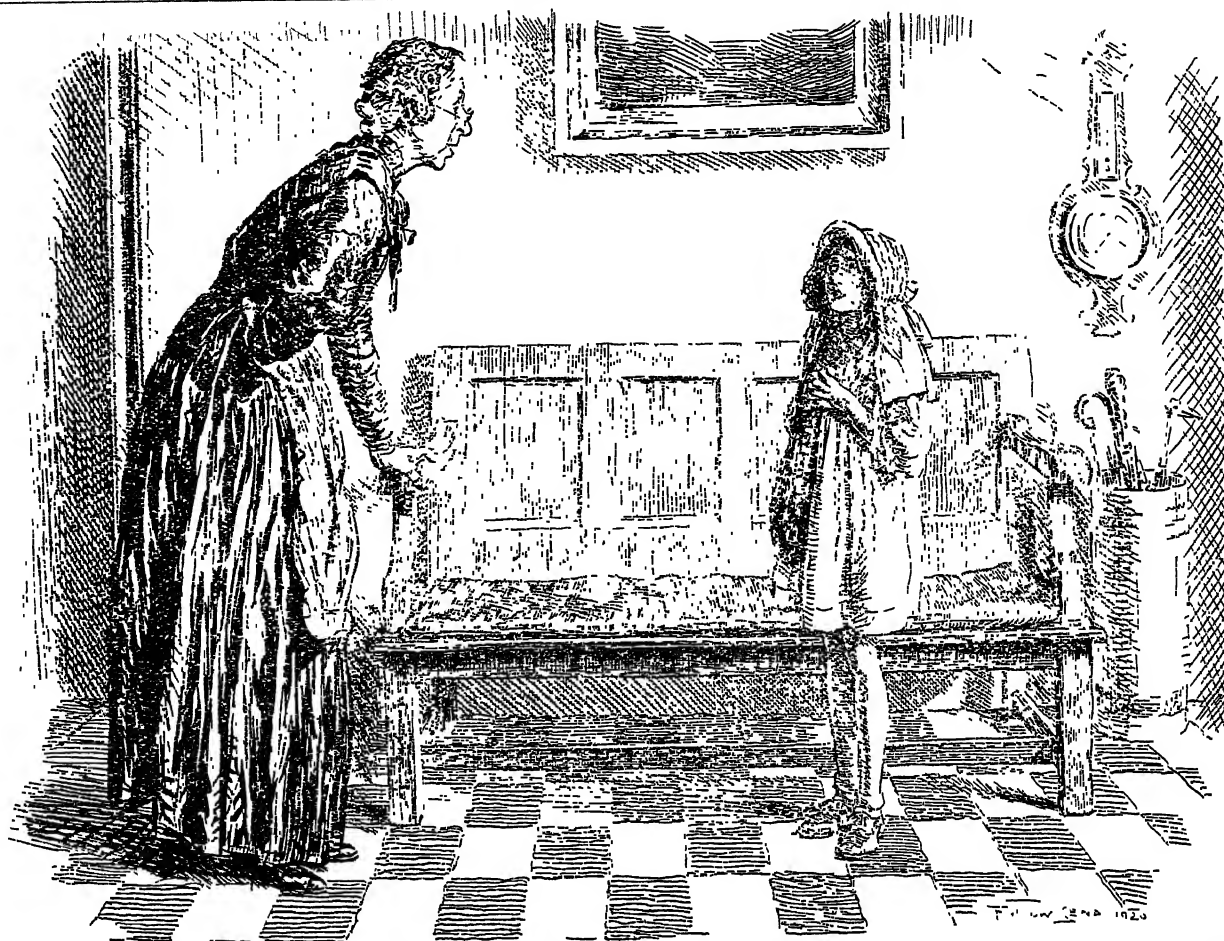
It was Drall's advertisement manager who said that in point of selling power this testimonial was unsurpassed. "The finished completeness of the composition," he said, "shows sheer genius. Just four words. A word added or subtracted would ruin it."

When Maurice came to and learnt how brilliant he had been he simply put on his hat and walked round to a Film Agency to say that he was prepared to write—and complete—any number of masterpieces. Since that day he has never looked back.

Commercial Candour.

"ANTIQUE SILVER.

Mr. — invites all interested to inspect his fine stock which he can offer just new at exceptionally low prices."—*Daily Paper*.



Peggy. "PLEASE, MISS JUDKIN, MUMMY SAYS WILL YOU KINDLY LET HER HAVE A LITTLE BRANDY FOR OUR GOAT? IT'S VERY ILL AND MUMMY IS AFRAID IT'S DYING."

Miss Judkin. "TELL YOUR MOTHER I'M VERY SORRY, BUT THE ONLY BRANDY I'VE GOT IS VERY OLD."

Peggy. "OH, THAT WILL DO SPLENDIDLY. IT'S A VERY OLD GOAT."

THE FAIR.

Look up, my child, the sirens whoop
Shrill invitations to the Fair,
The yellow swing-boats soar and swoop,
The Gavioli organs blare;
Bull-throated show-men, bracken-
brown,
Compete to shout each other down.

Behold the booths of gingerbread,
Of nougat and of peppermints,
The stall of toys where overhead
Balloons of gay translucent tints
Float on the breeze and drift and sway;
Fruit of a fairy vine are they.

Within this green fantastic grot
Bright-coloured balls are danced and
spun
On jets (" 'Ere, lovey, 'ave a shot");
A gipsy lad tends a gun,
A very rose of gipsy girls,
With earrings glinting in her curls.

Will marvels cease? This humble booth
Enshrines a dame of royal birth,
Princess Badrubidure, forsooth,
The fattest princess on the earth;

Come, we will stand where kings have
stood,
And you shall pinch her if you're
good.

The brasses gleam, the mirrors flash,
How splendid is the Round-About!
The organ brays, the cymbals clash,
The spotted horses bound about
Their whirling platform, full of beans,
And country girls ride by like queens.

Professor Battling Bendigo
(Ex ten-stone champion of the
West)

Parades the stage before his show
And swells his biceps and his chest;
"Is England's manhood dead and
gone?"
He asks; "Won't no one take me
on?"

A big drum booms, revolvers crack;
Who is this hero that appears,
A velvet tunic on his back,
His whiskers curling round his
ears?

'Tis he who drew the jungle's sting,
Diabolo, the Lion King.

Within are birds beyond belief
And creatures colourful and quaint:
Lean dingoes weighed with secret grief
And monkey humourists who ain't;
Bears, camels, pards—Look up, my
dear,

The wonders of the world are here!
PATLANDER.

"CELLS BELOW ZERO FOR T.B.
PATIENTS.

Ink in Nurses' Pens Froze when Taking Men's
Temperature."—*Canadian Paper*.

Personally, we prefer having ours taken
with a thermometer.

"OFFENCES UNDER THE LIGHTING ORDERS.
—At Thursday's petty session Emile — was
paid £1 for having no near side light on his
motor car."—*Local Paper*.

But ought foreign offenders to be
favoured in this way?

"Richmond camp is a scene of bustling
activity from sunrise to reveille, or 'Taps' as
the Americans term it."—*Evening Paper*.

And after that the boy scouts would
appear to have had a nice long day to
themselves.



IF WINSTON SET THE FASHION—

PREMIER (*entering Cabinet Council Room*). "WHAT—NOBODY HERE?"

BUTLER. "YOU FORGET, SIR. THIS IS PRESS DAY. THE GENTLEMEN ARE ALL FINISHING THEIR NEWSPAPER ARTICLES."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, August 2nd.—The rain that drenched the Bank-holiday-makers had its counterpart inside the House of Commons in the shower of Questions arising out of Mr. CHURCHILL's article on the Polish crisis in an evening newspaper. Members of various parties sought to know whether, when the WAR SECRETARY said that peace with Soviet Russia was only another form of war and apparently invited the co-operation of the German militarists

sion, even in a newspaper hostile to the Government, so long as they were consistent with the policy of the Government; and that he was not aware of anything in this particular article that "cut across any declaration of policy by His Majesty's Government."

This does not sound very convincing perhaps, but it was sufficient to satisfy Members, whose chief anxiety is to get off as soon as possible to the country, and who voted down by 134 to 32 an attempt to move the adjournment.

The CHIEF SECRETARY formally in-

Tuesday, August 3rd.—That genial optimist Lord PEEL commended the Ministry of Mines Bill as being calculated to restore harmony and goodwill among masters and men. According to Lord GAINFORD the best way to secure this result is to hand back the control of the mines to their owners, between whom and the employes, he declared, cordial relations had existed in the past. Still, the owners would work the Bill for what it was worth, and hoped the miners would do the same. Lord HALDANE said that was



A LONG PARTNERSHIP.

Capt. WEDGWOOD BENN (to Mr. ASQUITH). "ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME YOU TOOK THE GLOVES OFF AND HAD A GO AT 'EM YOURSELF?"

Top Row (reading from left to right).—Mr. G. R. THORNE, Mr. DEVLIN, Sir DONALD MACLEAN, Mr. CLYNES, Gen. SEELY, Col. WEDGWOOD.

Middle Row.—The SPEAKER, Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, Mr. BONAR LAW, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Mr. ASQUITH, Capt. WEDGWOOD BENN.

Bottom Row.—Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT, Mr. WHITLEY (*Chairman of Committees*).

to fight the Bolshevists, he was expressing the views of the Government; and if not, what had become of the doctrine of collective responsibility?

The PRIME MINISTER manfully tried to shield his colleague from the storm, but the effort took all his strength and ingenuity, and more than once it seemed as if an unusually violent blast would blow his umbrella inside out. His principal points were that the article did not mean what it appeared to say; that if it did it was not so much an expression of policy as of a "hankering"—("HANKERING. An uneasy craving to possess or enjoy something"—*Dictionary*); that he could not control his colleagues' desires or their expres-

sion, even in a newspaper hostile to the Government, so long as they were consistent with the policy of the Government; and that he was not aware of anything in this particular article that "cut across any declaration of policy by His Majesty's Government."

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR is a declared opponent of both these measures, but that did not prevent him from contrasting the lightning speed of the House when passing coercion for Ireland with its snail-like pace when approaching conciliation. In fifty years it had not given justice to Ireland; it was to be asked to give injustice to Ireland in fewer hours.

just what the miners had announced their intention of not doing unless they were given a great deal more power than the Bill proposed. But this lack of enthusiasm in no way damped Lord PEEL's ardour. Indeed he observed that he had "never introduced a Bill that was received with any sort of enthusiasm." Mollified by this engaging candour the Peers gave the Bill a Second Reading.

I am glad to record another example of Government economy. To Mr. GILBERT, who desired that more sandpits should be provided in the London parks for the delectation of town-tied children, Sir ALFRED MOND reluctantly but sternly replied that "in view of the



The Vicar (in a gallant attempt to cover his opponent's eloquence) sings. "WE PLOUGH THE FIELDS AND SCATTER —"

ROAD CONDITIONS FOR CHARABANCs.

THE following road information is compiled from reports received by the Charabanc Defence Association :—

The Lushborough road is good and free from obstruction as far as Great Boundingley, but from Chatback to Wrothley the conditions are unfavourable. The bridge one mile south of the former place has been occupied by a strong force of unfriendly natives, and several cases of tarring have been reported. There is, however, an alternative route *via* Boozeley, but great caution is advised in passing through Wrothley, passengers being recommended to provide themselves with a good supply of loose metal before entering the village, where most of the houses are protected with iron shutters. Helmets should not be removed before reaching Cadbridge, where there is no danger of retaliation.

Bottles may be discharged freely all along the Muckley road as far as Rud-diham, but caution is needed at Bash-field Corner, from which a small band of snipers has not yet been dislodged, though their ammunition is running short. Passengers should be prepared to use all the resources of their vocabulary at Bargingham, where the inhabi-

tants enjoy a well-deserved repute for their command of picturesque invective. It would be humiliating to the whole charabanc confraternity if they were to yield their pre-eminence in this branch of education to a small rural community.

Thanks to the vigilance of the well-armed patrols of the Charabanc Defence Association the main roads in East Anglia are almost clear of the enemy. Caution must still be observed in passing through Garningham at night. One of the hardest "charabankers" was recently prostrated in that village by a well-aimed epithet from the oldest inhabitant. A writer in a Norwich paper recently described the area within ten miles of Whelksham as "a paradise for baboon-faced Yahooligans." But these futile ebullitions of malice are powerless to check the triumphal progress of the charabanc in the Eastern Counties.

But no route at present offers more favourable or exhilarating opportunities to the high-minded excursionist than the main Gath road from Scrapston to Kinlarry. Excellent sport is afforded just outside Stillminster, where Sir John Goodfellow's greenhouses are within easy bottle-throw of the road and furnish a splendid target. On the whole, however, it is thought advisable to

abstain from saluting the neighbouring hospital for shell-shock patients with a salvo of megaphones, local opinion being adverse to such manifestations.

RHYMES OF THE UNDERGROUND.

THE Ealing trains run frequently,
The Ealing trains run fast ;
I stand at Gloucester Road and see
A many hurtling past ;
They go to Acton, Turnham Green,
And stations I have never seen,
Simply because my lot has been
In other places cast.

The folk on Ealing trains who ride
They, pitying, bestow
On me a look instinct with pride ;
But I would have them know
That, while on Wimbledonian plains
My humble domicile remains,
I HAVE NO USE FOR EALING TRAINS,
Though still they come and go.

Conversation of the moment in a City restaurant :—

REGULAR CUSTOMER (*looking down menu*). "Waiter, why is cottage pie never on now?"

WAITER. "Well, Sir, since this 'ere shortage of 'ouses we ain't allowed to make 'em any more."

THE REVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

(Written after reading Mr. FRANCIS W. GALPIN'S "Old English Instruments of Music.")

I AM no skilful vocalist;
I can't control my *mezza gola*;
I have but an indifferent fist
(Or foot) upon the Pianola.

But there are instruments, I own,
That fire me with a fond ambition
To master for their names alone
Apart from their august tradition.

They are the Fipple-Flute, a word
Suggestive of seraphic screeches;
The Poliphant comes next, and third
The Humstrum—aren't they perfect
peaches?

About their tone I cannot say
Much that would carry clear conviction,
For, till I read of them to-day,
I knew them not in fact or fiction.

As yet I am, alas! without
Instruction in the art of fippling,
Though something may be found about
It in the works of LEAR or KIPLING.

And possibly I may unearth
In LECKY or in LAURENCE OLIPHANT
Some facts to remedy my dearth
Of knowledge bearing on the Poliphant.

But, now their pictures I have seen
In GALPIN'S learned dissertation,
So far as in me lies I mean
To bring about their restoration.

Yet since I cannot learn all three
And time is ever onward humming,
My few remaining years shall be
Devoted wholly to humstrumming.

That, when my bones to rest are laid,
Upon my tomb it may be written:
"He was the very last who played
Upon the Humstrum in Great
Britain."

THE SPIDER.

LATELY we had occasion to consider the place of the grasshopper in modern politics. Now let us consider the place of the spider in our social life.

It seems to me that the spider is the most accomplished and in some ways the most sensible insect we have in these parts. In my opinion a great deal too much fuss has been made about the bee. She is a knowing little thing, but the spider is her superior in many ways. Yet no one seems to write books or educational rhymes about the spider. It is really a striking example of the well-known hypocrisy and materialism of the British race. The bee is held up to

the young as a model of industry and domestic virtue—and why? Simply because she manufactures food which we happen to like. The spider is held up to the young as the type of rapacity, malice and cruelty, on the sole ground that he catches flies, though we do not pretend that we are fond of flies, and conveniently ignore the fact that, if the spider did not swat that fly, we should probably swat it ourselves.

The real charge against the spider is that he doesn't make any food for us. As for the virtue and nobility of the bee, I don't see it. The only way in which she is able to accumulate all that honey at all is by massacring the unfortunate males by the thousand as soon as she conveniently can, a piece of Prussianism which may be justified on purely material grounds, but is scarcely consistent with her high reputation for morality and lovingkindness. If it could be shown that the bee consciously collected all that honey with the idea that we should annex it there might be something to be said for her on moral grounds; but nobody pretends that. Now look at the spider. We are told that as a commercial product spider-silk has been found to be equal if not superior to the best silk spun by the Lepidopterous larvæ, with whom, of course, you are familiar. "But the cannibalistic propensities of spiders, making it impossible to keep more than one in a single receptacle . . . have hitherto prevented the silk being used . . . for textile fabrics." So that it comes to this: if spiders are useless because they eat each other, the bees do much the same thing (only wholesale), but it makes them commercially useful. The bee therefore we place upon a pinnacle of respectability, but the spider we despise. Faugh! the hypocrisy of it makes me sick. My children will be taught to venerate the spider and despise the bee.

For, putting aside the question of moral values, look what the spider can do. What is there in the clammy, not to say messy, honey-comb to be compared with the delicate fabric of the spider's web? Indeed, should we ever have given a single thought to the honey-comb if it had had no honey in it? Do we become lyrical about the wasp's comb? We do not. It is a case where greed and materialism have warped our artistic perceptions. The spider can lower itself from the drawing-room ceiling to the floor by a silken thread produced out of itself. Still more marvellous, he can climb up the same thread to the ceiling when he is bored, winding up the thread inside him as he goes, and so making pursuit impossible. What can the bee do to equal that? And how is it done? We

don't even know. *The Encyclopædia Britannica* doesn't know; or if it does it doesn't let on. But the whole tedious routine of the bee's domestic pottering day is an open book to us. Ask yourself, which would you rather do, be able to collect honey and put it in a suitable receptacle, or be able to let yourself down from the top floor to the basement by a silken rope produced out of your tummy, and then climb up it again when you want to go upstairs, just winding up the rope inside you? I think you will agree that the spider has it. It is hard enough, goodness knows, to wind up an ordinary ball of string so that it will go into the string-box properly. What one would do if one had to put it in one's bread-box I can't think. When my children grow up, instead of learning

"How doth the little busy bee . . ."

they will learn—

How doth the jolly little spider
Wind up such miles of silk inside her,
When it is clear that spiders' tummies
Are not so big as mine or Mummy's?
The explanation seems to be,
They do not eat so much as me.

That will point the moral of moderation in eating, you see. There will be a lot more verses, I expect; I can see *cram* and *diaphragm* and possibly *jam* coming very soon. But we must get on.

The spider is like the bee in this respect, that the male seems to have a most rotten time. For one thing he is nearly always about two sizes smaller than the female. Owing to that and to what *The Encyclopædia Britannica* humorously describes as "the greater voracity" of the female (there is a lot of quiet fun in *The Encyclopædia Britannica*), he is a very brave spider who makes a proposal of marriage. "He makes his advances to his mate at the risk of his life and is not infrequently killed and eaten by her before or after" they are engaged ("before or after" is good). "Fully aware of the danger he pays his addresses with extreme caution, frequently waiting for hours in her vicinity before venturing to come to close quarters. Males of the *Argyropida* hang on the outskirts of the webs of the females and signal their presence to her by jerking the radial threads in a peculiar manner." This is, of course, the origin of the quaint modern custom by which the young man rings the bell before attempting to enter the web of his beloved in Grosvenor Square. Contemporary novelists have even placed on record cases in which the male has "waited for hours in her vicinity before venturing to come to close quarters;" but too much attention must not be paid to these imaginative accounts. If I have said enough to secure that in future a



Mr. Meere. "YOU'LL REALLY HAVE TO BE MORE CAREFUL, DEAR, HOW YOU SPEAK TO THE COOK OR SHE'LL BE LEAVING US."

Mrs. M. "PERHAPS I WAS RATHER SEVERE."

Mr. M. "SEVERE! WHY, ANYONE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU WERE TALKING TO ME."

little more kindness and respect will be shown to the spider in the nurseries of this great Empire, and a little less of it wasted on the bee, I have not misspent my time.

But I shall not be content. Can we not go further? Can we not get a little more of the simplicity of spider life into this hectic world of ours? In these latitudes the spider lives only for a single season. "The young emerge from the cocoon in the early spring, grow through the summer and reach maturity in the early autumn. *The sexes then pair and perish* soon after the female has constructed her cocoon." How delicious! No winter; no bother about coal; no worry about the children's education; just one glorious summer of sport, one wild summer of fly-catching and midge-eating, a romantic, not to say dangerous wooing, a quiet wedding in the autumn, dump the family in some nice unfurnished cocoon—and perish. Is there nothing to be said for that? How different from the miserable bee, which just goes on and on, worrying about posterity, working and working, fussing about. . . .

Yet all our lives are modelled on the bee's.

A. P. H.

DOWN-OUR-COURT CIRCULAR.

WHY should not some of the other people, who also enjoy life, have their movements recorded too? Like this:—

During Mr. William Sikes' visit to the Devonshire moors Mrs. Sikes will remain in town.

Mr. and Mrs. James Harris have arrived in London from Southend.

Miss Levi, Miss Hirsch and Master Isaacson are among the guests at Victoria Park, where some highly successful children's parties have been given.

Epping is much in favour just now, and a large number of (public) house-parties have been arranged. Among those entertaining this week are Mr. Henry Higgins, Mr. Robert Atkins and Mr. John Smith.

Mr. Henry Hawkins, Mrs. Hawkins, Mr. Henry Hawkins, junior, and Miss Hawkins left town on August 2nd for Hampstead Heath, for a day's riding and shooting. A large bag of nuts was obtained. Mr. Hawkins has not yet returned.

"LITTLE PROGRESS MADE. KING STILL DEFIANT."

Daily Paper.

Oh, dear! Another complication! Who is the monarch? Which the nation?

We breathe again. The Leicester pro. Kept up his end four hours or so.

"Another of the big round landlords of London is selling his estate.

Sir Joseph Doughty Tichborne is selling his Doughty Estate of 14 acres."—*Evening Paper.* It recalls the famous case. "The Claimant" would certainly have made "a big round landlord."

"Here then is a new development of serious local journalism. Just an unpretentious but exceedingly well-printed village sheet, breathing local atmosphere, emitting nothing that can possibly interest the natives."

Local Paper.

But we seem to have seen journals like this before.

From a Dutch bulb-grower's catalogue:—

"Nothing but Inferior quality being sent out from my Nurseries. My terms are Cash with order only."

In matters of commerce this Dutchman appears to be maintaining his country's reputation.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

It began as quite an ordinary day. I read my paper at breakfast and Kathleen poured out the coffee. She wore that little frown between her eyebrows that means that she is thinking out the menu for lunch and dinner and hoping that Nurse hasn't burnt Baby's porridge again. This is married life.

Then I started in a hurry for the office, hurling a "Good-bye, dear" through the open window as I passed. The 9.15 leaves little time for affection. That too is married life.

It was the sweetbriar hedge that made me decide to miss the 9.15. It clutched hold of me suddenly and told me that the sky was very blue and the woods very green, and that the office was an absurd thing on such a day.

I went slowly back home round the outside of the garden wall. Someone was singing in the garden. I stopped and whistled a tune. A face appeared over the wall—rather an attractive face.

"Hello!" it said; "someone I knew a long time ago used to whistle that tune outside my garden."

"Hello!" I said; "come out for a walk?"

"I can't come out at the bidding of young men on the highway. It isn't done."

"Never mind. Come out."

"Have I ever been introduced to you?"

"Introductions went out years ago. Come by the side gate."

She came. She held a shady hat in her hand and walked on tip-toe.

"Sh!" she cautioned; "no one must see me. I have a reputation, you know. I don't want the Vicar to denounce me from the pulpit on Sunday in front of Baby."

"I will be quite frank with you," she went on, holding out her left hand with a dramatic flourish; "I am married—I have a husband."

I gave a hollow groan; then, with a manly effort, I mastered my emotion.

"I hope he's nice to you," I said.

"No, he isn't. He grouches off to the office in the morning and grouches back in the evening and reads newspapers. He's just grouched off now."

"The callous brute!" I hissed through my teeth.

"There's worse than that," she said darkly.

"No!"

"Yes. To-day, to-day is an anniversary, and he forgot it. The manner was that of Madame BERNHARDT."

"Anniversaries," I said reassuringly, "are difficult to remember. They accumulate so."

"Are you defending him?" she protested.

"Er—no," I said hastily. "The man's an unmitigated scoundrel. He ought to be divorced or something. What anniversary was it?"

"Our wedding-day," she said with a sob in the voice.

"Heavens!" I said. "Oh, the dastardly ruffian!"

"You wouldn't forget your wedding-day, would you?"

"Never!" I said hoarsely.

"You're quite rather nice," she sighed.

"You're adorable," I said readily.

"How lovely! My husband never says things like that." And she leant against my shoulder.

We got on rather well after that. We had lunch in an inn garden, where you could smell lavender and sweet peas and roses and where there were box hedges turned under magical spells into giant birds. We discovered a stream in a wood with hart's-tongue fern growing along its banks. I picked her armfuls of wild roses.

"It's to make up," I said, "because your brute of a husband forgot your wedding-day."

"I'd love to be married to you," she said brazenly.

I turned aside to brush away a bitter tear.

It was almost dusk when we got back to the side gate.

"Good-bye," she whispered. "Go away quickly; I believe that's the Vicar coming down the road."

Then she shut the gate with gentle swiftness in my face. I walked round to the front door. She was in the hall.

"Hello!" she said; "I hope you had a good day at the office?"

"Thanks," I said; "pretty rotten."

"I've had a lovely day," she said;

"I picked up such a nice young man in the high road. He's taking me out to-night. He's just going to ring up for seats."

Without a word I went to the telephone.

The Right Order of Things at Last.

"A Gentleman would be pleased to Recommend his Butler in whose service he has been three years."—*Daily Paper*.

"TO AMERICANS IN LONDON.—The —, Cornwall, offers you comfortable home while on this side; far away from the madding crowd."—*Daily Paper*.

Republican prejudices respected.

There was a hard-swearing old sailor Whose speech might have startled a jailer;

But he frankly avowed

That the charabanc crowd

Would not be allowed on a whaler.

THE PATIENTS' LIBRARY.

THOUGH a West-End physician of repute, he must, I think, have had a course of American training, if rapidity of action be any indication thereof.

Scarcely had the maid ushered me into his study and I had taken a seat than he came forward brusquely, looked at me with the glowering eye of the *Second Murderer*, grasped a large piece of me in the region of the fourth rib and barked, "You're too fat."

Having been carefully bred I refrained from retaliation. I did not tell him that his legs were out of drawing and that he had a frightfully vicious nose. But before I had time to explain my business he had started on a series of explosive directions: "Eat proper food. Plenty of open air. Exercise morning, noon and night and in between. Use the Muldow system. You need a tonic."

He turned to his table and was, I suppose, about to draw a cheque for me on the local chemist's when I decided to say my little piece.

"Excuse me, Sir," said I mildly, "I am not a patient."

The combination fountain-pen and thermometer almost fell from his hand.

"I am," said I, "the sole proprietor and sole representative of the Physicians' Supply Association. I gave your maid my card. I have called with a thrilling offer of magazines for your waiting-room."

"What dates?" said he, a gleam of interest in his dark eye.

"All pre-war," said I proudly; "none of them are later than 1900 and some go back to 1880."

"Not B.C.?" said he, with a look in which hope and disbelief were mingled.

"No," said I. "All are A.D.; but they include two Reports of Missions to Deep Sea Fishermen in 1885—very rare. I'm sure they would match splendidly the Proceedings of the Royal Commission on Aniline Dyes which you have in the waiting-room."

"No," said he firmly. "I have one of the most important practices in Harley Street. I likewise possess one of the finest collections of old magazines in the profession. That blue-book on Aniline Dyes is barely fifty years old. It was left me by my father, and I retain it simply through affection for him in spite of its modernity. But the rest go back to the Crimean vintage and earlier. When you have something really old, come to me. But"—and he threw in a winning smile in his best bedside manner—"not till then."

I am now in search of a young practitioner who is merely starting a collection.



SCENE.—A Flower Show: Garden Ornament Section.

Mother. "I DON'T CARE FOR THAT LITTLE FIGURE. HE'S TOO EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FOR MY TASTE."

Critical Little Girl (who has lately taken part in tableaux-vivants). "HOW CAN YOU TELL WHAT CENTURY HE IS, MOTHER? HE'S GOT NO CLOTHES ON."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF sorrow's crown of sorrow is as the poet says, it should be equally true that there is enough satisfaction in remembering unhappier things to ensure success for *The Crisis of the Naval War* (CASSELL), the large and dignified volume in which Admiral of the Fleet Viscount JELlicoe OF SCAPA, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., reminds us how near the German submarines came to triumph in 1917, and details the various ways by which their menace was overcome. It is a solid book, written with authority, and addressed rather to the expert than to the casual reader; but even the latter individual (the middle-aged home-worker, for instance, remembering the rationed plate of beans and rice that constituted his lunch in the Spring of 1917) can thrill now to read of the precautions this represented, and the multiform activities that kept that distasteful dish just sufficiently replenished. I have observed that Viscount JELlicoe avoids any approach to sensationalism. His book however contains a number of exceedingly interesting photographs of convoys at sea, smoke-screens, depth-charges exploding, and the like, which the most uninformed can appreciate. And in at least one feature of "counter-measures," the history of the decoy or mystery ships, the record is of such exalted and amazing heroism that not the strictest language of officialdom can lessen its power to stir the heart. Who, for example, could

read the story of *The Prize*, and the involuntary tribute from the captured German commander that rounds it off, without a glow of gratitude and pride? Do you recall how we would attempt to stifle curiosity with the unsatisfactory formula, "We shall know some day"? Here in this authoritative volume is another corner of the curtain lifted.

Although he is still comparatively a newcomer, a book with the signature of Mr. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER is already something of a landmark in the publishing season. To this repute *Linda Condon* (HEINEMANN) will certainly add: In many ways I incline to think it, or parts of it, the best work that this unusual artist has yet done. The development of *Linda*, in the hateful surroundings of an American "hotel-child," through her detached and observant youth to a womanhood austere, remote, inspired only by the worship of essential beauty, is told with an exquisite rightness of touch that is a continual delight. Mr. HERGESHEIMER has above all else the gift of suggesting atmosphere and colour (ought I not in mere gratitude to bring myself to say "color"?); his picture of *Linda's* amazing mother and the rest of the luxurious brainless company of her hotel existence has the exotic brilliance of the orchid-house, at once dazzling and repulsive. Later, in the course of her married life, inspiring and inspired by the sculptor *Pleydon* (in whose fate the curious may perhaps trace some echo of recent controversy), the story of *Linda* becomes inevitably

less vivid, though its grasp of the reader's sympathy is never relaxed. In fine, a tale short as such go nowadays, but throughout of an arresting and memorable beauty. The state of modern American fiction has, if I may say so without offence, been for some time a cause of regret to the judicious; let Mr. HERGESHEIMER be resolute in refusing to lower his standard by over-production, and I look to see him leading a return towards the best traditions of an honourable past.

It is not an impossible conception that *Sniping in France* (HUTCHINSON) will still be available in libraries in the year 2020 A.D., and I can imagine the title then catching the eye of some enthusiastic sportsman, whose bent for game is stronger than his knowledge of history. Feeling that here is a new class of shooting for him to try his hand at, he will hasten to acquaint himself with the details and will discover that the first of the essentials is a European war in full blast. Whether or not he will see his way to arrange that for himself, I don't know and, since I shall not be present, I don't care. But in any case he will be absorbed in an eminently scientific and indeed romantic study of perhaps the most thrilling and deadly-earnest big game hunting there has ever been, and he will be left not a little impressed with the work of the author, Major H. HESKETH PRICHARD, D.S.O., M.C., his skill, energy and personality. As to this last he will find a brief summing-up in the foreword of General Lord HORNE, and he will be able to visualise the whole "blunderbuss" very clearly by the help of the illustrations of Mr. ERNEST BLAKLEY, of the late Lieut. B. HEAD, and of the camera. There is undoubtedly much controversial matter in the book, which must necessarily give rise to the most remarkable gun-room discussions. I can well imagine some stout-hearted Colonel, prompted by his love for the plain soldier-man and his rooted dislike of all "specialists," becoming very heated in the small hours of the morning about the paragraph on page 97, in which a division untrained in the Sniping Schools is in passing compared to a band of "careless and ignorant tourists."

Señor IBÁÑEZ' new novel, *Mare Nostrum* (CONSTABLE), is ostensibly a yarn about spies and submarines, its hero a gallant Spanish captain, *Ulysses Ferragut*, scion of a long line of sailormen. And there can be no doubt of the proper anti-German sentiments of this stout fellow, even though his impetuous passion for *Freyta Talberg*, a Delilah in the service of the enemy, did make him store a tiny island with what the translator will persist in calling combustibles, meaning, one supposes, fuel. But more fundamentally it is an affectionate song of praise of the Mediterranean and the dwellers on its littoral, especially the fiery and hardy

sailors of Spain, and of Spaniards, in particular the Valencians and Catalonians. Signor IBÁÑEZ' method is distinctly discursive; he gives, for instance, six-and-twenty consecutive pages to the description of the inmates of the Naples Aquarium and is always ready to suspend his story for a lengthy disquisition on any subject, person or place that interests him. This puts him peculiarly at the mercy of his transliterator, who has a positive genius for choosing the wrong word and depriving any comment of its subtlety, any well-made phrase of its distinction. Even plain narrative such as the following is none too attractive:—"The voluminous documents would become covered with dust on his table and Don Esteban would have to saddle himself with the dates in order that the end of the legal procedures should not slip by." What ingenuous person authorises this sort of "authorised translation"?



The Knight. "LET'S SEE. WE HAVE ALREADY OVERCOME THE CHIEF JAILER AND HIS TEN ASSISTANTS, AND SLAIN THE FEARSOME HOUND WHICH GUARDED THE COURTYARD. WE HAVE NOW TO DESTROY THE ONE-EYED GIANT AND THE BEAN-FED DRAGON, SCALE THE OUTER WALL, SWIM THE MOAT AND THEN TO HORSE. COURAGE, SWEET LADY! YOU ARE PRACTICALLY SAVED."

If I may say so without offence, Mr. EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS reminds me a little of those billiard experts who, having evolved a particular stroke, will continue it indefinitely, to the joy of the faithful and the exasperated boredom of the others. To explain my metaphor, I gather that Mr. BURROUGHS, having "got set," to an incredible number of thousands, with an invention called *Tarzan*, is now by way of beating his own record over the adventures of *John Carter* in the red planet Mars. Concerning these amazing volumes there is just this to say, that either you can read them with avidity or you can't read them at all. From certain casual observations I conceive the test to be primarily one of youth, for honesty compels my middle-age to admit a personal failure. I saw the idea; for one thing no egg was ever a quarter so full of meat as the Martian existence of incomprehensible thrills, to heighten the effect of which Mr. BURROUGHS has invented what amounts to a new language, with a glossary of its own, thus appealing to a well-known instinct of boyhood, but rendering the whole business of a more than Merethian obscurity to the uninitiate. I have hitherto forgotten to say that the particular volume before me is called *The War Lord of Mars* (METHUEN). I may add that it closes with the heroic *Carter* hailed as Jeddak of Jeddaks, which sounds eminently satisfactory, though without conveying any definite promise of finality.

Do Poultry Pay?

"Six Hens for sale, some laying 7s. each."—*Local Paper.*
You will find three of them as good as a guinea-fowl.

"But the germ of Socialism or BZolshevism—however you like to call it—has hardly entered the Polish working-class blood."

—*Provincial Paper.*

We fear, however, that it has got into our contemporary's composing-room.

CHARIVARIA

THE grouse-shooting reports are coming in. Already one of the newly-rich has sent a brace of gamekeepers to the local hospital. * *

"A few hours in Cork," says a *Daily Mail* correspondent, "will convince anyone that a civil war is near." A civil war, it should be explained, is one in which the civilians are at war but the military are not. * *

Lisburn Urban Council has decided to buy an army hut for use as a day nursery. It is this policy of petty insult that is bound in the end to goad the military forces in Ireland to reprisals. * *

"Who invented railways?" asks a weekly paper. We can only say we know somebody who butted in later. * *

"Mr. Churchill," says a contemporary, "has some friends still." It will be noticed that they are very still. * *

"It may interest your readers to know," writes a correspondent, "that it would take four days and nights, seven hours, fifty-two minutes and ten seconds to count one day's circulation of *The Daily Mail*." Holiday-makers waiting for the shower to blow over should certainly try it. * *

Coloured grocery sugars, the Food CONTROLLER announces, are to be freed from control on September 6th. A coloured grocery is one in which the grocer is not as black as he is painted. * *

A conference of sanitary inspectors at Leeds has been considering the question, "When is a house unfit for habitation?" The most dependable sign is the owner's description of it as a "charming old-world residence." * *

The Warrington Watch Committee, says a news item, have before them an unusual number of applications for pawnbrokers' licences. In the absence of any protest from the Sleeve Links and Scarf Pin Committee they will probably be granted.

"I earn three pounds and fourpence a week," an applicant told the Willesden Police Court, "out of which I give my wife three pounds." The man may be a model husband, of course, but before taking it for granted we should want to know what he does with that fourpence. * *

Scarborough Corporation has fitted up and let a number of bathing vans for eight shillings a week each. To avoid overcrowding not more than three families will be allowed to live in one van. * *

"Three times in four days," says a *Daily Express* report, "a Parisian has thrown his wife out of a bedroom win-

are being imported in large numbers. It should be pointed out, however, that dachshunds are still sold in lengths. * *

A contemporary complains of the high cost of running a motor-car to-day. It is not so much the high price of petrol, we gather, as the rising cost of pedestrian. * *

The police, while investigating a case of burglary in a railway buffet, discovered a bent crowbar. This seems to prove that the thieves tried to break into a railway sandwich. * *

Mexican rebels have been ordered to stop indiscriminate shooting. It is feared that the supply of Presidential Candidates is in danger of running out. * *

"A Manchester octogenarian has just married a woman of eighty-six," says a news item. It should be pointed out, however, that he obtained her parents' consent. * *

"Although the old penny bun is now sold for twopence or even threepence it contains three times the number of currants," announces an evening paper. This should mean three currants in each bun. * *

A parrot belonging to a bargee escaped near Atherstone in Warwickshire last

week and has not yet been recaptured. We understand that all children under fourteen living in the neighbourhood are being kept indoors, whilst local golfers have been sent out to act as decoys. * *

It is announced that a baby born in Ramsgate on August 6th is to be christened "Geddes." We are given to understand that the news has not yet been broken to the unfortunate infant. * *

The Result of a Leap-Year.

"Bishop — says he will not be able to consider any more proposals for engagements till after the summer of 1921."—*Local Paper*.

AN ECHO FROM BISLEY.—A musical correspondent writes to point out that sol-faists have an unfair advantage in the running-deer competition, because they are always practising with a "movable Doh."



Exasperated Partner. "LOOK HERE—DON'T YOU EVER GET YOUR SERVICE INTO THE RIGHT COURT?"

Partner. "No, AS A MATTER OF FACT I DON'T. BUT IT WOULD BE ABSOLUTELY UNPLAYABLE IF I DID."

dow." Later reports point out that all is now quiet, as the fellow has found his collar-stud. * *

"Who Will Fight For England?" asks a headline. To avoid ill-feeling a better plan would be to get Sir ERIC GEDDES to give it to you. * *

A noiseless gun has just been invented. It will now be possible to wage war without the enemy complaining of headache. * *

"Everyone sending clothes to a laundry should mark them plainly so that they can be easily recognised," advises a weekly journal. It is nice to know that should an article not come back again you will be able to assure yourself that it was yours. * *

At the present moment, we read, dogs

FROM SPA AND SHORE.

GROGTOWN.—All available accommodation has been monopolised by Glasborough visitors, among whom this resort is becoming more alarmingly popular every year. Sixty charabancs arrived on Monday and the Riot Act was read several times before the passengers could be induced to desist from their badinage of the residents, most of whom have since retired behind the wire-entanglements at Kelrose. The municipal orchestra was subjected to a brisk fusillade of rock-cakes on Saturday night; the conductor and several of the instrumentalists suffered contusions, and their performances have since been discontinued. This has not unnaturally given rise to a certain amount of dissatisfaction amongst the visitors, but otherwise there has been no recrudescence of rioting. A company of the Caithness Highlanders, with machine-guns, are now encamped on the links, and sunshine is all that is needed to complete the success of the season.

KEGNESS.—On Tuesday the Mayor presented a jar of whisky, fifty years old, to the winning charabanc team in the bottle-throwing competition, and the subsequent scenes afforded much diversion. A notable feature at present is a large whale, which was washed ashore in a gale about six months ago. The oldest inhabitants declare that they have never known anything like it, and it is certainly an unforgettable experience to be anywhere within a mile of this apparently immovable derelict. Excursions to all surrounding places out of nose-shot are extremely popular, and the beach is practically deserted save by a few juvenile natives engaged in the blubber industry.

MUDHALL SPA.—Without the least reflection on chalybeates and the rest, it must be allowed that the most popular beverage in Mudhall at present is that which draws its virtue from a cereal and not a mineral source. Hilarity is rife at all hours, and the effort to enlist a body of local volunteers to control the exuberance of anti-Sabbatarian "charabancers" is meeting with unexpected support. The casualties in the daily collisions between the Hydro-pathic League and the Anti-Pussy-Foot-Guards are steadily increasing and now compare favourably with those of any other Midland health-resort.

"A Boylston (Massachusetts) farm labourer is said to have been identified as one of the heirs to a £400,000 estate at Dundee, for whom starches have been made for years, but nothing is known at Dundee of such an estate."

Daily Paper.

But this lucid paragraph should help to clear up the mystery.

AMONG THE PEDESTALS.

THE rumour that a number of London's statues are to be moved to make room for new has caused many a marble heart to beat faster; and on making a round of calls I gathered that Sir ALFRED MOND has few friends in stone or bronze circles. Not the least uneasy is George IV. in Trafalgar Square. Uneasiness of body he has always known, riding there for ever without any stirrups; but now his mind is uneasy too. "If they take Father from Cockspur Street," he argued very naturally, "why not me?"

A few of the figures feel secure, of course, but very few. Nelson on his column has no fears; Nurse Cavell is too recent to tremble; so is Abraham Lincoln. But the others? They are in a state of nervous suspense, wondering if the sentence of banishment is to fall and resenting any disturbance of their lives. "*J'y suis, j'y reste*" is their motto.

Abraham Lincoln gave me a hearty welcome and extended an invitation that is not within the power of any other graven image in the city. "Take a chair," he said.

I did so and am thus, I suppose, the first Londoner to put that comfortable piece of furniture to its proper use.

"How do you like being here?" I asked.

He said that he enjoyed it. The only blot on his pleasure was the fear that the Abbey might fall on him, and he therefore hoped that *The Times'* fund was progressing by leaps and bounds.

His immediate neighbours, on the contrary, exhibited no serenity whatever, and I found Canning and Palmerston shivering with apprehension in their frockcoats. The worst of it was that I could say nothing to reassure them.

Here and there, however, a desire for locomotion was expressed. Dr. Johnson, in the enclosure behind St. Clement Danes, is very restive. I asked him if he would object to removal. "Sir," said the Little Lexicographer (as his sculptor has made him), "I should derive satisfaction from it. A man cannot be considered as enviable who spends all his time in the contemplation, from an unvacatable position, of a street to the perambulation of which he devoted many of his happiest hours."

I ventured to agree.

"Nor," continued the sage, "is it a source of contentment to a man of integrity to observe an unceasing procession of Americans on their way to partake of pudding in a hostelry that has made its name and prosperity out of a mythical association with himself and be unable to correct the error."

"Are you in general in favour of statuary?" I made bold to ask.

"Painting," said he, "consumes labour not disproportionate to its effect; but a fellow will hack half a year at a block of marble to make something in stone that hardly resembles a man. Look around you; look at me. The value of statuary is owing to its difficulty. You would not value the finest head cut upon a carrot."

But one effect of this General Post among the statues is good, and it should delight Mr. ASQUITH. Cromwell, now outside Westminster Hall, is to be moved into the House. E. V. L.

FLOWERS' NAMES.

MARIGOLDS.

As MARY was a-walking
All on a summer day,
The flowers all stood curtsying
And bowing in her way;
The blushing poppies hung their heads
And whispered MARY's name,
And all the wood anemones
Hung down their heads in shame.

The violet hid behind her leaves
And veiled her timid face,
And all the flowers bowed a-down,
For holy was the place.
Only a little common flower
Looked boldly up and smiled
To see the happy mother come
A-carrying her Child.

The little Child He laughed aloud
To see the smiling flower,
And as He laughed the Marigold
Turned gold in that same hour.
For she was gay and innocent—
He loved to see her so—
And from the splendour of His face
She caught a golden glow.

An Optimist.

"I have just completed a fortnight's tour on a tandem, and can recommend this form of a holiday as the best I know of. . . . One Sunday in June, without exaggeration, I was nearly killed twice, and my wife was overcome with fright."—*C. T. C. Gazette.*

"In a competition at Claygate, Surrey, three children caught 182 green wasps."

Daily Paper.

It is believed that they would not have been caught if they had not been green.

From a recent Admiralty Order:—

"Approval has been given for frocks to be issued to N.C. Officers and men (Royal Marines) during the current year, for walking out purposes only."

It is believed that His Majesty's Jollies have received the order without enthusiasm, on the ground that no mention is made of anything being inside the frocks.



THE ICONOCLAST.

SIR ALFRED MOND. "I'M SORRY TO HAVE TO DISTURB YOUR MAJESTY, BUT, OWING TO THE SHORTAGE OF SITES——"

GEORGE III. "SHORTAGE OF SIGHTS, INDEED!"

[It is understood that a number of London statues, including that of GEORGE III. in Cockspur Street, are to be removed by the Office of Works to make room for new ones.]



Heavy Father. "PUT YOUR 'AT ON THIS MINUTE, SIR. DO YOU WANT TO CATCH YOUR DEATHERCOLD?"

THE VISIONARY.

'Twas last week at Pebble Bay
That I saw the little goat,
Harnessed to a little shay.

Old was he and poor in coat,
And he lugged his load along
Where the barefoot children throng
Round the nigger minstrels' song.

But his eye, aloof and chill,
Said to me as plain as plain,
"I am waiting, waiting still,

Till the gods come back again;
Starved and ugly, mean, unkempt,
I have dreams by you undreamt,
And—I hold you in contempt!

"Dreams of forest routs that trooped,
Shadowy maidens crowned with
vines,

Dreams where Dian's self has stooped
Darkling 'neath the scented pines;
Or where he, old father Pan,
Took the hooves of me and ran
Fluting through the heart of man.

"Surely he must come again,
He the great, the horned one?

Shan't I caper in his train
Through the hours of feast and
fun!"

And he looked with eyes of jade
Through the sunshine, through the
shade,
Far beyond Marine Parade.

* * * * *
Should you go to Pebble Bay,
Golfing or to bathe and boat—
Should you see a loaded shay,
In the shafts a scarecrow goat,
Tell him that you hope (with me)
Pan will shortly set him free,
Pipe him home to Arcady.

CRICKET NOTES.

MR. P. F. WARNER has received countless expressions of regret on his retirement from first-class cricket. Among these he values not least a "round robin" from the sparrows at Lord's, all of whom he knows by name. In the score-book of Fate is this entry in letters of gold:

"Plum" c Anno d Domini 47.
Long may he live to enjoy the cricket
of others!

The test team of Australia being now complete, all correspondence on the subject of its exclusions must cease. We therefore do not print a number of letters asking why there is no one named Geddes on the side.

Mr. FENDER and HOBBS are said to be actuated by the same motto, "For Hearth and Home." Both are pledged to return covered with "the ashes."

In the recent Surrey and Middlesex match Mr. SKEET bewildered the crowd by fielding as if he liked it. Hitherto this vulgar manifestation has been confined to HITCH and HENDREN.

Although so late in the season Yorkshire has great hopes of a colt named HIRST, who has just joined the side. He was seen bowling at Eton and was secured at once.

There is a strong feeling in Worcestershire that a single-wicket match between LEE of Middlesex and Mr. PERRIN of Essex would be a very saucy affair.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE UNKNOWN."

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, who recently intrigued and perhaps just a little scandalised the town with a most engagingly flippant and piquant farce all about an accidentally bigamous beauty, certainly shows courage in launching so serious a discussion as *The Unknown*. And in the silly season too. I see that in a quite unlikely interview (but then all modern interviews are unlikely) he defends his right to discuss religion quite openly on the stage. Of course. Why should anybody deny that religion is to the normally constituted mind, whatever its doxy, an absorbingly interesting subject; or that the War hasn't made a breach in the barriers of British reticence? Whether to the point of making a perfectly good married Vicar (anxious to convict a doubting D.S.O. of sin) ask in a full drawing-room containing the Vicarress, the Doctor and the D.S.O.'s fiancée, mother and father, "For instance, have you always been perfectly chaste?"—I am not so sure. Nor whether the War has really added to bereaved Mrs. Littlewood's bitter "And who is going to forgive God?" any added force. If that kind of question is to be asked at all it might have been asked, and with perhaps more justice, at any time within the historical period. For the War might reasonably be attributed by the Unknown Defendant thus starkly put upon trial to man's deliberate folly, whereas . . .

No doubt, however, Mr. MAUGHAM would say the shock of war has (like any other great catastrophe) tested the faith of many who are personally deeply stricken and found it wanting, while the whisper of doubt has swelled the more readily as there are many to echo it. So Major John Wharton, D.S.O., M.C., having found war, contrary to his expectation of it as the most glorious manly sport in the world, a "muddy, mad, stinking, bloody business," loses the faith of his youth and says so, not with bravado but with regret. The Vicar, with dignity and restraint, but without much understanding and not without some hoary clichés; his wife, with venom (suggesting also incidentally sound argument for the celibacy of the clergy); the old Colonel and his sweet unselfish wife, with affection; and Sylvia, John's betrothed, with a strange passion, defend the old faith, *Sylvia* to the point of breaking with her lover and getting her to a nunnery—a business which will in the end, I should guess, lay a heavier burden upon the nuns than upon John. The indecisive battle sways hither and thither. It is the Doctor who sums up in a compro-

mise which would shock the metaphysical theologian, but may suffice for the plain man, "God is merciful but not omnipotent. In His age-long fight against evil we can help—or hinder; why not help?"

The most signal thing was Miss HAIDÉE WRIGHT's personal triumph as Mrs. Littlewood—a very fine interpretation of an interesting character. Mr. CHARLES V. FRANCE adds another decent Colonel to his military repertory. This actor always plays with distinction and with an ease of which the art is so cleverly concealed as perhaps to rob him of his due meed of applause from the unperceptive. Lady TREE made a beautiful thing of the character of Mrs. Wharton, whose simple unselfishness was the best of all Mr. MAUGHAM's

arguments for the defence. Mr. R. H. HIGNETT nobly restrained himself from making a too parsonic parson, yet kept enough of the distinctive flavour to excite a passionate anti-clerical behind me into clamorously derisive laughter; a very good piece of work. Miss O'MALLEY acted a difficult, almost an impossibly difficult, part with a fine distinction. Mr. BASIL RATHBONE's Major and Mr. BLAKISTON's Doctor were excellent. I am sorry to be so monotonously approving . . .

I am not convinced that Mr. MAUGHAM's experiment has succeeded. T.

"Mr. — maintained that it was extraordinary that if he was only slightly dead deceased did not hear the lorry." *Local Paper.*



THE MYSTERY.

George and I are two ordinary people. He studies the Weather Reports every day; I do occasionally. He thinks he understands meteorology; I don't. But lately I felt that I *must* have some explanation of the weather, so I asked George to explain it.

He said, "Certainly; it's quite simple. Take wind. Wind is caused by differences of *pressure*."

"What is *pressure*? Who is pressing what?"

"Pressure is what the barometer tells you—not the thermometer; you must keep the thermometer out of this. Suppose it is very hot in London——"

"Don't be ridiculous."

"Well, suppose it is very hot at a place A——"

"I thought we were keeping the thermometer out of this."

"It comes in indirectly. But don't keep interrupting. If it is very hot at the place A, the air at A rises. You see?"

"No."

"Obviously it does. If you light a candle——"

"Yes, yes, I do see that. Don't begin about candles."

"Well, the result of that is that there is less *pressure* at A. In other words, there is more room for the air to move about. When that happens the air at the place B——"

"Where is that?"

"Oh, anywhere. I told you to think of two places, A and B."

"No, you told me to think of a place A, and I am still thinking of it, because it is very hot there."

"Well, this is another place, where the pressure is simply frightful. When the air rises at A the air from B rushes over to A to fill up the gap, and that is what we call wind."

"I see."

"No, you don't. It isn't quite so simple as that. Now, the atoms of air rushing from B to A don't go *straight* there, but they travel in—in sort of *circles*."

"Why do they do that?"

"Well, the fact is that these atoms are so keen to get over to A, where there is plenty of room, that they jostle each other, and that makes them go round and round. If they go round and round *against* the clock, like that, they are called cyclones, or depressions, or low-pressure systems. If they go with the clock, like that, it is an anti-cyclone."

"Oh!"

"What do you mean—'Oh'?"

"What I said; but go on."

"Now suppose this air——"

"Which air?"

"The air from B. Suppose it is travelling in a cyclone——"

"But isn't a cyclone a low-pressure thingummy?"

"Yes."

"And didn't you say that B was a high-pressure place?"

"Yes."

"Then how does the air coming from B manage to be low-pressure stuff?"

"I see what you mean. There is an explanation, but it would take too long to hazard it now. Suppose the air is coming from B in an anti-cyclone, then . . ."

"All right. I'll suppose that."

" . . . it rushes over to A and fills up the gap. There is more pressure at A and the barometer goes up——"

"Is it fine then?"

"No, it rains. You see, the air from B is colder than the air at A was before the air came from B."

"I don't see."

"Well, obviously it *must* be."

"How 'obviously'?"

"Well, the whole thing started with it being very hot at A, you remember, so that the air rose. If it had been hotter still at B just then the air would have risen at B instead, and it couldn't have rushed over to A. There'd have been a frightful muddle."

"There is."

"Well, it's your own fault for interrupting. This air, then——"

"Which air is this?"

"The air from B. The air from B cools the air at A——"

"But I thought the air at A had risen."

"Not all of it. And that makes it rain."

"Why?"

"Oh, well, I can't go into that. It's something to do with condensation. Air absorbs more moisture when it is hot than when it is cold——"

"So do I. I understand that."

"When the air cools the water condenses."

"Is it fine then?"

"No, it rains, you fool."

"When is it fine?"

"Wait a bit. The falling of the rain of course generates heat——"

"Why 'of course'?"

"I can't explain *exactly*, but you know perfectly well that it's always warmer on a cold day after the rain."

"Yes, but not on a hot day."

"Yes, it is."

"No, it isn't."

"It is, really. Anyhow, this is a cold day."

"No, it isn't. You said it was very hot at A."

"I'm not going to argue. You must

take it from me that rain generates heat."

"All right. Is it fine then?"

"No. Heat being generated the air rises. The result of that is that there is less *pressure* at A——"

"Is it fine then?"

"I've explained already what happens then. The air from B——"

"Do we begin all over again now?"

"More or less, yes."

"So that at this place, A, it's always raining or just going to rain?"

"Yes, if it starts by being hot there, as it did just now, I suppose it is."

"What happens if it starts by being cold?"

"It rains. I've explained that. The cold air can't contain so much moisture——"

"Don't begin that again. What about B? Is it any good going there? We had frightfully high pressure there at one time."

"Yes, but it rains so much at A that more and more air rushes from B to A to fill up the gap caused by the air rising on account of the heat generated by the rain falling, and very soon you get frightfully low pressure at B——"

"Is it fine then?"

"No, it rains."

"You surprise me. But suppose it had started by being low pressure at B?"

"Why, then of course it would have been raining the whole time at B."

"Where would A have got its rush of air from then?"

"From the place C."

"Is it fine there?"

"No, it's raining. It is like B was after the air rose at A."

"Oh. Then whatever happens at these places, A, B and C, it *must* rain."

"More or less, yes. More really."

"Are there any more places? I mean, if I am at A where ought I to go?"

"There is a place, D——"

"What happens there?"

"Conditions are favourable for the formation of secondary depressions."

"Then where do you advise me to go?"

"I'm not advising you. You asked me to explain the weather, and I have."

"I think you have. I understand it now."

* * * * *

I hope you all do. A. P. H.

"Sir,—I can recall no better description of a gentleman than this—

'A gentleman is one who never gives offence unintentionally.'

Unfortunately I do not know to whom tribute should be paid for this very neat and apt definition."—*Letter in Daily Paper*.

We rather think the printer had a hand in it.



THE DIFFICULTY OF OBTAINING THE CORRECT ATMOSPHERE AT COUNTRY WEDDINGS, OWING TO THE CHANGED CONDITIONS OF VILLAGE LIFE, HAS LED MESSRS. HARRIDGES TO COME TO AN ARRANGEMENT WITH THE CHORUS OF THE FRIVOLITY THEATRE TO ATTEND AND FURNISH THE REQUISITE NOTE OF PICTURESQUE SIMPLICITY. TERMS ON APPLICATION.

THE TRANSMIGRATION OF BOWLES.

LITTLE Mr. Bowles was very happy as long as he was only second mechanic at the garage of Messrs. Smith Brothers, of High Street, Puddlesby. It was when he became a member of the Puddlesby Psychical Society that his troubles began. Up till then he had been as sober and hard-working a little man as ever stood four foot ten in his shoes and weighed in at seven stone four. But above all he was an expert in rubber tyres; he knew them, I had almost said, by instinct.

The Puddlesby Psychical Society believes in the Transmigration of Souls. As I am not a member myself I'm afraid that that is all I can tell you about it. It is a little difficult at first sight, perhaps, to see the connection between Transmigration and rubber tyres, but if you will have patience I think I can promise to show you *that* at least.

One night our Mr. Bowles came home late from a meeting of the P.P.S., fell asleep at once and had what he regarded as a "transmigratory experience in a retrogressive sense." The world was not the world he knew. He perceived that it was sundown on the 8th of August, 1215, that he was no longer plain Bowles, but rather Sir

Bors the Bowless, Knight of the Artful Arm, and known to his intimates as "The Fire-eater"; that he had just been challenged to fight his seven hundred and forty-seventh fight, and (for the seven hundred and forty-seventh time) he had accepted. He soon added to the stock of his information the fact that, as the challenged party, he had the choice of time, place and weapons.

He was naturally a little perturbed at first, for the most formidable warrior that he ever remembered fighting was his little sister, whose hair he had pulled when they were children, and the biggest thing he had ever killed was undoubtedly the hen that he had run over on the Boodle Road. He felt inclined, therefore, in the first flush of terror, to propose as the time 1925, as the place Puddlesby Football Field, and as the weapon, motor-tyre valve pins, at two hundred yards. He even got as far as mentioning these conditions to his

friend Sir Hugh the Hairy, who, however, did not seem particularly struck with the suggestion, but made a counter-proposal of maces on horseback at the neighbouring lists in three days' time.

Before our hero knew what he was about he found that he had agreed. He got through a deal of heavy thinking on his way home to his castle, but had fortunately completed his plan of campaign before he arrived, for the esquire of his enemy was awaiting him there, demanding to know the details of the coming contest. He made the conditions suggested by Sir Hugh, merely adding that the maces must be smooth and not knobbed, as was customary in the better-class combats of that day.

He then began to make his prepara-

hole till there be no more breath in thy vile bodie. Blow me hard and leally. Blow an thou burst in ye blowinge."

Whereupon the trusty varlet blew.

Thus it fell out that when the trumpet sounded and the Black Baron of Beaumaris, his foe, rode forth from his sable pavilion, armed cap-à-pie in a suit of highly-polished steel and bestriding a black and rather over-dressed charger, he saw through the chinks of his lowered visor an object which he would undoubtedly have mistaken for a diminutive observation balloon if he had lived a few centuries later. In short, Sir Bowles, having been sufficiently inflated by his now exhausted esquire, had inserted his valve-pin into the tube (which he had tucked away and laced

up like an association football), and now emerged upon the lists with a feeling of elation that he had not experienced for several days.

They approached each other. It was with some difficulty that our hero wielded his mace, owing, first, to the inflated condition of his right arm, and, secondly, to the unaccustomed weight of the weapon. His hold also upon his curvetting steed was a little precarious, and he hoped that no one in the crowd would notice the string that tied his legs together beneath the horse's belly.

If the Baron was surprised at what he saw he made no sign, but, riding straight at his strange antagonist, he dealt him a mighty blow on the left side of the head, which had quite an unlooked-for result. The string which attached our hero's legs held, it is true, but he naturally lost his balance, and, being knocked to the right, disappeared temporarily from the Baron's view. But the force of his swing was such that, at the moment when he was head downwards under the horse, he still had enough way on to bring him up again on the other side. No sooner had he regained a vertical position than the Baron repeated the blow on the same spot and with the same result.

Then the same thing happened again and again; and indeed Sir Bowles might have revolved indefinitely, to the intense delight of the distinguished audience, had not the string broken at the thirty-fourth revolution.



Guide (after ascent of a hundred-and-twenty steps). "THESE, SIR, ARE THE FAMOUS GARGOYLES I MENTIONED."

Perspiring American. "GEE! I THOUGHT YOU SAID 'GARGLES.'"

tions. At first he was considerably depressed by the entire absence of all rubber, until dire necessity compelled him to find a serviceable substitute in the shape of untanned ox-skins. These he carefully sewed together with his own knightly hands, coating the stitches over with pitch and resin. He was a good workman and did not fail to be ready in time.

When the hour of combat arrived he vanished into the painted pavilion reserved for him at one end of the lists, accompanied only by his faithful esquire. Hastily he donned his suiting of reinforced ox-hide, which covered the whole of his person from head to foot, and hung stiffly in folds all round him. Then, holding out a metal tube which was attached to the front of the costume, he presented it to his esquire, saying in the vernacular of those stout times—

"Ho, varlet! Blow me down yon



Wicket-Keeper (by way of showing sympathy to victim of demon bowler). "RUM GAME, CRICKET."

Now the involuntary movements of our hero had accelerated at every turn, and when finally he parted company with his trusty steed he was going very fast indeed. Falling near the edge of the lists, he found touch, first bounce, in the Royal Box, whence some officious persons rolled him back again into the field of play.

It must not be supposed that poor Sir Bowles was comfortable during these proceedings. The rather ingenious apparatus whereby he had hoped to catch a glimpse of his adversary had got out of order at the first onslaught, and he was in total darkness. Moreover, he soon discovered that the haughty Baron was taking all sorts of liberties with him; was slogging him round the lists; in short, was playing polo with him.

But apart from the physical and mental discomfort of his situation he was not actually hurt, and at length he felt himself come to rest. The Baron, worn out by his unproductive labours, was thinking.

So was Bowles. He was just saying to himself, "Thank heaven I thought of choosing *smooth* maces. A spike would have punctured the cover in no

time," when he felt something which made his hair stand on end.

His enemy was fumbling at the lacing of his tunic!

Then poor little Sir Bowles gave himself up for lost and almost swooned away. He felt the Baron undo the lace and pull out the tube. There was a perplexed pause . . .

And just as the Baron was pulling out the valve pin little Mr. Bowles woke with a shriek.

* * * * *

I suppose it was the fact that he had come straight from a symposium on transmigration that made little Bowles imagine he had been recurring to a previous existence. I myself should have thought that the rules of the game required the reincarnation of Sir Bors to be a rather more bloodthirsty and pugnacious person than our hero; and the sequel seems to prove that little Bowles thought the same. I think he felt he was not quite the man for this sort of rough work, even in the retrospect of dreams. Anyway, shortly after his painful experience he withdrew his subscription from the Puddlesby Psychical Society and ceased for ever to assist at their séances.

The Overland Route.

"MAIL AND STEAMSHIP NEWS.

Morca, Bombay for London, at Versailles, 8th."—*Scottish Paper*.

"James —, a boy of 13, was charged at Belgium, Greece, V and Czecho-Slovakia, and pleaded that he took the money because he felt he must have some amusement."

Evening Paper.

The little Bolshevik!

A "Historic Estate" is announced for sale in the following terms by a contemporary:—

"In the Heart of the Albrighton Country, and in direct railway communication with Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Manchester, Bristol and other northern and western centres."

Evidently a case where evil communications corrupt good spelling.

From a feuilleton:—

"Before the podgy dealer knew what had happened, she had sprung right round him, seized the telephone instrument and placed her mouth to the receiver. She smiled at him defiantly. 'Yes, I will,' she panted."

Daily Paper.

And then, we suppose, she wrote to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL to complain of the inefficiency of the service.



Junior Partner of Firm (exempted on business grounds during the War, interviewing applicant for employment, a demobilised officer, D.S.O., M.C., mentioned twice in despatches and wounded three times). "YOU SAY YOU WERE THREE-AND-A-HALF YEARS IN FRANCE AND YET DON'T SPEAK THE LANGUAGE? IT SEEMS TO ME YOU WASTED YOUR TIME ABROAD, SIR."

CHANGES IN CLUB-LAND.

(By a Student of Manners.)

THE Roman satirist sang of poets reciting their verses in the month of August. If he were alive now he would find as fruitful a subject in the renovations and decorations of Clubland. Clubs are strange institutions; they go in for Autumn not Spring cleaning. Happily all Clubs are not renovated at the same time, otherwise the destitution of members would be pitiful to contemplate. Even as it is the temporary accommodation offered by their neighbours is not unattended by serious drawbacks. The standard of efficiency in bridge and billiards is not the same; the cuisine of one Club, though admirable in itself, may not suit the digestions of members of another; the opportunities for repose vary considerably. In short, August and September are trying months for the clubman who is obliged to remain in London. But by October Pall Mall is itself again, and we are glad to be able to state that

in certain Clubs the amenities and comforts available will be greatly enhanced.

For example the Megatherium, which is now in the hands of the decorators, is being painted a pale pink outside, a colour which recent experiments have shown to exert a peculiarly humanising and tranquillising influence on persons of an irritable disposition. A sumptuous dormitory is being erected on the top floor, where slow music will be discoursed every afternoon, from three to seven, by a Czecho-Slovak orchestra. A recreation of the staff, and the velocity of the numerous lifts has been keyed up to concert pitch. Steam heat will be conveyed from the basement to radiators on every floor, and each room is being provided with a vacuum-cleaning apparatus, a wireless telephonic outfit and an American bar. The renovation of the library is practically complete, the obsolete books which cumbered its shelves having been replaced by the works of DELL, BARCLAY, WELLS, ZANE GREY and BENNETT. Three interest-

ing rumours about the future of the Club may be given with due reserve—the first, that in the near future women will be admitted to membership; the second, that Lord Ascliffe has obtained a complete control of its resources; and the third, that its name will be shortly changed to "Alfred's," on the analogy of "Arthur's."

From Smith Minor's French Paper:

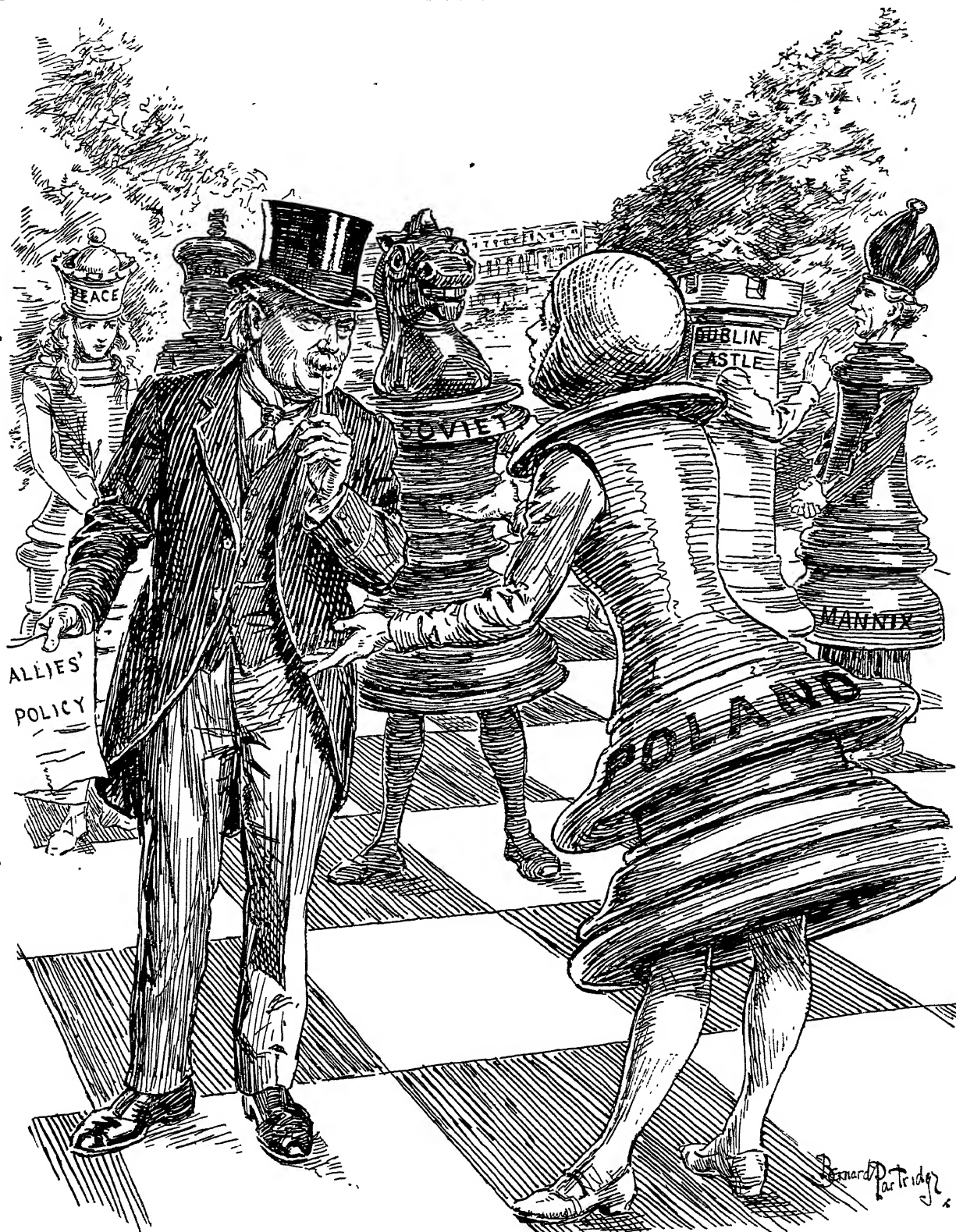
"Translate 'La femme avait une chatte qui était très méchante.'—'The farmer was having a chat with thirteen merchants.'"

"Archbishop Mannix . . . says he can go anywhere in England except to Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow and possibly Fishguard." *Daily Mirror.*

Another injustice to Scotland.

"But this Bill creates new grounds for the dissolution of the marriage bond, which are unknown to the law of Scotland. Cruelty, incurable sanity, or habitual drunkenness are proposed as separate grounds of divorce."

Scotch Paper.
And so many Scotsmen are incurably sane.



THE PROBLEM.

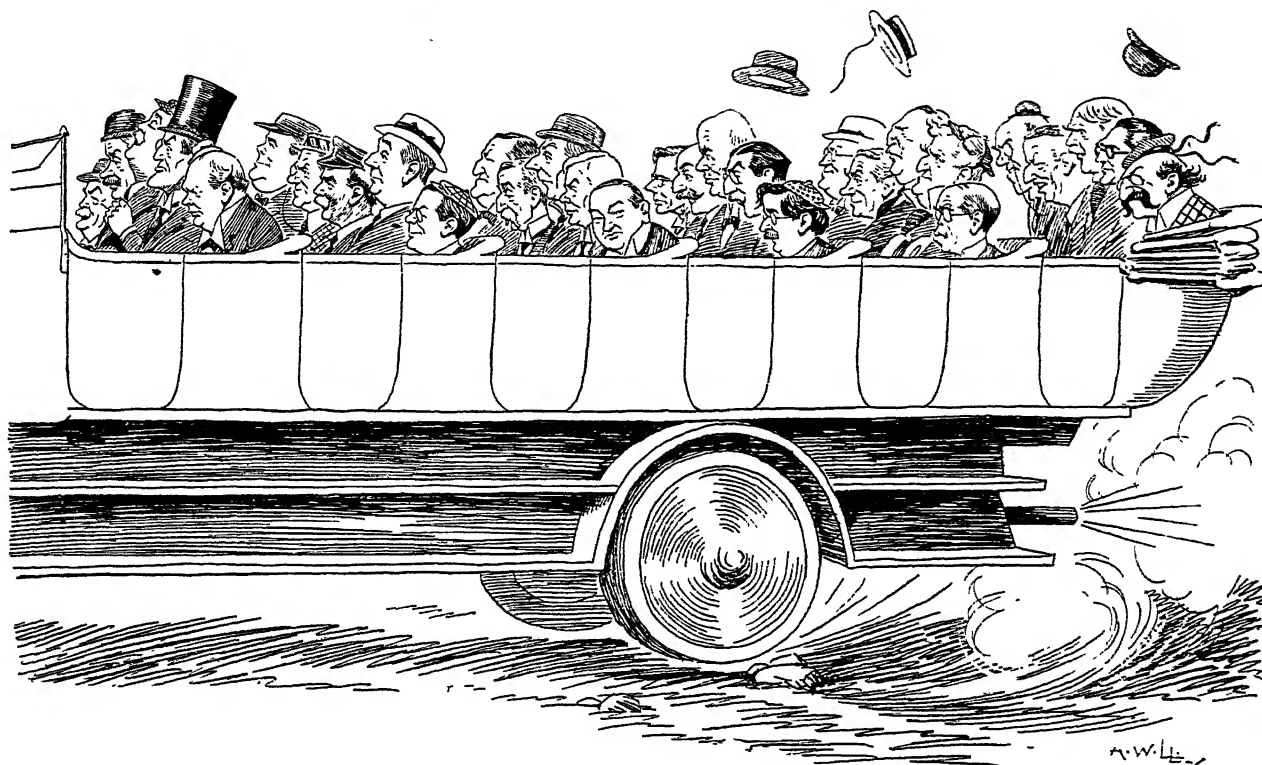
POLAND (to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, organizer of the Human Chess Tournament). "HOW ARE YOU GOING TO PLAY THE GAME? I WAS LED TO BELIEVE I WAS TO BE A QUEEN, BUT I FIND I'M ONLY A PAWN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, August 9th.—In an atmosphere of appropriate gloom the House of Lords discussed the latest Coercion Bill for Ireland. Even the LORD CHANCELLOR could say little more for the measure than that it might possibly enable some of the persons now in custody to be tried; and most of the other Peers who spoke seemed to think that it would be either mischievous or use-

When Viscount CURZON renewed his anti-charabancs campaign and Sir ERIC GEDDES was doing his best to maintain an even mind amid the contradictory suggestions showered upon him, the Ministerial eye was caught by the red gleam from Colonel WEDGWOOD's shirt-front. At once the old railway instinct reasserted itself. Recognizing the danger-signal and hastily cramming on his brakes, Sir ERIC observed that it would be "a great

A week ago the Peers decided by a very small majority—23 to 23—that there should be no Minister of Mines, but only an Under-Secretary. Lord PEEL now sought to induce them to change their minds. His principal argument was that a Minister would only cost five hundred pounds a year more than a Secretary and would secure the "harmony in the coal-trade" now so conspicuously lacking. The Peers evidently thought this too good to be true.



GOING TO THE COUNTRY?

"I think it would be a calamity if we did anything to prevent the economic use of charabancs."—Sir ERIC GEDDES.

<i>First "Banc."</i>	MR. LLOYD GEORGE, MR. BONAR LAW, MR. BALFOUR, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, MR. CHURCHILL.
<i>Second "</i>	Sir E. GEDDES, MR. SHORTT, MR. LONG, Sir ROBERT HORNE, Col. AMERY.
<i>Third "</i>	MR. ILLINGWORTH, Lord E. TALBOT, MR. FISHER, Dr. ADDISON, Sir GORDON HEWART.
<i>Fourth "</i>	MR. KELLAWAY, Sir M. BARLOW, Sir L. WORTHINGTON EVANS, Sir A. G. BOSCAWEN, MR. TOWYN JONES.
<i>Fifth "</i>	Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD, MR. BALDWIN, Sir JAMES CRAIG, MR. DENIS HENRY, MR. NEAL.
<i>Sixth "</i>	MR. MONTAGU, Dr. MACNAMARA, MR. MCCURDY, MR. IAN MACPHERSON, Sir A. MOND.

less. The only confident opinion expressed was that of the elderly Privy Councillor, who from the steps of the Throne ejaculated, "If you pass this Bill you may kill England, not Ireland." But despite this unconventional warning the Peers took the risk.

The event of the day in the House of Commons was Colonel WEDGWOOD's tie. Of ample dimensions and of an ultra-scarlet hue that even a London and South-Western Railway porter might envy, it dominated the proceedings throughout Question-time. Beside it Mr. CLAUDE LOWTHER's pink shirt paled its ineffectual fires.

calamity" to prevent the economic use of the charabancs.

Tuesday, August 10th.—As Lord Great Chamberlain, and therefore official custodian of the Palace of Westminster, Lord LINCOLNSHIRE mentioned with due solemnity the regrettable incident of the day before. Lord CURZON thought the offender (the Right Hon. A. CARLISLE) should be allowed to explain his behaviour, and suggested that he should himself address to him a suitable letter. Several noble lords—anticipating, no doubt, that, whatever else came of it, the correspondence would furnish lively reading—said "Hear, hear."

for they proceeded to reassert their previous decision by 48 to 23.

There was a big assemblage in the Commons to hear the PRIME MINISTER's statement on Poland. The Duke of YORK was over the Clock, flanked by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY on one side and Messrs. KAMENEFF and KRASSIN (who sound, but do not look, like a music-hall "turn") on the other.

Some facts bearing, more or less, on the situation were revealed at Question-time. Mr. CHURCHILL denied that he had ever suggested an alliance with the Germans against Bolshevism, and, as we are keeping the Watch on the Rhine

with only thirteen thousand men—just three thousand more than it takes to garrison London—perhaps it is just as well. He has, I gathered, no great opinion of the Bolsheviks as soldiers. In his endeavour to describe the disgust of our troops in North Russia at being ordered to retire before “an enemy they cordially despised” he nearly dislocated his upper lip.

For two-thirds of his speech the PRIME MINISTER was the sober statesman, discussing with due solemnity the grave possibilities of the Russo-Polish crisis. The Poles had been rash and must take the consequences. We should not help them unless the Bolsheviks, not content with punishment, threatened the extinction of Poland's independence.

Then his mood changed, and for a sparkling quarter of an hour he chaffed the Labour Party for its support of the Soviet Government, an unrepresentative self-appointed oligarchy. To make his point he even sacrificed a colleague. LENIN was an aristocrat, TROTSKY a journalist. “In fact”—turning to Mr. CHURCHILL—“my right honourable friend is an embodiment of both.”

A brief struggle for precedence between Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. ADAMSON ended in favour of the EX-PREMIER, who doubted whether the best way to ensure peace was to attack one of the parties to the dispute, and proceeded to make things more or less even by vigorously chiding Poland for her aggression. Mr. CLYNES, while admitting that the Labour Party would have to reconsider its position if the independence of Poland was threatened, still maintained that we had not played a straight game from Russia.

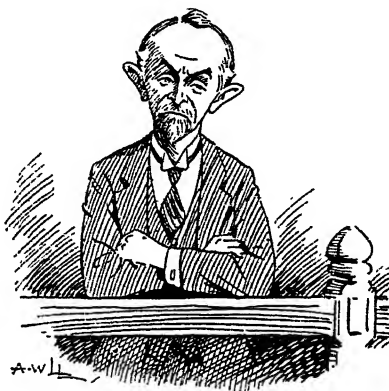
Later on, through the medium of Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, communication was established between the Treasury Bench and the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE read the terms offered by the Soviet to the Poles, and gave them a guarded approval.

Wednesday, August 11th.—A Bill to prohibit ready-money betting on football matches was introduced by Lord GAINFORD (who played for Cambridge forty years ago) and supported by Lord MEATH, “a most enthusiastic player” of a still earlier epoch. The Peers could not resist the pleading of these experts and gave the Bill a second reading; but when Lord GAINFORD proposed to rush it through goal straightaway his course was barred by Lord BIRKENHEAD, an efficient Lord “Keeper.”

A proposal for the erection at the public expense of a statue of the late Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN furnished occasion for the PRIME MINISTER and Mr.

ASQUITH to indulge in generous praise of a political opponent. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (with his eye on the Sovietists) pointed out that, as this was “essentially a Parliamentary country,” we did well to honour “a great Parliamentarian”; and the EX-PREMIER (with his eye on Mr. LLOYD GEORGE) selected for special note among Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's characteristics that he had “no blurred edges.”

A humdrum debate on the Consolidation Fund Bill was interrupted by the startling news that France had decided, in direct opposition to the policy announced yesterday by the PRIME MINISTER, to give immediate recognition to General WRANGEL. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE expressed his “surprise and anxiety” and could only suppose that there had been an unfortunate misunderstanding. To give time for its



A DISTINGUISHED STRANGER.
M. KRASSIN CONTEMPLATES THE COMMONS.

removal the House decided to postpone its holiday and adjourned till Monday.

More Headaches for the Historian.

MESSRS. KAMENEFF and KRASSIN, the Soviet envoys, were in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery during the PRIME MINISTER's speech on Poland last week. Hence these tears:—

“In conversation they seem to betray only a limited acquaintance with English, but every word of Mr. Lloyd George's utterance seemed intelligible to them. Not only did they follow him with eager interest, but often with animated comment.”—*Evening Standard*.

“The two did not exchange a single remark during the whole of the Premier's speech.”
Evening News.

“Krassin could follow every word of Lloyd George. His colleague doesn't speak or understand English, so Krassin every few minutes leaned over and whispered a translation into the other's ear.”—*Star*.

“The Soviet envoys, especially M. Krassin, seemed somewhat restless, and appeared to take more interest in the scene than in the speech, but this I heard attributed to their difficulty in following the words of the Prime Minister.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

BLEWITT ON REAL PROPERTY.

229th ed., folio, 2 vols. (Sour and Tarwell, 85s.).

ALL persons interested in this entrancing subject will welcome the new edition of Mr. Blewitt's famous work. The book is one which should be found on every shelf throughout the country, and is undoubtedly, in its combination of erudition and artistic merit, one of the masterpieces of English literature. It has been well described by a more competent critic as one which “it is difficult to take up when once you have put it down,” and in this judgment most readers will, we believe, concur.

It seems needless for us to say anything about so well-known a work, and to say anything new is, we believe, impossible. Mr. Blewitt is invariably happy in his choice of subject, and in this treatise on *Real Property* his sparkling wit, his light style and clearness of expression do ample justice to the perennial freshness of his subject. The reader is swiftly carried from situation to situation and thrill follows thrill with daring rapidity. The plot is of the simplest, but worked out with surprising skill, while the events are related with that vivid imagination which the subject demands. Who is there that does not feel a glow of exaltation and rejoice with the heir when he comes, upon reversion, into the property from which he has been so long excluded? Mr. Blewitt treats this incident with a sense of romance and picturesqueness of language reminiscent of the ballad of “The Lord of Lynn.” In its facts the ballad bears a striking resemblance to those so graphically described by our author, but in point of execution lacks the true breath of poetic inspiration which pervades Mr. Blewitt's book.

Nor is his work wanting in pathos. There are few who will not sympathise with the hero when he discovers that the life-estate of the fair widow whom he adores with all the fierce yearnings of his passionate soul is subject to a collateral limitation to widowhood. Mr. Blewitt's silence on the disappointment which embittered his spirit and the doubts which tormented his mind is more eloquent than any soliloquy of *Hamlet*.

It is not however in description but in characterisation that Mr. Blewitt is pre-eminent. We know of nothing in works of this nature to equal the skilful psychological analysis, the sympathy of treatment and the fidelity to nature with which the author draws line by line the character of Q. The description of him as seised in fee simple is a touch of genius. We can remember nothing



NERVES ON THE GREEN.

Irascible Golfer. "CONFOUND IT! WHAT IS THAT INFERNAL OIL-ENGINE OR SOMETHING THAT BEGINS THUMPING WHENEVER I AM PUTTING?"

Caddie. "I THINK IT MUST BE T'OTHER GENTLEMAN'S 'EART, SIR."

in the English language to compare with this unless it be that brilliant passage in which Mr. Blewitt sketches in a few lightning strokes the character of Richard Roe, a man at once pugnacious, overbearing, litigious and utterly regardless of truth and honesty.

The learned editors have rendered a great service to the cause of learning in publishing this new edition. The editing is very creditable to English scholarship. The additional matter is a new note on page 1069, in which the reader is referred to an article in a recent number of the *Timbuctoo Law Review*, which, in fairness to the editor (of *Real Property*), is not, of course, quoted here. The student will, we have no doubt, feel himself fully recompensed by this new matter for the price of the new volumes and the depreciation of the 228th edition.

"NEW MOTOR-BUS SERVICES.

Residents in the area between the county town and — are now able to do their shopping at either place with the maximum of inconvenience so far as travel is concerned."

Provincial Paper.

Just as in London.

GISH-JINGLE.

[*The Times* in a recent article on events in the Film world announces the impending arrival in Europe of Miss DOROTHY GISH, adding, however, that the visit is mainly undertaken for recreation.]

LET others discourse and descant

Upon MANNIX the martyr archbish,
Me rather it pleases to chant
The arrival of DOROTHY GISH.

Among the *élite* of the Screen
She holds an exalted posit.;
But in Europe she never has been
Hitherto, hasn't DOROTHY GISH.

And it's well to consider aright
That she harbours the laudable wish
For a holiday, not for the light
Of the lime, does Miss DOROTHY GISH.

None the less with the wildest surmise
Do I muse on the bountiful dish
Of sensation purveyed for the wise
And the foolish by DOROTHY GISH.

* * * * *
Will you strengthen the hands of LLOYD
GEORGE

Or frown on the poor Coalit. ?
Will you force profiteers to disgorge,
Beneficent DOROTHY GISH?

Do you hold by self-governing schools?
Do you think that headmasters should
swish

Or adopt Montessorian rules,
Benevolent DOROTHY GISH?

Will they give you an Oxford degree?
Will you learn to call marmalade
"squish"?

Will KENWORTHY ask you to tea
On the Terrace, great DOROTHY GISH?

Do you favour the Russ or the Pole?
Will you visit the Servians at Nish?
Are you sound on the subject of coal?
Are you Pussyfoot, DOROTHY GISH?

Are you going to be terribly mobbed
When attending the concerts of
KRISH?

Are your tresses luxuriant or "bobbed"?
Do tell us, kind DOROTHY GISH!

Meanwhile we are moody and mad,
Like SAUL the descendant of KRISH,
Oh, arrive and make everyone glad,
Delectable DOROTHY GISH!

"Wanted, Lady Clerk; one accustomed to
milk ledgers preferred."—*New Zealand Paper.*
But how does one milk a ledger?

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

A SOUTH INDIAN LOVESONG.

WHEN the long trick's wearing over and a spell of leave comes due
The most 'll go back to Blighty to see if their dreams are true;

There's some that 'll make for the Athol glens and some for the Sussex downs,
There's some that 'll cling to the country and some that 'll turn to towns;
But I know what I 'll do, and I 'll do it right or wrong,
I 'll just get back to the Blue Mountains, for that's where I belong.

Athol's a bonny country and Sussex is good to see,
But it's long since I left Blighty and I'm not what I used to be;
And May in Devon's a marvel and June on Tummel's fine,
And that may be most folk's fancy, but it somehow isn't mine;
For I know what I like, and the Land of Heart's Delight
For me is just on the Blue Mountains, for that's where I feel right.

So I 'll pack my box and bedding in the old South Indian mail
And wake to a dawn in Salem ghostly and grey and pale,
And over by Avanashi and the levels of Coimbatore
I 'll see them hung in the tinted sky and I won't ask for more;
For I 'll know I'm happy and I 'll make my morning prayer
Of thanks for the sun on the Blue Mountains and me to be going there.

The little mountain railway shall serve me for all I need,
Crawling its way to Adderly, crawling to Runnymede;
And the scent of the gums shall cheer me like the sight of a journey's end,
And the breeze shall say to me "Brother" and the hills shall hail me "Friend,"
While the clear Kateri River sings lovesongs in my ear,
And I 'll feel "Now I'm home again! Ah! but I'm welcome here."

Clear in the opal sunset I shall see the Kundahs lie
And the sweep of the hills shall fill my heart as the roll of the Downs my eye;
And I 'll see Snowdon and Staircase and the green of the Lovedale Wood,
And the dear sun shining on Ooty, and oh! but I 'll find it good;
For I 'll have what I wanted, and all the worrying done,
Because I'm back to the Blue Mountains and they and I are one.

There's peace beyond understanding, solace beyond desire
For minds that are over-weary, for bodies that toil and tire,
And over all that a something, a something that says,
"You know,
It's the one place of all places where the gods meant you to go."

Well, the gods know what they know, and I wouldn't say them nay,
And Blighty of course is Blighty, but it's terribly far away,
So I 'll get back to the Blue Mountains, and the betting is,
I 'll stay. H. B.

Cricket in Wails—A Howling Success.

"E. H. — bawled consistently for the visitors, taking seven wickets of 168."—*Welsh Paper.*

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR BOYS.

As a sufferer from the prevailing complaint, house-famine, I have started a Correspondence Bureau, ostensibly for advising parents as to the pursuits their offspring should take up, but really for propaganda purposes, the object being the assuagement of this terrible evil.

Consequently my replies to inquiries are all moulded to this end.

For instance, one mother wrote from Surbiton:—

"My second son, Algernon, wishes to become a house and estate agent. Do please tell me if you think this quite a fitting avocation for one whose father is a member of the Stock Exchange."

I replied, "Quite. There is no nobler, and incidentally there are few more lucrative occupations outside Bradford, unless it be that of a builder, in which the scope is absolutely unlimited. I am enclosing a copy of last week's *Builder and Architect*, in which you will find some great thoughts expressed. Pray let Algernon read it. It may be the means of inducing him to perform great deeds for England's sake."

Another fond parent wrote:—

"Can you advise an anxious mother as to a career for her only son, John William? He is at present eight and a-half years old, has blue eyes and fair hair and is a perfect darling, so good and obedient, but he is firmly resolved to be a lift-man when he grows up."

I answered her soothingly thus:—

"John Willie is rather young to have made a final decision, I think. Let his youthful aspirations run through the usual stages, liftman, engine-driver, bus-conductor, sailor, etc. At fifteen or so he will have left these behind, and for the next few years will probably settle down to the idea of being nothing in particular, or else a professional cricketer. Then he will suddenly, for good or evil, make his choice. Neither his blue eyes nor his fair hair give any clue as to what that choice will be, but I should let him keep both, as they may be useful to him.

"If he should determine upon a career involving manual work, I should take steps to have him initiated into the Art and Mystery of Bricklaying. At the rate we are moving the working-hours would probably be about eight per week, with approximately eight pounds per day salary, by the time he arrives at bricklaying maturity.

"It is difficult to say yet whether he would have to graduate in Commerce before being eligible, but probably it would be necessary, as the best bricklayers, I'm told, always carry a mortar-board, and there is a sort of caucus in these plummy professions nowadays that is anxious to keep outsiders from joining their ranks. But the country needs bricklayers, and will go on needing them for years. Let John Willie step forward when he is old enough."

To the mother who asked if I considered that her youngest boy would be well advised to adopt the Housebreaking profession I wrote:—

"To which part of this profession do you refer? If to the Burgling branch I would ask, 'Has he the iron nerve, the indomitable will, above all has he the brain power for this exacting craft? Can he stand the exposure to the night air, the exposure before an Assize jury, and the rigours of the Portland stone quarries?' If so, let him take a course of illustrated lectures at the cinema.

"If you refer to the other branch, the mere pulling down of houses, I say, 'No! A thousand times, no!' He should be taught that there is a crying need for a constructive,



My Lady Bountiful. "SO YOUR MOTHER IS BETTER THROUGH TAKING THE QUININE I GAVE HER?"

Little Girl (doing her best to carry out instructions). "YES'M. BUT SHE SAYS SHE'S WORSE OF THE COMPLAINT WOT YOU GIVES ER PORT WINE FOR."

not a destructive policy. Let him adopt one; buy him drawing-paper and a tee-square at once, and teach him that the noblest work of creation is (unless it be a bricklayer or builder) an architect. Though the War is over we must still keep the home fires burning. This implies chimneys, and chimneys imply houses, and few there be that can plan houses that will both please the eye and pass the local authorities."

Lady Jubb wrote from Toffley Hall, Blankshire, to say that her elder son (seventeen) had no ideas for the future beyond becoming Master of the Barchester when he grew up, but that she was anxious that he should try for some more lucrative post, official preferred.

I replied thus:—

"So your son looks no higher than a Mastership of Foxhounds. Well, well, I suppose that so long as there are such things as hounds he, as well as another, may take on the job of Master.

"But I thoroughly approve of your desire that he should try for something higher in life, especially for some official post; and what official post is or can be superior to that of a Borough Surveyor? Can you not persuade him that this great office is what one chooses to make it, and that, as an autocrat, the M.F.H. is hardly to be compared to the B.S., for, whereas the former can at the most scorch the few people foolish enough to remain within ear-shot, the latter can with a breath damn a whole row of houses and blast the careers of an army of builders with a word."

And so the propaganda proceeds.

If my efforts result in even one house being erected I shall, I think, have earned my O.B.E., though I would rather have the house.

THE TERRITORIAL.

Oh, civil life is fine and free, with no one to obey,
No sergeants shouting, "Show a leg!" or "Double up!"
all day;

No buttons to be polished, no army boots to wear,
And nobody to tick you off because you grow your hair.

It's great to sleep beneath a roof that keeps the rain outside,
To eat a daintier kind of grub than quarter-blokes provide,
To rise o' mornings when you wish and when you wish
turn in,

To shirk a shave and never hear the truth about your chin;

And not to have to pad the hoof through blazing sun or rain,
Intent on getting nowhere and foot-slogging back again,
To realise no N.C.O. has any more the right
To rob you of your beauty-sleep with "Guard to-morrow
night!"

All this is great, of course it is, yet here we are once more
Obeying sergeants just for fun and cheerier than before;
We haven't any good excuse, we've got no war to win—
But nothing's touched the kit-bag yet for packing troubles
in.

W. K. H.

A TASTE OF AUTHORITY.

I HAVE often wished I were an expert at something. How I envy the man who, before ordering a suit of clothes from his tailor, seizes the proffered sample of cloth and tugs at it in a knowledgeable manner, smells it at close quarters with deep inhalations and finally, if he is very brave, pulls out a thread and ignites it with a match. Whereupon the tailor, abashed and discomfited, produces for the lucky expert from the interior of his premises that choice bale of pre-war quality which he was keeping for his own use.

I confided this yearning of mine to Rottenbury the other evening. Rottenbury is a man of the world and might, I thought, be able to help me.

"My dear fellow," he said, "in these days of specialisation one has to be brought up in the business to be an expert in anything, whether cloth or canaries or bathroom tiling. Knowledge of this kind is not gained in a moment."

"Can you help me?" I asked.

"As regards tea, I can," he replied. "Jorkins over there is in the tea business. If you like I'll get him to put you up to the tricks of tea-tasting."

"I should be awfully glad if you would," said I. "We never get any decent tea at home."

Jorkins appeared to be a man of direct and efficient character. I saw Rottenbury speak to him and the next moment he was at my elbow.

"Watch me carefully," said Jorkins, "and listen to what I say. Take a little leaf into the palm of your left hand. Rub it lightly with the fingers and gaze earnestly thus. Apply your nose and snuff up strongly. Pick out a strand and bite through the leaf slowly with the front teeth, thus. Just after biting pass the tip of the tongue behind the front teeth and along the palate, completing the act of deglutition. Sorry I must go now. Good day."

Now I felt I was on the right track. I practised the thing a few times before a glass, paying special attention to the far-away poetical look which Jorkins wore during the operation.

At the tea-shop the man behind the counter willingly showed me numbers

of teas. I snatched a handful of that which he specially recommended and began the ceremony. I took a little into the palm of my left-hand and gazed at it earnestly; I rubbed it lightly with my fingers; I picked up a strand and bit through the leaf slowly with the front teeth. Just after biting I passed the tongue behind the front teeth and along the palate, completing the act of deglutition.

So far as I could judge it was very good tea, but it would never do to accept the first sample offered; I must let the shopman see that he was up

nauseating, but the man was obviously impressed. At the conclusion of my performance I assumed a look of satisfaction. "Give me five pounds of that," said I with the air of a conqueror.

Next time I met Rottenbury I told him of my success.

"Oh, Jorkins put you up to the trick, did he?"

"He did. He taught me to titillate, to triturate, to masticate, to deglute—everything."

"And with what result?"

"With the result that I have in my possession five pounds of the finest tea that the greatest experts have blended from the combined products of Assam and China."

"Tea?" he asked.

"Yes, tea of course. You didn't suppose that I was talking of oysters?"

"Did I tell you Jorkins was a tea-taster?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, he's not. He's in tobacco."

* * * * *

"Alured," said my wife, "I wish you wouldn't buy things for the house. That tea is low-grade sweepings."

"Sir Otto Beit has returned to London from South Africa, where he turned the first sot of the new university."—*Daily Paper*.

Turned him out, we trust.

"In a brilliant peroration the Prime Minister warned his hearers that a nation was known by its soul and not by its asses."

South African Paper.

Yet some of our politicians seem to think that England is not past braying for.

"The doings (or rather sayings!) in the Legislature we are watching with sympathy and some impatience, much as a bachelor bears with the gambling of children who come to the drawing-room for an hour before dinner."

Weekly Paper.

And the worst of it is that the Legislature is gambling with *our* money.

"Miss —, director of natural science studies at Newnham College, Oxford, will preside."

Daily Paper.

We are glad to hear of this new women's college at Oxford, but surely they might have chosen a more original name for it.

A. G. J. writes: "Your picture of 'Come unto these Yellow Sands' in the number for August 4th explains for the first time the obscure following line, 'The Wild Waves Whist.'"



LE GRAND PENSEUR.

(With apologies to the late AUGUSTE RODIN.)

ADVERTISING ENTHUSIAST ON HIS HOLIDAY SEEKING INSPIRATION FOR A NEW ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

against one of the mandarins of the trade. So I said with severity, "Please don't show me any more common stuff; I want the best you have."

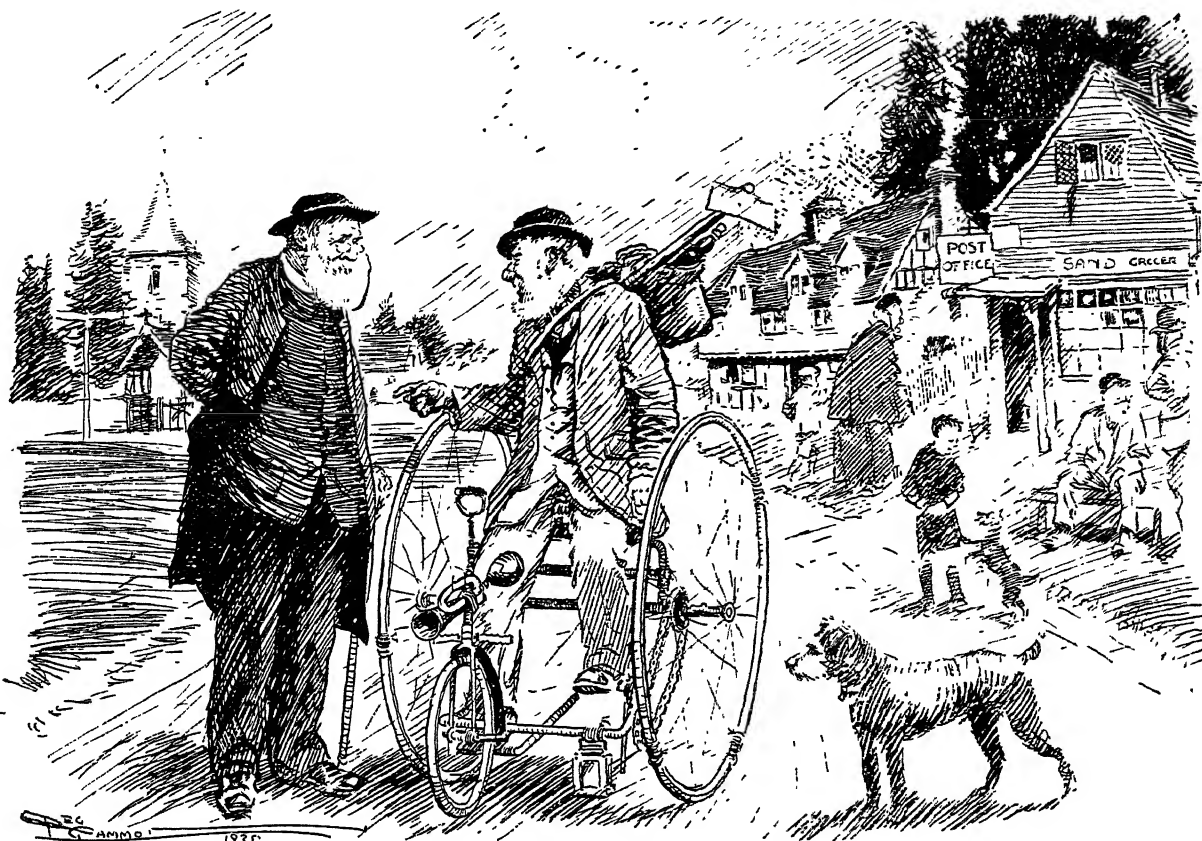
The man looked at me curiously and I saw his face twitching; he was evidently about to speak.

"Kindly refrain from expostulating," I went on; "content yourself with showing me your finest blend."

He went away to the back of the shop, muttering; clearly he recognised defeat, for when he returned he carried a small chest.

"Try this," said he, and I knew that he was boiling with baffled rage.

I took a handful and once more went through the whole ceremony. It was



"I HAVE NOT SEEN YOU AT CHURCH FOR TWO SUNDAYS, JOHN."

"No, SIR. NO OFFENCE T' YOU, BUT OI A-BIN DOIN' T' CHAPEL PARSON'S GARDEN, SO MISSUS THOUGHT WE'D BETTER GIVE 'IM A TURN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To review one of Mr. E. F. BENSON'S social satires always gives me somewhat the sensations of the reporter at the special sermon—a relieved consciousness that, being present on business, my own withers may be supposed professionally unwrung. Otherwise, so exploratory a lash . . . I seldom recall the touch of it more shrewd than in *Queen Lucia* (HUTCHINSON), an altogether delightful castigation of those persons whom a false rusticity causes to change a good village into the sham-bucolic home of crazes, fads and affectation. All this super-cultured life of the Riseholme community has its centre in Mrs. Lucas, the acknowledged queen of the place (*Lucia* = wife of *Lucas*, which shows you the character of her empire in a single touch); the matter of the tale is to tell how her autocracy was threatened, tottered and recovered. I wish I had space to quote the description of the *Lucas* home, "converted" from two genuine cottages, to which had been added a wing at right-angles, even more Elizabethan than the original, and a yew-hedge, "brought entire from a neighbouring farm and transplanted with solid lumps of earth and indignant snails around its roots." Perhaps, apart from the joy of the setting, you may find some of the incidents, the faith-healer, the medium and so on, a trifle obvious for Mr. BENSON. More worthy of him is the central episode—the arrival as a Riseholme resident of *Olga Bracely*, the operatic star of international fame. Her talk, her attitude towards the place, and the subtle contrast suggested by her between the genuine and the pretence, show Mr. BENSON at his light-comedy best. In short, a charming entertainment,

in speaking of which you will observe I have not once so much as mentioned the word "Cotswolds."

Michael Forth (CONSTABLE) will doubtless convey a wonderful message to those of us who are clever enough to grasp its meaning; but I fear that it will be a disappointment to many admirers of Miss MARY JOHNSTON'S earlier books. Frankly I confess myself bewildered and unable to follow this excursion into the region of metaphysics; indeed I felt as if I had fallen into the hands of a guide whose language I could only dimly and dully understand. All of which may be almost entirely my fault, so I suggest that you should sample *Michael* for yourselves and see what you can make of him. Miss JOHNSTON shouldered an unnecessarily heavy burden when she decided to tell the story of her hero in the first person; but in relating *Michael's* childhood in his Virginian home she is at her simplest and best. Afterwards, when *Michael* became intent on going "deeper and deeper within," he succeeded so well that he concealed himself from me.

Because I have a warm regard for good short stories and heartily approve the growing fashion of publishing or republishing them in volume form, I am the more jealous that the good repute of this practice should be preserved from damage by association with unworthy material. I'm afraid this is a somewhat ominous introduction to a notice of *The Eve of Pasqua* (HEINEMANN), in which, to be brutally frank, I found little justification for even such longevity as modern paper conditions permit. "RICHARD DEHAN" is admittedly a writer who has deserved well of the public, but none of the tales in this collection will do

anything to add to the debt. The best is perhaps a very short and quite happily told little jest called "An Impression," about the emotions of a peasant model on seeing herself as interpreted by an Impressionist painter. There is also a sufficiently picturesque piece of Wardour Street medievalism in "The Tribute of the Kiss," and some original scenery in "The Mother of Turquoise." But beyond this (though I searched diligently) nothing; indeed worse, since more than one of the remaining tales, notably "Wanted, a King" and "The End of the Ootillion," are so preposterous that their inclusion here can only be attributed to the most cynical indifference.

It may be my Saxon prejudice, but, though most of the ingredients of *Irish Stew* (SKEFFINGTON) are in fact Irish, and though Mrs. DOROTHEA CONYERS is best known as a novelist who delights in traditional Ireland and traditional horses, I am bound to confess that I enjoyed the adventures of Mr. Jones, trusted employé of *Mosenthals and Co.*, better than Mrs. CONYERS' stage Irishmen. "Our Mr. Jones" is neither a *Sherlock Holmes* nor an *Aristide Pujol*, neither a *Father Brown* nor a *Bob Pretty*, but nevertheless he is an engaging soul and we could do with more of him.

Mrs. CONYERS' hunting *clientèle* may much prefer to read about the dishonesties of *Con Cassidy* and his fellow-horse-copers and the simple but heroic *O'Toole* and his supernatural friends. But, as the average Irish hunting man cares little more for books than he does for bill-collectors, his preference may not be of paramount importance. In any case the Irish ingredients of *Irish Stew* would be easier to assimilate if Mrs. CONYERS would refrain from trying to spell English as the Irish speak it. If the reader knows Ireland it is unnecessary and merely makes reading a task. If the reader does not know Ireland no amount of phonetic spelling will reproduce a single one of the multitudinous brogues that fill Erin with sound and empty it of sense. On the whole Mrs. CONYERS' public will not be disappointed with her latest sheaf of tales. But it is Mr. Jones who will give them their money's worth.

I was, I confess, a little sceptical—you know how it is—when I read what Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON's official reviewer said of Mr. HAL. G. EVARTS' *The Cross-Pull*: "The best dog story since *The Call of the Wild*," etc., etc. Well, I certainly haven't seen a better. Mr. EVARTS' hero, *Flash*, is a noble beast of mixed strain—grey wolf, coyote, dog. *The Cross-Pull* is the conflict between the dog and the wolf, between loyalty to his master and mistress whom he brings together and serves, and the wolf whose proper business is to be biting elks in the neck. Happier than most tamed brutes he is involved as chief actor in a round up of some desperate outlaws, among whom is his chief enemy, and he is fortunate enough to serve the state while pursuing to a successful end his bitter private quarrel. Brute *Brent* gets and deserves the kind of bite which was planned by a far-seeing providence for the elk . . . You can tell when an author really loves and knows animals or is merely

"putting it on." Mr. EVARTS understands, sentimentalises less than most interpreters; seems to know a good deal. The story loses no interest from being set in the American hinterland of a few decades ago. All real animal lovers should get this book—they should really.

If it be true art, as I rather think someone has said it is, to state what is obvious in regard to a subject while creating by the manner of the statement an impression of its subtler features, then Mr. PERCY BROWN, in writing *Germany in Dissolution* (MELROSE), has proved himself a true artist. For in Germany about the time of the Armistice and during the Spartacist rising certain things happened which got themselves safely into the newspapers, and these he sets forth, mostly in headline form. Beyond this Germany was a seething muddle of contradictions and cross-purposes, which, it is hardly unfair to say, are capably reflected in his pages. Mr. BROWN is a journalist of the school that does not stick at a trifle, a German prison, for instance, when his dear public wants news. His crowning achievement was to persuade Dr. SOLF, when Foreign Minister, to send through the official wireless an account of an interview with himself, which would, as he (SOLF)

fondly hoped, help to bamboozle British public opinion. When the article appeared, so well had the author's editor read between the lines of the message that the journalist had to run for his life. He was particularly fortunate too, or clever, in getting in touch with the Kiel sailors who set the revolution going, but in spite of much excellent material, mostly of the "scoop" interview variety, nothing much ever seems to

come of it all, and we are left at the end about as wise as we started. All the same, much of the book's detail is interesting, however little satisfaction it offers as a whole.

Ann's First Flutter (ALLEN AND UNWIN) will not arouse any commotion in the dovecotes of the intellectually elect, but it provides an amusing entertainment for those who can appreciate broad and emphatic humour. Mr. R. A. HAMBLIN has succeeded in what he set out to do, and my only quarrel with him is that I believe him to have a subtler sense of humour than he reveals here. *Ann* was a grocer's daughter, and after her attempt to flutter for herself had failed she married *Tom Bampffield*, a grocer's son. *Tom* had literary ambitions, and was the author of a novel which his father thought pernicious enough to destroy his custom. Strange however to relate, the novel failed to destroy anything except the author's future as a novelist, and when *Tom* did succeed in making some pen-money it was by means of a series of funny articles in *The Dry Goods Gazette*—articles so violently humorous that the author's father thoroughly appreciated them. Mr. HAMBLIN's fun, let me add, is never ill-natured. Even bilious grocers will not resent his jovial invasion of their kingdom.

"City gunsmiths have been busy these days furnishing up sportsmen's rifles for the '12th.'"—*Scotch Paper*. Personally we use a machine-gun.



THE PRUDENT LOVER.



CHARIVARIA.

"WHAT we have got to do," says Lord ROTHERMERE, "is to keep calm and mind our own business, instead of worrying about the affairs of every other nation." It seems only fair to point out that *The Daily News* thought of this as long ago as August, 1914.

Gooseberries the size of bantams' eggs, says a news item, won a prize at the Deeside Horticultural Show. When we remember the giant gooseberries of a decade ago it rather looks as if the nation were losing its nerve.

With reference to the messenger seen running in Whitehall the other day a satisfactory explanation has now been given. He was doing it for the cinema.

The average Scot, says an Anti-Prohibition writer, cannot stand many drinks. Our experience supports this view; but he can be stood a good many.

A picture-paper gossip states that Mr. CHURCHILL enjoys very good health. Just a touch of writer's cramp now and then, of course.

In a recent riot in Londonderry, it is stated, a number of inoffensive neutrals were set upon and beaten by rowdies of both factions. We have constantly maintained that Irish unity can always be secured when there is something really worth uniting over.

A lighthouse is advertised for sale in *The Times*. It is said to be just the kind of residence for a tall man with sloping shoulders.

A correspondent asks in the weekly press for a new name for charabancs. We wish we could think there was any use in calling them names.

Seaside bathers are advised not to enter the water after a heavy meal. The seaside visitor who could pay for such a meal would naturally not have enough left to pay for a bathing-machine.

A Thames bargee was knocked down by a taxi-cab at Kingston-on-Thames last week. A well-known firm has offered to publish his remarks in fortnightly parts.

The West Dulwich man who struck a rate-collector on the head with a telephone claims credit for finding some use for these instruments.

Sir ERIC DRUMMOND has purchased the largest hotel in Geneva on behalf

of the League of Nations. It is said that he has been taking lessons from Sir ALFRED MOND.

Following closely upon the announcement of the noiseless gun invented in New York comes the news that they have now invented some sound-proof bacon for export to this country.

It is stated that the man who last week said he understood the Rent Act was eventually pinned down by some



Caller. "EXCHANGE? GET ME DOUBLE-SIX DOUBLE-FIVE NINE CENTRAL—AND GET IT QUICK, LIKE THEY DO IT ON THE PICTURES."

friends and handed over to the care of his relatives.

According to a morning paper another Antarctic expedition is to be organised very shortly. We understand that only those who can stand a northern wind on all four sides need apply.

It is reported that a poultry-farmer in the West of England is making a fortune by giving his hens whisky to drink and then exporting their eggs to the United States.

A golf-ball was recently driven through the window of an express train near

Knebworth. We are informed however that the player who struck the ball still maintains that the engine-driver deliberately ignored his shout of "Fore."

An amazing report reaches us from Yorkshire. It appears that a centenarian has been discovered who is unable to read without glasses or even to walk to market once a week.

The unveiling of one of the largest Peace memorials in the country is to take place on Armistice day this year. We hear that both the PREMIER and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL have expressed a desire to attend unless prevented by the War.

Smart furriers, declares a fashion-paper, are pushing Beveren blue rabbit as one of the chic furs for the coming winter. The rabbit, our contemporary goes on to explain (superfluously, as it seems to us), is naturally blue.

On a recent occasion a meeting of the Dolgelly Rural Council had to be postponed, the members being absent hay-making. Parliament, on the other hand, has had to stop making hay owing to the Members being away in the country.

The Ministry of Food states that the period of normal supplies seems to come round in cycles of four years. Meanwhile the period of abnormal prices continues to come round in cycles of once a week. A movement in favour of postponing the cycle of payment till we get the cycle of plenty is not receiving adequate support from the provision trade.

Agricultural labourers near Peterborough have refused to work with Irishmen on the ground that the latter are troublesome. We always said that sooner or later someone would come round to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's view on this point.

A newspaper reports the case of a waiter who refused a tip. It is said that the gentleman who offered it is making a slow recovery and may be able to take a little fish this week.

The Growth of the Side-Car.

"MOTOR CARS, CYCLES, &C. ARGYLL.—2 Bedrooms and sitting-room, with attendance."—*Scotch Paper*.

"BRIGHTON ELECTRIC RAILWAY. PALACE PIER AND KEMP TOWN CARS EVERY FIVE YEARS."

Local Paper.

It is inferred that the Ministry of Transport has assumed control.

AN APOLOGY TO THE BENCH.

Humbly addressed to T. E. S.

If ever, where you hold the Seat of Doom,
I stand, my Lord, before you at the Bar,
And my forensic fame, a virgin bloom,
Lies in your awful hands to make or mar,
Let it not prejudice my case, I pray,
If you should call to mind a previous meeting
When on a champion course the other day
I gave your Lordship four strokes and a beating.

I own it savoured of contempt of court,
Hinted of disrespect toward the Bench,
That I should chuckle when your pitch was short
Or smile to see you in the sanded trench;
But Golf (so I extenuate my sin)
Brings all men level, like the greens they putt on;
One common bunker makes the whole world kin,
And Bar may scrap with Beak, and I with SCR-TT-N.

Nor did I give myself superior airs;
I made allowance for defective sight;
"The bandage which impartial Justice wears
Leaves you," I said, "a stranger to the light;
Habituated to the sword and scales,
If you commit some pardonable blunder,
If" (I remarked) "your nerve at moments fails
With grosser ironmongery, where's the wonder?"

So may the Law's High Majesty o'erlook
My rash presumption; may the memory die
Of how I won the match (and further took
The liberty of mopping up the bye);
Remember just a happy morning's round,
Also the fact that this alleged old fogey
Played at the last hole like a book and downed
The barely-human feat of Colonel Bogey. O. S.

IF WE ALL TOOK TO MARGOTRY.

[Mrs. ASQUITH's feuilleton, which for so many people has transformed Sunday into a day of unrest, sets up a new method of autobiography, in which the protagonist is, so to speak, both JOHNSON and BOSWELL too. Successful models being always imitated we may expect to see a general use of her lively methods; and as a matter of fact I have been able already, through the use of a patent futurist reading-glass (invented by Signor Margoni), to get glimpses of two forthcoming reminiscent works of the future which, but for the *chronique égoïstique* of the moment might never have been written, and certainly not in their present interlocutory shape.]

I.

FROM "FIRST AID TO LITERATURE."

By Edmund Gosse.

... Not the least interesting and delicate of my duties as a confidential adviser were connected with a work of reminiscences which created some stir in the nineteen-twenties. How it came about I cannot recollect, but it was thought that my poor assistance as a friendly censor of a too florid exuberance in candour might not be of disservice to the book, and I accepted the invitation. The volume being by no means yet relegated to oblivion's dusty shelves I am naturally reluctant to refer to it with such particularity as might enable my argus-eyed reader to identify it and my own unworthy share therein, and therefore in the following dialogue, typical of many between the author and myself, I disguise her name under an initial. *Quis custodiet?* It would be grotesque indeed if one whose special mission was to correct the high spirits of others should himself fail in good taste.

Mrs. A. (laying down the MS. with a bang). I see nothing but blue pencil marks, and blue was never my colour. Why are you so anxious that I should be discreet? Indiscretion is the better part of authorship.

EDMUND (earnestly). It is your fame of which I am thinking. If you adopt my emendations you will go down to history as the writer of the best book of reminiscences in English.

Mrs. A. (with fervour). I don't want to go down to history. I want to stay here and make it. And you (*with emotion*)—you have cramped my style. I can't think why I asked you to help.

EDMUND. Everyone asks me to help. It is my destiny. I am the Muses' *amicus curiæ*.

Mrs. A. Oh, blow Latin! (*Lighting two cigarettes at once*) What's the good of reminiscences of to-day, by me, without anything about L.G.?

EDMUND. Dear lady, it would never have done. Be reasonable. There are occasions when reticence is imperative.

Mrs. A. Reticence! What words you use!

(*Cætera desunt.*)

II.

FROM "A WEEK IN LOVELY LUCERNE."

By D. Lloyd George.

... I do not say that the mountains hereabout are not more considerable than those of our own beloved Wales, but as material to be employed in perorations they are far inferior. There is not the requisite mist (which may symbolise ignorance or obstinacy or any temporary disturbance or opposition), later to be dispelled by the strong beams of the sun (representing either progress generally or prime-ministerial genius or pure Coalitionism). Other local features I felt, however, I might find rhetorically useful, such as THORWALDSEN'S Lion, so noble, so—so leonine, but doomed ever to adhere to the rock, how symbolic of a strong idealist unable to translate his ameliorative plans into action! The old bridge too, uniting the two sides of the city, as one can attempt to link Radicalism and Coalitionism—how long could it endure? And so on. One's brain was never idle.

It was while we were at Lucerne that Lord RIDDELL and I had some of our most significant conversations. I set them down just as they occurred, extenuating nothing and concealing nothing.

Lord RIDDELL (with emotion). You are in excellent form to-day. Lucerne now has two lions—one of them free.

DAVID (surprised). I free? (*Sadly*) You forget that GIOLITTI is coming.

Lord RIDDELL. But that is nothing to you. Try him with your Italian and he will soon go.

DAVID. You are a true friend. You always hearten me.

Lord RIDDELL (with more emotion). But you are so wonderful, so wonderful! And now for to-day's amusements. Where shall we go? Up Mount Pilatus or to WILLIAM TELL'S Chapel?

DAVID. There is something irresistible to a Welshman in the word chapel. Let us go there. And WILLIAM TELL, was he not a patriot? Did he not defy the tyrant? I am sure that in his modest conventicle I can think of a thousand eloquent things. Let us go there.

Lord RIDDELL. My hero! my dauntless hero!

E. V. L.

"Even with a round of 73 in the morning Ray fell behind Vardon, who accomplished a remarkable round of 17 to lead the field."

Provincial Paper.

This is believed to be the first occasion on which any golfer has accomplished two holes in one shot.



“THE LION OF LUCERNE.”

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (*having jodelled heavily*). “NOT A SINGLE DISSENTIENT ECHO! THIS IS THE SORT OF PEACE CONFERENCE I LIKE.” (*Continues to jodel.*)



Mabel (in barefaced attempt to detain Mother when saying "Good-night"). "Oh, MUMMY, I WOULD LIKE TO TELL YOU A STORY ABOUT THREE LITTLE BOYS."

Mother. "No, NO; GO TO SLEEP. THERE'S NO TIME TO TELL A STORY ABOUT THREE LITTLE BOYS."

Mabel. "WELL, THEN, LET ME TELL YOU A STORY ABOUT TWO LITTLE BOYS."

THE RABBITS GAME.

"DON'T forget to say 'Rabbits' to-morrow," said Angela. Angela is aged nine and my younger sister; I am thirteen and my name is Anne.

We both looked inquiringly at Father, and, as he didn't seem to remember, Angela in pained surprise began to explain. "If you say 'Rabbits' before you say anything else on the first day of a month you get a present during the month, but you mustn't say anything else first, or you won't."

It all came out in one breath and, though it looks clear enough now, Father was very stupid.

"I dislike rabbits," he said, "and I am very busy; your Mother will probably be glad of them for the servants."

The rebuke in Angela's eyes was severe. "We haven't got any rabbits," she said; "we are only going to say 'Rabbits' to-morrow morning when we wake up and we thought you might like to do the same."

"Oh, I should," said Father; "thank you very much, I won't forget." And he wrote "Rabbits" down on his blotting-

paper. "Now go and tell your Mother; she would like to say 'Rabbits' too, I know."

That seemed to terminate the interview, so we left him; but altogether it was not very satisfactory. You see, when we had "Bon-jour-Philippines," Father used to provide the presents; at least that was some time ago; we haven't had any "Bon-jour-Philippines" lately. The last time we did, Jack, that is my brother at Oxford, found one and split it with Father, and the next morning he said, "Bon-jour-Philippine" first and then asked for a present. Father asked him what he wanted, and he gave Father a letter that he had had that morning. Father got very angry and said that it was a disgrace the way tailors allowed credit to young wasters nowadays. He didn't say it quite like that, it was rather worse, and Mother said, "Hush, dear; remember the children," and Father said that they were all as bad and in the conspiracy to ruin him, and he went out of the room and banged the door.

Mother told Jack that he should have chosen a better moment, and Jack owned

he had made a mistake and said that he ought to have got it in before Father had looked at the paper and seen the latest news of LLOYD GEORGE. I don't quite know what he meant, but Father often talks about LLOYD GEORGE, and he must be a beast.

I asked Jack later if he got his present, and he said that he had, but—and here he copied Father's voice so well that I had to laugh—"It is the very last time, my boy; when I was at Oxford I used to consider my Father, and I would have worked in the fields and earned money sooner than have given him bills to pay." Jack said that he knew one of the dons at Oxford who knew Father, and from what he said he thought that Father must have spent as long in the fields as NEBUCHAD-NEZZAR did.

I remembered all this as I went to find mother about "Rabbits," and I wasn't quite sure that we should get our present even if we did say it, so I told Angela, and she had a brilliant idea. "We will make Father say 'Rabbits' and give him a present ourselves, and he is sure to give us some-

thing in return." Angela is younger than I am, but she often thinks quite clever things like that, and they come in very useful sometimes.

We went to the summer-house in the garden to make plans. First we thought what would be the best present to give Father. Last Christmas we gave him a pipe, and he said that it was just what he wanted; it cost ninepence and was made like a man's head, and you put the tobacco in a hole in his hat.

Father lit it at once after breakfast, but two days after I saw Jakes the gardener smoking it. We thought at first that he had stolen it, and I went to Father, but he said that Jakes had thirteen children, and when a man was in trouble like that you ought to give up what you valued most to try to make that man happy, and that Jakes was awfully pleased when he gave him the pipe.

You see that made it very difficult, as we had to get something that Father would like and Jakes too, as he still had thirteen children; and then I remembered that Mrs. Jakes had once looked at a woollen jumper that I had on, and said that it would be just the thing for her Mary Ann, who had a delicate chest, and Jakes would be sure to like what Mrs. Jakes liked, or else he wouldn't have married her. Of course a jumper wasn't really the sort of thing that Father could wear, but I thought he might wrap his foot up in it when he next had gout, and besides I shouldn't be wanting it much more myself, as the summer was coming on.

Angela said that she thought that would do well, and she wouldn't mind giving Father her jumper next month if he said "Rabbits," and it would do for Mrs. Jakes' next little girl.

So that was decided, and then we had to arrange the plan. The most important thing was for us to wake before Father, so that we could wake him and remind him before he had time to say anything else, and Angela remembered that Ellen, that's the housemaid, had an alarm clock, which she used to set at a quarter to six each morning. We waited until Ellen had gone downstairs and then took it and hid it in Angela's bed.

Next morning the clock went off. We were both rather frightened, and it was very cold and the room looked funny, as the blinds hadn't been pulled up, but we put our dressing-gowns on. Then Angela said that she had heard that if you woke a person who was walking in their sleep they sometimes called out, so I took a pair of stockings from the basket that had just come back from the wash to hold over Father's



"LOOK 'ERE—THIS ARF-CROWN WON'T DO. IT AIN'T GOT NO MILLING ON ITS HEDGE."
"BLINY! NOR IT 'AS! I KNEW I'D FORGOTTEN SOMEFINK."

mouth while we woke him. They were waiting to be mended and had a hole in them, but that didn't matter much, as I screwed them up tight, and then we went into Father's room. They were both asleep, and Father had his mouth open all ready for the stockings, which was very lucky, as I was wondering how I could get them in.

We crept up to the bed, and I know I shivered, and I think Angela did too, as I was holding her hand. Then she called out "Boo" as loud as she could, and I stuffed the stockings into Father's mouth, and then they both woke up, and everything went wrong.

Mother thought the house was on fire and screamed, and it made Angela begin to cry. I quite forgot to tell Father to say "Rabbits," and just pressed the stockings further into his mouth.

Father struggled and made awful noises, and when he did get the stockings out the things he said weren't a bit like "Rabbits," and the only thing that he did say that I could write down

here was that he thought he was going to be sick. The rest was dreadful.

We were both sent back to bed, and that morning as a punishment we were not allowed into the dining-room until Father and Mother had finished their breakfast; and Angela, who often thinks quite clever things, said that we had better not do "Rabbits" again for a good long time. But after all it didn't matter much as the weather got a great deal colder, and I wore my jumper a lot, and so did Angela.

FLOWERS' NAMES.

DAME'S DELIGHT.

THERE was a Lady walked a wood;
She never smiled, nor never could.
One day a sunbeam from the South
Kissed full her petulant proud mouth;
She laughed, and there, beneath the trees,
Fluttering in the April breeze,
Spread tracts of blossom, green and white,
Curtseying to the golden light—
The broken laugh of Dame's Delight.

FIRST LOVE AND LAST.

[It is pointed out by a contemporary that the dressmaker's waxen model has quite lost her old insipid air. The latest examples of the modeller's art show the "glad eye" and features with which "any man might fall in love."]

In the days when I started to toddle

I loved with a frenzy sublime
A dressmaker's beauteous model—

I think I was three at the time;
She was fair in the foolish old fashion,
And they found me again and again
With my nose in an access of passion
Glued tight to the pane.

But I thought they were gone past
returning

Till Time should go back on his tracks,
Those days of a child's undiscerning

But fervent devotion to wax;
Could a heart, though admittedly restive,
Recapture that innocent mood
At sixty next birthday? I'm blest if
I thought that it could.

But Art, ever bent on progression,
Has taken the model in hand,
And brought in the line of succession
A figure more pleasingly planned;
Her eyes with the gladdest of glances,
Her lips and her hair and her cheek
Can puncture like so many lances
A bosom of teak.

HARD TIMES FOR HEROINES.

"Oh, Bertram," breathed Eunice as she glided into his arms, "if Ernest knew, what would he think?"

At this point of my story I admit that I was held up. I myself couldn't help wondering how Ernest would regard the situation. He was a perfectly good husband and, personally, I preferred him to Bertram the lover. I might get unpopular with my readers, however, if they suspected this, so I continued:—

"Ernest can never appreciate you as I do, dearest," Bertram whispered hoarsely; "he is cold, hard, indifferent—"

Again I paused. If Eunice had been the really nice girl I meant her to be she would have asked Bertram what on earth he meant by saying such things about her husband, and would have told him the shortest cut to the front-door. In which case she might never have got into print.

The fact is the poor heroine of fiction has a hard time of it nowadays. Someone ought to write a treatise on "How to be Happy though a Heroine," or uphold her cause in some way. Twenty-five years ago she lived in a halo of romance. Her wooers were tender, respectful and adoring; she was never without a chaperon. Her love-story was conventional and ended in wedding

bells. To-day—just see how her position has altered. Generally she begins by being married already. Then her lover comes along to place her in awkward predicaments and put her to no end of inconvenience, very often only to make her realise that she prefers her husband after all. Or, on the other hand, the modern writer does not mind killing off, on the barest pretext, a husband who is perfectly sound in wind and limb and had never suffered from anything in his life until the lover appeared. The poor girl will tell you herself that it isn't natural.

Then there is the compromising situation. Magazine editors clamour for it—in fiction, I mean. We find the heroine flung on a desert island, with the one man above all others in the world that she detests as her sole companion. It is rather rough on her, but often still more rough on other people, as it may necessitate drowning the entire crew and passengers of a large liner just in order to leave the couple alone for a while to get to know each other better. And not until they find that they care for one another after all does the rescue party arrive. It will cruise about, or be at anchor round the corner, for weeks and weeks, so that it can appear on the horizon at the moment of the first embrace. This situation is so popular at present that it is surprising that there are enough desert islands to go round.

Again, the lonely bungalow episode is pretty cheerless for the heroine. She accepts an apparently harmless invitation to spend a week-end with friends in the country. When she arrives at the station there is no one to meet her. After a course of desert islands this ought to arouse her suspicions, but she never seems to benefit by experience. At the bungalow, reached in a hired fly and a blinding snowstorm, she finds the whole household away. The four other week-end guests, her host and hostess and their five children, the invalid aunt who resides with the family, the three female servants and the boot-boy who lives in—all have completely vanished. The only sign of life for miles is the hero standing on the doorstep looking bewildered and troubled, as well he might, for he knows that he must spend the night in a snowstorm to avoid compromising the heroine.

And when the family return next morning and explain that they went out to look at the sunset, but were held up at a neighbour's by the weather, nobody seems to think the excuse a little thin.

The heroine can never hope for a tranquil existence like other people. I read of one only recently who, just

because she strongly objected to the man her parents wanted her to marry, was flung with him on an iceberg that had only seating capacity for two. And when the iceberg began to melt—writers must at times manipulate the elements—it meant that she must either watch the man drown or share the same seat with him. The rescue party held off, of course, until the harassed girl was sitting on his knees, and then received the pair as they slid down, announcing their engagement.

What do I intend to do with Bertram and Eunice? I am undecided whether to place them in the vicinity of a volcano, which, unknown to Bertram, has eruptive tendencies, or to send them up in an aeroplane and break the propeller in mid-Atlantic just as the rescue party (including the husband)—What? Do I understand anything about aeroplanes? Certainly not; but I know everything about heroines.

EVIDENCE.

"WHAT's all this I hear about the Abbey?" said my friend Truscott when I met him yesterday.

Truscott has just returned from New Zealand and is for the moment a little behind the times. But he can pick up the threads as quickly as most men.

"It's in a bad way," I told him. "All kinds of defects in the fabric, and there's a public fund to make it sound again. You ought to subscribe."

"It may be in disrepair," he replied, "but it isn't going to fall down just yet. I know; I went to see it this morning."

"But how do you know?" I asked. "You may guess; you can't know."

"I know," he said, "because I was told. A little bird told me, and there's no authority half so good. Do you remember a few years ago a terrific storm that blew down half the elms in Kensington Gardens?"

I remembered. I had reason; for the trunks and branches were all over the road and my omnibus from Church Street to Piccadilly Circus had to make wide detours.

"Well," Truscott continued, "someone wrote to the papers to say that two or three days before the storm all the rooks left the trees and did not return. They knew what was coming. Birds do know, you know, and that's why I feel no immediate anxiety about the Abbey."

"Explain," I said.

"Well," he continued, "when I was there this morning I watched a sparrow popping in and out of a nest built in a niche in the stonework over the north door."



MANNERS AND MODES.

THEN AND NOW.

From an Early-Victorian "Etiquette for Gentlemen."—"A GENTLEMAN CANNOT BE TOO CAREFUL TO AVOID STEPPING ON A LADY'S DRESS WHEN ABOUT TO GET IN OR OUT OF A CARRIAGE."

THOUGHTS ON "THE TIMES."

(FROM A TRAIN.)

REALLY the news is very bad this morning. On the front page there are two Foreign crises and a Home one. On the next page there is one Grave Warning and two probable strikes. On every other page there is either a political murder or a new war. It is awful . . .

Yet somehow I don't feel depressed. I rather feel like giggling. An empty smoker in the Cornish express—empty except for me! Extraordinary! And all my luggage in the right van, labelled for Helston, and not for Hull or Harwich or Hastings. That porter was a splendid fellow, so respectful, so keen on his work—no Bolshevism about him. I gave him a shilling. I gave the taxi-man a shilling too. That guard is a pleasant fellow also; I shall give him two shillings, perhaps half-a-crown. Yet I see that the railways are seething with unrest.

I have just read *The Times'* leader. Everything seems to be coming undone . . . Persia, Mesopotamia, Egypt, India. This Bolshevik business . . . dreadful. The guard has got me a ticket for the Second Luncheon. A capital fellow. I gave him three shillings. Absurd. I have no more shillings now. I am overdrawn. There is a financial crisis. But that, of course, is general. I see that Mr. Iselbaum anticipates a general smash this winter. A terrible winter it is going to be . . . no coal, no food . . . We ought to be in by five, in time for a fat late tea . . . Cornish cream . . . jam. Gwen will be at the station, with the children, all in blue . . . or pink perhaps. How jolly the country looks! Superficial, of course; the harvest's ruined; no wheat, no fruit. And unemployment will be very bad. And the more people there are unemployed the more people will strike . . . Sounds funny, that; but true . . . Hope they've given us the usual table in the coffee-room, that jolly window-table in the corner, where one can look across the bay to the cliffs and the corn-fields and the hills . . . Only there's no corn, I suppose, this year . . . And one has a good view of the rest of the room there . . . can study the new arrivals at dinner, instead of having to wait till afterwards. Dinner is much the best time to study them; you can see at

once how they eat. And it is so much easier to decide which is the sister and which the fiancée of the young man when they are all stationary at a table. When you only see them rushing about passages in ones it takes days.

All the usual families will be there, I suppose—the Bradleys and the Clinks, old Mrs. Puntage and the kids—if they can afford it this year . . . Very likely they can't. I can't, certainly. But I'm going.

"Not since the fateful week-end of August, 1914, when the destinies of

that hotel . . . like the cost of living. Up another five points to-day, I see. Bread's going to be one-and-threepence. But of course there won't be any bread this winter, so the price doesn't much matter. But what about coal? and milk? and meat? "Several new sets of wage claims are due for decision within the next few weeks, and it is possible that two of them at least may not be determined without a cessation of work." More strikes . . . But not for a week or two. To-morrow there won't be any papers at breakfast; there won't be any letters. I shan't catch the 9.5. After breakfast I shall smoke on the cliff—then some tennis. Most of the balls will go over the cliff, but when they have all gone one just slips down and bathes, and picks them up on the way. Undress on the rocks—no machines, no tents. Jolly bathing. Mixed, of course. This Tonbridge councillor is on about that again, I see. He ought to come to Mullion: Mixed bathing depends entirely on the mixture. He doesn't realise that. Of course, if he will bathe at Tonbridge . . .

"In diplomatic circles no one is attempting to conceal that the situation is extremely grave." Now which situation is that? That must be one of these world-plots. Don't really see how civilisation can carry on more than a week or two now. Lucky I only took a single, perhaps. It was only two pounds, but I hadn't enough for a return. Never shall have enough, probably—but no matter. If the world is coming to an end, might as well be in a good part of it at the time. And it would be sickening to be snuffed out with an unused return-ticket



NATIONAL RESEARCH.

THE DAILY QUEST, EVER WITH ITS FINGER ON THE PUBLIC PULSE, SENDS A SPECIAL COMMISSIONER TO OUR HOLIDAY RESORTS TO DISCOVER WHICH HAS THE NICEST NECKS.

Europe were decided in a few hours, have issues of such gravity engaged the attention of the British race. . . . Dreadful. I shall get some tennis to-morrow. I shan't be called. I shall get up when the sun is on my face and not before. I shall dress very, very slowly, looking at the sea and the sands and the sun, not rushing, not shaving properly, not thinking, not washing a great deal, just sort of falling into an old coat and some grey flannels. . . . Then I shall just sort of fall downstairs—about half-past nine, and give the old barometer a bang. Then breakfast, very deliberate, but cheerful, because the glass went up when I banged it—it always goes up at

in one's pocket. On the sands after lunch—build a few castles and dams and things for the children—at least, not altogether for the children, not so much as they think, anyhow. Tea at the farm, with plenty of cream, possibly an egg . . . No eggs this winter, I see; some question of non-unionists. Then a little golf before dinner—and perhaps a little dancing afterwards. Coffee, anyhow . . . Then *The Times* arrives, all wrapped up, just as one is explaining about the seventh hole. It is all stiff and crinkly, and one spends a long time rearranging it, flattening out the folds . . . And one never reads it. That's the best of all.

in one's pocket.

On the sands after lunch—build a few castles and dams and things for the children—at least, not altogether for the children, not so much as they think, anyhow. Tea at the farm, with plenty of cream, possibly an egg . . . No eggs this winter, I see; some question of non-unionists. Then a little golf before dinner—and perhaps a little dancing afterwards. Coffee, anyhow . . .

Then *The Times* arrives, all wrapped up, just as one is explaining about the seventh hole. It is all stiff and crinkly, and one spends a long time rearranging it, flattening out the folds . . .

And one never reads it. That's the best of all.

A. P. H.



The Cheerful One. "CONGRATULATIONS, OLD CHAP, ON FINDING YOUR GAME AGAIN."

Club Grouser. "FINDING MY GAME! WHY, I'VE JUST OFFERED TO SELL EVERY DAMNED CLUB IN MY BAG."

The Cheerful One. "YES, I KNOW. BUT YESTERDAY YOU WERE GIVING THEM AWAY."

PRONE.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—I am an architect (of forty-three years' standing) and I like to keep *au courant* with everything in the world of building (or of being about to build). Consequently anything new in constructional material interests me, and in this connection I would like to ask you what is or what are Prone? I have only seen it (or them) mentioned once, and from the context I gather that the word "prone" stands for the plural of "prone" (as "grouse" is the plural of "grouse," and as "house" might well stand for the plural of "house" nowadays, considering the shortage of dwellings), and that it (or they) is (or are) used either as a floor covering or otherwise in connection with working on the floor or ground.

My reason for so thinking is contained in the following interesting item, culled from a well-known daily newspaper:—

"There is in London one man at least who works hard every day and has to lay prone to do it.

He may be seen daily in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey re-cutting the names on the flagged gravestones which have been worn

by countless pilgrims' feet. He has picked out many illustrious names, and others are to follow."

The sex and species of this hard-worker preclude the notion of any oviparous act, and I take it that one "lays prone" as one lays a mat or strip of carpet, for the purpose of facilitating labour that is done on the knees or stomach. If I am right I should like to get my builder to order some for his workmen absolutely at once.

Anything which would help to defeat the Trade Unions in their fight against speeding-up would be a blessing, especially to the architectural world, so perhaps you will be good enough to enlighten me on the nature of Prone, and where obtainable.

Believe me, Yours very gravely,
ONESIMUS STONE (F.R.I.B.A.).

From an American book on "How and What to Read":—

"Other great American short story writers include Bret Harté, Edward Everett Hale, Frank Stockton, and Mary E. Wilkins. With these may be included Thomas Hardy's 'Life's Little Ironies,' which are full of fun."

Mr. HARDY will be glad, no doubt, to add this little irony to his collection.

THE KELPIE.

THE scoffer rails at ancient tales
Of lake and stream and river;
The wise man owns that in his bones
The kelpie makes him shiver.

Big salmon-flies the scoffer buys,
Long rods and wading stockings;
Unpicturesque he walks in Esk
With unbelief and mockings.

"A river-horse! O-ho, of course!"
And shouts with ribald laughter;
He does not see in his cheap glee
The kelpie trotting after.

The storm comes chill from off the hill;
An eerie wind doth holloa;
And near and near by surges drear
The water-horse doth follow.

A snort, a snuff: enough, enough;
Past prayer or human help he
Comes never more to mortal door
Who meets the water-kelpie.

"THE KING ARRIVES IN SCOTLAND
ASKED TO LEAVE."

Consecutive Headlines in "The Daily Mirror."
The habit of reading the headlines in our pictorial newspapers without glancing at the pictures beneath them is liable to create false impressions.



Mrs. Symons (wishing to draw attention, in the time-honoured manner, to the amount of dust on the drawing-room furniture). "Look at that, Martha; I can write my name on the piano."

Martha. "FANCY, NOW, YOU SPELLING IT WITH A 'Y.'"

TO A MAKER OF PILLS.

[*"The Pill Trade has fallen on evil days; no ex-service men seem to require pills."*—*A pill manufacturer summoned for rates at Willesden.*]

O BENEFACITOR of the British Tommy,
So often sick in far unfriendly climes,
What tears of sympathy are flowing from me
To learn that you have fallen on evil times!
Yea, to my mind 'tis little short of tragic
That men no longer buy your potent spheres of magic!
Scarce less detested than the Bulgar bullet
Your bitter pellets of Quin. Sulph. gr. 5
Have often stuck in my long-suffering gullet,
Leaving me barely more than half alive,
Whilst the accursed drug, whose taste I dread,
Hummed like an aeroplane within my throbbing head.
And what about Acetyl-Salicylic,
And what of Calomels and Soda Sals?
Existence had been even less idyllic
Without those powerful and faithful pals!
Why, midst the fevers of the Struma plain you
Furnished the greater part of Tommy's daily menu.
Or what of that infallible specific,
Your Pil. Cathartic Comp., or No. 9,
Whose world-wide influence must have been terrific
Since first it found its footing in the Line?
The British Tommy took it by the million—
Why should it fail to sell now he has turned civilian?

It is not base ingratitude that blinds him

To recognition of an ancient debt,
But rather that the sight of these reminds him
Of painful days which he would fain forget,
When life was one long round of guards and drills,
Marches, patrols, fatigues and sick parades—and pills.

Yet hear me, maker of the potent pilule:

Although my days of soldiering are o'er,
I'm fondly trusting that, when next I'm ill, you

Come to my rescue as you came of yore;
Meanwhile you'll understand that I, for one,
Refuse to buy your wares and eat them just for fun.

A Dead Heat.

"In the high jump final, Landen (U.S.A.) was first with a jump of 6ft. 4½in.; Muller (U.S.A.) and E. Keleend (Sweden) died for second place."—*Provincial Paper.*

"I heard Lord Rosebery say: 'Your little girl has got beautiful eyes.' I repeated this upstairs with joy and excitement to the family, who . . . said they thought it was true enough if my eyes had not been so close together."—*Extract from Autobiography of Margot Asquith.*

Her "I's" are generally rather close together.

"The policy which should be adopted is first to take steps to prevent prices continuing to rise, and then to endeavour to reduce them until the purchasing power of the pound sterling is equal to the purchasing power of the dollar."—*Financial Paper.*

Judging by the New York exchange good progress has been made in this direction.



THE "HOUSE"-BREAKER.

OVERTHROW OF THE PARLIAMENT OF DEMOCRACY; A DREAM OF THE "COUNCIL OF ACTION."



A. Wallis Mills.

Mother. "YOUR COUSIN JIM HAS OFFERED TO TAKE YOU TO DINNER AND A THEATRE TO-NIGHT. AREN'T YOU PLEASED?"
 Daughter. "OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT, BUT HE LOOKS SO ROTTENLY RESPECTABLE."

GEORGE, JANE AND LENIN.

Now that Soviet rule in England is apparently so imminent it seems to me that we ought to consider a little more closely the application of its practical machinery. The morning papers reach this village at three o'clock in the afternoon, so that nobody is in to read them, and when one comes back in the evening one is generally too lazy, but a couple of rather startling sentences about the coming Communist *régime* have recently caught my eye.

"The people of England, like the people of Russia," runs the first, "will soon be working under the lash." And the second, so far as I remember, says, "Our rations will no doubt be reduced to half a herring and some boiled bird-seed, which is all the unhappy Russians are getting to eat."

Before these changes fall suddenly upon us I think we should ponder a little on the way in which they will affect our urban and agricultural life.

Take the House of Commons. A very large and symbolic knout might occupy the position of the present mace, and from time to time the SPEAKER

could take it up and crack it. As this needs a certain amount of practice it will be necessary to select a fairly horsey man as Speaker, and the Whips, who will follow the same procedure, should also be skilled practitioners. I see no difficulty in applying the same method to commercial and factory life in general, still less to the packing of the Underground Railway and the loading of motor-omnibuses and trams.

It is rather when we come to scattered rural communities that the system seems likely to break down. Take the case of George Harrison in this village. When I first met George Harrison, and he said that he thought the weather was lifting, he was carrying a basket of red plums which he offered to sell me for an old song. On subsequent occasions I met him—

1. Driving cows. (At least I suppose he was driving them; he was sitting sideways on a large horse doing nothing in particular, and some of the cows were going into one field and some into another, and a dog was biting their tails indiscriminately.)

2. Clearing muck and weeds out of the stream.

3. Setting a spring for rabbits.

4. Delivering letters, because the postman doesn't like walking up the hill.

Now I maintain that there would be insuperable difficulties in making George carry out all these various activities under the lash. Anyone, I suppose, under a properly constituted Soviet *régime* might be detailed as George Harrison's lasher, Mr. SMILLIE, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, Lord CURZON, Mr. CLYNES or the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND. Can you imagine Mr. CHESTERTON walking about on guard duty in a rabbit warren while George Harrison set springes in accordance with the principles laid down by the Third Internationale for rabbit-snaring? or the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND standing in gum-boots in the middle of a stream and flicking George Harrison about the trousers if he didn't rake out old tin cans at forty to the minute as laid down by the Moscow Code? Now I ask you.

And then there is this half a herring and boiled bird-seed arrangement. George Harrison has a sister of eighteen who kindly comes in to do cooking and housework for us every day. She thinks

us frightfully queer, and if we bought some herrings and bird-seed and asked her to cook them for us I have no doubt she would oblige, but, though she doesn't much care what we eat, there are a lot of things she doesn't eat herself, and fish is one of them. Porridge, which, I suppose, is a kind of bird-seed, is another.

Not that Jane calls it eating, by the way. She calls it "touching," and there are any number of things that she doesn't fancy touching. She will touch enormous platefuls of bacon or sausages or almost any derivative of the domestic pig, and the same applies to puddings and cake. But beef and mutton she does not touch, nor margarine, and we have to be almost as careful that Jane Harrison has plenty of the right things to touch as about the whole of the rest of the family.

Now here again I think it would be quite possible to induce the people of England in our large industrial centres to ration themselves on boiled herring and bird-seed. We should not use those names, of course. The advertisements on the hoardings would say:—

THE BOUNTIFUL HAR-
VEST OF THE SEA
BROUGHT TO THE
BREAKFAST TABLE

OR

WHAT MAKES THE SKY-
LARK SO HAPPY?

TRY HARRABY'S HEMP.
A SONG IN EVERY
SPOONFUL.

But propaganda of that sort would have no effect on Jane. She would simply say that she never cared to touch herrings and that she did not fancy hemp-seed.

When I consider the cases of George and Jane I am bound to believe either that the Russian moujiks (if this is still the right word) are more docile and tractable than ours, or else that the Soviet régime will need a great deal of adaptation before it can be extended to our English villages. Or, of course, it may be possible that some of the minuter details of M. LENIN's administration have not been fully revealed to me. I shall find out about this no doubt when I return to London. In the meantime I am banking on George and Jane, whatever the COUNCIL OF ACTION may do. EVON.

The Old Order Changes.

"'He brightened up a lot when his mother-in-law arrived,' said an onlooker."

Provincial Paper.

LUCERNE.

O, every dog must have its day
And ev'ry town its turn;
For fair is fair. . . and, anyway,
Let's talk about Lucerne.

Lucerne is in Switzerland, and I am in Lucerne. The moment I heard that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was coming to Lucerne I felt that a new importance was added to Switzerland, to Lucerne, to me and, if I may say so, to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. But I felt that, if I didn't do something about it, Lucerne and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE would get away with all the credit and my part in the affair would be overlooked.

The question arose as to what to call that "something"? After a great deal of thought I decided to try you with a short and simple "Lucerne," one of

and to have at last a little uninterrupted holiday. Probably he counts on the difficulty of getting at him there, having regard to that terrible bit of the journey Bern—Luzern, which covers sixty miles, takes three hours and involves twenty-four stops, even if you take the mid-day express. There is a train in the afternoon (its number is 5666, and I warn you against it) which takes four hours, though it only stops twenty-four times also. The sinister fact is that all the trains on this route stop as often as they can, which I attribute to that general wave of idleness which is to-day spreading over Europe. But number 5666 is worse than others; or else it is getting old and tired. I notice that among the trains doing the return journey there is

no number 5666; I suppose it has just as much as it can do to get there and that it never does return.

The PREMIER was not far out to count on this protective element, and it is still the fact that, if you approach Luzern carelessly, it is ninety-nine to one that you will spend the best years of your young life on that particular stretch of railway. But nowadays there is a back way round, by Basel. Be quite firm in asking for your ticket. If the ticket man says, "You mean Bale?" or, "You mean Basle?" say, "No, I don't. I mean Basel."



Wee Donald Angus. "PLEASE, SIR, WHAT TIME WULL IT BE?"
Literal Gentleman. "WHEN?"

my reasons being that, if you get down to the hard facts, there is no such place.

Try (as the G.P.O. suggests to disappointed envelopes)—try

LUZERN.

Now don't let us have any argument about it, please. It makes no difference how long you have called the place "Lucerne" or how many of you there are. It is no good saying that English people and French people call it "Lucerne" and as victors the Entente have the right to impose their wishes; and it is no good quoting authorities at me. Luzern calls itself Luzern, and, to satisfy myself that it is not mistaken on the point, I have obtained complete corroboration from the *Amtliches Schweizerisches Kursbuch*, an authority whose very name is enough to make your Bradshaw look silly and shut up.

The avowed object of the PREMIER is to get away from people and politics

You have me and my friend, *Amtliches Schweizerisches Kursbuch*, behind you. Stick firmly to your point, and by approaching Luzern from the North you will approach it by a real express which only takes two hours to do its sixty miles and hardly stops at all to take breath. So that finishes with Bern, as to the spelling of which, though you would personally like to see some more "e's," you now repose confidence in me. Would you like me to quote my authority? . . . All right; I won't say it again if it frightens the children.

In the old days of Peace, Luzern was full of honeymoon couples, and, when Peace and honeymoons and all that sort of nonsense were put a stop to, it became full of German interned prisoners of war. It boasts many first-class hotels. One of them is patronised by the Greek ex-Royal Family. A little unfortunate; but still you cannot expect to come and enjoy yourself in Switzerland without the risk of running



"'ERE—CHUCK IT, MISSUS. WHY CAN'T YER LET US FIGHT IN PEACE?"

into an ex-Royal Family every corner you go round, and, what is more, a Royal Family that wouldn't be ex- if it wasn't for you. It is a very good hotel, and I recommend it for anyone who proposes just to pop over here.

Get hold of L. G. while he is not busy and explain to him how thoroughly misguided all his policies are, especially as to the Near East. My idea is to group, according to subject and side, all those who intend to get hold of the PREMIER, while he is alone, and to have a quiet chat with him. I have my eye on a large hangar on the other side of the Lake, which was built to house a dirigible and ought to hold the bulk of those who want a word about Ireland, a place they could put right in five minutes if it was left to them. Deputations which have some idea of declaring strikes, general strikes and international strikes, if matters are not arranged to their liking, will be received between the hours of ten and twelve, and two and four, at the Kursaal. Saturday afternoons and Sundays will be reserved for quiet walks. I am mapping out some interesting routes, marking with a red dot the spots where the PREMIER is likely to stop and admire the view, and

where you can approach him quietly from behind and involve him in an argument about Russia before he has time to get away.

Imagine a PREMIER arrived at the end of all the beautiful sights to be seen locally, inured to all the magnificent scenery around him, and no longer attracted by the novelty of life abroad, longing, it may be, for just one touch of home. Then is the moment for the little surprise I am keeping for him up my sleeve. "Come along to a place close by," I shall say to him, for I see myself with the whole business well in my hands now; "come along to a village I know, whose very name will make you feel at home."

Just outside Luzern we stop at Meggen, but it's not that. Kussnacht gets us well abroad again, and there is nothing particularly homely about Immensee, Arth-Goldau, Steinen, Schwyz or Brunnen. In fact I can see my PREMIER getting suspicious and wondering what new political move this may be, when suddenly there will burst upon his astonished gaze—

FLUELLEN.

Let us leave him there, alone with

his emotions, into which it would be impertinent to probe. I may tell you quietly apart that there is a difference of opinion between me and *Amtliches Schweizerisches Kursbuch* about this name. He wants to ration the l's, but, having been there and heard the name pronounced, I have refused to be taught how to spell a good Welsh name by a darned foreigner. If we are going to have any nonsense about it I have said that I shall stand out for the proper, full and uncorrupt spelling: FLEWELLYN.

"That," declared Mr. Lloyd George amid loud cheers, "is one of the most formidable challenges ever given to democracy. Without hesitation every Government must accept that challenge." "Certainly we will," retorted the Prime Minister.—"Evening Paper."

No wonder Mr. LLOYD GEORGE wants a holiday if he has begun to talk to himself.

"A telegram from Paris says: It is announced here that an agreement has been concluded between France, Great Britain and Italy regarding the delimitation of the open golf championship."—"Provincial Paper."

It will be noticed that America seems once more to have held aloof from the councils of the Allies..

"TO HIM THAT HATH..."

It was Butterington who first put me up to the idea. I asked him a simple question about the habits of the Sigalion Boa, a certain worm in whose ways I was taking an interest at the time, and he at once replied that he himself was not in the fur line.

"Whenever," he went on, "I require information on any subject I apply to my bank. Why don't you do the same?"

This opened up an entirely new prospect. To me my bank was an institution which kept my accounts, issued money and, on occasion, lent it. It never entered my head that it was also ready to perform the functions of an inquiry office and information bureau.

Previous communications from me had always begun, "Sir, with reference to my overdraft"—you know the sort of thing one generally writes to banks; expostulating, tactful, temporising letters.

This time however I addressed them in different vein. Rejecting all mention of overdrafts as being in doubtful taste, I wrote:—

SIR,—I shall be greatly obliged if you will kindly inform me, at your early convenience:

(1) Whether it is a fact that the African rhinoceros has no hair on the hind legs?

(2) Whether, in the case of my backing Pegasus in the first race, 'any to come' on Short Time in the fourth, and Short Time not starting, I am entitled to my winnings over Pegasus?

(3) Whether, after perusing seventeen favourable reports from mining engineers and eighty-seven enthusiastic directors' speeches, I am justified in assuming that gold actually does exist in the Bonanzadorado mine?

Yours faithfully,

THE SIEGER CHOLMONDELEY BEAUCHAMP.

After some delay they answered as follows:—

SIR,—We have much pleasure in replying to the queries contained in your favour of the 27th ult.:—

(1) Yes; (2) Yes; (3) No.

Assuring you always of our best endeavours in your service,

We remain, Yours faithfully,

per pro The Cosmopolitan Bkg. Corpn.
C. O. SHINE.

So far so good. The Bank's manner left nothing to be desired, and its replies were certainly to the point. I began to think of Mr. C. O. Shine as my personal friend and speculated as to whether his first name were Claude or Clarence.

During the following week, whenever I became curious on any subject, I

made notes of fresh queries to propound. After accumulating a sufficient number I again wrote to the Bank. I forget the exact points upon which I required information; one of them, I fancy, was the conjectured geologic age of the Reichardtite strata. Anyhow I got no answer to any of them.

Instead, three days later, I received the following letter:—

SIR,—We regret to announce that, owing to a clerical error in this office, your account was last month wrongly credited with a cheque for £13,097 5s. 10d. which was made payable to another client of the same name.

Adjustments have now been made which reveal a balance on your account of £110 11s. 3d. in our favour. We trust that you will find it convenient to cover this overdraft at an early date.

With reference to your letter of the 19th inst. containing assorted inquiries, we beg to intimate that we can in no circumstances undertake to advise clients on general matters which lie outside the scope of our interests.

Yours faithfully,

per pro The Cosmopolitan Bkg. Corpn.
CHARLES O. SHINE.

And this time C. O. S. did not even "remain" in the plural.

I at once showed Butterington this offensive communication.

"Well," said he, "of course they won't answer communications unless you have a balance."

That is the way rich men talk.

"I am never without one," I replied with dignity, "on one side or the other."

"There you differ from your namesake, whose balance is clearly always on the right side. Hence that first kindly letter, addressed to you in error."

THE ROMANCE OF ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following items, culled from recent issues of *The Daily Lure*, show where you should go to find really interesting, stimulating and flat-catching notices:—

Partner, with not less than five thousand pounds, wanted for a wild-duck farm in the island of Mull. Must be a man of iron constitution; Gaelic speaker and teetotaler preferred.

Wanted, a cheap Desert Island, with a good water-supply and home comforts, by a Georgian poet weary of the racket of Hammersmith.

Complete suits of armour, guaranteed bottle-proof, ten guineas each, suitable for elderly pedestrians in charabanc areas.

Madame Bogolubov, Crystal-gazer in

ordinary to the ex-King CONSTANTINE, is prepared for a small fee to advise intending explorers, prospectors or treasure-seekers as to suitable spots for excavation, oil-boring, etc.

Disused Martello Tower on the Irish coast, fifty miles from a police barrack, offered cheap as an appropriate basis of observation to psychic enthusiasts anxious to study the ways of leprechauns, banshees, etc.

Genuine portraits by VAN DYCK, VELASQUEZ and REMBRANDT must be sold immediately to pay a debt of honour. Price thirty shillings each, or would take part payment in pre-war whisky.

Semi-paralysed Yugo-Slav professor, speaking seventeen languages, will give lessons to neo-plutocrats in the correct pronunciation of the names of all the foreign singers, dancers and artists performing or exhibiting in London.

Persons interested in edible fungi may be glad to take shares in a fungus plantation about to be started in the neighbourhood of Toller Porcorum, Dorchester.

THE RETURN OF THE COLONEL.

House, the enigmatic Colonel, WILSON's right-hand man in France. When the PRESIDENT was leading Peace's great Parisian dance, Once again returns to Europe as a journalist free-lance.

He's a most sagacious person, indisposed to carp or grouse, So we hope he'll be successful, aided by his tact and nous, In upholding Mr. WILSON, not in bringing down the House.

The Ubiquitous Scot.

From *The Times'* summary of news:—"Our Constantinople correspondent, in a message reviewing the situation in Armenia, states that the Armenians have captured the ancient town of Nakhitchevan, where a Tartan Government had been set up."

Small wonder that people complain that no place is safe from Scotland's activities. Meanwhile there seems a likelihood of a Tarzan Government being set up in the film world.

From Mrs. ASQUITH's reminiscences:

"One day after this conversation he [the late Lord Salisbury] came to see me in Cavendish Square, bringing with him a signed photograph of himself. This was in the year 1904, at the height of the controversy over Protection."—*Sunday Times*.

As Lord SALISBURY is generally supposed to have died in 1903, Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE has been requested to investigate the incident.

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO.



THE LAST MAN WAS IN AND WITH ONLY ONE RUN WANTED—



SMITH, OF ALL PEOPLE, DROPPED A CATCH.



HE STOLE AWAY—



BUT HIS SIN FOLLOWED HIM.



HE DECIDED—

TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY.



AFTER MANY YEARS HE RETURNED.



"GOOD HEAVENS, SMITH, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE YOU DROPPED THAT CATCH AT THE CIRCLE."



"YES, I ONCE SAW HIM PLAY WHEN I WAS QUITE A LAD. ON THAT OCCASION HE HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO DROP A CATCH."

Frank Reynolds

AT THE PLAY.

"HIS LADY FRIENDS."

THE humours of the average farce are so elemental that in the matter of its setting there is small need to worry about geographical or ethnical considerations. Of course, if its *locale* is French you may have to modify its freedom of thought and speech, but with a very little accommodation to national proprieties you can either transplant the setting of your play or you can leave it where it was and make use of the convention that for stage purposes all Frenchmen have a perfect command of our tongue and idiom. But to take a frankly English novel by an English writer, adapt it, as Messrs. NITRAY and MANDEL have done, for the American stage with an American setting, and then bring it over here and produce it with only one or two actors in the whole cast to illustrate the purity of the American accent, is perhaps to presume rather too much on our generous lack of intelligence.

However we have got Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY back again and that is what really matters. As a philanderer protesting innocence in the face of damnatory facts we know him well enough; but here we have him innocent and ingenuous as an angel, yet hard put to it to convince anyone but himself of his guilelessness. A millionaire (dollars) with a wife of economic disposition, who declines to spend his money for him, he feels drawn to a course of knight-errantry and rides abroad in search of damsels in pecuniary distress, with the avowed object of "spreading a little sunshine."

This quest, as you will easily understand, was not a very difficult one for a man prepared to be imposed upon by just any adventuress, and in the neighbourhood of his various business-branches, San Francisco, Washington, Boston, he soon found a ready channel for the employment of his superfluous wealth. The natural affection, however, which his generosity inspired was not utilised by him, and you must try to believe that, in spite of the most sinister appearances, he remained a faithful husband.

With the methods by which he appeased his wife's suspicions I will not trouble you, partly because I could not follow them myself, owing to the

obscurity of the plot at its most critical moment. Enough that all ends well with her firmly-expressed resolution that in the future she will herself do all the necessary squandering.

Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY as *James Smith* was irresistible in most of the old ways and a few new ones. The play would have gone poorly without him, in spite of the piquancy of Miss JOAN BARRY as a flapper, the fourth and final recipient of his chaste bounty. Miss JESSIE BATEMAN as *Mrs. James Smith* had no chance till just at the end with the turning of the worm. To the part of *Lucille Early*—the *Earlys*, as a couple, were designed to

the good fortune to read Miss EDGINTON's novel, but one might be permitted to assume, from the excellence of much of the wit, that, whatever the play may in other respects have lacked of subtlety or refinement, such defect was no fault of hers. What Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY himself thought of it all I cannot say, but the play did not begin to compare, either for irony or singleness of motive, with the last two in which he figured, *The Naughty Wife* and *Home and Beauty*. He clearly enjoyed his own part, but it was rather noticeable that in his brief speech at the fall of the curtain he confined himself to a personal acknowledgment of the public's sympathy with him in his illness and their loyalty throughout his career, and made no reference to the play or its authors. O. S.



"I want to spread a little sunshine."

James Smith Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY.
Eva Johns Miss JOAN BARRY.

contrast with the *Smiths*, the wife in this case spending the money which the husband hadn't got—Miss ATHENE SEYLER, who was meant for better things, gave a certain distinction, but perhaps "pressed" a little too much. Mr. JAMES CAREW, who played *Edward Early*, was conspicuous as the sole male representative of the American language in this American play. The fleeting visions that we had of Miss MONA HARRISON as a refractory and venal cook excited general approval. The three *protégées* of *James Smith* were only faintly distinguishable in their rather crude banality.

The fun of the farce differed from that of most farces in depending less upon situations than upon dialogue. The First Act, with the situations still to come, was the best. I have not had

leave the French Government to the French people." They are however reserving the right to leave the British Government to the Bolsheviks.

"We must repeat the Scots proverb that—'Delays are dangerous.'"—*Sunday Paper*. Or, as DRYDEN says in his Address to a Haggis, "De'il tak' the hindmost."

"The proportion of sane to insane persons in civilized countries is about one to 300."
Canadian Paper.

Surely CARLYLE said something very like this years ago.

Commercial Candour.

"RAINCOATS AT LESS THAN COST PRICE LAST 3 DAYS."—*Advert. in Provincial Paper*.

"Lady has Left-off Clothing; privately."
Provincial Paper.

Of course. That goes without saying.



Trainer (to Irish apprentice who has finished among the "also ran"). "WHY DIDN'T YOU HANG ON TO THE FAVOURITE? DIDN'T I TELL YOU YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE HE WAS AFRAID OF."

Apprentice. "THAT'S JUST IT, SORR. 'T WAS THE WAY HE WAS SO AFRAID OF ME, WHIN WE CAME INTO THE STRAIGHT, HE JUST FLED AWAY FROM ME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THOSE who appreciate the short story of quality will be pleasantly stirred by the announcement of *Island Tales* (MILLS AND BOON), a posthumous volume containing what is probably the last writing of the late JACK LONDON. I can say at once that these seven stories show his art in one aspect of its best. Not here the LONDON, whom some of us might prefer, of the strenuous adventure-tale, with whom there was no respite till, at the end of anything up to a hundred sinew-cracking pages, we won through to the appointed end. That South Sea atmosphere, so insidiously appealing to the literary temperament (from STEVENSON to STACPOOLE you can see it at work) has steeped these tales in the lotus-leisure of perpetual afternoon, so that the action of them tends to become overlaid by slow reflective talk, old memories and the sense of ancient things. Most notable is this in the first, where the actual romance, quick, human and haunting, does not so much as show its face till after forty pages of old-time local colour. Perhaps of all the seven I myself would prefer the last—"The Kanaka Surf," a slight intrigue, but a perfect epic of such bathing as, I suppose, can be understood nowhere but on these enchanted coasts. To read it is to realise what a loss we suffer in one who could put such jewelled loveliness on to the printed page—and what another loss in not seeing the

original for ourselves. I suppose no tribute to the power of genius could be more eloquent.

After the German Revolution of 1918, KARL KAUTSKY, a prominent Socialist, was appointed by the new Government to examine and edit the documents in the Berlin Foreign Office relating to the outbreak of the War. His work was completed in time for the Peace Conference and would, he believes, if published at that time, have convinced the Allies that the new German Government ought not to be made responsible for the sins of the old one. But it would also have shown that the old Government was the main instigator of the War; and that the German people, having danced to the tune, even if they did not call for it, deserved to pay the piper. For that reason, perhaps, the German Government withheld Herr KAUTSKY's revelations. Now he has published them on his own account, under the title, *The Guilt of William Hohenzollern* (SKEFFINGTON). A more damning indictment has never been drawn. From the moment of the ARCHDUKE's assassination the KAISER and his advisers determined to make it the pretext for destroying Serbia, and crushing Russia and France if they dared to interfere. BISMARCK once said that "never are so many lies told as before a war, during an election and after a shoot." His own manipulation of the Ems telegram was venial compared to the manner in which the German diplomatists, egged on by their ruler—whose *marginalia* on the

despatches furnish the most amusing reading in the volume—used all the arts of chicanery to deceive Europe as to their real intentions and to defeat the efforts of England—on whose neutrality they confidently counted—to secure a peaceful settlement. Though primarily addressed to the German proletariat, Herr KAUTSKY's book has its value for all of us—"lest we forget."

On page 103 of *The White Hen* (MILLS AND BOON) we read that the Duke laughed softly. "'It is just like a romance,' he sighed happily;" which was precisely where, without intending it, the Duke placed his ducal finger upon the weak spot in the whole business. Because if ever a story was "like a romance," and like nothing else on earth, and filled with characters each and all pledged to preserve its unreality at all costs, here is that tale. The plot, of which there is a generous allowance, turns chiefly upon the problem, when is a white hen less a hen than a jewel casket? Answer, when she has swallowed, and is erroneously thought to have retained, a famous diamond, upon which an impoverished but noble (see above) French family had depended for the dot that should enable their daughter to wed a plutocratic but otherwise detestable suitor. I take it you will hardly need telling that this is the moment chosen by Romance, under the expert guidance of Miss PHYLIS CAMPBELL, to bring along an even more wealthy young American, mistaken (of course) for his own chauffeur and working such havoc upon the heart of the heroine that, when the latter accidentally recovered the diamond from its feathered cache, she very sensibly decided to say nothing about it. Whereupon, because the other characters, especially an unpleasant Duchess, were unaware that, as the shop announcements say, "Poultry was Down Again," much profitable confusion resulted, though nothing to impugn the justice of the ducal verdict quoted above. So that, if your taste jumps with that of his Grace, you also can "sigh happily;" otherwise you will perhaps omit the adverb—and select a story less exclusively romantic.

There is a spirit of Yorkshire and a spirit, I suppose, characteristic of Suburbia, and on the outskirts of certain large manufacturing towns there must exist a formidable blending of these two. To express the double flavour of this essence requires, I should say, a subtler and more elaborate method than Mr. W. RILEY has attempted to use in *A Yorkshire Suburb* (JENKINS). He has imagined for the purpose of these sketches an architect, *Murgatroyd*, who in planning most of the houses in the locality has attempted to express in brick and stone the characters of their several occupants. This is a device which becomes rather monotonous as the book proceeds, besides imposing a series of strains which neither architecture nor credulity can easily bear. Since these are rather superior suburbanites, dialect is for the most part absent, and it is hard to feel

that they are very different people from those who live about the borders of Manchester or London; a character like *Mrs. Fritch*, for instance, who is angelic to behold but a spiteful gossip at heart, is, alas! to be found anywhere. And where the dialect does crop out it does not seem to be dependent on suburban soil for its raciness. I don't doubt the accuracy of Mr. RILEY's Yorkshiremanship, but I do think he has under-estimated the difficulty of localising the peculiar genius of villadom.

Though billed by her publisher as a merciless analyst, Mrs. MORDAUNT is really (if you want to fling this kind of title about) an eclectic synthetist or synthetic symbolist. Her wicked people are prodigiously wicked, wickedness personified, in fact; her good folk are noble-hearted without stint or measure. I don't personally think that anybody

could be quite so completely and gratuitously evil as good-looking *Charles Hoyland* in *The Little Soul* (HUTCHINSON); or, being so, could possibly be recommended, still less engaged, as tutor to a sensitive youth; or, being so engaged, tolerated for two days. He certainly could not hold down his job long enough to corrupt his pupil, *Anthony Clayton*, by exchanging souls with him under the nose of mad but perceptive *Mrs. Clayton* and sane sister *Diana*. This conspicuously chaste *Diana* is an attractive person, and so is the recklessly charitable *Dr. McCabe*, her appropriate mate, who first had to fly the country through helping a chorus-girl out of a difficulty and then (more or less) won the War by revolutionising bacteriology or something like that. However, Mrs. MORDAUNT interests because she is so palpably interested herself.



J.H. DOWD. 20

Customer. "AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF LLOYD GEORGE?"
Barber. "THINK OF 'IM, SIR? WITH A MOP OF 'AIR LIKE
'E'S GOT—A NICE EXAMPLE TO THE NATION!"

title suggests, a tale of smuggling, and it contains an account of a hand-to-hand fight between the hero and the villain which I advise all members of the National Sporting Club to read. They may be shocked by the tactics of the villain, but at the same time they will see what a bout of fisticuffs meant in those days. Mr. J. WEARE GIFFARD is a master of atmosphere, and I, at any rate, lived happily in his Appledore, and imagined myself drinking prime (and cheap) French brandy in the Beaver Inn; while *Lieutenant Perkins*, who commanded the "preventive men," sat in his tall-backed chair by the fireplace and kept his eyes and ears open to detect anything that was suspicious. But he was not foolish enough to ask many questions about the French brandy. An excellent yarn, simply and straightforwardly told.

"A photograph of the Olympic games at Antwerp was transmitted yesterday to Paris, a distance of 200 miles, over a telephone wire. It is in the nature of an experiment, and if it succeeds Messrs. Cook hold out promises of further day trips to the Continent."—*Daily Paper*.
Intending trippers must, of course, be proficient in the tight-rope wire.

CHARIVARIA.

A NEWCASTLE miner who was stated to be earning a pound a day has been find ten pounds for neglecting his children. The idea of waiting till September 20th and letting Mr. SMILLIE neglect them does not seem to have occurred to him. * *

"Beyond gardening," says a gossip writer, "Mr. SMILLIE has few hobbies." At the same time there is no doubt he is busy getting together a fine collection of strikes. * *

It is said that AMUNDSEN will not return to civilisation this year. If he was thinking of Ireland he isn't missing any civilisation worth mentioning. * *

"The POET LAUREATE," says a weekly paper, "has not written an ode to British weather." So that can't be the cause of it. * *

A Wolverhampton man weighing seventeen stone, in charging another with assault, said he heard somebody laughing at him, so he looked round. A man of that weight naturally would. * *

"There is work for everybody who likes to work," says Mr. N. GRATTAN DOYLE, M.P. It is this tactless way of rubbing it in which annoys so many people. * *

A contemporary has a letter from a correspondent who signs himself "Tube Traveller of Twenty Years' Standing." Somebody ought to offer the poor fellow a seat. * *

In connection with the case of a missing railway-porter one railway line has decided to issue notices warning travellers against touching porters while they are in motion. * *

"The United States," declares the proprietor of a leading New York hotel, "is on the eve of going wet again." A subtle move of this kind, with the object of depriving drink of its present popularity, is said to be making a strong appeal to the Prohibitionists. * *

One London firm is advertising thirty thousand alarm-clocks for sale at reduced prices. There is now no excuse for any workman being late at a strike.

A centenarian in the Shetlands, says a news agency, has never heard of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. We have no wish to brag, but we have often seen his name mentioned. * *

Professor PETRIE's statement that the world will only last another two hundred thousand years is a sorry blow to those who thought that *Chu Chin Chow* was in for a long run. Otherwise the news has been received quietly. * *

"Nothing useful is ever done in the House of Commons," says a Labour speaker. He forgets that the cleaners are at work in the building just now. * *

We are informed that at the Brick-laying contest at the Olympic Games a British bricklayer lost easily.

of American bacon recently purchased by the Prisons' Department things might tend to improve. * *

"There is still a great shortage of gold in the country," announces a weekly paper. It certainly seems as if our profiteers will soon have to be content with having their teeth stopped with bank-notes. * *

We regret to learn that the amateur gardener whose marrows were awarded the second prize for cooking-apples at a horticultural show is still confined to his bed. * *

A neck-ruffle originally worn by QUEEN ELIZABETH has been stolen from a house in Manchester and has not yet been recovered. Any reader noticing a suspicious-looking person wearing such an article over her *décolleté* should immediately communicate with the nearest police-station. * *

Hair tonic, declares the Washington Chief of Police, is growing in popularity as a beverage. The danger of this habit has been widely advertised by the sad case of a Chicago man who drank three shampoo cocktails and afterwards swallowed a hair in his soup. * *

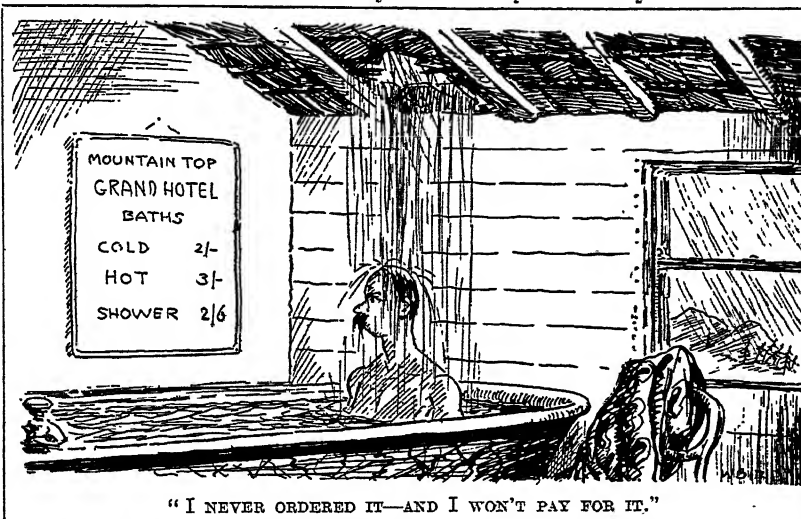
The mystery of the City gentleman who has been noticed lately going up to public telephones and getting immediate answers is now solved. It appears that he is a well-known ventriloquist with a weakness for practical jokes. * *

"According to the latest census returns, the population of New York City is now £5,621,000."—*Indian Paper*. In dollars, of course, it would be considerably more.

"The Royal Dutch Mail steamer *Stuyvesant* will leave on Monday at 5 a.m. for Havre and Amsterdam. The tender leaves the Light-house Jetty at 8 a.m. punctually with passengers."—*West Indian Paper*. Rather a mean trick to play on them.

"The Chairman said the Council had never paid one penny for the oiling and washing of the fire brigade."—*Local Paper*.

It is understood that while the noble fellows do not object to washing at reasonable intervals, they strongly deprecate oiling as unnecessarily adding to the risks of their dangerous calling.



"A dress designer," says a Camomile Street dressmaker in *The Evening News*, "must be born." We always think this is an advantage. * *

A gossip-writer points out that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's earliest ambition was to be an actor. Our contemporary is wise not to disclose the name of the man who talked him out of it. * *

"Whatever price is fixed it is impossible to get stone in any quantity," says a building trade journal. They have evidently not heard of our coal-dealer. * *

"Nothing of any value has been gained by the War," complains a daily paper. This slur on the O.B.E. is in shocking taste. * *

A Sunday newspaper deplores that there seems to be no means of checking the crime-wave which is still spreading throughout the country. If only the Government would publish the amount

MR. SMILLIE'S LITTLE ARMAGEDDON.

SHALL she, the England unafraid,
That came by steady courage through
The toughest war was ever made
And wiped the earth with WILLIAM TWO
(Who, though it strikes us now as odd,
Was, in his way, a sort of little god)—

Shall she that stood serene and firm,
Sure of her will to stay and win,
Cry "Comrade!" on her knees and squirm
To lesser gods of cheaper tin,
Spreading herself, a *corpus vile*,
Under the prancing heels of Mr. SMILLIE?

Humour forbids! And even they
Who toil beneath the so-called sun,
Yet often in an eight-hours' day
Indulge a quiet sense of fun—
These too can see, however dim,
The joke of starving just for SMILLIE'S whim.

And here I note what looks to be
A rent in Labour's sacred fane;
The priestly oracles disagree,
And, when a house is split in twain,
Ruin occurs—ay! there's the rub
Alike for Labour and Beelzebub.

And anyhow I hope that, where
At red of dawn on Rigi's height
He jodels to the astonished air,
LLOYD GEORGE is bent on sitting tight;
Nor, as he did in THOMAS' case,
Nurses a scheme for saving SMILLIE'S face.

Why should his face be saved? indeed,
Why should he have a face at all?
But, if he *must* have one to feed
And smell with, let the man install
A better kind, and thank his luck
That *all* his headpiece hasn't come unstuck.

O. S.

A WHIFF OF THE BRINY.

As I entered the D.E.F. Company's depôt, Melancholy marked me for her own. Business reasons—not my own but the more cogent business reasons of an upperling—had just postponed my summer holiday; postponed it with a lofty vagueness to "possibly November. We might be able to let you go by then, my boy." November! What would Shrimpton-on-Sea be like even at the beginning of November? Lovely sea-bathing, delicious boating, enchanting picnics on the sand? I didn't think. Melancholy tattooed me all over with anchors and pierced hearts, to show that I was her very own, not to be taken away.

I clasped my head in my hands and gazed in dumb agony at the menu card. A kind waitress listened with one ear.

"Poached egg and bacon—two rashers," I murmured.
While I waited I crooned softly to myself:—

"Poor disappointed Georgie. Life seems so terribly sad.
All the bacon and eggs in the world, dear, won't make you
a happy lad."

When the dish was brought I eyed it sadly. Sadly I raised a mouthful of bacon to my lips . . .

Swish!!! The exclamation-marks signify the suddenness with which the train swept into the station. I leapt down on to the platform and drew a long breath. The sea! In huge whiffs the ozone rolled into my nostrils. I gurgled

with delight. Everything smelt of the dear old briny: the little boys running about with spades and pails; the great basketsful of fish; the blue jerseys of the red-faced men who, at rare intervals, toiled upon the deep. At the far end of the platform I saw the reddest face of all, that of my dear old landlord. I rushed to meet him . . .

Ah me, ah me! The incrustated-papered walls of the depôt girt me in again. I took another mouthful of bacon—a larger one . . .

Bang! Someone was thumping on the door of my bathing-machine. What a glorious scent of salt rose from the sea-washed floor! "Are you coming out?" asked a persuasive voice. "No, no, no!" I shouted joyously. "I am going in." What a dive! I never knew before how superlatively graceful my dives could be. Away through the breakers with a racing stroke. Over on my back, kicking fountains at the sun. In this warm water I should stay in for hours and hours and . . .

Pah! That horrible incrustated paper back again! I bolted the remaining rasher . . .

The boat rocked gently in a glassy sea. They were almost climbing over the gunwale in their eagerness to be caught. Lovely wet shining wriggly fellows; all the varieties of the fishmonger's slab and more. In season or out, they didn't care; they thought only of doing honour to my line. No need in future for me to envy the little boys on the river-bank who pulled in fish after fish when I never got a bite. How delightfully salt the fish smelt! And the sun drew out the scent of salt from the gently lapping waves. It was all so quiet and restful. Almost could I have slumbered, even as I pulled them in and in and . . .

The waitress must have giggled. Once again the incrustated paper leered at me in all its horrible pink incrustiness. There was no bacon left on my plate. But the delicious scent of salt still lingered. Alas, my holiday was over! I must speed me or I should miss the train to town.

"Good-bye!" I shouted to the manageress and shook her by the hand. She seemed surprised. "Such a happy time," I assured her. "I wish I could have it all over again."

She said something which I could not hear. Sea-bathing tends to make me a little deaf.

"If I have forgotten anything—my pyjamas or my shaving strop—would you be so kind as to send them on? Good-bye again."

Something fluttered to the floor. The manageress stooped. I was just passing through the portals.

"You have forgotten this," she called.

It was the dear little square piece of paper which contained my bill. I looked at it in amazement.

"What!" I exclaimed—"only one-and-twopence for a poached egg and bacon and all that salt flavour thrown in?"

Our Modest Advertisers.

"European lady (widow), rather lovely, would like to hear from Army Officer or Civilian in a similar position, with a view to keeping up a congenial correspondence."—*Indian Paper*.

"A correspondent in the Air Force writes from Bangalore:—

"It is rather amusing to notice the number of people in the English community who have never before seen an aeroplane coming up to the aerodrome and gazing in wonder at the old buses."

Evening Standard.

Even in England this spectacle is still the object of remark.

"We really feel inclined to parody Kipling and say—

'One hand stuck in your dress shirt from to show heart is cline,
The other held behind your back, to signal, tax again.'

Singapore Free Press.

We can only hope our esteemed contemporary will not feel this way again.

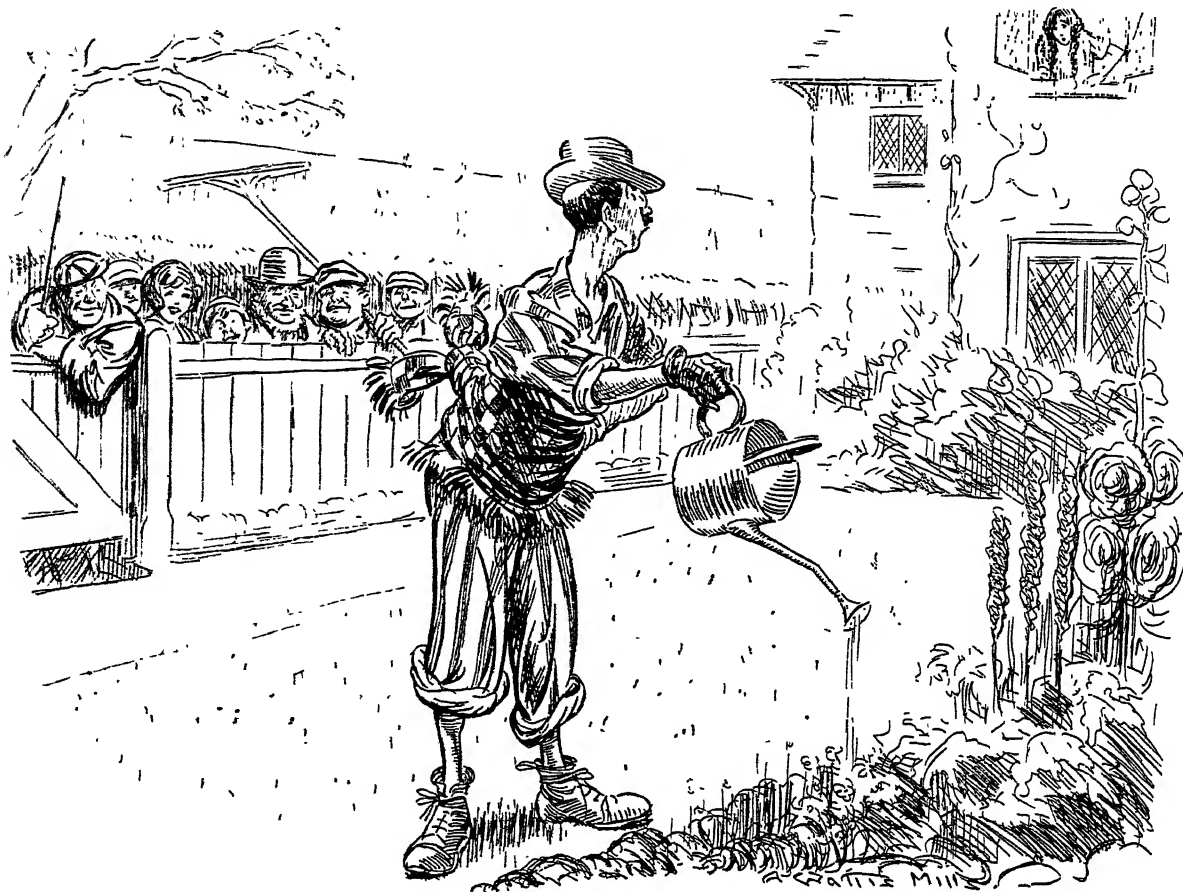


THE ROAD TO RUIN.

LABOUR. "WHAT'S YOUR GAME?"

MR. SMILLIE. "I'M OUT FOR NATIONALISATION."

LABOUR. "AH! AND YOU'RE GOING TO BEGIN BY NATIONALISING STARVATION?"



Mrs. Smithson-Jones (to her husband, who WILL garden in his pyjamas before breakfast). "Do COME IN, ADOLPHUS; YOU'RE DELAYING THE HARVEST."

THE ART OF POETRY.

IV.

Good morning, gentlemen. Before I pass to the subject of my lecture to-day I must deal briefly with a personal matter of some delicacy. Since I began this series of lectures on the Art of Poetry I notice that the new Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Mr. W. P. KER, in what I think is questionable taste, has delivered an inaugural lecture on the same subject under the same title. On the question of good taste I do not wish to say much, except that I should have thought that any colleague of mine, even an entirely new Professor in a provincial university, would have recognised the propriety of at least communicating to me his intention before committing this monstrous plagiarism.

However, as I say, on that aspect of the matter I do not propose to dwell, though it does seem to me that decency imposes certain limits to that kind of academic piracy, and that those limits the Professor has overstepped. In these fermenting days of licence and indiscipline persons in responsible positions at our seats of learning have a great burden

of example to bear before the world, and if it were to go forth that actions of this type may be taken with impunity by highly-paid Professors then indeed we are not far from Bimetallism and the breaking-up of laws.

Now let us glance for a moment at the substance of the lecture. I should have been glad if Professor KER had had the courtesy to show it to me before it was delivered, instead of my having to wait till it was printed and buy it in a shop, because I might have induced him to repair the more serious errors and omissions in his work. For really, when you come to analyse the lecture, what thin and bodiless stuff it is. Let me at once pay tribute to my colleague's scholarship and learning, to the variety of his citations. But, after all, anyone can buy a Quotation Dictionary and quote bits out of SWINBURNE. That surely—(see FRIEDRICH'S *Crime and Quotation*, pp. 246-9)—is not the whole task of a Professor of Poetry.

Such a man, if he is to earn his pay, must be able—

(a) to show how poetry is written;

(b) to write poetry;

and it is no good his attempting (a) in

the absence of (b). It is no good teaching a man to slope arms if you are unable to slope arms yourself, because a moment will come when he says, "Well, how the dickens *do* you slope them?" It is no good professing lawn-tennis and saying, "Top-spin is imparted by drawing the racquet up and over," and so on, if, when you try to impart top-spin yourself, the ball disappears on to the District Railway. Still less is it useful if you deliver a long address to the student, saying, "H. L. DOHERTY was a good player, and so was RENSHAW, and I well remember the game between McLOUGHLIN and WILDING, because WILDING hit the ball over the net more often than McLOUGHLIN did."

Those students who have attended my lectures more regularly than others—and I am sorry there are not more of them—will do me the justice to remember that I have put forward no theory of writing which I was not prepared to illustrate in practice from my own work. My colleague, so far as I can discover, makes one single attempt at practical assistance; and even that is a minor plagiarism from one of my own lectures. He makes a good deal of play with what

he calls the principle and influence of the Italian *Canzone*, which simply means having a lot of ten-syllable lines and a few six-syllable ones. Students will remember that in our second lecture we wrote a poem on that principle, which finished:—

Teroodle—umti—oodle—umti—knife(orstrife)
Where have they put my hat?

That lecture was prepared on May 27th; my colleague's lecture was delivered on June 5th. It is clear to me that in the interval—by what discreditable means I know not—he obtained access to my manuscript and borrowed the idea, thinking to cloak his guilt by specious talk about the Italian *Canzone*. The device of offering stolen goods under a new name is an old one, and will help him little; the jury will know what to think.

Apart from this single piece of (second-hand) instruction, what contribution does he make to the student's knowledge of the Art of Poetry? He makes no reference to comic poetry at all; apparently he has never *heard* of the Limerick, and I have the gravest doubts whether he can write one, though that, I admit, is a severe test. I am prepared however to give him a public opportunity of establishing his fitness for his post, and with that end I propose to put to him the following problems, and if his answers are satisfactory I shall most willingly modify my criticisms; but he must write on one side of the paper only and number his pages in the top right-hand corner.

The Problems.

(1) What is the metre of:—

"And the other grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back."

(2) Finish the uncompleted Limerick given in my Second Lecture, beginning:

There was a young man who said "Hell!
I don't think I feel very well."

(3) In your inaugural lecture you ask, "Is it true, or not, that the great triumphs of poetical art often come suddenly?" The answer you give is most unsatisfactory; give a better one now, illustrating the answer from your own works.

(4) Write a Ballade of which the refrain is either—

(a) The situation is extremely grave;

or

(b) The Empire is not what it was;

or

(c) We lived to see Lord BIRKENHEAD.

NOTE.—Extra marks will be given for an attempt at (b) because of the shortage of rhymes to *was*.

(5) What would you do in the following circumstances? In May you have



Customer. "AND I HAD ONE OF THOSE LITTLE ROUND BUN ARRANGEMENTS."

Waitress. "THAT'LL BE ANOTHER TUPPENCE."

Customer. "ONE OF THOSE THAT ARE HOLLOW, YOU KNOW."

Waitress. "OH—ONE OF THEM. THAT'LL BE FOURPENCE."

sent a poem to an Editor, ending with the lines—

The soldiers cheered and cheered again—
It was the PRINCE OF WALES.

On July 20th the Editor writes and says that he likes the poem very much, and wishes to print it in his August number, but would be glad if you could make the poem refer to Mr. or Mrs. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS instead of the PRINCE. He must have the proof by the first post to-morrow as he is going to press. Show how you would reconstruct your last verse.

(6) Consider the following passages—

(i) I love little pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her
She'll do me no harm.

(ii) Who put her in?

Little Tommy Green.

(a) Carefully amend the above so that they rhyme properly.

(b) Do you as a matter of principle approve of these kinds of rhyme?

(c) If not, do you approve of them in
(i) SHAKESPEARE, (ii) WORDSWORTH, (iii) SHELLEY, (iv) Any serious classic?

A. P. H.

"Four Volumes 'The Great World War,' pre-war price Rs. 40. What offers? Perfect."
Indian Paper.

A clear case of propheteering.

From an Irish Labour manifesto:—

"Impulsive cats, howsoever justifiable, may prove to be unwise."—*Irish Paper*.
Remember what happened at Kilkenny.

THE PRIVILEGES OF MARGOTISM.

Something was said in *Punch* last week about the advantage to the reminiscencer of being his (or her) own JOHNSON and BOSWELL too. Mrs. ASQUITH's recent adventures with the descendants of some of her late friends, of whose fair fame they are not less jealous than she, suggest certain of the pitfalls incident to this double role, particularly when the autobiographer is remote from his (or her) journals. Since however an inaccuracy always has a day's start and is never completely overtaken, while in course of time the pursuit ceases altogether, the greatest danger is not immediate but for the future. Let us imagine a case—

FROM "THE MARGOTIST'S REMINISCENCES."

By the Author of *Statesmen I Have Influenced*; *My Wonderful Life*; *The Souls' Awakener*; *The Elusive Diary*, etc., etc.

One of my dearest friends in the early nineteen hundreds was Mr. Sadrock. I have known eleven Prime Ministers in my time and have assurances from all, signed and witnessed, that but for me and my vivacious encouragement they would never have pulled through; but with none was I on terms of such close communion as with Mr. Sadrock, who not only asked my advice on every occasion of importance, but spent many of his waking hours in finding rhymes to my name. Some of his four-lined couplets in my honour could not be either wittier or more charming as compliments.

He often averred that no one could amuse him as I did. He laughed once for half-an-hour on end when I said, "It takes a Liberal to be a Tory;" and on another occasion when I said, "The essence of Home Rule is, like charity, that it begins abroad." Nothing but the circumstance that he was already happily married prevented him from proposing to me.

Mr. Sadrock is now to many people only a name; but in his day he was a force to compare with which we have at this moment only one statesman and he is temporarily out of office.

The odd thing is that if the ordinary person were to be asked what Mr. Sadrock was famous for, he would probably reply, For his devotion to HOMER and the Established Church. But the joke is that when I was with him in 1902 he was frivolous on both these subjects. It was, I remember, in the private room at the House of Commons set apart for Prime Ministers, to which, being notoriously so socially couth, I always had a private key—the only one ever given to a woman—and he was more than usually delightful.

This is what was said:—

Mr. SADROCK (*mixing himself an egg nogg*). Will you join me?

MYSELF. No, thank you. But I like to see you applying yourself to Subsidiary Studies to the Art of Butler.

Mr. SADROCK (*roaring with laughter*). That's very good. Some day you must put your best things into a book.

MYSELF. You bet.

Mr. SADROCK. I wonder why it is that you make me so frank. It is your wonderful sympathetic understanding, I suppose. I long to tell you something now.

MYSELF (*affecting not to care*). Do. I am secrecy itself.

Mr. SADROCK. Would it surprise you to know that I am privily a Dissenter? Do you know that I often steal away in a false beard to attend the services of Hard-Shell Baptists and Plymouth Brethren?

MYSELF. I hope I am no longer capable of feeling anything so *démodé* as surprise.

Mr. SADROCK. And that I prefer *Robert Elsmere* to the *Iliad*?

MYSELF. May I print those declarations in my book?

Mr. SADROCK. Some day, yes, but not yet, not yet.

MR. SADROCK AND NONCONFORMITY.

To the Editor of "The Monday Times."

SIR,—I find it necessary, in the interests of truth and of respect for the memory of my uncle, Mr. Sadrock, to contest the accuracy of the Margotist's report of conversations with him in 1902. To begin with, my uncle died in 1898, four years before the alleged interview. She could therefore not have talked with him in 1902; and the *locale* of this meeting, the Prime Minister's room, becomes peculiarly fantastic. Secondly, no member of his family—and they saw him constantly—ever heard him utter anything resembling the sentiments which the Margotist attributes to him. Mr. Sadrock was both an undeviating Churchman and a devotee of HOMER to the end of his life.

I am, etc., THEOPHILUS SADROCK.

THE MARGOTIST'S REPLY.

SIR,—I have read Mr. Theophilus Sadrock's letter and am surprised by its tone. If Mr. Sadrock did not make use of the words that I attribute to him how could I have set them down? Because I was writing unobserved all the time he was talking, and I could produce the notes if they were, to others, legible enough for it to be worth while; surreptitious writing must necessarily be indistinct at times. As for the question of time and place, that is a mere quibble. Mr. Sadrock was alive when we had our talk, and I am sorry if I have misdated it. The talk remains. May I add that it is very astonishing to me to find people with the effrontery to suggest that they knew their illustrious relatives better than strangers could. Everyone is aware that the last place to go to for evidence as to a man is to his kith and kin. When my book appears there will be a few corrections; but in the main I stand by the motto which I invented for CHAMBERLAIN one evening: "What I have written I have written." I am, Yours, etc.,

The Woop.

THE MARGOTIST.

FROM "SADROCK: A DEFINITIVE BIOGRAPHY."

Published in 1940.

Before leaving our consideration of Sadrock's Homeric studies it is however necessary to point out that late in life he made a very curious recantation. In a book of memoirs, published in 1920, by one who was in a position to acquire special information, it is stated in his own words that Sadrock preferred *Robert Elsmere* to the *Iliad*; while during the same conversation he confessed to a passion for the services of Dissenters, which, he said, he often frequented *incognito*. No biographer can disregard such admissions, and we must revise our opinion of the great statesman accordingly.

E. V. L.

'SALE, Gent's Evening Suit, Tennis Trousers, Sweater, Black Silk Coat suit elderly lady.'—*Irish Paper*.

The revolutionary movement in Ireland seems to have reached even the fashions.

"LONDON, JULY 16.

It is reported on reliable authority that General Wrangel has refused to withdraw to the Cinema in compliance with the terms of the proposed armistice."—*Statesman (Calcutta)*.

It is believed that "MARY" and "DOUG." were greatly relieved to be rid of so dangerous a rival.

"When is the demoralisation at some of our great London hotels to give place to reasonable service and cleanliness? On every side I hear complaints of inefficient attendance and dirty rooms. As for clean towels in the bathroom, they appear on the Ides of March."

Sunday Paper.

At one hotel, we understand, they failed to remember the Ides of March and are now waiting for the Greek Kalends.



Ernest H. Shepherd

THE "DO-IT-YOURSELF" AGE.

FATHER'S HOME-MADE SWEATER.

THE REVOLT OF YOUTH.

WE publish a few selected letters from the mass of correspondence which has reached us in connection with the controversy initiated by "A Bewildered Parent" in *The Morning Post* :—

A LEGUMINOUS LAUDATION.

SIR,—I confess I cannot share the anxiety of the "Bewildered Parent" who complains of the child of two and a-half years who addressed her learned parent as "Old bean." As a convinced Montessorian I recognise in the appellation a gratifying evidence of that self-expression which cannot begin too young. Moreover there is nothing derogatory in the phrase; on the contrary I am assured on the best authority that it is a term of endearment rather than reproach. But, above all, as a Vegetarian I welcome the choice of the term as an indication of the growth of the revolt against carnivorous brutality. If the child in question had called her parent a "saucy kipper" or "a silly old sausage" there would have been reasonable ground for resentment. But comparison with a bean involves no obloquy, but rather panegyric. The bean is one of the noblest of vegetables and is exceptionally rich in calories, protein, casein, carbo-hydrates, thymol, hexamyl, piperazine, salicylic dioxide, and permanganate of popocatapetl. This a learned parent, if his learning was real, ought to have recognised at once, instead of foolishly exploiting a fancied grievance. Yours farinaceously,

JOSIAH VEDGELEY.

THE OLD COMPLAINT.

SIR,—Some sixty years ago I was rebuked by my father for addressing him as "Governor." Thirty years later I was seriously offended with my own son for calling me an "old mug." He in turn, though not by any means a learned man, has within the last few weeks been irritated by his school-boy son derisively addressing him as an "old dud." The duel between fathers and sons is as old as the everlasting hills, and the rebels of one generation become the fogeys of the next. I have no doubt that in moments of expansion the young MARCELLUS alluded to his august parent as "*faba antiqua*."

Yours faithfully, SENEX.

A TRIPLE LIFE.

SIR,—As a middle-aged mother I do

not appeal for your sympathy, I merely wish to describe my position, the difficulties of which might no doubt be paralleled in hundreds of other households. I have three children whose characteristics may be thus briefly summarised :—

(1) Pamela, aged nineteen, is an ultra-modern young woman. She hates politics of all shades, but adores SCRIABINE, STRAVINSKY and BENEDETTO CROCE. She smokes cigars, wears male attire and has a perfect command of the art of ornamental objurgation.

(2) Gerald, aged twenty-three, is war-weary; resentful of all authority;

only endure my companionship on the conditions that I smoke (which makes me ill); that I emulate the excesses of her lurid lingo (which makes me squirm), and that I paint my face (which makes me look like a modern Messalina, which I am not). Gerald is prepared to accept me as a "pal," provided that I play David to his Saul by regaling him on Sunday mornings with negroid melodies, which he punctuates with snorts on the trombone. If he knew that I went to early morning service all would be at an end between us. Finally, Anthony wants me to remain as I was and really am. So you see that I have

to lead not a dual but a triple life, and am only spared the necessity of making it quadruple by the fact that my husband is fortunately dead. As Pamela gracefully remarked the other day, "It was a good thing for poor father that he went West to sing bass in the heavenly choir before we grew up." In conclusion I ought to admit that my future is not without prospects of alleviation. Pamela has just announced her engagement to an archdeacon of pronounced Evangelical views; Gerald is meditating a prolonged tour in New Guinea with a Bolshevik mission; Anthony contemplates neither matrimony nor expatriation.

I am, Sir, Yours respectfully,
A MIDDLE-AGED MOTHER.

THE CRY OF THE CHILD AUTHOR.

SIR,—As a novelist and dramatist whose work has met with high encomiums from Mr. J. L. GARVIN, Mr. C. K. SHORTER, Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS and LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN, I wish to

impress upon you and your readers the hardships and restrictions which the tyranny of parental control still imposes on juvenile genius. Though I recently celebrated my seventh birthday, my father and mother have firmly refused to provide me with either a latch-key or a motor-bicycle. Owing to the lack of proper accommodation in my nursery my literary labours are carried on under the greatest difficulties and hampered by constant interruptions from my nurse, a vulgar woman with a limited vocabulary and no aspirations. I say nothing, though I might say much, of the jealousy of adult authors, the pusillanimity of unenterprising publishers, the senile indifference of Parliament. But I warn them that, unless the just claims of youth to economic and intellectual independence are speedily



OUR SPORTING PURISTS.

Urchin. "COME AN' PLAY CRICKET, ALF."
Alf. "WOT! IN THE FOOTBALL SEASON?"



Meanest Member (seeking free advice, after driving out of bounds, from professional who is giving a lesson to another player). "FUNNY THING, BUT EVERY TIME I DRIVE THIS MORNING I SLICE LIKE THAT. WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE CAUSE?"
Professional (after deep thought). "WELL, SIR, MEBBE YE 'RE NO' HITTIN' 'EM RIGHT."

acknowledged, the children of England will enforce them by direct action of the most ruthless kind. The brain that rules the cradle rocks the world.

Yours indignantly, PANSY BASHFORD.

A DOGGEREL SUMMARY.

SIR,—I have followed the *Youth v. Age* controversy with interest and venture to sum up its progress so far in ten of the worst lines in the world:—

There was an old don so engrossed
 In maintaining his rule of the roast
 That he made quite a scene
 When addressed as "Old bean,"
 And wrote to complain in *The Post*.
 Whereupon the disciples of WELLS
 Emitted a chorus of yells,
 And they fell upon Age
 With unfilial rage
 And gave it all manner of hells.

I am, Sir, Yours, GALLIO JUNIOR.

"SWITZERLAND AGAIN.

Fine weather has resigned with only brief interruptions since the season began."—*Times*.
 Just as in England.

"Alice —, a married woman, was charged with unlawfully wounding her husband, Charles —, a labourer, by striking him with a pair of tongues."—*Local Paper*.

CHARLES has our sympathy. He might just as well have been a bigamist.

WESTWARD HO!

JAMES, if from life's little worries and trouble you
 Sigh to be wafted afar,
 Meet me at Paddington Station, G.W.
 R.

Thence, if our plans be not baulked by some latterday
 Railwayman-unionist freak,
 We'll make a bold bid for freedom on Saturday
 Week.

Care may ride pillion or on the ship's deck set her
 Foot, but she'll hunt us in vain
 Once we've set ours on the ten-thirty
 Exeter
 Train.

Ours no "resort" where you run up iniquitous
 Bills at the "Royal" or "Grand,"
 Blatant with pier and parade and ubiquitous
 Band.

No "silver sea" where the gaudy and giddy come;
 We're for a peacefuller air
 Breathing of *Uncle Tom Cobby* and
 Widdicombe
 Fair.

Warm as a welcome the red of the til-
 lage is,
 Green are the pastures, and deep
 Down in the combs little thatch-cov-
 ered villages
 Sleep.

Far from society (praises to Allah be!),
 Wearing demobilised boots,
 Clad in our countrified (Deeley-cum-Mallaby)
 Suits,

We'll o'er the moor where the ways
 never weary us,
 Lunch at a primitive pub,
 Loaf till it's time to get back to more
 serious
 Grub.

Haply some neighbouring Dartmoor
 brooklet'll
 Tempt us at eve to set out,
 Greenheart in hand, and endeavour to
 hook little
 Trout.

Well, there's a programme for three
 weeks of heaven, sheer
 Bliss, if you add to the scheme
 Farm eggs and bacon and junket and
 Devonshire
 Cream.



Customer. "I SAY—DO YOU EVER PLAY ANYTHING BY REQUEST?"

Delighted Musician. "CERTAINLY, SIR."

Customer. "THEN I WONDER IF YOU'D BE SO GOOD AS TO PLAY A GAME OF DOMINOES UNTIL I'VE FINISHED MY LUNCH!"

SAND SPORTS.

Two or three hundred yards behind the sandhills, which seem to be deserted but are really full of sudden hollows, with embarrassing little bathing tents in them, the village sports have just been held. They took place in a sloping grass field kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. Bates. This means that you paid a shilling to enter the field, whereas on other days you can picnic in it or play cricket in it without paying anything at all. Mr. Bates is a kind of absentee landlord so far as we are concerned, for he is the butcher at Framford, four miles away, and only brings the proceeds of his butchery to us on Tuesdays and Fridays, which is the reason why on Mondays and Thursdays one usually has eggs and bacon for dinner.

It was an interesting afternoon for many reasons, most of all perhaps because many of the visitors saw each other for the first time in clothes—in land clothes, I mean—and it is wonderful how much smarter some of them looked than when popping red

or brown faces, with lank wisps of hair on them, out of the brine.

Some of the athletic events were open, like the Atlantic Sea, and some close, like the Conferences at Lympe, but very few of the visitors competed in any of them. I don't think any of us fancied our chances overmuch, but personally I was a little bitter about the three-mile bicycle race, because there were three prizes and only three competitors. I am past my prime at this particular sport, but as it happened one of the three broke his gear-chain somewhere about the seventh lap, and it was a long time before he mended it and rode triumphantly past the finishing flag. I felt then that I had missed what was probably my first and last chance of securing an Olympic palm.

The whole affair struck me as being very well managed; dull events, like the high jump and putting the shot, being held quietly in a corner by the hedge, whilst the really interesting things, like the sack race and the egg and spoon race, went on in the middle. We used potatoes instead of eggs, but whether there was a system of handi-

capping according to the weight and age of the potatoes I was unable to determine. I do feel confident, however, that that girl with the yellow hair and the striped skirt to whom the first prize was quite incorrectly awarded by the judges had put some treacle—But there, I will be magnanimous.

The postman was a great success. He had acquired a light suit of overalls, on which he had painted three large red stars, using, I hope, Government red ink, and with black cheeks and a floured nose footed it solemnly to the music of the Framford Comrades' Band. He also ran underneath the lath at the high jump and tumbled down in trying to put the shot. All round the field children could be heard asking, "What is he doing, Mummy?" and, when they were told, "Hush, dears, he's doing it for a joke," their eyes danced and they tried for a moment to control their emotion and then broke into shrieks of laughter. All the difficult open events which were not won by a young man in puce-coloured shorts were won by a friend of his in a yellow shirt. I have an idea that these two



A SESSION OF COMMON SENSE.

ERIN. "I'VE GREAT HOPES OF THIS NEW DEVELOPMENT; BUT OF COURSE IT'S NOT AN OFFICIAL CONFERENCE."

PEACE. "WELL, TO JUDGE BY MY EXPERIENCE, IT'S NONE THE WORSE FOR THAT."



MODERN BUSINESS METHODS.

Patron. "DIDN'T I GIVE YOU SOMETHING IN HIGH STREET THIS MORNING?"

Artist. "YES, MUM. I'VE A BRANCH THERE."

young men came from Framford and go round doing this kind of thing and getting prizes for it, just as Mr. Bates goes round selling his beef.

Amidst all this fun and frolic, if you went up to the top of one of the sand-hills and looked across the blue bay to the little seaport opposite, you saw that it was also emptied of its folk this pious afternoon and was in fact holding aquatic revels. Little fishing-boats with brown sails were turning about a given mark. There were rowing races and diving competitions and a greasy pole and very probably a comic man dressed up as a buoy.

I have pondered deeply over these twin feasts, and it has occurred to me that, whilst land sports and water sports are both of them very good things in their way, neither expresses the real genius of a maritime resort, and also that we visitors, if we are too shy to enter with gusto into the local games, ought to provide some suitable entertainment in return. I have compiled therefore a programme of a Grand Beach Gala for next week, and have had a notice put up in the post-office window inviting entries. Not many

people buy stamps at the post-office, but, as you get bacon and spades and buckets and jam there, it is a pretty popular emporium, and I think my list of events should prove an attractive one. It runs as follows:—

1. *Pebble and Tent Competition.*—Fathers of families only. To be run if possible at low tide on a wet and windy day. Competitors to leave starting post in ordinary attire, enter tent, emerge in bathing costume, strike tents, sprint over shingle to the sea, swim to a given point, return, pitch tents, dress and run to winning-post.

FIRST PRIZE, a ham sandwich, with real sand.

2. *Sock Race.*—Under ten. Competitors to start barefooted in rock-pools and race at the sound of a dinner-bell to nurses, have feet dried, put on shoes and stockings and run to row of buns at top of beach. First bun down wins. Points deducted for sand in socks.

3. *Hundred Yards Paddle Dash.*—To be run along the edge of surf. Handicap by position. Tallest competitor to have deepest station. Open to all ages and sexes. Feet to be lifted clear

of the water at every stride. Properly raced this is a fine frothy event, productive of the greatest enthusiasm, especially if the trousers come unrolled.

4. *Sand Castle Contest.*—Open to all families of eight. Twenty minutes time limit. Largest castle wins. Moats must contain real sea-water.

5. *Impromptu Picnic.*—Ladies only. Materials must be collected from the village shops, brought down to beach and spread out at winning flag. For the purpose of this competition the sports must take place on a Thursday, when the weekly visit of the green-grocer coincides with one of the bi-weekly visits of the baker from Framford. Eggs and butter must be obtained at the Mill Farm, and you can do the rest at the post-office.

6. *Fifty Yards Hat Race.*—Under five. Fathers to be seated in a row on beach. Competitors to remove fathers' hats, run twenty-five yards, fill hats with sand, return and replace hats.

In order to prevent any ill-feeling that might arise from the thought that I had practised any of these races in private beforehand I have elected to be the judge.

EVOE.

THE ROOM AT THE BACK.

"A story of the supernatural, which should not be read late at night by persons of weak nerves."

OUTWARDLY, "Chatholme" was as all the other villas in Dunmoral Avenue, which were just detached enough to allow the butcher's boy to squeeze himself and his basket—and perhaps the cook—between any two of them, and differed from each other in nothing but names, numbers and window-curtains.

And the interior of the house, when the Pottigrews took possession of it, seemed equally commonplace. There is no need to show you all over it, but if you intend to peruse this narrative, in spite of the warning above, it is desirable that you should at least inspect the ground-floor.

On one side of the hall, which was faintly illumined in the daytime by a fanlight, was the drawing-room; on the other side was the dining-room, and behind the dining-room was a smaller room with a French-window looking on to the back-garden, which probably was described by the

house-agents as the "morning-room," but was by Mr. Pottigrew designated his "study."

Prosaic enough, you will say. And yet there was that about the ground-floor of "Chatholme" which was anything but matter-of-fact, as the Pottigrews began to discover before they had been in residence many days.

Mrs. Pottigrew was the first to "sense" something out of the ordinary. She was of Manx origin, and therefore peculiarly sensitive to "influences;" one of those uncomfortable people who cannot visit such places as Hampton Court or the Tower without vibrating like harp-strings.

Mr. Pottigrew, however, was of the duller fibre of which cyclists rather than psychists are made; and when, on his return from the City one afternoon, his wife tried to get him to appreciate a certain eeriness in the atmosphere of the new home, he sniffed it dutifully, and declared that he could detect nothing but a confounded smell of onions.

"That's because they *won't* remember to shut the kitchen door," Mrs. Pottigrew explained. "But——"

"Well, it can't be the drains, because they've just been tested," said Mr. Pottigrew impatiently. And, like a stout materialist, he muttered, "Imagination!" as he strolled away to the sanctuary of his study, little guessing how his own imagination was about to be stimulated.

(Look here—this is where the creepy business begins. If, on consideration, you feel you'd rather read about cricket or politics or something, I'll excuse you.)

A little later, as Mrs. Pottigrew was crossing the hall, she was stopped short by a strange, gasping choky sound which came from the study. There followed the crash of a chair being overturned; the door opened and her husband staggered out with scared eyes in a face as white as marble, and beads of sweat on his brow.

When a stiff brandy had restored the power of speech to

Mr. Pottigrew, he described the remarkable and alarming seizure he had just experienced.

He had turned his arm-chair to the French-window, he said, with the intention of enjoying a quiet smoke, and no sooner had he seated himself and leaned back than an indescribable feeling of suffocation had crept upon him, and at the same time he had been aware of a curious loss of control over his jaws, so that he had been unable to prevent his mouth opening to its widest extent. When he had tried to rise to his feet an invisible force had seemed to be holding him down, and it was only by a tremendous effort of will that he had managed to keep his senses and struggle to the door.

He resolutely refused to see a doctor, but, deciding that the attack was a warning that he had been overdoing it, he retired forthwith to bed. By the morning he felt so well that he prescribed for himself a few quiet days by the sea. And so he packed his bag and took himself off by an early train to Brighton.

That afternoon was marked by another disagreeable occur-

rence. After the way of her kind, Mrs. Pottigrew's Aunt Charlotte was attracted by the idea of using a room from which normally the female members of the household were excluded. So she took her needlework into the study and prepared to spend a quiet hour or so in the armchair facing the French-window.

Hardly had she settled down when she too experienced the same feeling of suffocation and the same involuntary opening of the jaws which Mr. Pottigrew had described. She struggled against it,

but, lacking the will-power of her robust nephew-by-marriage, she was overcome by unconsciousness. When she came to, a little dazed and faint, a few moments later, she was dismayed to discover that her expensive dental-plate—a full set—was lying on the floor, shattered beyond repair.

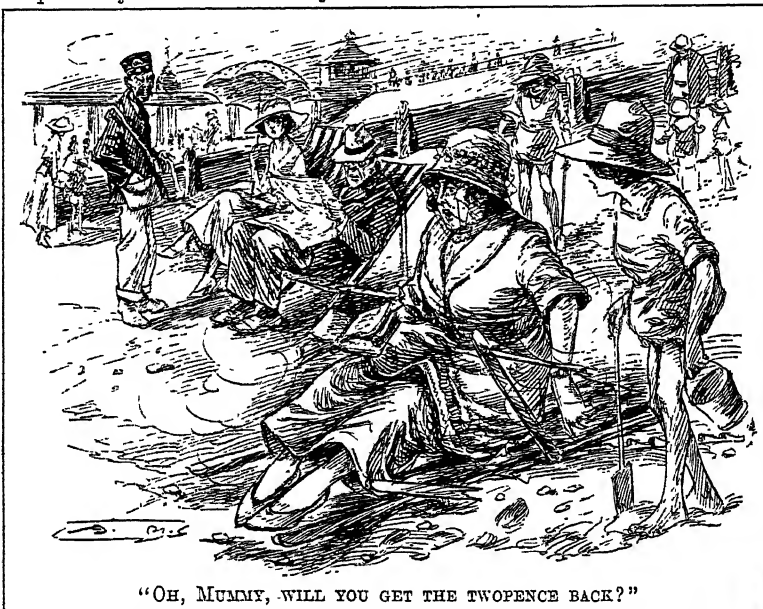
Not being a person of vivid imagination, she attributed her transient illness to intense sympathy with Mr. Pottigrew, and resigned herself to a diet of slops until she could be furnished with new means of mastication.

Next day, a Saturday, came the climax. Early in the evening an urgent telegram summoned Mr. Pottigrew back from Brighton. Hastening home, he was received by a wife distraught.

"What did I tell you?" she wailed. "Send for Sir CONAN DOYLE. Poor dear Aubrey! The doctor is upstairs with him."

Mr. Pottigrew hurriedly ascended to the bedroom of his son and heir, a fine healthy youth, just of an age to appreciate his father's cigars. (This, of course, is a pre-Budget story.)

The young fellow lying upon the bed smiled bravely as his father entered, but Mr. Pottigrew was shocked to see that he smiled with toothless gums. A grave professional-looking man rose from the bedside and beckoned Mr. Pottigrew out of the room.



"OH, MUMMY, WILL YOU GET THE TWPENCE BACK?"



North-Country Farmer (to Profiteer fishing the Fell beck). "CAUGHT OWT?"

Profiteer. "I'VE NOT ACTUALLY LANDED ANY, BUT THINK I HAD A RISE—UNLESS IT WAS THE SPLASH FROM MY MINNOW."

"This extraordinary case, Sir," said the doctor as he closed the door behind him, "is the outcome of causes quite beyond the present scope of the medical profession. The sound, strong, firm teeth—a splendid set—of a healthy young man do not jump out of his head of their own accord, every one of them, for any natural reason."

He paused and lowered his voice as he continued: "I am afraid, Mr. Pottigrew, however reluctant we may be to admit the possibility, that there is no doubt that you have taken a haunted house. The previous tenant was a dentist—poor Mr. Acres. The room which is your study was his operating room. *He died in that room while administering gas to himself preparatory to extracting his own teeth.*"

Mrs. Gamp Rediviva.

"Nurse; 39; experienced bottle fed; £40 to £50."—*Daily Paper.*

Speeding the Parting Guest.

"Oban is proving an attractive centre, for Lord —, Lady — and many others have departed thence during the last day or so." — *Daily Paper.*

We think it only kind to suppress the names.

"All new demands for capital, whether for private or public purposes, had been met out of the sayings of the people."—*Daily Paper.*
Mr. Punch may perhaps be permitted to mention that he has himself given currency to a number of capital stories.

"It is to be hoped that, now that their unhappy country is in the throes of the most ghastly terror of her history, the irreconcilable elements in the Irish nation will see an all-compelling reason for exercising the demon of strife."—*Indian Paper.*

Unfortunately they seem to be doing so only too freely.

ANOTHER WAR TO END WAR.

[An address to the League of Nations on learning that it is considering a scheme to tackle the rat plague.]

Nor yours to lure the lands of Cross or Crescent
Back from Bellona where she bangs her drum,
Nor make this Hades, anyhow at present,
The New Elysium.

For still the sword gleams mightier than the pen in
Europe, you'll notice, at the Bolshies' beck;
Confess now that the case of Mr. LENIN
Gets you right in the neck.

So I have read with wondrous satisfaction,
Feeling in this your hands are far from tied,
That you propose to emulate the action
Of Hamelin's Piper (Pied).

And, though the task prove hard and ever harder,
From your crusade, I trust, you'll never cease
Till you've restored good-will to every larder
And to each pantry peace.

Then, when the cocksure critic in his crudeness
Pops you the question while his back he pats,
"What have you done?" you'll find at last, thank
goodness,
One ready answer—"Rats!"

"Puccinni's three one-act operas, erroneously described as a typtich . . ."—*Evening Paper.*

But what about the spelling of "Puccinni"? We fear our contemporary has, after all, been caught triptyching.

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE.

THE only way to build a house properly is to employ an architect to build it for you. All the best houses are built by architects—any architect will tell you that. But of course you will always be allowed to say that *you* built it, so it will come to the same thing.

The walls of an architect's office are covered with drawings of enormous public buildings which the architect has erected in every capital of Europe. There are also a few of the statelier homes of England which he has put up in his spare time.

While you are waiting you compare these with your own scheme of the six-roomed villa you propose to build.

At last you are ushered into the presence and unless a stove-pipe protruding from your waistcoat pocket suggests that you are travelling in somebody's radiators you will probably be asked to sit down, and may even be given a cigarette. There is no difficulty in opening your business. The architect can see at a glance what you have come for and says quite simply, "You want to build a house?"

"I do," you reply.

"How many reception rooms?"

This rather staggers you. You had not intended to have any reception rooms at all. You never give receptions. All you wanted was a dining-room and a drawing-room, and a study with a round window over the fire-place.

But it is evidently impossible to confide this to the architect. All you can do is to reply as naturally as you can:—

"About half-a-dozen."

"Eight reception rooms," says the architect. "And how many bedrooms?"

"I don't really know; about one each."

"Twenty bedrooms," suggests the architect (there are three in your family). "And did you say a garage to hold two cars?"

By this time you realise that you are engaged in a game something like auction bridge and so far your opponent has done all the over-calling.

"Double two cars!" you cry excitedly.

"Five cars," rejoins the Architect.

"Six cars!"

"Garage to hold six cars," repeats the Architect, confessing defeat. "You are, of course, aware that a house on this scale will cost you at least twenty thousand pounds?"

"Of course," you reply, and you honestly think it would be cheap at the price.

After this the only thing to do is to get away as quickly as possible. It would be pure bathos to suggest any

of your wife's labour-saving devices, or introduce the subject of that circular bath-room with a circular bath hanging by chains from the ceiling and a spirit-stove under it—your pet invention. Recall a pressing engagement, shake the architect firmly by the hand and promise to come and see him next Tuesday about details. In the interval you can compose a letter at your leisure, informing him that in view of the high cost of materials, etc., etc., you have decided to postpone the building of your house, but you desire to build *at once* a gardener's cottage (so that the gardener can be getting the grounds into order) containing one dining-room, one drawing-room, one study (with one round window), three bedrooms, one circular bathroom (with one circular bath) and one tool-shed to hold one tool.

Even so you will probably have to make concessions. Your window will be hexagonal and your bath square. But your worries are over. The architect will choose a builder and between them they will build your house during the next six years, which you will spend in lodgings. It is a long time to wait, certainly, but you will find plenty of amusement in occasionally counting the number of bricks that have been laid since last time. And then in 1926, as you smoke your pipe in your study and gaze out of your hexagonal window, you will not covet the Paradise of ADAM, the first gardener.

RHYMES OF THE UNDERGROUND.

Adolphus Minns resides at Kew
And does what people ought to do.

In boarding trains his instincts are
To "let 'em first get off the car,"
Then "hurry up" himself to enter,
And "pass along right down the centre."

Though nigh his destination be
No selfish "door-obstructor" he;
Rather than bear such imputation
He'll travel on beyond his station.

His unexceptionable ways
E'en liftmen have been known to praise—
A folk censorious and, as such,
Not given to praising over-much.

Small need have they to shout a grim
"No smoking in the lift" at him,
Or ask if he's the only one
For whom the lift is being run.

Adolphus Minns, who lives at Kew,
Does all that people ought to do—
Retires to bed before eleven,
Is up and shaved by half-past seven—
And, when he dies, he'll go to Heaven.

Perhaps he's gone; I've never met
His like at Kew or elsewhere yet.

THE DISSIMULATION OF SUZANNE.

THE telephone bell rang just as I was beginning breakfast.

"What is your number, please?" asked an imperious voice.

In an emergency I never can remember my own number.

"Just hold on a minute while I look it up," I begged. Feverishly I turned over the leaves of the telephone directory and, cutting with a blunt finger the page containing the small advertisement that keeps my name before the public eye, at last found and transmitted the desired information.

"Don't go away," said the voice again, this time with a shade of weariness in its tone. "Chesterminster wants you."

I wasn't going away, because before Suzanne left me to visit her relatives in Middleshire I had vowed that nothing would induce me to do so. But Chesterminster wanted me. What should that portend?

"Tell them," I declaimed into the mouthpiece while I instinctively posed for the camera, "that I feel greatly honoured by their invitation and in other circumstances I should have been delighted to come forward as their Candidate. The Parliamentary history of Chesterminster constitutes one of the most romantic chapters in the chronicles of England; but just now I am busy writing verses for next week's *Back Chat*, so—"

"If you will keep on talking to yourself you won't get connected," interrupted the voice. "You're thr-r-rough, Chesterminster."

"Are you Chelsea niner-seven-double-seven?" inquired a new voice, a little more distant but not so haughty.

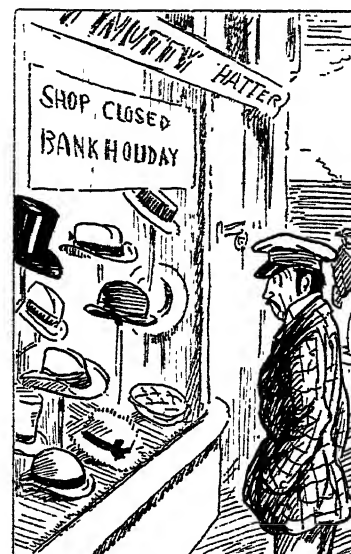
"No, nine—I mean niner-double-seven-seven," I replied.

"Same thing," said the voice of Chesterminster. "Stokehampton wants you."

"Tell them——" I began, but my oratory was drowned by a rapid succession of small explosions, and out of this unholy crepitation emerged a still small voice which said, "Is that you, darling?" Then I suddenly remembered that Stokehampton is Suzanne's relatives' nearest town of call.

"They want you to come to-morrow for the week-end," said Suzanne. "I lied to them and said you were busy working, but they said you can have the library to yourself whenever you want it, and spoke so nicely about you that I couldn't refuse to ring you up. Besides, I want you to come, and the figs and the mulberries are in splendid form."

Suzanne knows that my idea of



THE QUESTION OF THE YACHTING CAP.

HIE DIDN'T WANT TO LOOK LIKE EVERY TOM, DICK AND HARRY, HE SAID, SO HE DECIDED TO GO IN HIS YACHTING CAP.

Heaven is a garden full of fig-trees and mulberry-bushes at the appropriate season of the year. But it was raining hard, and I abominate week-ends; and Suzanne's relatives are well-meaning folk who always want to arrange your day for you.

"No, Suzanne," I said, "emphatically, no. I can't think of a convincing excuse at the moment, so you'd better say I'll be delighted to come. But to-morrow morning you'll get a wire from me announcing that I'm sick of the palsy—no, malaria, which they know I sometimes get—and that'll give you a good ground for returning yourself to-morrow. Your three minutes is up. Good-bye."

With the inspiration still fresh upon me I wrote out the telegram and rang for Evangeline.

"Evangeline," I said, "I may possibly be detained in bed to-morrow morning. In case that should happen"—she never betrayed even a flicker of the eye, although she could, an she would, tell Suzanne some damning tales of late rising during her absence—"please send this telegram off before breakfast; that is, before *your* breakfast."

Evangeline curtsied and withdrew. I had spent my leisure moments during the week teaching her the trick, as a surprise for Suzanne on her return.

Next morning, as I lay in bed thinking out the subject of my next Message to the Nation, I was gratified to notice that the rain had ceased and the sun was shining genially. I thought of Suzanne and the refreshing fruit in Suzanne's relatives' attractive gardens. Should I go after all? I rang the bell.

"Has that wire gone yet?" I asked.

"Indeed I took it these two hours back," replied Evangeline.

I looked at my watch and grunted.

"Bring me a telegram-form," I commanded, "and some hotter hot water."

So, having wired to Suzanne: "Malaria false alarm only passing effects of overwork coming by the one-thirty PERCIVAL," I found myself at tea-time being nursed back to health on mulberries-and-cream administered by the solicitous hands of Aunt-by-acquisition Lucy.

"Well," I said to Suzanne a little later as we strolled in the direction of the fig-trees, "how did it go off—my first wire, I mean?"

"Oh, I think I did it very well," she replied; "I gave a most realistic exhibition of wifely concern, and the ear had just come to take me to the station when your second wire arrived."

"Then they didn't spot anything?"
"No," said Suzanne—"no, I don't think so."

After dinner that night I was playing billiards with Toby, who is Suzanne's aunt's nephew-by-marriage. We had the room to ourselves.

"Dull part of the world this," he remarked. "By the way, what about that malaria of yours?"

"What about it?" I observed shortly. "Comes and goes rather suddenly, doesn't it?"

"Very," I agreed. "It's one of the suddenest diseases ever invented."

"'Invented' is a good word," said

boy arrived. Before anybody could discover whom the wire was addressed to, Suzanne snatched it from the boy, tore it open, placed her hand in the region of her heart and exclaimed, 'Oh, how provoking! Poor Percival's—' then she turned it the right way up, looked unutterably foolish and meekly handed it over to Aunt Lucy. It was from the old lady's stockbroker and referred to some transaction or other in Housing Bonds."

"And what did Aunt Lucy say?" I asked.

"Oh, she just looked the least little bit surprised," replied Toby, "but she didn't utter. Suzanne had to embrace the muddiest of all the cocker pups to hide her flaming cheeks."

"Well, what happened then?"

"Then? Oh, then the telegraph-boy fished out another wire from his wallet. I took it, glanced at the envelope and handed it to Suzanne. This time she read it very gingerly before exclaiming in a highly unemotional voice: 'Oh, how provoking! Poor Percival's got one of his sudden attacks of malaria and can't come. So, if you don't mind, Aunt Lucy, I'll catch the eleven-fifteen back.' Aunt Lucy was very sympathetic and went up to help her with her packing, which was accomplished in a surprisingly short time; as a matter of fact she had practically done it all before breakfast. Just as she was going to drive off to the station up came another telegraph-boy. That was your second wire, and Suzanne didn't seem any too pleased to receive it. I'm not at all convinced," concluded Toby, "that your wife would make her fortune on the stage."

"Do you think Aunt Lucy suspects?" I asked.

"Bless you, no. The dear old thing has the heart of a child."

Maybe, but I have my doubts. Suzanne's aunt insisted on my staying a week as a preventive against a nervous breakdown, and the tonic with which she herself dosed me several times a day was the most repulsive beverage I had ever tasted, effectually ruining the savour of figs and mulberries. Can it be that Aunt Lucy is not only of a suspicious but also of a revengeful nature?

Suzanne ridicules my doubtings and declares that she could make her aunt swallow anything. I wish she could have made her swallow my tonic.

KAMENEFF to KRASSIN (on applying for passports): "*Cras ingens iterabimus aquor.*"



BRITISH ASSOCIATION DELEGATES DISCUSSING ORIGIN OF STREET ARAB'S EJACULATION, "YAH—YAH—YAH—SHR-R-RUP!"

Toby. "You're a bit of an inventor, aren't you?"

"What do you mean? Are you venturing to imply—"

"I imply nothing. I merely state that this morning Suzanne came down to breakfast in her travelling-clothes. And that wasn't all."

"Wasn't it?" I inquired weakly. "Tell me the worst."

"All through breakfast," continued Toby with relish, "she was restless and off her feed, and appeared to be listening for something. Afterwards nothing could induce her to leave the house, and I myself caught her surreptitiously studying the time-table. Every time a step was heard coming up the drive she started to her feet. At last a telegraph-



Host. "HALF A MINUTE! I'LL LIGHT YOU TO THE GATE; IT'S VERY DARK."

Cheerful Guest. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I CAN SEE IN THE DARK. WHY, WHEN I WAS IN FLANDERS——"

Host. "YES, YES; BUT YOU'RE NOT IN FLANDERS NOW—YOU'RE IN MY CARNATION BED."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It would certainly have been a thousand pities if the coming of Peace had deprived us of anything so cheerfully stimulating as the tales of "SAPPER" (CYRIL MCNEILE). His *Bull-Dog Drummond* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) shows all the old breathless invention as active as ever, while the pugnacity—to give it no stronger term—is wholly unrestrained, even by what might seem the unpromising atmosphere of Godalming in 1919. It would, of course, be utterly beyond my scope to give in barest outline any list of the wild and whirling events that begin when *Captain Hugh Drummond* selects the most encouraging of the answers to his "Bored ex-soldier" advertisement and meets the writer, a cryptic but lovely lady, in the Carlton lounge. (Judging by contemporary fiction, what histories could those walls reveal!) After that the affair almost instantly develops into one lurid sequence of battle, murder, bluff and the kind of ten-minutes-here-for-courtship which proves that there is a gentler side even to the process of tracking crime. As usual, though less in this business than most, because of the engaging humour of the hero, I experienced a mild sympathy for the arch-villains; and indeed they might well feel some bitterness when, after being described as the master-intellects of the age, the author required them to conduct their most secret affairs in a lighted ground-floor room with the curtains undrawn. Most of them turn

out to be Bolsheviks, or at least in the receipt of Soviet subsidies—though I see a well-known Labour Daily reviewed the plot as unconvincing. Odd! Anyhow, a rattling story.

I am aware that, in confessing to an entire ignorance of any one of the so-called *Books of Artemas*, I place myself in a minority so small as to be almost beneath notice. This certainly is how the publishers regard the matter if one may judge by their ecstatically jubilant, "Artemas has written a novel! 7s. 6d. net," on the wrapper of *A Dear Fool* (WESTALL). Well, I have read the novel carefully, even I trust generously, with the unhappy result that (knowing how elusive and individual a thing is laughter) I can hardly bring myself to say how dull I found it. But the fact remains. It is all about nothing—a preposterous little plot for the identification, at a wildly inhuman reception, of an anonymous dramatist, revealed finally as the journalist hero who was nearly sacked for writing the play's only bad notice. In my day I have met both editors and critics; even dramatists. I don't say they were all pleasant people; many of them were not. But—here is my point—practically every one of them had at least sufficient of our common humanity to prevent them from behaving for one instant as their representatives do in this book. Let us charitably leave it at that. Probably the next man I meet will have invited apoplexy over his enjoyment of the same pages that moved me only to an irritated bewilderment. You never can tell.

I rather think that *The Man with the Rubber Soles* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is Sir ALEXANDER BANNERMAN's firstling, at least as far as fiction is concerned. If so, many others will share my hope that it may prove to be the eldest of a large family. For the author has not merely the knack of telling a good mystery story in a way that keeps one interested until the last page is turned; he tells it in a curiously dry matter-of-fact way that makes really startling adventures seem the sort of thing that might happen to anybody. The story concerns the pursuit of a gang of men who are engaged in importing forged Treasury notes on a large scale and uttering them through skilfully organised agencies. The police and various civilians between them—there is no super-sleuth to weary us with his machine-like prowess—run the thing to earth, partly by skill and partly by good luck, and the civilians in particular have a stirring time doing it. Bombs, automatic pistols, even soldiers and a submarine, assist quite naturally in sustaining the interest. And a pleasant little romance is really woven into the plot, not just pushed in anyhow. Altogether *The Man with the Rubber Soles* is a most excellent story of its kind, a real novel because plot and treatment are alike new, and one can safely prophesy that when Sir ALEXANDER BANNERMAN produces his nextling he will find a large and appreciative circle of readers waiting to welcome it.

Three things charmed me particularly about *Henry Elizabeth* (HURST AND BLACKETT), whose remarkable second name was due to the fact that he was born in the same year as the Virgin Queen and that his father had hoped that he too would be a girl. In the first place he became the greatest swordsman of his age and I was thus able to add him to my fine collection of Elizabethan heroes who have achieved this honour. What happens when two of these champions meet in those shadowy regions of romance where all costume novels are merged I do not know. It must be rather like the irresistible force and the immovable object. In the second place *H. E.* (no one could better deserve these formidable initials) was given the job of clearing Lundy Island of its piratical tenants, and I happened to have Lundy Island just opposite me as I read the book. It is not often that a reviewer has the chance of checking local colour with so little pains. And in the third place Mr. JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY informs me, on page 101, that his hero will "gaze one day upon rivers to which the Thames should seem little better than a pitiful rivulet." As *Henry* never gets further from his native Devon than London in the course of this novel I take it that this is a delicate allusion to the possibility of a sequel. I hope it is so, and that I shall hear of *Henry* in days to come, after a trip or two with RALEIGH or DRAKE, rebuilding his manor of Braginton, which was unfortunately burnt to the ground,

and settling down to plant potatoes and tobacco in prosperity and peace.

From the title, *Brute Gods* (HEINEMANN), you may guess that Mr. LOUIS WILKINSON's new novel does not deal with homely topics in a vein of harmless frolic. In recommending this very serious work of an expert author and observer, I am bound to make some reservation. Unsophisticated youth, if such there be in these days, should be kept away from the affair between *Alec Glaive* and *Gillian Collett*. *Alec*, a mere boy, was in a dangerously unsettled condition when the lady crossed his path. His mother had upset a not too happy family by eloping with a literary *poseur*; the egoism of his father had been rendered even more oppres-

sive and his sarcasm even more acid thereby; and a Roman Catholic priest, intent on securing a convert for his Order, had been plying his young mind with too exciting conversations and too refreshing wines. Apart from external circumstances, *Alec* was tending to quarrel with humanity at large, and so he went the whole hog, more in search of a desperate ideal than by way of impetuous sin. Mr. WILKINSON treats the affair with deliberate, cold-blooded, even cynical analysis; and his portrayal of the snobbery and humbug of the upper-middle class, social and intellectual, in which his creatures move is searching and disturbing. But, I ask myself, are people really like that? Or rather are there enough of these unnaturals, extremists, moral Bolsheviks or whatever you like to call them, to justify their presentation as a modern type? Always an optimist, I think not; and I notice that the author gives a no less clever and a much more convincing impression of the normal, settled and pleasant characters who are incidental to the plot. Make for yourself the acquaintance of the charming *Wilfred Vail* and the most



ROMANCE AND PROSE.

The Youth. "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE CASTLE OF THE BLACK MOUNTAIN?"

The Old Man. "I CAN, YOUNG MAN. BUT PERCHANCE THOU GOEST TO SEEK THE HAND OF THE PRINCESS? BEWARE, RASH YOUTH! IT IS A PERILOUS ADVENTURE. THOU WILT BE REQUIRED TO ACHIEVE MANY DANGEROUS TASKS. HAST THOU THOUGHT OF THE RISK?"

The Youth. "NOT MUCH. I'M GOIN' TO MEND THE KITCHEN BOILER."

amusing and seductive Cockney artiste, *Betty Barnfield*, and you will admit, however pessimistic your views; that there may be something in mine.

Palmarum Qui Meruit Ferat.

"The Czech-Slovaks were greeted this afternoon by a committee of Vancouver ladies, representing the Red Cross Society. The war-worn veterans were presented with a package containing cigarettes, an orange and a chocolate bar, in recognition of valuable services rendered the Allied cause."—*Canadian Paper*.

"PRINCE GEORGE IN SWEDEN.

Prince George has been enjoying the sights of Christiania and its beautiful surroundings."—*Morning Paper*.

He should now visit Stockholm and give Norway a turn.

"Gentleman, no ties, will undertake any mission to anywhere."—*Provincial Paper*.

But surely not where neck-wear is *de rigueur*.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE are rumours of Prohibition in Scotland. We can only say that if Scotland goes dry it will also go South.

By an order of the FOOD CONTROLLER rice has been freed from all restrictions as regards use. This drastic attempt to stem the prevailing craze for matrimony has not come a moment too soon.

We suppose it is due to pressure of business, but the Spanish Cabinet has not resigned this week.

The Daily Mail is offering one hundred pounds for the best new hat for men. The cocked hat into which Mr. SMILLIE hopes to knock the country is, of course, excluded from the competition.

A horse at Chichester has been run down by a train. Asked how he came to catch up with the horse the driver said he just let her rip.

Despite the repeated reports of his resignation in the London papers, Mr. DAVIS, the American Ambassador to Britain, states that he does not intend to retire. This contempt for English newspapers will be justifiably resented.

Mrs. LILLIAN RUSSELL, of Rockland, Mass., is reported to have offered to sell her husband for twenty thousand pounds. It is a great consolation to those of us who are husbands that they are fetching such high prices.

The road-menders in Oxford Street who went on strike have now resumed work. The discovery was made by a spectator who saw one of them move.

A contemporary reports the prospect of fair weather for another three weeks. It looks as if Mr. SMILLIE is going to have a fine day for it after all.

A New York message states that the congregation of a New Jersey church pelted the Rev. F. S. KOPFMANN with eggs. This is disgraceful with eggs at their present price.

We have just heard of a Scotsman

who has a pre-GEDDES railway timetable for sale, present owner having no further use for it.

It is stated in scientific circles that the present weather is due to the Gulf Stream. This relieves Mr. CHURCHILL of considerable responsibility.

"The length of a bee's sting," says *Tit Bits*, "is only one thirty-second of an inch." We are grateful for this information because when we are being stung we are always too busy to measure for ourselves.

Those who maintain that nothing good ever comes from Russia have suffered a nasty slap in the face. A news message states that the Bolsheviks

As a result of the new rise in the price of petrol many of the middle-class have been compelled to turn down their automatic cigarette-lighters.

Although we may appear to be a little previous, we have it on good authority that Mr. BOTTOMLEY is already making arrangements to predict that the approaching coal-strike will end before Christmas.

The various attempts to swim or cycle across the Channel having proved unsuccessful, we hear that interest is again being revived in the proposed Channel Tunnel.

It is rumoured that Councillor CLARK has recently purchased a large consign-

ment of Government flannel, in order to provide adequate under-clothing for mixed bathers.

A large quantity of rusty piano wire, says a news item, has been found in a valuable milch cow at Boston, Lincs. There is hope that the "Tune the Cow Died of" may now be positively identified.

According to a sporting paper there is a great shortage of referees this season. The offer to receive any member of this profession into the ranks of the Royal Irish Constabulary

without further qualifications is no doubt responsible for fifty per cent. of the loss, whilst fair wear and tear probably account for the remainder.

"It is high time," writes a correspondent in *The Daily Mail*, "that a clearly defined waist-line should be reintroduced into feminine dress." Others claim that as the neck-line is now worn round the waist the reintroduction of a waist-line elsewhere can only lead to confusion.

The Coal Strike.

"The part of the public is to keep cool." *The Times*.

A strike should make this fairly easy.

From the advertisement of a "Unique Battlefields Tour":—

"Passports and Visors obtained and annoyances reduced to a minimum."—*Daily Paper*. Then why this knightly precaution?



Insurance Clerk (taking personal particulars of prospective policy-holder). "AND WHAT IS YOUR PROFESSION, SIR?" Artist. "PAINTER." Clerk. "WHAT SORT OF PAINTER?" Artist. "SPLENDID."

have invited Mr. SMILLIE to visit Petrograd.

"Horsehair coats have made their appearance," says *The Outfitter*. Surely this is nothing very new. We have often seen horses wearing them.

A man who stole the same fowls twice has been charged at Grimsby. He pleads that his bookkeeper omitted to enter them in the day-book the first time.

It is now being hinted in political circles that Mr. WILLIAM BRACE, M.P., has consented to bequeath his moustache to the nation:

Mr. SMILLIE was much heartened by the news from Lucerne that the PRIME MINISTER had climbed down the Rigi in three hours.

A COUP FOR "THE DAILY TRAIL."

WE all knew at the office that Micklebrown had gone to Cocklesea for his holiday. If anyone had offered him a free pass to the Italian lakes or any other delectable spot Micklebrown would have declined it and taken his third return to Cocklesea. Like Sir WALTER RALEIGH when he started for South America to find a gold-mine, Micklebrown had an object in view. He hoped to discover a topaz in Cocklesea. We knew the reason for this optimism. We had been shown the lizard-brooch, a dazzling thing of gold and precious stones, which Micklebrown had picked up last Bank Holiday on the cliff at Cocklesea and presented to his fiancée, Miss Twitter, after inquiry at the police-station had failed to discover its owner.

Most people would have been satisfied to leave well alone, but Micklebrown is a man who hankers after the little more. The lizard's tail was composed of topaz stones, and from its tip one topaz was obviously missing. "My firm impression is that I did the damage when I trod on it," Micklebrown said. "You see I put my foot right slap on the thing. I can't get it out of my head that that topaz stuck in the mud and it's sticking there to this day. Anyway I go to Cocklesea for my holiday to look. I know the very identical spot." He closed his eyes the better to visualize it. "You go up a little path behind the mixed-bathing boxes, turn sharp to the right at the top of the cliff, past two pine-trees and a clump of gorse, go a trifle inland through a lot of thistles until you come on three blackberry bushes; the topaz should be ten inches south-west of the middle one."

"The colour'll be a bit washed out, won't it?" young Lister said; "we've had a lot of rain since Bank Holiday."

Micklebrown's lip curled but he said nothing. Only to us, his intimates, did he confide that he had no expectation of finding the topaz on the surface; he expected to search through several strata of mud, and he was taking a magnifying-glass and a gravy-strainer with him.

We heard nothing further until I had a postcard from him saying that the rain had caused the blackberries so to multiply that he found it impossible to identify the particular bush near which he had stepped on the lizard; he was therefore making a general search over the area. After that we followed the tale in *The Daily Trail*:—

SEASIDE VISITOR'S STRANGE CONDUCT.

Much curiosity has been aroused at

Cocklesea by the behaviour of a visitor who spends his days on the cliff burrowing in the earth in all weathers. Speculation is rife as to the object of his occupation. It is generally concluded that he is the victim of shell-shock.

ROMANTIC DISCLOSURE BY COCKLESEA CLIFF BURROWER.

In conversation with our representative yesterday Mr. Micklebrown, whose burrowing on the cliff at Cocklesea has been observed with such interest, indignantly denied the imputation of shell-shock. Mr. Micklebrown, it appears, is spending his vacation at Cocklesea in the hope of recovering a topaz which formed part of a valuable piece of jewellery which he had the good fortune to pick up on the cliff on Bank Holiday. Being anxious to notify his discovery without delay to the police (who however failed to trace the owner) and being bound to catch the return steamer, Mr. Micklebrown had no opportunity to prosecute a search at the time. He therefore determined to visit Cocklesea again at the earliest opportunity to do so.

In the meanwhile Miss Rosalind Twitter, Mr. Micklebrown's fiancée, is the happy possessor of the ornament. Interviewed by a correspondent, Miss Twitter, a winsome dark-eyed brunette in a cretonne chemise frock, said, "Yes, it is quite true that I sleep with it under my pillow. I hope Dinky (Rosalind's pet name for her lover) will find the topaz; he is a dear painstaking boy. I have never had such a lovely piece of jewellery in my life and I am going to be married in it." (Photo of Miss Twitter on back page. Inset (1) The brooch; (2) Mr. Micklebrown.)

SEARCH FOR MISSING TOPAZ AT COCKLESEA.

Owing to the publicity given to his story by *The Daily Trail* hundreds of willing hands assisted Mr. Micklebrown in his search yesterday. Pickaxes, shovels and wooden spades were being freely wielded on the cliff. Miss Twitter writes to us: "Every moment I expect a telegram from Dinky that the topaz is found. I can never be grateful enough to *The Daily Trail* for the interest it has taken in my brooch."

DRAMATIC SEQUEL TO SEARCH FOR COCKLESEA TOPAZ.

As a result of the wide circulation of *The Daily Trail* the brooch picked up by Mr. Micklebrown on the cliff on Bank Holiday has been claimed by Miss Ivy Peckaby, of Wimbledon. Miss Peckaby identified the brooch from the photograph which appeared in our issue of Friday. Conversing with our representative, Miss Peckaby, a slim, golden-haired girl in hand-knitted cerise jumper

with cream collar and cuffs, said, "I jumped for joy when I recognised my darling brooch on your picture page. I must have lost it at Cocklesea on Bank Holiday, but I didn't miss it until two Sundays afterwards. I shall never forget what I owe to *The Daily Trail*."

Questioned as to the missing topaz Miss Peckaby sighed. "It has always been missing," she said. "You see, Clarence" (Miss Peckaby's affianced husband) "bought the brooch second-hand; he is going to have another topaz put in when he can afford it; but topazes are so dreadfully dear." (Photo of Miss Peckaby recognising her brooch on the back page of *The Daily Trail*.)

LAST CHAPTER IN COCKLESEA ROMANCE. FREE GIFT OF A TOPAZ BY *THE DAILY TRAIL*.

Yesterday Miss Ivy Peckaby was the happy recipient of a topaz at the hands of a representative of *The Daily Trail*. The stone, which is of magnificent colour and quality, is the free gift of *The Daily Trail*. *The Daily Trail* is also defraying the entire cost of setting the gem in Miss Peckaby's brooch. (Photo on back page of Miss Peckaby acknowledging *The Daily Trail's* free gift of a topaz. Inset: The topaz.)

I have heard nothing further from Micklebrown.

RARA AVIS.

MANY birds there be that bards delight in;

I to one my tribute verse would bring;

Patience, reader! no, it's not the nightin-

gale I'm going to sing.

Sweet to lie at ease and for a while hark

To a "spirit that was never bird;"

Still I don't propose to sing the skylark,
As perhaps inferred.

I'm content to leave it to a fitter

Tongue than mine to hymn the
"moan of doves,"

Or the swallow, apt to "cheep and twitter

Twenty million loves."

I'm intrigued by no precocious rook,
who

Haunts the high hall garden calling
"Maud;"

Mine's no "blithe newcomer" like the
cuckoo

WORDSWORTH used to laud.

Never could the blackbird or the thrush
(From the poet each has had his due)

Win from me such perfectly colossal
Gratitude as you.

You, I mean, accommodating partridge,
By some lucky chance (the only one,
Spite of much expenditure of cartridge)

Fallen to my gun.



OUT OF THE FRYING PAN.

WAR VETERAN. "THEY TOLD ME I WAS FIGHTING FOR DEAR LIFE, BUT I NEVER DREAMT IT WAS GOING TO BE AS DEAR AS ALL THIS."



Father. "OH, YES, I USED TO PLAY QUITE A LOT OF CRICKET. I ONCE MADE FORTY-SEVEN."
 Son. "WHAT—WITH A HARD BALL, FATHER?"

THE HUMAN CITY AND SUBURBAN.

THE idea and the name for it were the invention of the ingenious Piggott. I am his first initiate, and with the zeal of the neophyte I am endeavouring to make his discovery more widely known. The game, which is healthy and invigorating, can be carried on in any of the remoter suburbs, where the train-service is not too frequent. All that is required is a fairly long and fairly straight piece of road, terminating in a railway-station, and a sufficiency of City men of suitable age and rotundity.

The scheme is based on the Herd instinct—on the tendency of most creatures to follow their leader. For example, if you are walking down to your early train, with plenty of time to spare as you suppose, and you observe the man in front of you looking at his watch and suddenly quickening his steps, first to a smart walk, then to a brisk jog-trot, it is not in human nature, however you may trust your own watch, not to follow suit. This is precisely what Piggott led me to do one morning about six weeks back.

When, on reaching the station ten

minutes too early, I remonstrated with him, he apologised.

"I am sorry," he said; "I didn't know you were behind me. I was really pace-making for 'Flyaway'—there, over there." And Piggott pointed to a stoutish man with iron-grey whiskers mopping his forehead and the inside of his hat, and looking incredulously at the booking-hall clock.

"But that is Mr. Bludyer, senior partner in Bludyer, Spinnaway & Jevons," I said.

"It may be," replied Piggott. "But I call him Flyaway. I find it more convenient to have a stable-name for each of my racers." And he proceeded to expound his invention to me.

Like so many great inventors he had stumbled upon the idea by chance one morning when his watch happened to be wrong; but he had developed the inspiration with consummate art and skill. It became his diversion, by means of the pantomime that had so successfully deceived me—by dramatically shooting out his wrist, consulting his watch, instantly stepping out and presently breaking into a run—to induce any gentleman behind him who had reached an age when the fear of missing

trains has become an obsession to accelerate his progress.

"It is amazing," he said, "how many knots you can get out of the veriest old tubs. This morning, for instance, Flyaway has taken only a little over six minutes to cover seven furlongs. That's the best I have got out of him so far, but I hope to do better with some of the others."

"You keep more than one in training?" I questioned.

"Several. If you like I will hand some over to you. Or, better still," he added, "you might prefer to start a stable of your own. That would introduce an element of competition. What about it?"

I accepted with alacrity. The very next day I made a start, and within a week I had a team of my own in training. The walk to the station, which formerly had been the blackest hour of the twenty-four, I now looked forward to with the liveliest impatience. Every morning saw me early on the road, ready to loiter until I found in my wake some merchant sedately making his way stationwards to whom I could set the pace. I always took care, however, not to race the same one too fre-

quently or at too regular intervals, and I take occasion to impress this caution on beginners.

In the train on the way to the City Piggott and I would compare notes, carefully recording distances and times, and scoring points in my favour or his. It would have been better perhaps had we contented ourselves with this modest programme. Others will take warning from what befell. But with the ambition of inexperience I suggested we should race two competitors one against the other, and Piggott let himself be overpersuaded.

I entered my "Speedwell," a prominent stockjobber. Handicapped by the frame of a *Falstaff*, he happily harbours within his girth a susceptibility to panic, which, when appropriately stimulated, more than compensates for his excess of bulk. The distance fixed was from the Green Man to the station, a five-furlong scamper; the start to be by mutual consent.

Immediately on our interchange of signals I got my nominee in motion. This is one of Speedwell's best points: he responds instantly to the least sign, to the slightest touch of the spur, so to speak. Another is staying power. Before we had gone fifty yards I had got him into an ungainly amble, which he can keep up indefinitely. Though never rapid, it devours the ground.

Piggott was not so lucky. At the last minute he substituted for the more reliable Flyaway his Tiny Tim, a dapper little solicitor, not more than sixty, who to the timorousness of the hare unites some of her speed. In fact, in his excess of terror he sometimes runs himself to a standstill before the completion of the course. He suffers, moreover, from short sight and in consequence is a notoriously bad starter. On the morning in question he failed for several minutes to observe Piggott's pantomime, and Speedwell had almost traversed half the distance while Tiny Tim still lingered in the vicinity of the starting post. Only by the most exaggerated gestures did Piggott get him off. Once going, however, he took the bit in his teeth and went like the wind. Soon I caught the pit-pat of his footfall approaching. I pulled Speedwell together for a supreme effort. But there were still two hundred yards to cover as his rival drew abreast. A terrific race ensued. Scared at the spectacle of the other's alarm, each redoubled his exertions. Neck and neck they ran. Could Tiny Tim last? Had he shot his bolt? Could Speedwell wear him down?

Unfortunately the question was never settled. As they raced they overtook a group of business men, youngsters of forty or so, untried colts that had never



Old Dame (to visitor who has been condoling with her on a recent misfortune). "OCH, I'M GEY ILL. I'VE BEEN CRYIN' SIN' FOWER THIS MORNIN', AN' I'M JUST GAUN TAE START AGEN AS SOON'S I'VE SIPPIT THIS BICKER O' PARRITCH."

yet been run by Piggott or me. These suddenly took fright and bolted. Inextricably mingled with our pair the whole lot stampeded like a herd of mustangs. The station approach scintillated with the flashing of spats as the Field breasted the rise. It was a grand sight, though so many fouls occurred that it was obvious the race was off. But things became serious when the entire crowd attempted to pass simultaneously through the booking-hall doors. Speedwell sprained a pastern and Tiny Tim sus-

tained a severe kick on the fetlock. Both will require a fortnight's rest before they can be raced again.

This will be a warning to us and to others too, I hope. Still, it will not deter us from racing in the future. Nor should it deter others, for the sport is a glorious one and I hope it may become universal in the outer suburbs. Piggott and I will be only too glad to give advice or any other assistance that lies in our power to those who contemplate starting local clubs in and around London.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

ALL day long I had been possessed by that odd feeling that comes over one unaccountably at times, as of things being a little strange, interesting—somehow different, so that I was not at all surprised to find the Fairy Queen waiting for me when I entered my flat.

It was a warm evening and she sat perched on the tassel of the blind, lightly swaying to and fro in the tiny breeze that came dancing softly over the house-tops.

I saw her at once—one is always aware of the presence of the Fairy Queen.

I made my very best curtsy and she acknowledged it a little absent-mindedly.

"I want *your* advice this time," she said.

I smiled and shook my head depreciatingly.

"But how . . . ?" I began.

"It's about Margery and Max," she continued.

I was much astonished.

"Margery and Max," I echoed slowly. "But surely there's no need to trouble about them. It's a most delightful engagement. They're blissfully happy. I saw Margery only yesterday . . ."

"Oh, the engagement's all right," said the Queen. "As a matter of fact it was I who really arranged that affair. Of course they think they did it themselves—people always do—but it would never have come off without me. No, the trouble is I don't know what to give them for a wedding present. You see I'm particularly fond of Margery; I've always taken a great interest in her, and I do want them to have something they'll really like. But it's so difficult. They have all the essential things *already*: youth, health, good fortune, love of course; and I can't go giving them motor-cars and grandfather clocks and unimportant things of that kind. Now can I?"

I agreed. As it happened I was in a somewhat similar predicament myself, though from rather different causes.

"Can't you think of *anything*?" she asked a little petulantly, evidently annoyed at my inadequacy. I shook my head.

"I can't," I said. "But why not find out from them? It's often done. You might ask Margery what Max would like and then sound him about her."

The Queen brightened up. "What a good idea!" she said. "I'll go at once." She's very impulsive.

She was back again in half-an-hour, looking pleased and excited. Her cheeks were like pink rose-leaves.

"It's all right about Max," she said breathlessly. "Margery says the only thing he wants frightfully badly is a really smashing service. He's rather bothered about his. So I shall order one for him at once. I'm very pleased; it seems such a suitable thing for a wedding present. People often give services, don't they? And now I'll go and find Max." And she was off before I could utter a sound.

But this time when she returned it was evident that she had been less successful.

"It's absurd," she said, "perfectly absurd!" She stamped her foot, and yet she was smiling a little. "I told him I would bestow upon Margery anything he could possibly think of that she lacked. That any quality of mind or heart, any beauty, any charm that a girl could desire, should be hers as a gift. I assured him that there was nothing I could not and would not do for her. And what do you think? He listened quite attentively and politely—oh, Max has nice manners—and then he looked me straight in the eyes and 'Thank you very much,' he said; 'it's most awfully kind of you. I hope you won't think me ungrateful, but I'm afraid I can't help you at all. There's nothing—nothing. Margery—well, you see, Margery's perfect.' I was so annoyed with him that I came away without saying another word. And now I'm no further than I was before as regards Margery. Mortals really are very stupid. It's most vexing."

She paused a minute, then suddenly she looked up and flashed a smile at me. "All the same it was rather darling of him, wasn't it?" she said.

I nodded. "I wonder . . .," I began. "Yes?" interjected the Queen eagerly.

"... I wonder whether you could give her that, just that for always?"

"What do you mean?" said the Queen.

"I mean," I said slowly, "the gift of remaining perfect for ever in his eyes."

The Queen looked at me thoughtfully. "He'll think I'm not giving her anything," she objected.

"Never mind," I said, "she'll know."

The Queen nodded. "Yes," she said meditatively, "rather nice—rather nice. Thank you very much. I'll think about it. Good-bye." She was gone. R. F.

"On Monday evening an employee of the — Railway Loco. Department dislocated his jaw while yawning."—*Local Paper*.

It is expected that the company will disclaim liability for the accident, on the ground that he was yawning in his own time.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE CENTIPEDE.

THE centipede is not quite nice;
He lives in idleness and vice;
He has a hundred legs;
He also has a hundred wives,
And each of these, if she survives,
Has just a hundred eggs;
And that's the reason if you pick
Up any boulder, stone or brick
You nearly always find
A swarm of centipedes concealed;
They scatter far across the field,
But *one* remains behind.
And you may reckon then, my son,
That not alone that luckless one
Lies pitiful and torn,
But millions more of either sex—
100 multiplied by x—
Will never now be born.
I daresay it will make you sick,
But so does all Arithmetic.

The gardener says, I ought to add,
The centipede is not so bad;
He rather *likes* the brutes.
The millipede is what he loathes;
He uses fierce bucolic oaths
Because it eats his roots;
And every gardener is agreed
That, if you see a centipede
Conversing with a milli—
On one of them you drop a stone,
The other one you leave alone—
I think that's rather silly.
They may be right, but what I say
Is, "Can one stand about all day
And *count* the creature's legs?"
It has too many, any way,
And any moment it may lay
Another hundred eggs;
So if I see a thing like this¹
I murmur, "Without prejudice,"
And knock it on the head;
And if I see a thing like that²
I take a brick and squash it flat;
In either case it's dead.

A. P. H.

(¹) and (²). There ought to be two pictures here, one with a hundred legs and the other with about a thousand. I have tried several artists, but most of them couldn't even get a hundred on to the page, and those who did always had more legs on one side than the other, which is quite wrong. So I have had to dispense with the pictures.

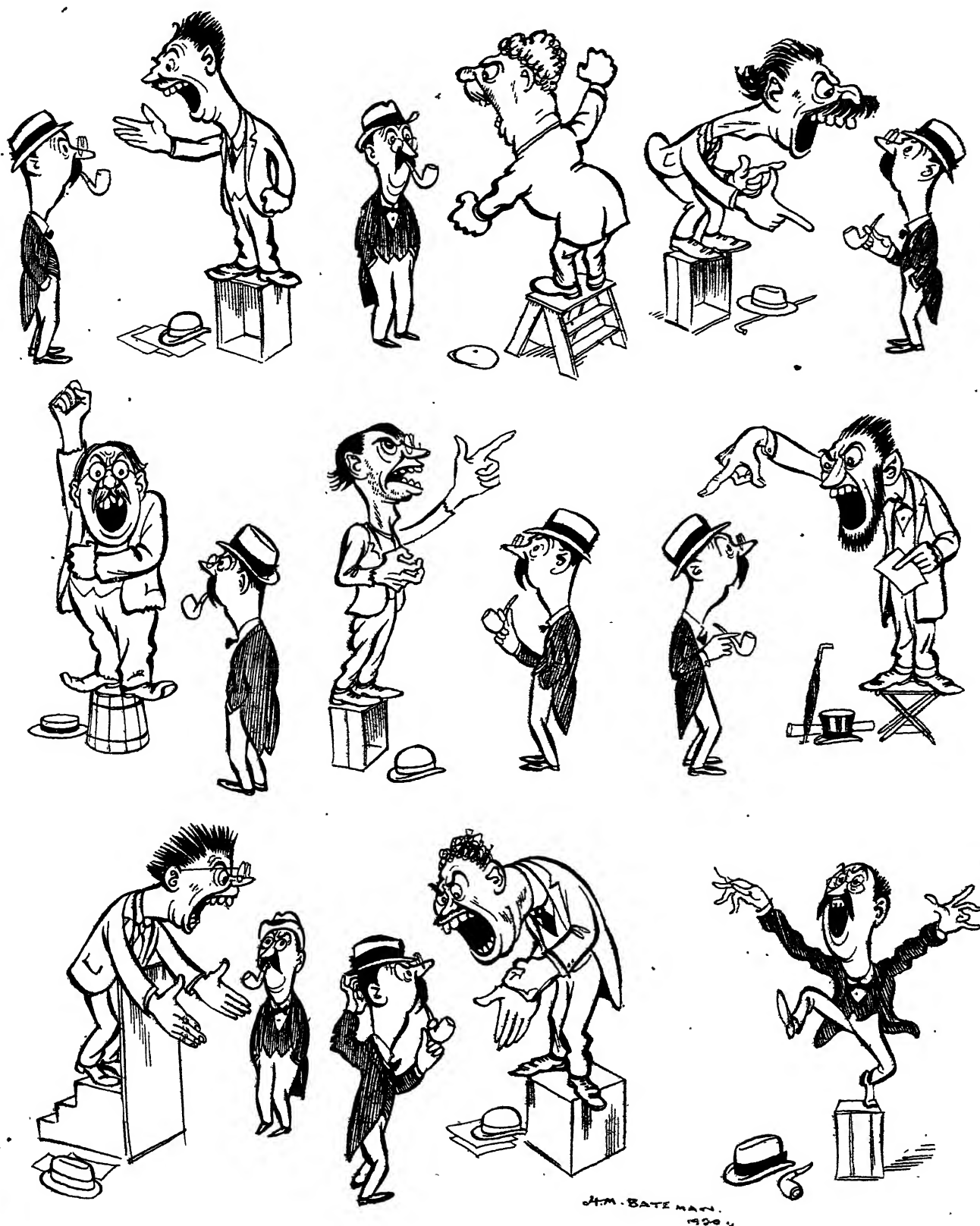
Another Impending Apology.

"Ainsi parla l'éditeur du *Daily Herald*. Lord Lansbury a toujours été l'enfant chéri et terrible du parti travailliste anglais."
Gazette de Lausanne.

"WANTED."

Small nicely furnished house, nice locality, for nearly married couple, from August 1st."
Johannesburg Star.

We trust that no one encouraged them with accommodation.



THE MAKING OF A REFORMER.

SHOWING THE INFECTIOUS INFLUENCE OF ORATORY.

THE MUDFORD BLIGHT.

Mary settled her shoulders against the mantel-piece, slid her hands into her pockets and looked down at her mother with faint apprehension in her eyes.

"I want," she remarked, "to go to London."

Mrs. Martin rustled the newspaper uneasily to an accompanying glitter of diamond rings. Mary's direct action slightly discomposed her, but she replied amiably. "Well, dear, your Aunt Laura has just asked you to Wimbledon for a fortnight in the Autumn."

Mary did not move. "I want," she continued abstractedly, "to live in London."

Mrs. Martin glanced up at her daughter as if discrediting the authorship of this remark. "I don't know what you are thinking of, child," she said tartly, "but you appear to me to be talking nonsense. Your father and I have no idea of leaving Mudford at present."

"I want," Mary went on in the even tone of one hypnotised by a foregone conclusion, "to go and live with Jennifer and write—things."

Mrs. Martin's gesture as she rose expressed as much horror as was consistent with majesty.

"My dear Mary," she said coldly, "let me dispose of your outrageous suggestion before it goes any further. You appear to imagine that because you have been earning a couple of hundred a year in the Air Force during the War you are still of independent means. Allow me to remind you that you are not. Also that your father and I are unable and unwilling to bear the expenses of two establishments. Please consider the matter closed."

She swept from the room. Mary whistled softly to herself, then she walked to the desk and wrote a letter.

"... And that's that," she finished. "So now to business. I will send you some articles at the end of the week, and for goodness' sake be quick, because I can't stand this much longer."

When she had posted it she retired to her room and was no more seen till dinner.

They were bright articles and, like measles-spots, they appeared rapidly after ten days or a fortnight; unlike measles they seemed to be permanent. They dealt irreverently with Mudford society, draped in a thin veil of some alias material, and they signed themselves "Blight."

"Disgraceful!" snorted Colonel Martin, throwing one crumpled newspaper after another into the waste-paper basket. "Ought to be publicly burned! As if it weren't enough to find the beastly things all over the Club, without being pestered with them at home, making fun of the best people in Mudford. Bolshevism! Fellow ought to be shot! Wish I knew who he was and I'd do it myself. I will not have another word of this poisonous stuff in my house. D'you hear, Gertrude?"

Mrs. Martin trailed into the hall in search of her sunshade.

"It's so difficult," she complained *en route*, "to know what paper he's

Her mother started. "What do you mean?" she inquired sharply.

Mary rose languidly. "However," she added graciously, "I will put that right for you next week. I have several sketches that will do."

Mrs. Martin's face registered inquiry, incredulity, indignation and apoplexy in chronological order; then the garden gate clicked and a young man walked across the lawn. Mary looked down at her mother and spoke quietly.

"I think it is time you knew that I wrote those articles. One writes about what one sees, and as long as I remain here I shall see Mudford."

"Pardon me," began the young man, arriving, "but is this Colonel Martin's house?"

Mrs. Martin made no effort to reply and Mary reassured him.

"It's like this," he continued frankly. "I'm representing *The Daily Rebel*, and I'm awfully anxious to get certain information for my paper. I was speaking to Admiral Rogers just now and he told me I should probably get it here if I tried. He said he could only give me a guess himself and I had better come to headquarters. Madam," he bowed towards Mrs. Martin, "will you kindly tell me if you are the famous..."

Here Mary interposed. "My mother," she said serenely, "is not the Mudford Blight. Nor is my father."

The young man wheeled on her.

"Then you...?" he queried.

Mary hesitated, questioning her mother with a glance.

"My daughter," replied Mrs. Martin in a strangled voice, "cannot possibly be the person you seek since she is not a Mudford resident. She lives in

London and is only staying here till to-morrow—at the latest."

Mary smiled radiantly and sent a wire later in the afternoon.

The Gynecophobe.

"While crossing a field near Berwick a gamekeeper noticed a deer coming in his direction and he took cover in a hayrick."

Scotch Paper.

"PARLOURMAID Wanted, afternoons, 2—6.30, galvanised iron, 50 ft. to 140 ft. long x 21 ft."

Local Paper.

It needs a girl with an iron constitution to support such a frame.

"For Sale, Clergyman's Grey Costume, latest style; also Jumper, never worn."

Irish Paper.

The reverend gentleman appears to have jibbed at the jumper.



J.H. DOWD-20

Young Miner's Mother. "I CAN'T DO NOTHINK WIV OUR 'ERBERT SINCE 'E VOTED FOR THE STRIKE. WEN I ASK 'IM TO RUN A ERRAND 'E SAYS IT ISN'T A MAN'S JOB."

coming out in next and stop it in time;" and she wandered mournfully into the garden.

"Mary," she sighed, sinking into a chair on the lawn, "have you noticed anything peculiar in the way people speak to us lately? Of course it may be only my imagination, and yet," she hesitated, "Admiral and Lady Rogers were quite—quite formal to me yesterday."

Mary balanced her tennis racquet on her outstretched hand and laughed. "It's the local Blight, I suppose. You and Father are about the only people left who haven't been withered yet, and the others are bound to think there's something suspicious about you. Stupid of me—I didn't think of that. I'm sorry."



Village Umpire (advancing down pitch, after resisting two appeals for l.b.w.). "YOU BETTER TAKE A FRESH MIDDLE, JARGE, 'COS IF 'D 'ITS 'EE AGAIN IN THE SAME PLACE I SHALL 'AVE TO GIVE 'EE OUT."

MOVEMENT IN THE MONEY MARKET.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have been spending my holiday at a watering place, a place that fully deserves its epithet. My London daily has been my only entertainment, and towards the evening hours I have found myself wandering about the less familiar beats of it. I have become an intimate of the City Editor, and I hasten to inform you, Mr. Punch, that he has introduced me to a side of the Gay Life which I have been missing all these years. I will set out the tale of it, even at the risk of making your readers blush.

It appears that recently a feeling spread in the Market (and that all these goings-on should take place in a market adds, in my view, to their curiousness) that a crisis had been reached in monetary restrictions and things might be eased a bit. Apparently there is a circle of people in the know, and by them it was immediately appreciated what this "relaxation" implied. The first overt sign of something doing was a "heavy demand for money," a need which I too, for all my quiet domesticity, have felt from time to time. No doubt the fast City set were filling their pockets before commencing a course of "relaxation." The next development was that the Market was approached from all sides with "applications for

accommodation." I can picture the merry parties rolling up in their thousands, booking every available house, flat or room, and even paying very fancy prices for the hire of a booth for a house-party.

It may give you some idea of the nature of their "relaxation" when I say that our old friend the Bank of England seems to have so far forgotten herself as to start making advances to the Government. My City Editor, who is possibly a family man, cannot bring himself to give details; he just states the fact, merely adding the significant comment that "the usual reserve of the Bank is rapidly disappearing." The effect of this example is appearing in the most respectable quarters. "All attempts are now failing," he reports, for example, "to keep the Fiduciary Issue within limits." Reluctantly he mentions a "considerably freer tendency in Discount circles."

Further he records a tendency to over-indulgence in feasting. I read of figures (I hardly like to quote this bit) becoming "improperly inflated." Will you believe me when I add that a section of those participating in the beano, whose one fear was, apparently, that it would all end only too soon, actually were heard expressing the apprehension, to quote verbatim, "that they would deflate too rapidly." "The whole tone

of the Market," says my City Editor, "became distinctly cheerful," and he pauses to comment on the one redeeming feature: "War Loan remaining steady, 84½ middle."

And thence to the shocking climax: Trade Returns were unable to balance properly, and Money (to be absolutely outspoken and no longer to mince matters) got tight.

After this I was not surprised to read of "Mexican Eagles rising on the announcement of the new Gusher." Nor a little later to find the announcement, "Stock Exchange Dull." A very natural reaction.

Yours ever, A SIMPLE WEST-ENDER.

Professional Pride.

Extract from a plumber's account:—

"To making good leaks in pipes, 8/6."

"Wanted 2 Lions male and female or either any of them. What will be the cost? Where they can be had and when can we get."—*Indian Paper*.

Can any of our readers oblige this eager zoologist?

"An incident of an extraordinary nature befell Colonel —, C.B., while playing a golf match at Brancaster. A large grey cow swooped down, picked up his ball and flew away with it."—*Newfoundland Paper*.

Probably a descendant of the one who jumped over the moon.



Betty. "MUMMY, HOW DID THESE TWO MARKS GET ON MY ARM?"

Mother. "THE DOCTOR MADE THEM. THEY'RE VACCINATION MARKS. THERE OUGHT PROPERLY TO BE FOUR OF THEM."

Betty (after much deliberation). "MUMMY, DID YOU PAY FOR FOUR?"

ON RUNNING DOWN TO BRIGHTON.

WHEN I consulted people about my nasal catarrh, "There is only one thing to do," they said. "Run down to Brighton for a day or two."

So I started running and got as far as Victoria. There I was informed that it was quite unnecessary to run all the way to Brighton. People walked to Brighton, yes; or hopped to Kent; but they never ran. The fastest time to Brighton by foot was about eight hours, but this was done without an overcoat or suit-case. Even on Saturdays they said it was quicker to take the train than to walk or to hop.

Brighton has sometimes been called London by the Sea or the Queen of Watering Places, but in buying a ticket it is better to say simply Brighton, at the same time stating whether you wish to stay there indefinitely or to be repatriated at an early date. I once asked a booking-clerk for two sun spots of the Western coast, and he told me that the refreshment-room was further on. But I digress.

One of the incidental difficulties in running down to Brighton is that the

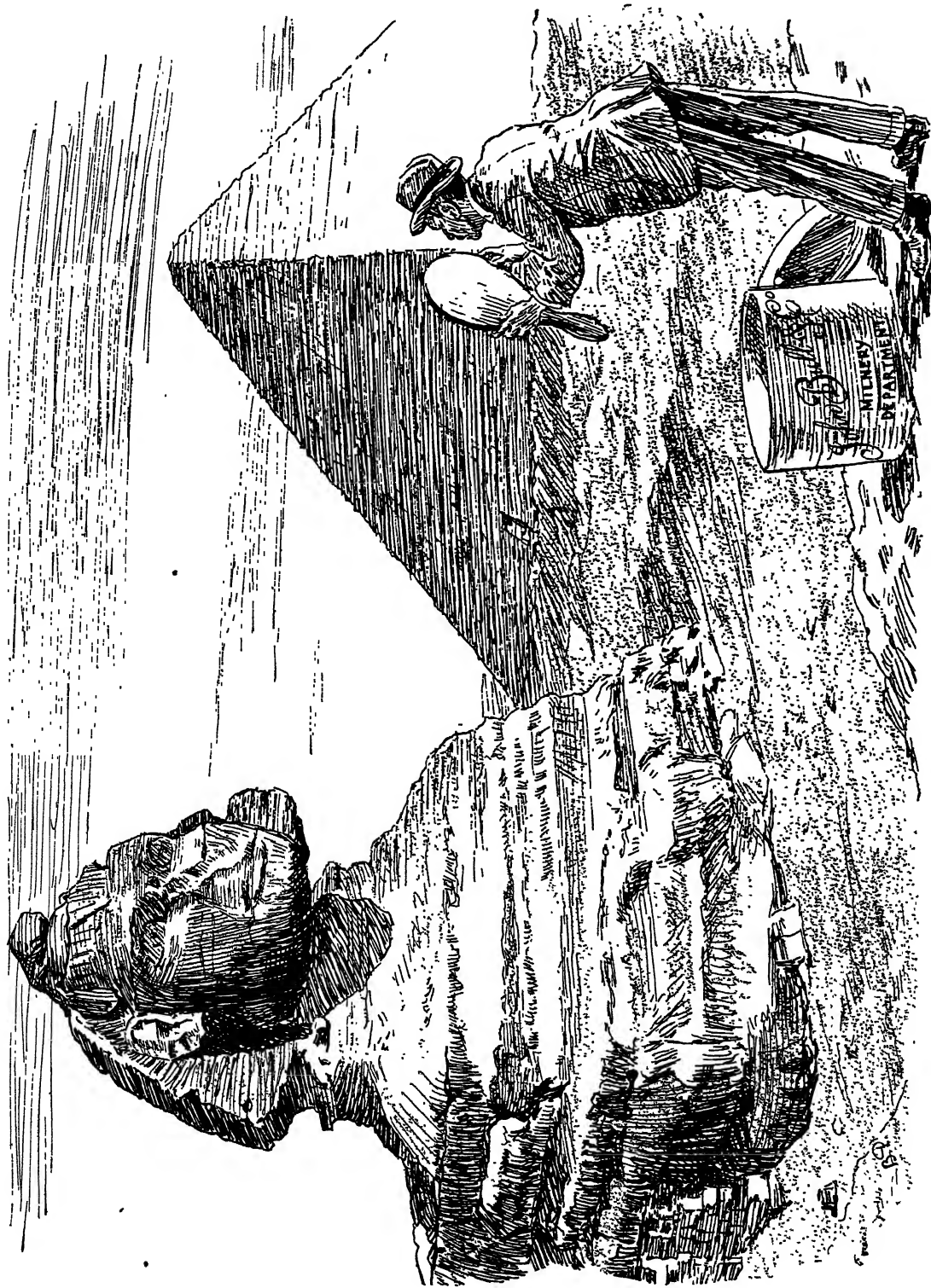
rear end of the train queue often gets mixed up with the rear end of the tram queue for the Surrey cricket ground, so that strangers to the complexities of London traffic who happen to get firmly wedged in sometimes find themselves landed without warning at the "Hoyal" instead of at Hove. To avoid this accident you should keep the right shoulder well down and hold the shrimping-net high in the air with the left hand. If you do get into the train the best place is one with your back to the window, for, though you miss the view, after all no one else sees it either, and you do get something firm to lean up against. It was while I was travelling to Brighton in this manner that I discovered how much more warm this summer really is than many writers have made out.

Around Brighton itself a lot of legends have crystallized, some more or less true, others grossly exaggerated. There is an idea, for instance, that all the inhabitants of this town or, at any rate, all the visitors who frequent it, are exceedingly smart in their dress. Almost the first man whom I met in Brighton was wearing plus 4 breeches and a

bowler hat. It is possible, of course, that this is the correct costume for walking to Brighton in. Later on I saw a man wearing a motor mask and goggles and a blue-and-red bathing suit. Neither of these two styles is smart as the word is understood in the West End.

Then there is the story that prices, especially the prices of food, are exceedingly high in Brighton. After all, the cost of food depends everywhere very much upon what you eat. I see no reason for supposing that the price of whelks in Brighton compares unfavourably with the price of whelks in other great whelk-eating centres; but the price of fruit is undeniably high. I saw some very large light-green grapes in a shop window, grown, I suppose, over blast furnaces, and when I asked what they cost I was considerably surprised. Being afraid, however, to go out of the shop without making a purchase, I eventually bought one.

But these things are all by the way. It was when I reached the sea-front at Brighton that I made the tremendous discovery which is really the subject of this article. I realised the secret of



THE CAP OF LIBERTY: LE DERNIER CRI.

EGYPTIAN SPHINX. "HOW DOES IT SUIT MY STYLE?"

THE LORD HIGH MILNER. "WELL, I MAY BE PREJUDICED IN FAVOUR OF MY OWN CREATION, BUT I THINK IT MOST BECOMING."



FIRST AID.

Examiner. "WHAT MEASURES WOULD YOU TAKE IF YOU HAD TO TREAT A CASE OF SUNSTROKE?"

Boy Scout (who has negotiated fairly successfully a fractured jaw, broken forearm and severed femoral artery). "I WOULD DRAG HIM INTO THE SHADE, STRIP HIM TO THE WAIST, POUR COLD WATER ON HIM AND PUT HIM INTO ISOLATION IF THERE WAS ANY ICE."

Brighton's charm. It can be stated very simply. *It lies in the number of things one needn't do there.*

At little seaside resorts, such as Cockleham, there are a very limited number of things that people do, and as soon as one gets to Cockleham an irresistible inclination seizes one not to do them to-day. If anybody says it is a good day for bathing you say it is better for boating. And if they agree you wonder if, after all, golf . . . And so you preserve your independence and feel rested and stave off for a little while the evil day. But only for a little. Very soon, for lack of alternative suggestions, you are bound to be dragged in and do something.

But at Brighton the number of things to do is so enormous and so varied that you can spend days and days in not doing them. On the pier alone there are something like a hundred complicated automatic machines which you needn't work; there are fishing-rods which you needn't hire, and concerts to which you needn't listen. The sea is full of rowing boats and motor-launches which you needn't charter, and the land is full of motor-brakes which you needn't board. You needn't mixed-bathe nor go and watch the professional divers, nor the fish in the

Aquarium, nor the people with Norman profiles arriving in motor-cars at the hugest hotels. You can simply sit still on the beach and discuss which of these exciting things you won't do first. And while you sit still on the beach you can throw pebbles into the sea. No one has ever thrown as many pebbles into the sea in his life as he wanted to, because someone keeps saying, "Well, you must decide;" but at Brighton you can throw more than in any seaside place that I know. And, now I come to think of it, I wonder that there is no charge for throwing pebbles into the sea at Brighton. I should have thought a low wall with turnstile gates and three or four shies a penny . . . but I leave this commercial idea for the Town Council to work out.

When I had thrown a great many pebbles into the sea I began to nerve myself for the struggle of returning. Over that struggle I prefer, as the saying is, to draw a veil. Suffice it to say that it is harder to run up to Brighton than it is to run down. But whilst I was running up I made a curious and interesting discovery. I found that the spell of Brighton had cured my cold. I had lost it in the soothing excitement of wondering what not to do next. This is the true panacea.

EVOC.

RHYMES OF THE UNDERGROUND.

THE story has been told to you
Of good Adolphus Minns of Kew,
Whose virtuous ways have won renown
From Barking Creek to Acton Town.

Now with that hero's blameless life
Contrast the conduct of his wife:
Avoidance of egregious sins
Is not the way of Mrs. Minns.

That lady, I regret to say,
While bent on shopping every day,
Makes no attempt to get it o'er
Between the hours of ten and four.

To harassed booking-office clerks
She makes irrelevant remarks,
And tenders, to the crowd's despair,
A pound-note for a penny fare,
Or, what perhaps is even worse,
Starts fumbling in a baggy purse.

She'll step aboard a Highgate train,
Then check and double back again,
And ask a dislocated queue
If she is right for Waterloo.

The liftmen, who, you recollect,
Spoke of Adolphus with respect,
Are pessimistic, even for them,
About the fate of Mrs. M.

Where Gertrude Minns will go when she
Departs this life is not for me,
Or you, or liftmen, to decree.
And, any way, we needn't fret;
She shows no sign of dying yet.

THE END OF THE SEASON.

THE letters of the alphabet were talking.

"It's been a wonderful season," said S. "I'm very proud of it."

"Yes," said C; "I don't suppose so much interest was ever taken in cricket before. The number of people able to spend time at a match has been the greatest ever known."

L agreed. "Even on the middle days of the week," he said, "Lord's has been packed."

"Lord's, forsooth!" O struck in. "Lord's has been empty compared with the Oval. The Ovalites have lost no opportunity of watching their heroes."

"When you say 'their heroes' you mean also mine," said H. "But they are not confined to the Oval. I have some at Lord's too; in fact, all over the country. It has been, all the best critics say, an H year." He ticked them off on his fingers. "For Surrey, HOBBS and HITCH; for Middlesex, HENDREN and HEARNE; for Yorkshire, HIRST and HOLMES; for Notts, HARDSTAFF; for Kent, HARDINGE and HUBBLE; for Worcestershire, HOWELL. And four of them," he added, "are going to play for England in Australia. It's a feather in my cap, I can tell you," H went on. "And I needed the encouragement too. No one is treated so badly as I am, especially in London, where I'm being dropped all day long or forced into company which I don't care about. Isn't that true?"

"Not 'arf!" said C, who is a good deal of a Cockney.

"There!" said H with a sigh, "I told you so."

"There's no doubt that our friend the aspirate has done it this year," said T; "but some of us are not downhearted. Look at all my TYLDESLEYS."

"We're quite willing to look at them," said C, "but don't ask us to count them. Meanwhile what about my Cook in the same county? And good old hard-working Cox and Cox?"

"Yes," said L, "and what about Lancashire itself—almost at the top of the tree? And LEE of Middlesex? H may have the greatest number of heroes, but we're not to be sneezed at. And even his wonderful HOBBS couldn't win the championship. It rested between M and me. I'm proud to be M's next-door neighbour."

"It's been a great season for me," said M. "I admit to being nervous on the second day of the last great match, but all's well now. What a game that was! And it's not only of Middlesex that I'm proud; if you glance at the batting averages you will notice MEND not a great way removed from the top;

and MAKEPEACE not far below him, and I hold MURRELL in special esteem."

"Yes," said R, "and if you continue to look you will find RHODES at the head of the bowling, and RUSHBY and RICHMOND in honourable places, and the steady RUSSELL with over two thousand runs to his name. There are also two brothers named RELF. Good heavens, the H's aren't everything!"

"He doesn't claim, I hope," B struck in, "that BROWN begins with H, or BOWLEY, or Bat or Ball or Bails?"

"Nor," said S, "that SANDHAM and SUTCLIFFE and STEVENS and SEYMOUR and the gallant little STRUDWICK (who,



THE HAPPY WARRIOR.
WITH MR. PUNCH'S COMPLIMENTS TO
MR. "PLUM" WARNER.

like all wicket-keepers, is so liable to be overlooked) never existed? Not to mention my latest recruit, Mr. SKEET? Some letters can be too haughty and—"

"Grasping," said G. "But all of you must be careful of me. I carry big GUNNS."

"Although I'm not too prominent," said F, "I've got a very dangerous bowler and hitter and captain in FENDER, to say nothing of two FREEMEN and a FAIRY." And during the season C. B. FRY bobbed up once to some purpose."

I asked one or two of the letters to explain their silence.

"Well," said Z, "cricket has never interested me. But then my range is very narrow."

"And mine's even narrower," sighed X.

"If it weren't for QUAFIE," said Q, "I should be in despair and play nothing but a quiet game of quoits now and again."

"H may have that long string," said W, "but he breaks down badly here and there. Where's his six-foot-six left-handed bowler and bat? He hasn't got one. I have, though, in WOOLLEY. And where's his master of the game, practical and theoretical, in a harlequin cap? The wisest captain any county ever had and the most enthusiastic and stimulating? In short, where is H's P. F. WARNER, whom we're all so sorry to lose, but who had such a glorious farewell performance? Where? Ha!"

"I claim a share in the Middlesex captain," said P proudly. "For is he not a Plum? I hate to see him go, but I shall not be fruitless; look how PEACH is coming along."

"And who owns the All-English Captain, I should like to know?" said the deep voice of D. "Not to mention a DENTON and a DURSTON and a DOLPHIN and a DIPPER. It is something to own a DEAN; it is more to possess a DUCAT."

"Isn't life going to be very dull for all of you till next May?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said A, who hitherto had not spoken. "We're going to follow the English team's doings in Australia. And won't it be A1 when they bring back the Ashes?"

"Absolutely," I agreed. E. V. L.

Another Irish Problem.

"Tuesday next, I may explain, is Belfastese for Tuesday next, and means to-day."
Daily Paper.

GENEROSITY AT THE GROCER'S: "Provided you get one bad egg from us, we will on your returning it give you two for it."

From an engineer's letter:—

"We are exhibiting —'s Patent Nibbling Machine at the Laundry Trades Exhibition." We have often wondered how our collars get those crinkled edges.

"The club before declaring at 5 wickets had put up a formidable score of 341, Major Ireland making 484 and Capt. Green 127.

Capt. M. A. Green, stpd.	Mistri b. Evan	27
Maj. K. A. Ireland, c. & b.	Signall	134
Newnham, b. Evans		4
Lieut. Foley, b. Evans		4
Maj. Englefield, b. Powers		22
Lieut. Cambon not out		15
Extras		35

Total for 5 wickets misdeclared . . . 341
Egyptian Gazette.

We thought from the start that something was wrong.



The Rector. "VERY NICE, MRS. BROWN. VERY CREDITABLE INDEED. BUT PERSONALLY I CONSIDER THE MARROW A MUCH OVERRATED VEGETABLE, APART, OF COURSE, FROM ITS DECORATIVE VALUE AT HARVEST FESTIVALS."

NIMROD.

NIMROD he was a hunter in the days of long ago,
Caring little for things of state, little for things of show;
When the unenlightened around him squabbled for wealth
or fame

NIMROD fled to the forests and gave himself up to Game. .

I've never been told what jungles old NIMROD called his
own,

Or studied the "Sportsman's Record" he scratched on a
shoulder-bone;

I haven't heard what he shot with nor even what game he
slew,

But I know he was fore-forefather to fellows like me and
you.

He stood to the roaring tiger, he stood to the charging gaur;
His was the love of the hunting which is more than the lust
of war;

He knew the troubles of tracking, the business of camps
and kits,

And the pleasure that pays for the pain of all—the ultimate
shot that hits.

Now I've nowhere seen it stated, but I'm certain the thing
occurred,

That when NIMROD came to his death-bed he sent his rela-
tives word,

And said to his sons and his people ere his spirit obtained
release,

"You follow the trails I taught you and your ways will bring
you peace."

Wherefore—as now and to-morrow—when the souls of men
were sick,

When wives were fickle or fretful or the bills were falling
thick,

When the youth was minded to marry and the maiden with-
held consent,
Heeding the words of NIMROD, they packed their spears and
went—

Went to the scented mornings, to the nights of the satin
moon

That can lap the heart in solace, that can settle the soul in
tune;

So they continued the remedy NIMROD of old began—
The healing hand of the jungle on the fevered brow of man.

Then—as now and to-morrow—mended and sound and sane,
Flushed by the noonday sunshine, freshed by the twilight
rain,

Trailing their trophies behind them, armed with the strength
of ten,

Back they came from the jungle ready to start again.

* * * * *
Ye who have travelled the wilderness, ye who have followed
the chase,

Whom the voice of the forest comforts and the touch of the
lonely place;

Ye who are sib to the jungle and know it and hold it good—
Praise ye the name of NIMROD, a Fellow Who Understood.

H. B.

The House-Agent's Forlorn Hope.

"TWO-AND-A-HALF MILES FROM STATION WITH NON-STOP TRAINS."
Weekly Paper.

A Tragic Coincidence.

"TEN PROFESSORSHIPS VACANT
IN SYDNEY UNIVERSITY.

Lausanne, Monday.

The giant British aeroplane G.E.A.T.L., from Cricklewood aero-
drome, London, landed at Blecherette, Lausanne, at 6-5 this evening."

Irish Paper.

Did all the ten Sydney Professors fall out of it together?

AT THE PLAY.

"THE PRUDE'S FALL."

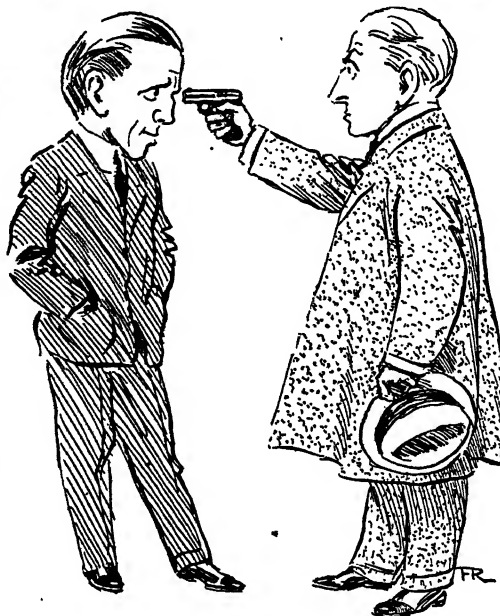
THOUGH the hero is French and takes up his residence in an English cathedral town in order to rectify our British prudery and show us how to make love, there is practically nothing here that is calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of modesty. It is true that from time to time *Captain le Briquet* kisses various outlying portions of his "*ange adoré*," but it is all very decorous and his ultimate intentions are strictly respectable.

You see, he was really just playing a game. Big game was his speciality (Africa) and this one was to be as big as an elephant. It consisted in the correction of a flaw which he had found in the object of his worship, the lovely young Widow *Audley*, who had refused in his very presence to receive a woman, an old friend of hers, who had preferred love to reputation. He, the gallant Captain, proposed to amend this error. By his French methods he would reduce the Widow to such a state of helplessness that she would consent to become his mistress. The fact that he happened to be a bachelor, and perfectly free to marry her, should not be allowed to stand in the way of his scheme. He would explain that the exigencies of his vocation as a hunter of big game demanded a greater measure of liberty than was practicable within the bonds of matrimony. He would be "faithful but free."

In the course of a brief month (the interval between the First and Second Acts, for we are not permitted to see how he does it) she has become as putty in his hands. She consents to be his mistress, and is indeed so determined to adopt this informal style of union that when he produces a special marriage licence she is indignant at such a concession to the proprieties. But once again the Captain proves irresistible with his French methods and all ends well.

Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER was the life and soul of the play, which would have been a dullish business without him. His reappearances were always hailed as a joyous relief to the prevailing depression. Even *Dean Carey*—most delightful in the person of Mr. GILBERT HARE—became at one time a gloomy Dean; and Miss LILLIAN BRAITHWAITE, who played very tenderly in the part of *Mrs. Westonry* (the lady who had lost her reputation), could not hope to be very entertaining with her reminiscences of a lover whom we had never had the pleasure of meeting.

Mrs. *Audley* again (treated naturally and with a pleasant artlessness by Miss EMILY BROOKE) did not take very kindly to the conquest of her scruples and gave little suggestion of the rapture of surrender. Further, the authors paid a poor compliment to English gentlemen by providing the Captain with a dull boor for his rival. The contrast was a little too patent. Even so Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL might perhaps have made the rôle of *Sir Nevil Moreton* appear a little less impossible. But, however good he may be in character parts or where melodrama is indicated, he never allowed us to mistake him for a British Baronet. The only person (apart from *le Briquet*) who contributed nothing to the general



THE CAPTAIN "EXAMINES ARMS."

Captain le Briquet . . . Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER.
Sir Nevil Moreton, Bart. Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL.

gloom was the Dean's wife, played with the most attractive grace and humour by Miss NINA BOUCICAULT.

A note of piquancy was given to Mr. DU MAURIER's part by his broken English. "Broken" is perhaps not quite the word, unless we may speak of a torrent as being broken by pebbles in its bed. There were momentary hesitations, and a few easy French words, such as *pardon? pourquoi donc? c'est permis? alors*, were introduced to flatter the comprehension of the audience; but for the rest his fluency—and at all junctures, even the most unlikely—was simply astounding. Few people, speaking in their native tongue, can ever have commanded so facile an eloquence. What chance had a mere Englishman against him?

The action of *The Prude's Fall* was supposed to take place in 1919, but its atmosphere was clearly ante-bellum.

Anyhow there was no sign of the alleged damage done to our moral standards by the War. But nobody will quarrel on that ground with Mr. BESIER and Miss EDGINTON, the clever authors of this very interesting play. And if we have to be taught how to behave by a Frenchman, to the detriment of our British *amour propre*, there is nobody who can do it so nicely and painlessly as Mr. DU MAURIER.

"WEDDING BELLS."

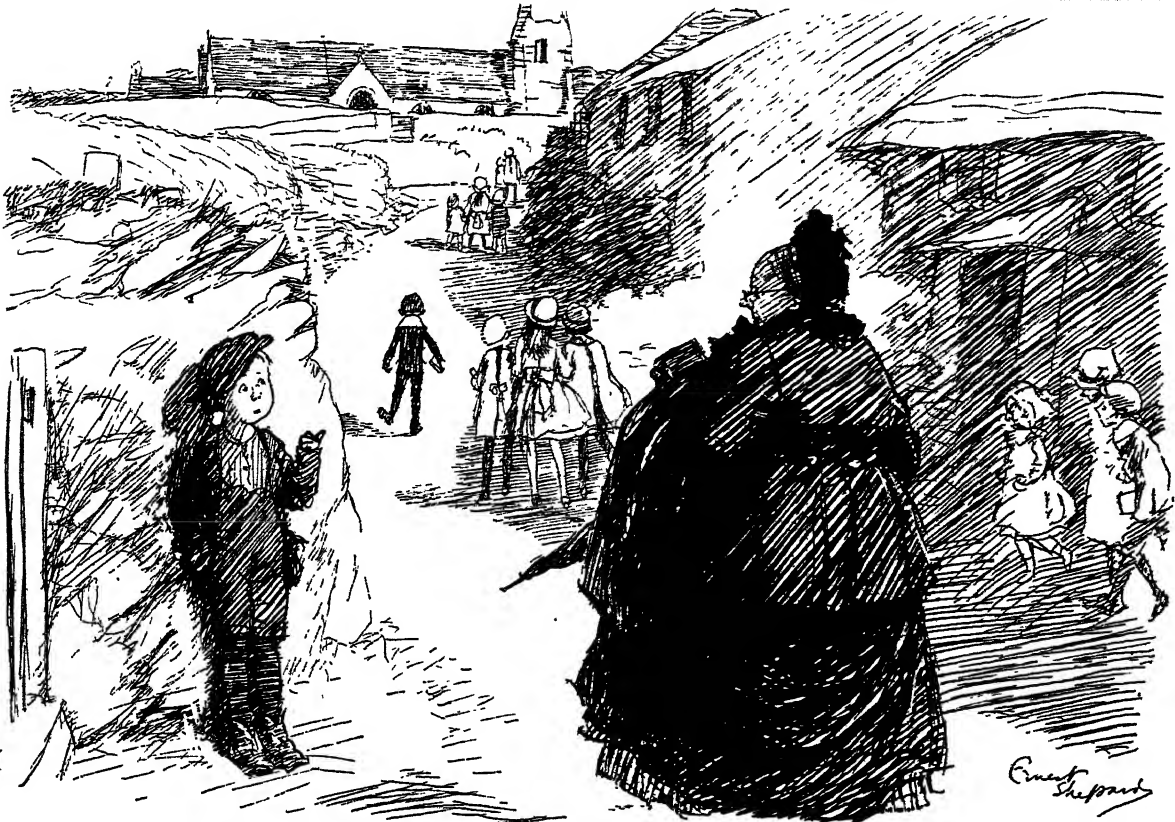
I BEGIN to suspect that the possible situations of marital farce are becoming exhausted. Certainly we have lost the power of being staggered by the emergence of an old wife out of the past. But

Mr. SALISBURY FIELD, who wrote *Wedding Bells* for America, is not content with a single repetition of this ancient device; he must needs give us these intrusions in triplicate, showing how they affect the career of (1) the hero, (2) his manservant, (3) a poet-friend. True he only produces two old wives; but one of them, being a bigamist, was able to intrude "in two places" (as the auctioneers say).

The wife of *Reginald Carter* (Mr. OWEN NARES), having first run right away from him and then apparently divorced him for desertion (I told you the play was American), turns up on the eve of his marriage to another. He has barely recovered from his failure to keep his future wife in ignorance of his past when he has to start taxing his brains all over again in order to keep his past wife in ignorance of his future.

The First Act went well enough and was full of good words—not very subtle perhaps, but the kind that invites intelligent laughter. Later the play degenerated into something too improbable for comedy and not boisterous enough for pure farce. The two most disintegrating elements were furnished by a love-sick poet (a figure that should have been *vieux jeu* in the last century) and an English maid who could never have existed outside the imagination of an American. I make no complaint of the fact that in a chequered past she had married both *Carter's* man-servant and the antiquated poet; but I do complain that her Cockney accent was imperfectly consistent both with her rustic origin (an apple-cheeked lass, we were told, from somewhere in Kent) and her situation as maid to a very smart American.

You will naturally ask what Mr. OWEN NARES was doing in this gallery; and I cannot tell you. I can only say that he was very brave about it all. In



"AND WHY AREN'T YOU GOING TO SUNDAY SCHOOL?"

"'Cos it's 'AROLD'S TURN FOR THE COLLAR."

a sense it was a serious performance, the only one of its kind in the play; yet not serious enough to serve as a foil for the general frivolity, for he was constantly bringing his own high sentiments into ridicule, and so burlesquing the OWEN NARES that we love to take seriously.

On the other hand, Miss GLADYS COOPER, as *Rosalie*, his late wife, was untroubled by high sentiment; she was content to be wayward and unseizable, confident in the obvious power of her charm to retrieve him from the very altar-rails. Her own heart never seemed to come into the question, and her motive in setting herself to recover him was not much clearer than her reason for deserting him.

Some of the minor characters gave good entertainment. There was a dude (is that what they call them now in America?) who dressed very perfectly and said a great many funny things all well within the range of his own, and our, intelligence. Mr. DEVERELL played the part with admirable restraint. And we could ill have spared the humours of *Carter's* man *Jackson* (Mr. WILL WEST), whose wide experience in matrimony, resulting in an attitude alternately timorous and prehensile towards female society in the servants' hall, was the source of many poignant

generalisations. Miss EDITH EVANS, as a mother-in-law *manquée*, showed a touch of real artistry; and Mr. GEORGE CARR had no difficulty in getting fun out of the part of a Japanese house-boy, almost the only novelty which we owed to the American origin of the play.

When *Carter* was turned down by a clergyman who refused to perform the marriage rites for a divorced man, there was something very attractive (to a golfer) in his protest against these "local rules." This was one of many good things said; but the play had its dull times too, and there were one or two lapses made in the pursuit of the easy laugh. For instance:—

Carter. "Do you believe in God?"

Wills. "Good God!" (laughter).

[*Carter* here kneels down to get something from under the sofa.

Wills. "Are you going to pray?" (laughter).

Personality, of course, counts for much, and both Miss GLADYS COOPER and Mr. OWEN NARES have enough admirers to ensure a success for this rather moderate farce. But not a triumph, I fear; for, after all, the play counts for something too and, though all the *Faithful* may be trusted to put in one appearance, I doubt if many outside the ranks of the *Very Faithful* will turn again at the sound of these *Wedding Bells*. . . .

O. S.

More Direct Action.

"Northumberland Miners' Executive have decided to have Mr. Robert Smillie's portrait painted in oils for Burt Hall, Newcastle.

Other matter relating to the coal crisis appears on Page Eleven."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"DAY BY DAY.

Well, did you get your gun and have a shot at the pheasants and the partridges yesterday?"—*Scotch Paper*, Sept. 2nd.

Naturally; the same gun with which we knocked the grouse over in July.

"TEMP. IN SHADE.—Max. of past 24 hours. Hyderabad (Sind) . . . 94.1-2."

Good for the Sindes. *Indian Paper*.

"One Dog with fairy tail came to my house, —, Srimanta Dey's Lane, may be restored to the owner on satisfactory proof."

Statesman (Calcutta).

The evidence of a dog like that would of course be useless.

"The Cathedral Choristers received a flattening reception."—*Provincial Paper*.

That should "learn" them to sing sharp.

There was a young man of Combe Florey

Who wrote such a gruesome short story,

The English Review—

Found it rather too blue

And MASEFIELD pronounced it too gory.

TO GENERAL OI.

(The Japanese Commander-in-Chief.)

THE famous commanders of old
Were highly and duly extolled,
But their names, as recorded in song,
As a rule were excessively long—
Unlike that new broth of a boy,
The Japanese General Oi.

For we've bettered in numerous ways
Those polysyllabic old days,
And the names that confounded the
Bosch

Were monosyllabic—like Foch;
But for brevity minus alloy
Give me Generalissimo Oi.

NAPOLEON now is napoo;
ALEXANDER, THEMISTOCLES, too;
And you could not find space on the
screen

For MILTIADES, plucky old bean,
Or the names of the heroes of Troy;
But there's plenty of room for an Oi.

I picture him frugal of speech,
But in action a regular peach—
A figure that might be compared
With a Highlander, chieftain or laird,
Like THE MACKINTOSH, monarch of
Moy,
Redoubtable General Oi.

Anyhow, with so striking a name
You'd be sure of success if you came
To our shores, and might get an invite
To Elmwood to stay for the night,
And sit for your portrait to "Pox,"
Irresistible General Oi.

So here's to you, excellent chief,
Whose name is so tunefully brief.
May your rule be productive of peace,
Like that of our good *Captain Reece*,
And no murmur, no *hororo*
Be raised over General Oi!

THE BRITISH TARPON.

By our Piscatorial Expert.

I HAVE read with great interest, tempered by a little disappointment, the article of Mr. F. A. MITCHELL-HEDGES on "Big Game Fishing in British Waters," in *The Daily Mail* of September 1st. He tells us of his experiences in catching the "tope," a little-known fish of the shark genus which may be caught this month at such places as Herne Bay, Deal, Margate, Ramsgate, Brighton and Bournemouth, where he has captured specimens measuring 7½ feet long within two hundred-and-fifty yards of the shore.

Personally I have a great respect for the tope and for the topiary art, but I cannot help regretting that Mr. MITCHELL-HEDGES has omitted all mention of another splendid fish, the stoot, which visits our shores every year

in the late summer and may be caught at places as widely distant as Barmouth and Great Yarmouth, Porthcawl and Kylescure.

The stoot, be it noted, is a cross between the porpoise and the cuttle-fish; hence its local name of the porputtle. It is a clean feeder, a great fighter and a great delicacy, tasting rather like a mixture of the pilchard, the anchovy and the Bombay duck.

For tackle I recommend a strong greenheart bamboo pole, like those used in pole-jumping, about eighteen feet in length, and about three hundred yards of wire hawser, with a Strathspey four-some reel sufficiently large to hold it. Do not be afraid of the size of the hook. The stoot-fisher cannot afford to take any risks. I do not wish to dogmatise, but it must be big enough to cover the bait. And the stoot is extremely voracious. Almost anything will do for bait, if one remembers, as I have said above, that the stoot is a clean feeder. At different times I have tried a large square of corridor soap, a simulation pancake, three pounds of tough beefsteak or American bacon, or a volume of Sir HENRY HOWORTH'S *History of the Mongols*, and never without satisfactory results.

On arriving at the feeding ground of the stoot, cast your line well out from the boat with a small howitzer. You wait anxiously for the first bite; suddenly the hawser runs taut and there is a scream from the reel. But do not be afraid of the reel screaming. In the circumstances it is a very good sign. Plant the butt of your rod or pole firmly in the socket fitted for the purpose in all motor-stooter boats and let the fish run for about a parasang, and then strike and strike hard. The battle is now begun. Be prepared for a series of tremendous rushes. You will see the stoot's huge bulk dash out of the water; you will hear his voice, which resembles that of the gorilla. This may go on for a long time: if the stoot be full-grown it will take you quite an hour to bring him alongside the boat. Then comes the problem of how to get him in—the hardest of all. The gaff, if possible a good French *gaffe*, is indispensable, but the kilbin, a marine life-preserver resembling a heavy niblick, is a handy weapon at this stage of the conflict. Strike the fish on the head repeatedly—but never on the tail—until he is paralysed and then grasp him firmly by the metatarsal fin or, failing that, by the medulla oblongata, but keep your hands away from his mouth. The teeth of the stoot are terribly sharp and pyorrhoea is not unknown in this species.

Having got the fish on board you

will need a spell of rest. An hour's battle with a stoot is the most sudorific experience that I know, even more so than my contests with red snappers at Mazatlan, in Mexico, or bat-fish off the coasts of Florida. A complete change is necessary.

I have already spoken of the eating qualities of the stoot, which exceed those of the tope. One is enough to provide sustenance for a small country congregation. Cooked *en casserole*, or filleted, or grilled and stuffed with Carlsbad plums, it is delicious.

And lastly it lends itself admirably to curing or preserving. Bottled stoot is in its way as nutritious as Guinness's.

FLOWERS' NAMES.

LONDON PRIDE.

THERE was a haughty maiden

Who lived in London Town,
With gems her shoes were laden,
With gold her silken gown.

"In all the jewelled Indies,
In all the scented East,
Where the hot and spicy wind is,
No lady of the best

Can vie with me," said None-so-pretty
As down she walked through London
City.

"Our walls stand grey and stately;
Our city gates stand high;
Our lords spend wide and greatly;
Our dames go sweeping by;
Our heavy-laden barges
Float down the quiet flood
Where on the pleasant margins
Gay flowers bloom and bud.
Oh, there's no place like London City,
And I'm its crown," said None-so-pretty.

The fairies heard her boasting,
And that they cannot bear;
So off they went a-posting
For charms to bind her there.
They wove their spells around her,
The maiden pink and white;
With magic fast they bound her,
And flowers sprang to sight
All white and pink, called None-so-pretty,
The Pride of dusty London City.

"A City pigeon swooped down suddenly out of nowhere and all but took the cap off a bricklayer at the rate of forty miles an hour."

Daily Paper.

It will be observed that the speed was that of the bird and not the bricklayer.

"At — Church, on Monday last, a very interesting wedding was solemnised, the contracting parties being Mr. Richard —, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. —, and a bouquet of pink carnations."—*Welsh Paper.*

There has been nothing like this since GILBERT wrote of—

"An attachment à la Plato
For a bashful young potato."



"WOT YER MEAN PHOTOGRAPHIN' MY WIFE? I SAW YER."

"YOU'RE QUITE MISTAKEN; I—I WOULDN'T DO SUCH A THING."

"WOT YER MEAN—WOULDN'T? SHE'S THE BEST-LOOKIN' WOMAN ON THE BEACH."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH continues to be the chronicler and brief abstractor of Sussex country life. Her latest story, *Green Apple Harvest* (CASSELL), may lack the brilliant focus of *Tamarisk Town*, but it is more genuine and of the soil. There indeed you have the dominant quality of this tale of three farming brothers. Never was a book more redolent of earth; hardly (and I mean this as a compliment) will you close it without an instinctive impulse to wipe your boots. The brothers are *Jim*, the eldest, hereditary master of the great farm of Bodingmares; *Clem*, the youngest, living contentedly in the position of his brother's labourer; and *Bob*, the central character, whose dark and changing fortunes make the matter of the book, as his final crop of tragedy gives to it the at first puzzling title. There is too much variety of incident in *Bob's* uneasy life for me to follow it in detail. The tale is sad—such a harvesting of green apples gives little excuse for festival—but at each turn, in his devouring and fatal love for the gipsy, *Hannah*, in his abandonment by her, and most of all in his breaking adventures of the soul, now saved, now damned, he remains a tragically moving figure. Miss KAYE-SMITH, in short, has written a novel that lacks the sunshine of its predecessors, but shows a notable gathering of strength.

Would you not have thought that at this date motor-cars had definitely joined umbrellas and mothers-in-law as themes in which no further humour was to be found? Yet here is Miss JESSIE CHAMPION writing a whole book, *The Ramshackle Adventure* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON),

all about the comical vagaries of a cheap car—a history that, while it has inevitably its dull moments, has many more that are both amusing and full of a kind of charm that the funny-book too often conspicuously lacks. I think this must be because almost all the characters are such human and kindly folk, not the lay figures of galvanic farce that one had only too much reason to expect. For example, the owner of the car is a curate, whose wife is supposed to relate the story, and *George* has to drive the Bishop in his unreliable machine. Naturally one anticipates (a little drearily) upsets and ditches and episcopal fury, instead of which—well, I think I won't tell you what happens instead, but it is something at once far more probable and pleasant. I must not forget to mention that the cast also includes a pair of engaging lovers whom eventually the agency of the car unites. Indeed, to pass over the lady would display on my part the blackest ingratitude, since among her many attractive peculiarities it is expressly mentioned that she (be still, O leaping heart!) reads the letter-press in *Punch*.

Mrs. EDITH MARY MOORE has devoted her great abilities to proving in *The Blind Marksman* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) how shockingly bad the little god's shooting became towards the end of last century. She proves it by the frustrated hopes of *Jane*, her heroine, who in utter ignorance of life marries a man whose pedestrian attitude of mind is quite unfitted to keep pace with her own passionate and eager hurry of idealism. She becomes household drudge to a master who cannot even talk the language which she speaks naturally, and discovers in a man she has known all her life the lover she should have married, only to lose

him in the European War. Here you have both *Jane* and the ineffective husband—for whom I was sincerely sorry, because he asked so very little of life and didn't even get that—badly left, and the case against Cupid looks black. Mrs. MOORE does what she can for him by blaming our Victorian ancestors and their habits of mind; but I think it is only fair to add that, delightful as *Jane* is, she was not made for happiness any more than the people who enjoy poor health have it in them to be robust, and that, true as much of the author's criticism is, she has not been able to give *The Blind Marksman*, for his future improvement, any very helpful ideas as to how he is to shoot.

The Devil, in so far as I have met him in fiction, has usually been a highly successful intriguer on behalf of anyone prepared to make the necessary bargain. Sir RONALD ROSS, however, to judge from the rather confused mediæval happenings in the Alps which are faithfully described in *The Revels of Orsera* (MURRAY), has rather a low opinion of the intelligence of Mephistopheles. Anyhow, a certain *Zozimo*, deformed in body but of great romantic sensibility, appears to have exchanged his outward presence for that of a rich and handsome young Count, and in this guise wooed the *Lady Lelita*, for whose sake her father had devised a magnificent contest of suitors at Andermatt in the year 1495. After a great deal of preliminary bungling the supposititious Count, with the Devil in *Zozimo's* shape as his body-servant, was just about to secure the object of his affections when *Zozimo* was stabbed by his mother, with the result that the double identity was fused and the *Lady Lelita* was left with a dying dwarf as her knight.

If the plot of *The Revels of Orsera* is a little unsatisfying the elaboration of scenic description and mediæval pageantry is conscientious in the extreme, and the laughter which followed the malicious pranks of *Gangogo*, the professional jester of the tourney, must, if I am to take the author's word for it, have made the glaciers ring. There is a great deal in the way of philosophy and psychology that is very baffling in this book, but of one thing I feel certain, and that is that the Elemental Spirits of the Heights, to whom frequent allusion is made, must find the winter sports of a later age a sorry substitute for the rare old frolics of the fifteenth century.

It can at least be claimed for Mrs. MARGARET BAILLIE SAUNDERS that she has provided an original setting and "chores" for her new novel, *Becky & Co.* (HUTCHINSON). Tales of City courtship have been written often enough, but the combination here of a millinery establishment and a community of Little Sisters of St. Francis under one roof in the Minories, gives a stimulating atmosphere to a story otherwise not specially distinguished. *Becky* was, as perhaps you may have guessed, head of the millinery business, next door to which was housed the firm of *Ray, St. Cloud & Sciggany*, leather-dressers, the three partners in

which all presently become suitors for the hand of *Becky*. This in effect is the story—under which thimble will the heart of the heroine be eventually found?—a problem that, in view of the obviously superior claims of young *St. Cloud* over his two elderly rivals, will not leave you long guessing. An element of novel complication is however furnished by the device of making *St. Cloud* at first engaged to *Ray's* daughter, who, subsequently retiring into the Franciscan sisterhood, left her fiancé free to become the rival of her widowed father. (As the late DAN LENO used to observe, this is a little intricate!) For the rest, as I have said, an agreeable, very feminine story of mingled sentiment, commerce and ecclesiastical interest, the last predominating.

It is possible that *The Sea Bride* (MILLS AND BOON) may be too violent to suit all tastes, for Mr. BEN AMES WILLIAMS writes of men primitive in their loves and hates, and he describes them graphically. The scenes of this story are set on the whaler *Sally*, commanded by a man of mighty



"HAVEN'T YOU ANYONE YOU CAN PLAY WITH, BOBBY?"
"I HAVE ONE FRIEND—BUT I HATE HIM."

renown in the whaling world. When we meet him he has passed his prime and has just taken unto himself a young wife. She goes with him in the *Sally*, and the way in which Mr. WILLIAMS shows how her courage increases as her husband's character weakens wins my most sincere admiration. His tale would be nothing out of the common but for his skill in giving individuality to his characters. Things happen on the *Sally*, bloodthirsty, sinister, terrible things, which the author neither glosses nor gloats over, being content to make them appear essential to the development of the story. I am going to keep

my eye on Mr. WILLIAMS, chiefly because he can write enthrallingly, but partly to see if he will accept a word of advice and be a little more sparing in his use of those little dots . . . which are the first and last infirmity of writers who have no sense of punctuation.

When a young man sets out to London to make money for his relations he usually (in a novel) writes a book which sells prodigiously—quite an easy thing to do in a novel. Mr. JOHN WILBERFORCE, however, avoids the beaten track in *The Champion of the Family* (FISHER UNWIN). *Jack Brockhurst*, the champion in question, became a member of the Stock Exchange, and, if you will accept my invitation and follow his fortunes, I can promise you a fluttering time. Mr. WILBERFORCE's name is unknown to me, and I judge him more experienced in the mysteries of the Stock Exchange than in the art of fiction; but I like his constructive ability and I like his courage. He does not hesitate to make his champion a prig, which is exactly what a youth so idolised by his family would be likely to become. But, though a prig by training, *Jack* was not by nature a bore, and his relations (especially his father and sister) are delightful people. Altogether I find this a most promising performance.

CHARIVARIA.

PROHIBITION meetings in Scotland, says an official, have been attended by fifty thousand people. We should not have thought there were so many aliens in Scotland.

At an Oldbury wedding the other day a brick was thrown at the bridegroom. There is no excuse for this sort of thing with confetti so cheap.

One of the Pacific Islands, we read, is so small that the House of Commons could not be planted on it. A great pity.

"Do hotel chefs use cookery-books?" asks a home journal. Our own opinion is that quite a large proportion of them cook by ear.

Fourteen thousand artificial teeth recently stolen from premises in East London have not been recovered. While not attempting to indicate the guilty party, we cannot refrain from pointing out that several Labour leaders have recently been showing a good many more teeth than they were thought entitled to possess.

At the Trades Union Congress a protest was made against the Unemployment Insurance Act. This must not be confused with the miners' threat to strike. That is merely a method of ensuring unemployment.

The arrangement by which a hundred-and-fifty amateur brass bands are to play at the Crystal Palace on September 25th looks like an attempt to distract us from the miners' strike fixed for that day.

A Ramsgate man charged with shooting a cat denied that he fired at it. The animal is said to have dashed at the bullet and impaled himself upon it.

It has been agreed, says a news item, that milk shall be tenpence a quart this winter. Not by us.

The War Office announces that Arabs in Southern Mesopotamia have captured a British armoured train. It should be pointed out to these Arab rebels that

it is such behaviour as this that discourages the tourist spirit.

Upon reading that another lady had failed in her attempt to swim the Channel a Scotsman inquires whether the Cross-Channel steamer rates have been increased, like everything else.

We are informed that at a football match recently played in the Rhondda Valley the referee won.

General OBREGON, says an unofficial message, has been elected President of Mexico. The startling report that he has decided to reverse the safe policy of his predecessors and recognise the United States requires corroboration.



Special Correspondent. "WHEN THEY RELEASED ME THEY SAID THAT IF I SHOWED MY FACE IN IRELAND AGAIN I SHOULD BE SHOT."
Editor. "I'LL LET THESE SINN FEINERS SEE THAT I'M NOT TO BE INTIMIDATED. YOU'LL GO BACK BY THE NEXT TRAIN."

Everybody should economise after a great war, says an American film producer. We always do our best after every great war.

According to an official report only fifty policemen were bitten by dogs in London last week. The falling off is said to be due to the fact that it has been rather a good year for young and tender postmen.

Some highly-strung persons, says a medical writer, are even afraid of inanimate objects. This accounts for many nervous people being afraid of venturing too near a plumber.

"I only want the potatoes in the allotment and not the earth," said a complainant at Deptford. It is evident that, if this man is a trade unionist, he is a raw amateur.

Doctors at Vicenza have threatened to strike. This means that people in that neighbourhood will have to die without medical assistance.

"Chief Hailstorm," of the Texas Rangers, has arrived in London. His brother, Chief Rainstorm, has, of course, been with us most of the summer.

Girls, declares a well-known City caterer, are acquiring bigger appetites. We somehow suspected that the demand for a return of the wasp waist had influential interests behind it.

The wife of a miner in Warwickshire has recently presented her husband with three baby boys. We understand that Mr. SMILLIE is sorry to have missed three extra strike-votes which he would have obtained had the boys been born a little earlier.

An extraordinary story reaches us from North London. It appears that during the building of a house a brick slipped unnoticed from a hod and fell into its correct position, with the result that the accountant employed by the bricklayers could not balance his books at the end of the day.

"As science measures time," declares an eminent geologist, "the Garden of Eden was a thing of yesterday." All we can say is, "Where was Council-lor CLARK yesterday?"

"POLES OVER THE LINE."
Evening Paper.

So that accounts for the weather.

"Whatever other defects may be alleged against the scarlet uniform, it certainly makes for two things—discipline and smartness—and these two are very important factors in discipline."

"Civil and Military Gazette," Lahore.
Especially the former.

"During the night, she [Mrs. Hamilton, the Channel swimmer] said, 'I occasionally took hot drinks and ate cold roast chicken, the small bones of which I kept chewing, as it seemed to assist me...'"

A strict vegetarian, Mrs. Hamilton will sometimes swim five miles before dinner, and skips for a few minutes every day.

Scottish Paper.
She should skip the chicken if she wants us to be excited about her strict vegetarianism.

DOGGEREL.

TO THE PRIME MINISTER'S ST. BERNARD PUP.

ERE your native country figured as the home of winter sport,

Paradise of spies and agents, and for kings a last resort;
Ere the hospitable chamois lent his haunts to Bolsh and Hun

Or the queue of rash toboggans took the curve of Cresta Run;

Long before a locomotive climbed the Rigi, cog by cog,
Fame had mentioned your forefathers—such a noble breed of dog,

How they tracked the lonely traveller with their nimble, sleuthy snouts,

Till beneath a billowy snowdrift they remarked his whereabouts.

How they dug him out of cold-store like a Canterbury sheep,
Took their tongues and kindly licked him where his nose had gone to sleep,

Called attention to the cognac which they wore in little kegs
And remobilised the stagnant circulation in his legs.

How they lifted up their voices, baying like an iron bell,
Till the monks of good St. BERNARD heard the same and ran like hell—

Ran and bore him to their hospice, where they put him into bed

And applied a holy posset stiff enough to wake the dead.

Heir to this superb tradition, born to such a pride of race,
From the doggy *flair* that tells you what a lineage you can trace

You will draw, I trust, a solace for the strange and alien scene

Where you undergo purgation in a stuffy quarantine.

Further, if a homesick feeling sets you itching in the scalp
With a wave of poignant longing for the odour of an Alp,
Let this thought (a thing of splendour) help to keep your pecker up—

You have had a high promotion; you are now a Premier's pup!

You shall guard his sacred portals, you shall eat from off his plate,

Mix with private secretaries; move behind the veil of State,

And at Ministerial councils, as a special form of treat,
You shall sniff at WINSTON's trousers, you shall fondle CURZON's feet.

You may even serve your master as an expert, one who knows

All the rules regarding salvage in the Great St. Bernard snows,

Do him good by utilising your hereditary gift
To retrieve his Coalition from a constant state of drift.

O. S.

THE PRODIGES.

WE—Great-aunts Emily and Louisa—had in our innocence been telling a few old fairy stories at bedtime to those three prococities whom our hosts call their children.

We knew that they talked Latin and Greek in their sleep and were too much for their parents in argument, but we thought that at least, at the story hour—

We were stopped by Drusilla. "I don't think much of the moral of that one," she remarked. "It would seem to illustrate the Evil Consequences of Benevolence!"

"But she came alive again," said Evadne, the youngest, in extenuation.

"And the wolf was killed," we ventured in defence of our old story.

"Still," persisted Drusilla, "you couldn't call it encouraging."

"Then in the other case," went on Claude thoughtfully, "considering that she had been left in sole charge of the house and had no business to go out and leave it to the mercy of burglars, what moral are we to draw from the fact that she married a Prince and lived happily ever afterwards?"

"Most of them have that sort of moral," said Drusilla. "And they are every one of them devoid of humour, except of the most obvious kind—no subtlety."

"When I was your age," said poor Louisa gently, "I used to laugh very heartily over the adventures of *Tom Thumb*."

Claude seemed touched. "There are some capital situations in certain of them," he conceded, "which might be quite effectively treated."

"How?" we asked weakly.

It was Drusilla, the most alarming of the children, who finally undertook to sketch us out an example.

After a short meditation, "Something like this," she said. "The situation, of course, you have met with before, but as remodelled you might call it—

THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE;

OR,

THE BAD FAIRY FOILED.

A certain King and Queen had one daughter, to whose christening they invited a large company, forgetting as usual a particularly important and bad-tempered Fairy, who signified her annoyance in the usual manner.

The attendants of the little Princess (having read their story-books) were preparing dolefully enough to fall asleep for a hundred years, when the Fairy, with a contemptuous sniff, remarked that the spell would not take effect for some time yet.

They breathed again and had almost forgotten the affair by the time the Princess had grown up. But the Fairy had so arranged it that the spell fell upon the Princess at the time when she was engaged in making her choice of a husband from among the suitors who had arrived at her father's Court.

The Princess was now bewitched in this way—that good men appeared bad, ugly men handsome, and *vice versa*. The Fairy had hoped that she would thus make a mess of her matrimonial affairs and live unhappily ever after.

But she had reckoned without the disposition of the Princess, a kind good girl with an overpowering sense of duty. When pressed to choose, she replied firmly, "I will have no other than Prince Felix."

To her his ugliness seemed pathetic and his character evidently needed reformation so urgently that she longed to be at the job. No one wondered at her choice, for he was, of course, the most handsome and excellent of men.

Ultimately the Fairy broke her spell in a fit of exasperation, but without any gratifying result. The Princess seemed happier than ever and would sometimes say to a slightly puzzled friend:—

"Hasn't Felix improved *wonderfully* since I married him?"

"From 1910 to 1916 he was Viceroy in India, governing the Dependency through very critical years and enjoying general esteem, as was made clear in 1912, when an attempt was made to assassinate him at Delhi."—"Daily Mail" on Lord Hardinge.

It sounds like a *succès d'estime*.



THE PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

MR. SMILLIE. "I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF YOUR PAYING SO MUCH FOR YOUR COAL. I MUST PUT THAT RIGHT; I MUST SEE THAT YOU DON'T GET ANY."



First Tramp. "IN THIS BIT O' NOOSPAPER IT SAYS: 'THE 'OLE CAUSE OF THE WORLD'S PRESENT DISORDER IS THE UNIVERSAL SPIRIT OF UNREST. I WONDER IF THAT'S TRUE?'"

Second Tramp. "I AIN'T NOTICED IT."

THE COAL CUP.

It seems to me that we all take a great deal of interest in the miners when they strike, but not nearly enough when they hew. And yet this business of hacking large lumps of fuel out of a hole, since civilisation really depends on it, ought to be represented to us from day to day as the beautiful and thrilling thing that it really is. Yet if we put aside for a moment Mr. SMILLIE's present demands, we find the main topics of discussion in the daily Press as I write are roughly these:—

- (1) The prospects of League Football and the Cup Ties.
- (2) Ireland.
- (3) The prevalence of deafness amongst blue-eyed cats.
- (4) Mesopotamia.
- (5) The Fall of Man.
- (6) The sale of *The Daily Mail*, whose circulation during the coming winter is for some reason or other supposed to be almost as important to the children of England as their own.

Of all these topics the first is, of course, by far the most absorbing, and almost everyone has remarked how the love of sport, for which Britons are

famous, is growing more passionate than ever. It is not only cricket and football, of course; only the other day there was a shilling sweepstake on the St. Leger in our office and, from what I hear of the form of Westmorland in the County Croquet Championship during the past season—but I have no time to discuss these things now.

The point is that, whilst this excitement over games grows greater and greater, the country is suffering, say the economists, from under-production and the inflation of the wage-bill. This means that everyone is trying to do less work and get more money for it, a very natural ambition which nobody can blame the miners from sharing. I suppose that if they all stopped mining and we had to depend for warmth on wrapping ourselves up in moleskins, the molliers, or whatever they are called, would strike for a two-shillings rise as well.

The worst of it is that under-production, say the economists again (there is no keeping anything from these smart lads), sends prices up. Obviously then there is only one thing to do: we must take advantage of the prevailing passion and make mining (and other industries

too for that matter) a form of sport. The daily papers should find very little difficulty in doing this.

WHO HEWS HARDEST?
CLAIM BY A LANARKSHIRE COLLIER would do very well for the headings of a preliminary article; and the claim of the Lanarkshire collier would, I am sure, be instantly challenged. After a few letters we might have a suggestion, say from Wales, that no team of eleven miners could hew so hard and so much as a Welsh one. And from that it would be only a short step to the formation of district league competitions and an international championship. Or the old-time system under which cricketers were matched for a stake by sporting patrons might be revived, and we should have headlines in the evening Press after this fashion:—

HUGE HEWING CONTEST.
NOTTS FOREST v. NEWCASTLE UNITED.
TREMENDOUS WAGER BETWEEN
THE DUKES OF PORTLAND AND
NORTHUMBERLAND

and all the glades of Sherwood and the banks where the wild Tyne flows would be glad.

It will be objected, of course, that the

hewing of coal is not a spectacular affair. You cannot pack sixty thousand spectators into a mine to watch a hewing match, and even if you could the lighting is bad; but that is just where the skill of the reporters would come in. After all, we do not most of us see the races on which we bet, nor the Golf Championship, nor even BECKETT and WELLS. But there would be articles on the correct swing whilst hewing, and the proper stance, and how far the toes should be turned in; the chances of every team would be discussed; the current odds would be quoted, and, whoever won, the consumer would score, whilst the strongest hewers would become popular heroes and be photographed on the back-page standing beside their hews.

I admit that the South of England and London in particular would have very little share in these competitions, and we should depend for local interest mainly upon the promising young colts from the Kentish nurseries. But we could find out from our dealers where our coals came from and follow from afar the fortunes of our adopted teams; and Cabinet Ministers, at any rate, could distribute their patronage and their presence with tact over the various areas involved.

MR. BALFOUR HEWS OFF AT DURHAM

is another headline which seems to suggest itself, and I should strongly urge the PRIME MINISTER, who has returned, I hear, with a St. Bernard from the Alps, to lose no time in selecting a more appropriate playmate.

PREMIER AT TONY PANDY.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE PATS PET PIT-PONY

is the kind of thing I mean, and very hard also to say six times quickly without making a mistake.

Obviously the result of all this would be that not only would the miners be justified in asking for more money, but that the country would be able to afford it; and similar competitive leagues, to supersede trade unions, would soon be formed by other trades. One seems to hear faintly the loud plaudits of the onlookers as two crack teams of West-end road-menders step smartly into the arena

EVOE.

Our Bolshevik Colonies.

"Married Shepherd, used hilly country and all farm and station work, desires Situation; wife would cook one or two men."

"The Press," Christchurch, N. Z.

"Miss —, a soubrette, whose songs lean towards the voluptuous, sank 'Somebody's Baby.' Her encore number, 'You'd be Surprised,' was even more so."

"The Dominion," Wellington, N. Z.



Woodland Sprite (from Stepney, to eminent botanist). "PLEASE, MISTER, MAGGIE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT YOU CHARGE FOR TAKING TWINS?"

THE PASSING OF THE CRADLE.

[According to a report which recently appeared in a daily paper, cradles for infants are becoming a thing of the past.]

SNUG retreat for mother's treasure,

Shall I pine as I repeat

Rumour's strange report, which says
you're

Virtually obsolete?

Shall these lips a doleful lyric

Proffer at your ghostly bier,

Or compose a panegyric

Moistened with a minstrel's tear?

Me the theme leaves too unshaken,

Though "some" father more or less;

Better 'twere if undertaken

By my wife (a poetess);

And, if I be asked, Why vainly

Occupy, then, so much space?

My concern, I'll say, is mainly

With the woman in the case.

For, when she and you shall sever
(Though 'tis early yet to crow),
Your departure may for ever
Lay her proudest triumph low;
Yes, while men (I'm much afraid) 'll
Round her fingers still be twirled,
If her hand can't rock a cradle
It may cease to boss the world.

Commercial Candour.

"Irate Householders, why be swindled in a clumsy manner? Fetch your second-hand clothing to me and be done in the most approved style."—*Daily Paper*.

"MORE LITERARY HEREDITY.

Fresh literary fame seems to be pending for the Maurice Hewlett family circle.

Mr. Robin Richards, the son-in-law of the famous novelist, is about to appeal to fiction readers with his first novel."—*Daily Paper*.

No more of the old-fashioned DARWIN and GALTON nonsense about fathers and children.

SEVEN WHITEBAIT.

HERE and there in the drab routine of modern existence it is still possible to catch an occasional glimpse of romance and courageous living, and in the volume which lies before us as we write we are given a generous measure of peril and adventure in fairy seas forlorn. *From Whitebait to Kipper: The Story of Seven Lives*, is the vivid record of a family of herrings, set down (posthumously, it would seem) with refreshing simplicity by Walter Herring, the youngest and perhaps the most brilliant of the family. The story begins with the early childhood of Walter, John, Isabel, Margaret, Rupert, Stéphanie and little Foch, the last of whom was so named because he was born on the anniversary of the Armistice. (As a matter of fact they were all born on the same day, but for some reason which is not explained only one of them was called Foch.)

You, reader, are one of those ignorant people who do so much discredit to our Public Schools. You fondly think that the whitebait is a special kind of fish, that there are father whitebaits and mother whitebaits and baby whitebaits. You are wrong. There are only baby whitebaits. At least there are baby herrings and baby pilchards, and these are called whitebait because they are eaten by the mackerel and because they look white when they are swimming upside down.

Anyhow Walter and John and Isabel and Margaret and Rupert and Stéphanie and little Foch began life as whitebait. They used to charge about the Cornish seas with whole platefuls of other whitebait, millions of them, and wherever they went they were pursued by thousands of mackerel, who wanted to eat them. One day John felt that the moment was very near when he would be eaten by a mackerel, and he was quite right. Isabel felt the same thing, but she was wrong. She jumped out of the water and was eaten by a sea-gull. When the fishermen saw Isabel leaping into the air they came out and caught the mackerel in a net. They also caught Margaret with a lot of other whitebait, and she was eaten by a barrister at "Claridge's."

There were now four of the family who had not been eaten by anyone. It is extraordinary when you come to think of it that any herring ever contrives to reach maturity at all. What with the mackerel and the seagulls and the barristers, everybody seems to be against it. However, Walter, Rupert and Foch succeeded. Stéphanie just missed. Walter and Rupert and Foch had jolly soft roes, a fact which is

recorded in a cynical little poem by the precocious Foch, believed to be the only literary work of a whitebait now extant. We have only space here to quote the opening couplet:—

The herrings with the nice soft roes
Are gentlemen; the rest are does.

The survivors of the family had now to choose a career. From the beginning it seems to have been recognised that Stéphanie at least would have to be content with a humbler sphere than her more gifted brothers. She had a hard roe and was rather looked down upon. But she was an independent little thing and her pride revolted at a life of subjection at home; so while still a girl she went off on her own and got mixed up with some pilchards who were just being caught in a net. Stéphanie was caught too and became a sardine. She was carefully oiled and put in a tin, and she was eaten at a picnic near Hampton Court. But there is every reason to suppose that she was eaten happy, since in those less exacting circles nobody seemed to mind about her hard roe, which had been a perpetual bug-bear to her in the herring world.

Meanwhile the remaining three had decided on a career. They were determined to be fresh herrings. This is of course the highest ambition of all herrings, though sadly few succeed in attaining it. One herring in his time plays many parts (SHAKESPEARE); he can seldom say with confidence what exactly he will be to-morrow; but he can be fairly certain that it won't be a fresh herring. Of our three survivors Rupert alone was to win the coveted distinction. He grew to be a fine boy and was eaten at Hammersmith, where his plump but delicate roe gave the greatest satisfaction. It was not eaten in the ordinary humdrum way, but was thickly spread on a piece of buttered toast, generously peppered, and devoured. And when his "wish" was placed on the kitchen-range, swelled rapidly and burst with a loud report, his cup of happiness was full.

Little Foch, alas, failed to fulfil his youthful promise and became a common bloater. Worse than that, he was bloated too thoroughly and was almost impossible to eat. Even his lovely roe, the pride of his heart, became so salt that the Rector of Chitlings finally rejected it with ignominy, though not before he had consumed so much of it that he had to drink the whole of his sermon-water before he began to preach.

But it was Walter, Walter the chronicler, Walter the clever, the daring, the ambitious, leader in every escapade, adviser in every difficulty, who was to suffer the crowning humiliation. Walter became a kipper. If

there is one thing that a herring cannot stand it is to be separated from his roe. Walter's roe was ruthlessly torn from him and served up separate on toast, with nothing to show that it was the glorious roe of Walter. It was eaten at the Criterion by a stockbroker, and it might have been anybody's roe. Meanwhile the mutilated frame, the empty shell of Walter, was squashed flat in a wooden box with a mass of others and sold at an auction by the pound. It broke his heart. A. P. H.

FLOWERS' NAMES.

LADY'S SLIPPER.

COUNTRY gossips, nodding slow
When the fire is burning low,
Or chatting round about the well
On the green at Ashlins Dell,
With many a timid backward glance
And fingers crossed and eyes askance,
Still tell about the Midmas Day
When Marget Malherb went away.

"After Midmas Day shall break,
Maidens, neither brew nor bake:
See your house be sanded clean;
Wear no stitch of fairy green;
Go barefoot; wear nor hose nor shoon
From rise of sun to rise of moon;
For the Good People watch and wait
Waiting early, watching late,
For foolish maids who treat with
scorn

The mystic rites of Midmas Morn."
Marget Malherb tossed her head,
"I fear no fairies' charms," she said—
For she'd new slippers she would wear

To show her lad the pretty pair,
Soft green leather, buckled red—
"I fear no fairies' charms," she said.
She drew them on and laughed in
scorn,
And out she danced on Midmas Morn.

Nevermore was Marget seen;
But when her lover sought the green
A Fairy Ring was all he found—
A Fairy Ring on the weeping ground;
And by the hedge a flower grew,
Long and slender, filled with dew,
Green and pointed, ribboned red;
And still you'll find them as I've said.

And Marget comes, so gossips say,
To wear her shoes on Midmas Day.

The Gladiatorial Spirit.

"Crossbie would have done better to have shot himself, but he gave the ball to his partner."—*Provincial Paper*.

"MILK PRICES UP.

HIGHER CHARGE TO MEET THE COST OF PETROL."

Daily Paper.

We always thought it was water that they used.

"EVERYBODY COULD BE LIKE US"



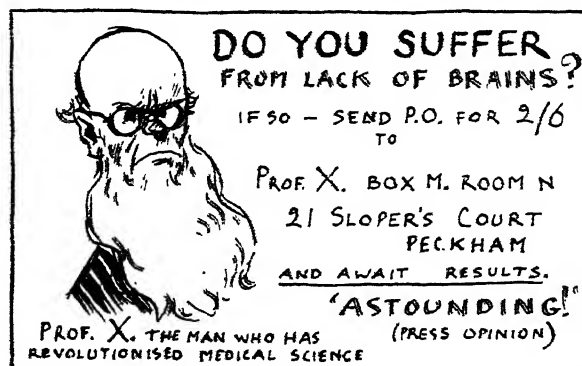
BY TAKING
"PLUMPO"
TABLETS.
THE
SECRET OF
**STRENGTH
AND
BEAUTY**

WHY MAKE A SIGHT
OF YOURSELF?



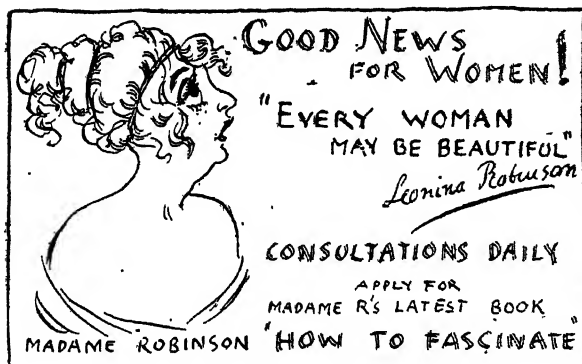
ONE BOTTLE OF
"FRIZOLIN" FIXES THE HAIR
LIKE GLUE

DO YOU SUFFER
FROM LACK OF BRAINS?
IF SO - SEND P.O. FOR 2/6
TO
PROF. X. BOX M. ROOM N
21 SLOPER'S COURT
PECKHAM
AND AWAIT RESULTS.
'ASTOUNDING!'
(PRESS OPINION)

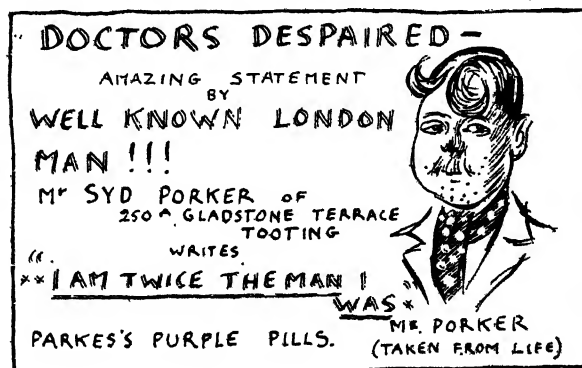


PROF. X. THE MAN WHO HAS
REVOLUTIONISED MEDICAL SCIENCE

GOOD NEWS
FOR WOMEN!
"EVERY WOMAN
MAY BE BEAUTIFUL"
Leonina Robinson
CONSULTATIONS DAILY
APPLY FOR
MADAME R'S LATEST BOOK
MADAME ROBINSON 'HOW TO FASCINATE'



DOCTORS DESPAIRED -
AMAZING STATEMENT
BY
WELL KNOWN LONDON
MAN !!!
MR SYD PORKER OF
250, GLADSTONE TERRACE
TOOTING
WRITES
"I AM TWICE THE MAN I
WAS"
PARKES'S PURPLE PILLS.
MR. PORKER
(TAKEN FROM LIFE)



Cecilia BLOBS
ROBES



LEWIS BAYNE

THE PERSUASIVE POWER OF BEAUTY IN ART.

A DIFFERENCE OF CLASS.

It is without doubt the most expensive hotel on the front, and the palatial dining-room in which we have just lunched is furnished and decorated in that sumptuously luxurious style to which only wealth, untrammelled by art, is able to attain. Personally I cannot afford to take my meals at such places, and I know that the same holds good of my fellow-guest, Charteris. Charteris was the best scholar of our year at Oriel, and since his demobilisation he and his wife have been living in two rooms, except during the periods when their son joins them for his holidays from Winchester. But our host is still possessed of an obstinate wealth which even the War has done little to diminish, and, as he himself puts it, is really grateful to those of his old friends who will help him in public to support the ignominy.

At the moment, having finished lunch, we have betaken ourselves to wicker-chairs in the porch, and Charteris and our host being deep in a golf discussion I venture once more to turn a covert attention to the exceedingly splendid couple who have just followed us out from the dining-room. I noticed them first on my arrival, when they were just getting out of their Rolls-Royce, and the admiration which I then conceived for them was even further enhanced during lunch by a near view of the lady's diamonds and of the Cinquevalli-like dexterity shown by her husband in balancing a full load of peas on the concave side of a fork. At present the man, somewhat flushed with champagne, is smoking an enormous cigar with a red-and-gold band round it, while the lady, her diamonds flashing in the sunshine, leans back in her chair and regards with supercilious eyes the holiday crowds that throng the pavement below.

Following her glance my attention is suddenly arrested by the strange behaviour of two passers-by, who have stopped in the middle of the pavement and, after exchanging some excited comments, are staring fixedly towards us. From their appearance they would seem to be a typical husband and wife of the working-class on holiday, and it occurs to me that, given the clothes and the diamonds, they might well be occupying the wicker-chairs of the couple opposite. Evidently the sight of somebody or something in the hotel porch

has excited them greatly, for they continue to stare up at us with a hostile concentration that renders them quite unconscious of the frantic efforts of the small child who accompanies them to tug them towards the beach. After a moment they exchange a few more quick words, and the man leaves his companion and makes his way towards us. Ascending the hotel steps with an air of great determination he comes to a halt before the couple opposite.

"'Ere, I've bin lookin' for you," he begins accusingly.

The Rolls-Royce owner takes the

eye. For the moment the object of this serious charge is too taken aback to be capable of speech.

"'Ran over my child's b'loon,'" repeats the other inexorably. "Leastways your chauffeur did. An' when we 'ollered out to yer to stop you just rushed on like a runaway railway-train."

Rolls-Royce, conscious of the curious gaze of the entire company, pulls himself together and regards his accuser unfavourably.

"First I've 'eard of it," he growls. "Where was the balloon anyway? In the road, I s'pose?"

"Yes, it *was* in the road," retorts the other defiantly, "where it's got every right to be. Road's there for the convenience of b'loon-fliers just as much as for motor-cars. More."

"Look 'ere, that's enough of it," says the car-owner harshly. "If the balloon got run over it's yer own fault for letting it go in the road."

"That's a nice way to talk," suddenly comes in shrill tones from the woman below, who has edged her way to the foot of the steps. "We don't go buyin' balloons for you to run over in yer cars. We're respectable people, we are, an' we work for our livin'."

"Drivin' about in a car like an express train, runnin' over other people's b'loons," corroborates her husband bitterly. "Wot country d'yer think yer in? Prussia?"

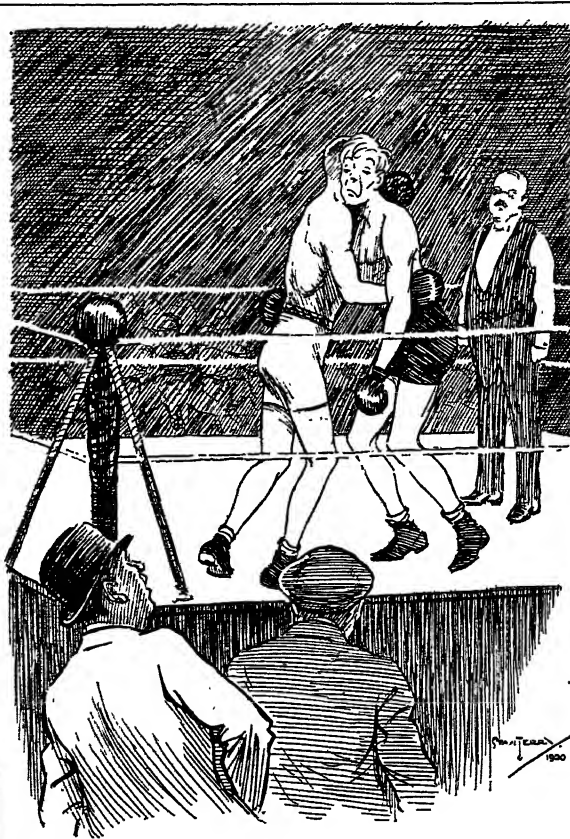
By this time a small crowd has gathered on the pavement and is gazing up at the protagonists with ghoulish interest. The lady in the diamonds, a prey to mingled indignation and alarm, has leant towards her spouse and is whispering to him urgently, but he shakes her off with an impatient movement.

"Not on yer life," he snaps. "They won't get a cent out o' me."

"Ho, won't we!" exclaims his accuser hotly. "We'll soon see about that. We're English people, we are—we don't allow people to go about destroyin' our b'loons."

"No wonder they're so rich," cries the woman at the bottom of the steps in satirical tones. "That's the way to get rich, that is—destroyin' other people's prop'ty an' then refusin' to pay for it. Anybody could get rich that way."

Reflections on the feasibility of this novel financial scheme are cut short by the appearance at the top of the steps of the hotel porter, who touches the



Bored Spectator. "'ERE, NOT SO MUCH OF THE CA-CANNY."

cigar from his mouth and gazes in astonishment at the accusing apparition before him.

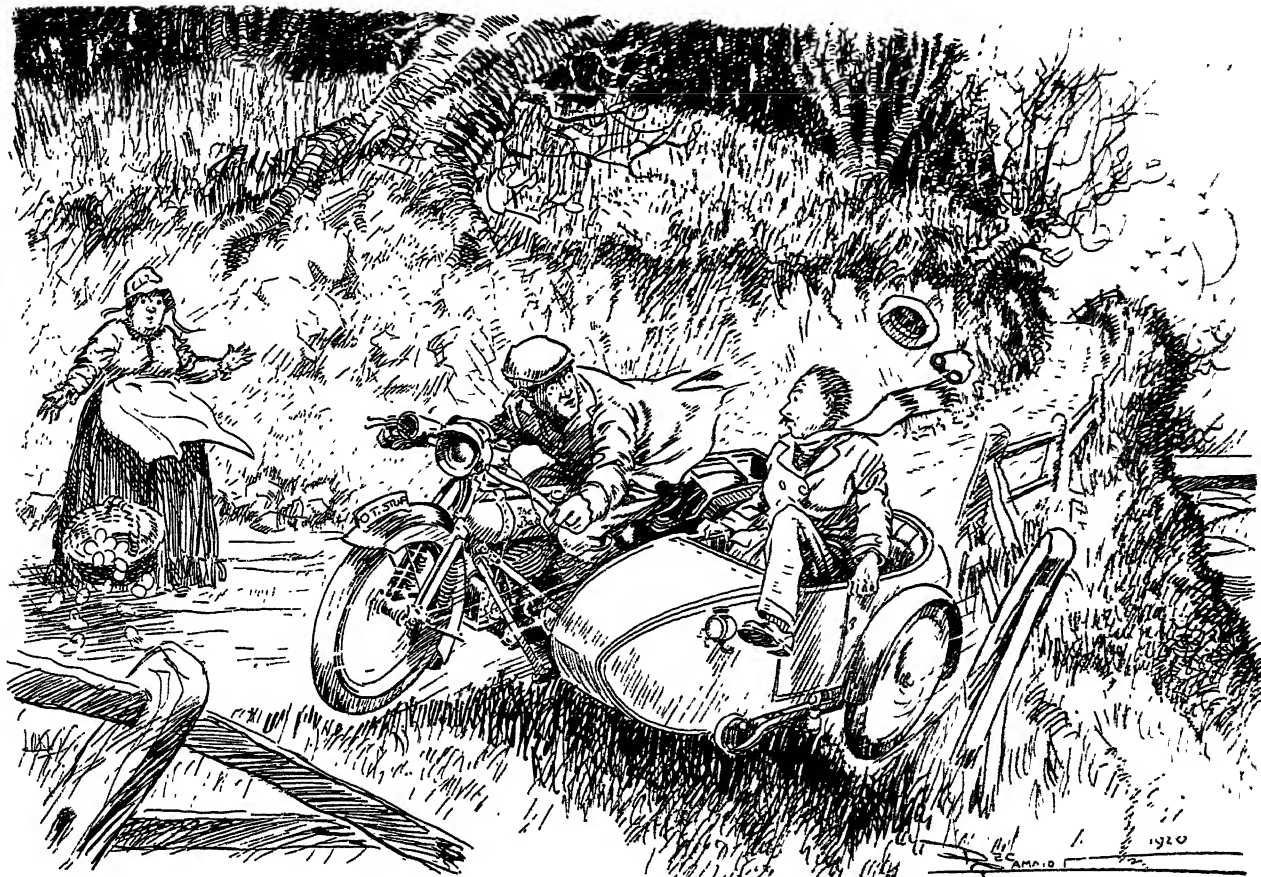
"A hour ago," pursues the newcomer relentlessly, "you was driving along the front here in a whackin' great car. It ain't no good denyin' it, 'cos I took the number."

"What d'ye mean—denying it?" exclaims Rolls-Royce. "Who's denying anything?"

"It ain't no good tryin' to deny it," retorts the other. "An' it ain't no good denyin' wot you did neether, 'cos I've got my missus 'ere to prove it."

"What I did?" echoes the astonished man. "What did I do?"

"Ran over my child's b'loon," states the accuser, fixing him with a pitiless



Energetic Motor-Cyclist. "WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU SIT STILL? YOU'LL HAVE US OVER IN A MINUTE."

originator of the disturbance on the shoulder.

"Come on, you're not allowed up 'ere, you know," he observes.

"Ho, ain't I?" retorts the man defiantly. "Is this Buckingham Pallis?"

"You can't come up 'ere unless you've got business in the 'otel," states the porter unmoved.

"So I 'ave got bisness 'ere," declares the other. "Bisness c'nnected with my son's b'loon."

"An' we don't leave 'ere till it's settled, neither," cries the lady on the pavement. "'Alf-a-crown that balloon cost, an' we don't budge from 'ere till we get it."

This is altogether too much for the owner of the Rolls-Royce.

"'Alf-a-crown?" he explodes and turns indignantly to the company. "'Alf-a-crown for a child's balloon, and then they go on strike."

Derisive cheers and counter-cheers go up from the crowd below as the incensed balloon-owner bursts forth into an impassioned defence of his inalienable right as a free-born Briton to strike or to buy half-crown balloons as the spirit moves him. Simultaneously the lady in the diamonds rises and, producing a coin from her gold bag,

holds it with a superb gesture at arm's length beneath his nose. For a moment or two he pays no attention to her, then takes the coin impatiently with the air of one brushing aside an irritating interruption and continues his harangue.

"Come on," puts in the porter; "you've got yer 'alf-crown. S'pose you move on."

"Got me 'alf-crown, 'ave I?" he retorts. "Wot about my rights as a man? Does 'alf-a-crown buy them?"

No one venturing to solve this social problem he turns slowly and, glaring over his shoulder at Rolls-Royce, descends the steps.

"I'm an Englishman, I am," he concludes from the pavement. "No one can't close my mouth with 'alf-crowns."

For a brief space he stands scowling up at the porch as though challenging all and sundry to perform this feat, then, taking his wife by the arm, moves off with her and the still insistent child towards the beach. The crowd on the pavement, regretfully convinced that the entertainment is at an end, disperses slowly. Rolls-Royce, seemingly unconscious of the interest of Charteris and our host, who are looking at him covertly as at some zoological

specimen, relights his cigar and sits glowering across the road, and silence falls upon the scene—a silence broken at last by the lady in the diamonds, who has resumed her languid pose in the wicker-chair.

"'Orrible people!" she observes, addressing the occupants of the porch generally. "Nice state o' things when you can't even be safe from 'em in yer own 'otel. You don't seem to be able to get away from these low-class people hanywhere—you don't reely!"

40—1920 A.D.

CALIGULA the man (quite mad, of course)

Conferred the consulship upon his hoise.

Caligula the colt (a trifle saner)
Makes kings of jockey, purchaser and trainer.

Sanity counts; I raise my cup of massie
Not to the earlier but the later "classic."

Journalistic Modesty:

"I was his [Irving's] guest regularly at all Lyceum first nights for a whole quarter of a century. . . . He delighted in the company of third-rate people."

C. K. S. in "The Sphere."



The Master. "TCH! THIS BACON TASTES SIMPLY BEASTLY."

The Mistress. "GLADYS, WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE BACON WE SET ASIDE FOR POISONING THE RATS?"

FASHION AND PHYSIQUE.

THE heightened stature of women was a favourite topic in 'anthropometric circles long before the War. It seems, however, that they are not going to rest content with their present standard of altitude, but are invoking the resources of Art to render it even more conspicuous. We do not speak rashly or without book. *The Evening News* announced on September 8th that "Women are to be taller this autumn." Nature may be in the Fall, but women are on the rise. The mode by which this effect of elongation—so dear to Art—is to be attained is described in detail by the Paris correspondent of our contemporary as follows:—

"A fluffy and very high head-dress will be worn this autumn. The effect is obtained by the aid of pads, and adds some inches to a woman's stature . . . Another type of coiffure is being adopted by some hairdressers, who leave the hair flat and smooth round the face, and only make a sort of bird's-nest of the ends, which stand well up so as to lengthen the profile in an upward direction."

Nothing, however, is said about the relation of fashion to the physique of the sterner sex. To correct this omission

Mr. Punch has interviewed a number of West-End tailors, hatters, hosiers and bootmakers. The results of this inquiry may be briefly summarised.

Heads are to be larger this autumn, and to keep pace with the extraordinary development of brain amongst our insurgent youth, as evidenced by the correspondence in *The Morning Post*, it has been found necessary to make a radical change in the stock sizes of hats. But, where there has been no cranial distension, provision will be made to remedy the defect by the insertion of a cork sheath, by the aid of which a head of undersized circumference will be able to wear a No. 8 hat. Again, to meet the needs of customers in whom the temperature of the cranial region is habitually high, a hat has been devised with a vacuum lining for the insertion of cold water. The "Beverley" nickel-plated refrigerating helmet, as it is called, has already found a large sale amongst Balliol undergraduates.

As a result of the revival of the "Apes v. Angels" controversy, in which Canon BARNES has taken so prominent a part, and Mr. BOTTOMLEY has declared himself as a whole-hearted supporter of DARWIN (*vide* his article in *The Sunday Pictorial*), hands will be supple and

boneless this autumn, as in fashionable portraits. This reversion to the prehensile type of hand, so noticeable in the chimpanzee, has its drawbacks, and the rigidity necessary for certain manual functions, such as winding up a motor or opening a champagne bottle, will be furnished by gloves of a stiffer and stronger fabric, ranging from simulation leatherette to chain-mail.

Owing to the continued over-crowding of trains, tubes and motor-buses, elbows will be more prominent and aggressive than ever, and tailors are building a type of coat calculated to relieve the strain on this useful joint by a system of progressive padding, soft inside but resembling a nutmeg-grater at the point of contact with the enemy.

It only remains to be added that in consequence of the publication of the Jewish Protocol and other documents pointing to revolutionary and anarchical Semitic activities, noses will be worn straighter and *à la Grecque*, and for similar reasons feet will be shorter and with more uplift in the instep.

A Hot Spell.

From a story for boys:—

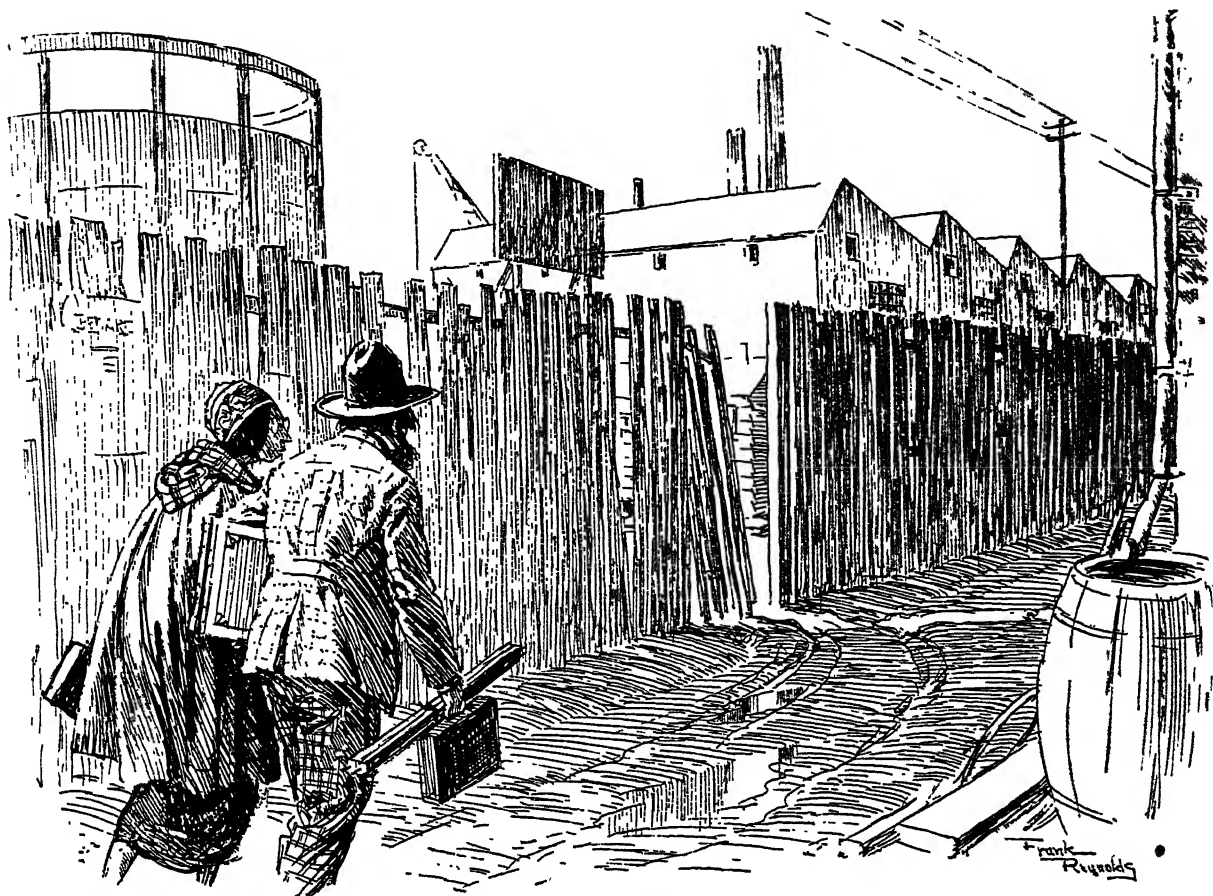
"The heat was so intense that we were perspiring from every paw."



SNOWED UNDER.

THE ST. BERNARD PUP (to his Master). "THIS SITUATION APPEALS TO MY HEREDITARY INSTINCTS. SHALL I COME TO THE RESCUE?"

[Before leaving Switzerland Mr. LLOYD GEORGE purchased a St. Bernard pup.]



Futurist to Brother Brush (after a long country walk in search of a subject). "THIS IS RATHER JOLLY. WHAT A RELIEF IT IS TO GET AMONGST THE REAL JAGGED STUFF."

THE OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE ROCK, SCILLY.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," said I,

"'Tis a mighty queer place to be building a home
In the teeth of the gales and the wash of the foam,
With nothing in view but the sea and the sky;
It cannot be cheerful or healthy or dry.

Why don't you go inland and rent a snug house,
With fowls in the garden and blossoming boughs,
Old woman, old woman, old woman?" said I.

"A garden have I at my hand
Beneath the green swell,
With pathways of glimmering sand
And borders of shell.
There twinkle the star-fish and there
Red jellies unfold;
The weed-banners ripple and flare
All purple and gold.
And have I no poultry? Oh, come
When the Equinox lulls;
The air is a-flash and a-hum
With the tumult of gulls;

They whirl in a shimmering cloud
Sun-bright on the breeze;
They perch on my chimneys and crowd
To nest at my knees,
And set their dun chickens to rock on
the motherly
Lap of the seas."

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," said I,
"It sounds very well, but it cannot be right;
This must be a desolate spot of a night,

With nothing to hear but the guillemot's cry,
The sob of the surf and the wind sighing by.
Go inland and get you a cat for your knee
And gather your gossips for scandal and tea,
Old woman, old woman, old woman," said I.

"No amber-eyed tabby may laze
And purr at my feet,
But here in the blue summer days
The seal-people meet.

They bask on my ledges and romp
In the swirl of the tides,
Old bulls in their whiskers and pomp
And sleek little brides.
Yet others come visiting me
Than grey seal or bird;
Men come in the night from the sea
And utter no word.
Wet weed clings to bosom and hair;
Their faces are drawn;
They crouch by the embers and stare
And go with the dawn
To sleep in my garden, the swell flowing over them
Like a green lawn."

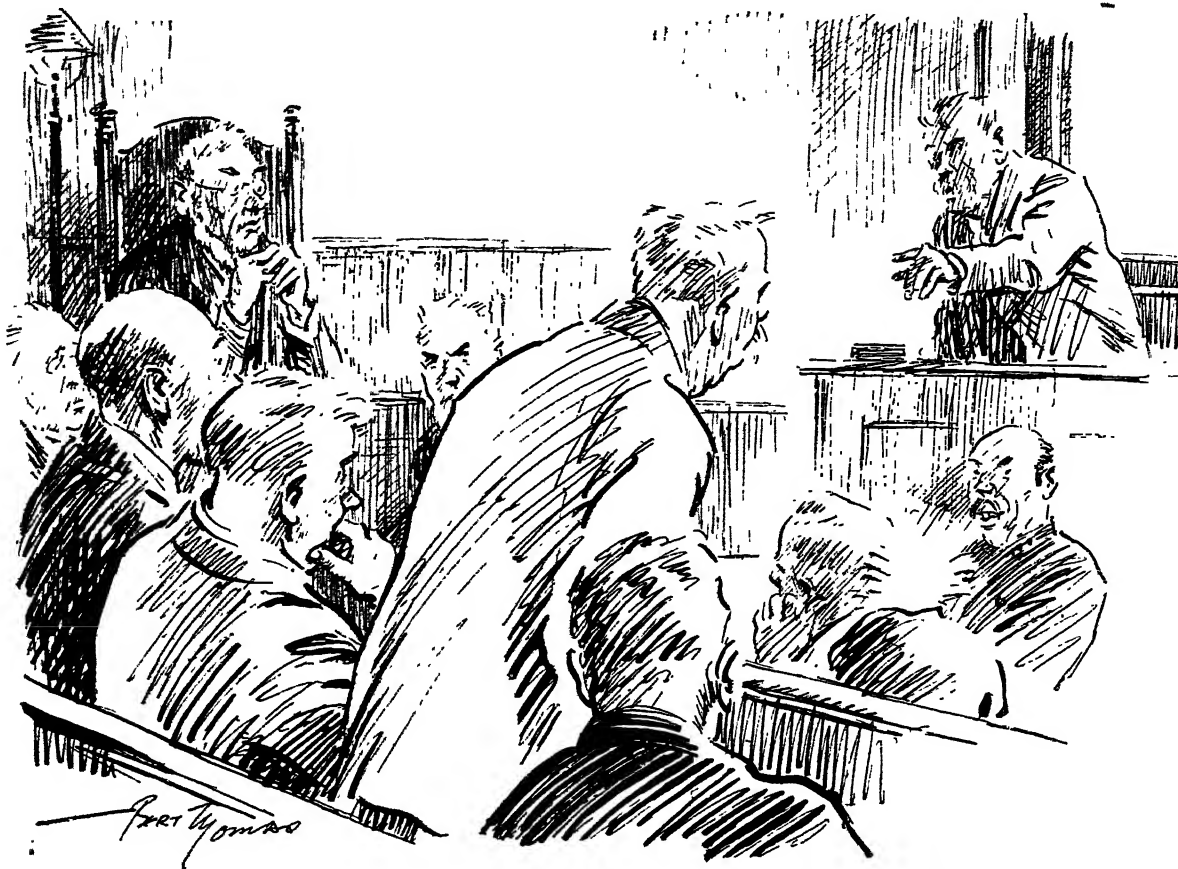
PATLANDER.

Labour Leaders on the Links.

Under a photograph in a London evening paper runs the following legend:—

"Mr. John Hodge and another official of the Iron and Steel Founders Union enjoy a game of golf after the Trade Union Congress at Portsmouth adjourns for the day. Our picture shows Mr. John Hodge Putting."

Some idea of the forceful and unconventional methods of our Labour leaders may be gathered from the attitude of Mr. JOHN HODGE, whose club is raised well over his shoulder.



Prisoner. "SORR, I OBJECT TO MR. CLANCY SERVIN' ON THE JURY."
Mr. Clancy. "BEDAD, AN' FOR WHY, MICHAEL? I'M FOR YEZ!"

THE TAXATION OF VIRTUE.

"I SHALL wait," said Peter, "till they send me the final notice."

"Being his wife," said Hilda to me, "I am in a position to know that he will not. In another week he will pay, saying that the thought of income-tax has affected his nerves and that he can bear it no longer. He wobbles like this for six weeks twice a year, and meanwhile his family starves."

"Under our system of taxation," Peter retorted, "the innocent must suffer."

"It falls alike on the just and the unjust," I interposed. "How else would you have it?"

"Naturally I would have it fall on the unjust alone," he replied.

"Why not on the just alone?" I asked, suddenly aware of the birth of an idea.

"Of course you want exemption."

"You miss my point. You grant that taxation is necessary?"

"For the sake of argument," said Peter, "I grant that, with reservations."

"Since then there must be taxes, why not have taxes that it would be a pleasure to pay? The current taxes are not a pleasure to pay."

"I grant that," said Peter, "without reservations."

"Now there is only one sort of tax that I can imagine anybody paying gladly, and that would be a tax on his virtues."

"Still hankering after your own exemption," growled Peter.

"Leave me out of account. Take, by preference, yourself. You have virtues and are proud of them."

Hilda intervened, as I had anticipated. "The pride is admitted," said she, "but as for the assessment value of the virtues—"

"Never mind that. You are proud of your virtues"—I turned to Peter again—"yet you are sometimes troubled, like the rest of us, by a fear that you may not really possess them after all. But the assessment of your virtues by the Board of Inland Revenue would prove their existence to yourself and to all the world."

"Except his wife," said Hilda.

"Her evidence would not be accepted. If you had paid taxation for the possession of a virtue, the receipt would be a guarantee that you did possess that particular virtue, and it would consequently be a source of profound moral

satisfaction to you. You would pay with pleasure. Besides, it is a poor kind of virtue that will not abide a test. The tax would be a test. Suppose that five pounds was levied upon you for honesty. If you refused to pay how could you ever again claim to be honest? You would be marked as not valuing your honesty at five pounds. No, you would pay and pay readily."

My words were addressed to Peter, but Hilda seemed the more interested. "It sounds well, but how would you raise the money?" she asked.

"That would depend on the virtue," I replied. "The sobriety tax, for example, would be levied on anyone who had not for some years been convicted of drunkenness."

"But how about the virtues that you don't get fined for not having—truthfulness, unselfishness, kindheartedness and all those?"

"I admit that would be difficult. Can you suggest anything?" I asked Peter.

"No," he answered. "I'm not encouraging your rotten idea anyhow."

"Could the revenue officials feel people's bumps?" inquired Hilda reflectively.



Fisherman. "THERE ARE PLENTY OF FISH, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO FISH DRY TO CATCH THEM."
American Friend. "SAY, YOU MAKE ME REAL HOMESICK."

"I'm afraid," I said, "people wouldn't stand it. Fancy Peter—"

"I've got it," said Hilda. "The revenue officials would attribute a virtue to the taxpayer, and if he wanted to escape taxation they would require him to prove to them that he lacked the virtue in question."

"They would like doing that," muttered Peter.

"You have found the solution," I said to Hilda. "If you impute to a person a virtue he does not possess he probably denies that he has it, but he is really flattered and his denial is not sincere. He would be willing to pay on it; he would rather pay than not."

At this point Peter grew tired of refraining from comment. "I don't want you to suppose," he said, "that I am taking any interest in your fatuous scheme, but doesn't it occur to you that under your system it would be simply ruinous to have any virtues at all, and that the only people who would flourish would be those who had no virtues and were not ashamed of it?"

"For one thing," I replied confidently, "the taxes would be graduated in the ordinary way in accordance with means. The slightest flicker of a conscience in Park Lane would be more heavily mulcted than the most blameless life in Bermondsey. But the main point is

that under my system taxation would become the measure of a man's moral worth, and people who did not pay taxes would be simply out of it. All the plums would go the highly-taxed men. Their tax receipts would be certificates of character, and the more they earned the more the Treasury would be able to get out of them. So far from dodging taxation, people would scramble to pay it."

"But how," asked Hilda, "would you make the tax receipt a trustworthy testimonial? Your rich man with one virtue would have a better receipt than your poor one with ten."

"The virtues taxed would be shown on the receipt," I replied. "Besides, poor and virtuous men would, as I have suggested, get an abatement on their virtue taxes, and the amount of the abatement would be shown on the receipt. So it could easily be seen what proportion a man was paying on his wealth and what on his virtues."

"Look here," said Peter, aroused at last, "do you convey that the tobacco duty would be paid by people who didn't smoke?"

"It would amount to that," I answered, "assuming that abstention from tobacco were counted a virtue."

"There may be something in it after all," said Peter.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE CHAMELEON.

THE chameleon changes his colour;
 He can look like a tree or a wall;
 He is timid and shy and he hates to
 be seen,

So he simply sits down in the grass and
 goes green,

And pretends he is nothing at all.

I wish I could change my complexion
 To purple or orange or red;

I wish I could look like the arm of a
 chair

So nobody ever would know I was
 there

When they wanted to put me to
 bed.

I wish I could be a chameleon
 And look like a lily or rose;

I'd lie on the apples and peaches and
 pears,

But not on Aunt Margaret's yellowy
 chairs—

I should have to be careful of those.

The chameleon's life is confusing;

He is used to adventure and pain;

But if ever he sat on Aunt Maggie's
 cretonne

And found what a curious colour he'd
 gone,

I don't think he'd do it again.

A. P. H.

THAT TEA INTERVAL.

BEFORE the last ball of 1920 is bowled and the last wicket in a first-class match falls (as will most probably happen at the Oval this very afternoon, September 15th), I should like to let the Gods of the Game know how I propose to spend the following winter in their interests, so that when the season of 1921 is with us the happiness of the cricket spectator may be even greater than it has been in the one now expiring.

I am going to devote the time to invention. With every grain of intellect and ingenuity that I can scrape together I am going to devise a means of humanising the tea interval.

Once upon a time I was so rash as to ridicule this interruption. I drew attention to the fact that the ancient heroes of the game had been able to dispense with it. ALFRED MYNN needed no Asiatic stimulant between lunch and the close of play. Even such wholehearted moderns as HORNBY and SHREWSBURY and GRACE managed to do well without the support of Hyson or Bohea. For more than a century cricket and tea were strangers and cricket did not suffer. And so on. But the attacks were futile: the tea interval became an institution; and nothing now, one realises, can ever occur to separate the gallant fellows from their cups and saucers.

That being accepted, the problem is how to make the interval at once less harmful to the match and more tolerable to the lover of cricket; and it is on this problem that I have been working and intend to work through the arid football months. What has to be done is (a) to get the interval abbreviated; and (b) to keep the players on the field. It is the length of it and the empty pitch that are so depressing to the spectator, and it is the return to the pavilion that is so detrimental to the rhythm of the game. Neither of the batsmen ever wants the interruption, and I have often noticed a reluctance in certain members of the fielding side. As for the watchers, they never fail to groan.

Still, as I have said, it is now recognised that the craving for tea is as much a part of the present-day game as the six-ball over, and the time has passed for censoring it. But something can be done to regulate it; and I have based my efforts towards a solution on the argument that, if a cricketer is not called in from the game to read his telegram, but (as we have all seen so often) the telegram is taken out to him, surely the precious fluid that he so passionately desiderates can be taken out to him too. At present, therefore, all my thoughts are turned upon the construction of some kind of wheeled waggon, such as is in use at a well-known restaurant in the Strand, on which fifteen cups (two for the umpires) and an urn and sugar and milk can be conveyed, with the concomitant bread-and-butter, or shrimps or meringues, or whatever is eaten with the tea, on a lower shelf. This could be pushed on to the ground at 4.15 and pushed back again at 4.20 without any serious injury to the match. That is my idea at the moment; but I am a poor mechanic and should be glad if some properly qualified person—someone with a HEATH ROBINSON mind—would take the work over. E. V. L.

IN THE MOVEMENT.

How I came to be able to understand the language of trees is a secret. But I do understand it. It is my peculiar privilege to overhear all kinds of whispered conversation—green speech in green shades—as I take my rest underneath the boughs on a country walk. Some day I shall set down fully the result of these leaves-droppings, but at the moment I want to tell only of what I heard some blackberry bushes saying last week.

"From what I hear," said the first bush, "the cost of everything's going up by leaps and bounds."

"How is that?" asked one of its neighbours.

"It's due, I understand," the first bush replied, "partly to scarcity of labour and partly to profiteering."

"I don't see why we shouldn't participate," said another bush. "Here we are, covered with fruit, and it's all just as free as ever it was. That's absurd, after a big war. The duty of a war is to make things dearer and remove freedom."

"Of course," said the others.

"Your blackberries will cost you more—that should be our motto," said the first bush. "We must be up to date."

* * * * *

A few days later, after one of our infrequent post-bellum gleams of sunshine, I met the Lady of the White House and all her nice children returning from a day's blackberrying. They showed me their baskets with a proper pride, and I was suitably enthusiastic and complimentary.

"But do look at our poor hands and arms and our torn frocks!" said the lady. "We've picked blackberries here year after year, but we've never been so badly scratched before. It's extraordinary. I can't account for it."

I could, though.

THE MOON-SELLER.

A MAN came by at night with moons to sell;

"Moons old and new," he cried;

I hurried when I heard him call for me;

He set his basket on the wall for me

That I might see inside

And watch the little moons curl up and hide.

Each one he touched rang softly like a bell;

He pointed out to me

Great harvest moons with russet light in them,

Pale moons to gleam where snows grow white in them,

Red moons for victory,

And steadfast moons for men in ships at sea.

The man who came with many moons to sell

Opened his basket wide;

Showed me the filmy crescent moons in it,

And the piled discs (like silver spoons) in it

That push and pull the tide,

And small sweet honey-moons to give a bride.

"This moon," he said, "you will remember well;

Its price is wealth untold;"

Took a camp-moon he vowed he stole for me

And softly wrapped to keep it whole for me.

I heaped his feet with gold;

He changed, and said the moon might not be sold.

Then I was angry that with moons to sell

He thought he had the right

To keep that one. Those who were lent to us

Had written the brief notes they sent to us

When it shone out at night.

I caught it to my heart and held it tight.

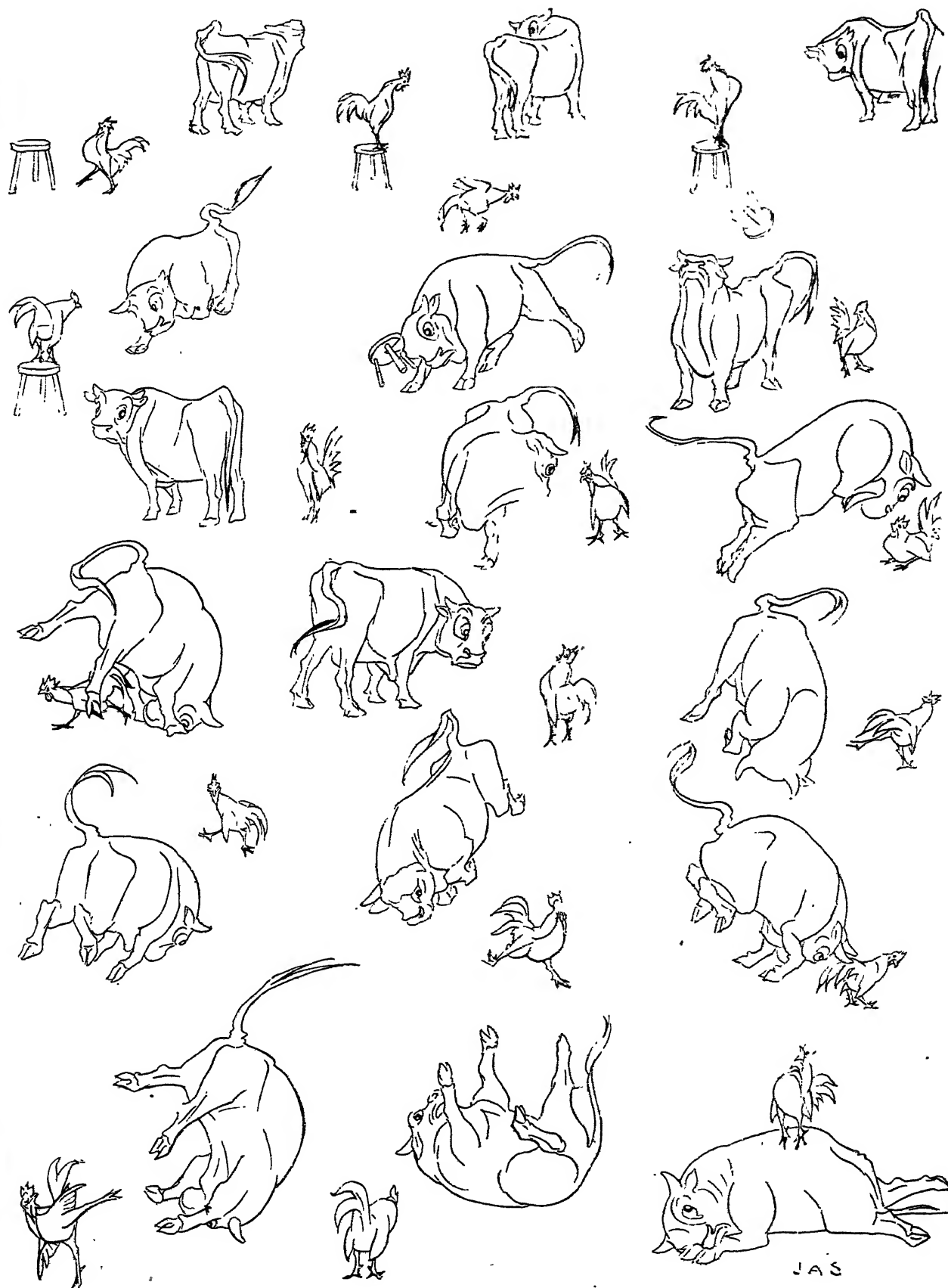
"Twenty Students Require clean, respectable Board-Residence; would not object to Share Bed."—*Provincial Paper*.

They should have lived in the days of Og, the King of Basan; his bedstead was a bedstead.

"CALCUTTA.

During the past few weeks several parties of Afghan merchants and traders have settled up their affairs and come into India. In order to avoid being questioned by British poets in the Khyber, they have entered this country by way of the Sissobi pass."—*Indian Paper*.

Some of our poets are notoriously curious, and we are hardly surprised to learn that the Afghans could not "abide their question."



JAS

A COCK-AND-BULL STORY.

THE LANGUAGE DIFFICULTY.

"THE jolly part about an island where there are no towns and no railways," said Willoughby, "is that you have thrills of excitement as to where you will sleep next night or eat your next meal. Now when we land at Lochrie Bay to-morrow it will be nearly lunch-time; but shall we get lunch?"

"I can answer that," replied MacFadden, whose grandfather was a Scotsman, and who was once in Edinburgh for a week; "the map shows it is only five miles to Waterfoot, and there's sure to be an hotel there. Those little Scots inns are all right."

"Yes," chimed in Sylvia, "and very likely there'll be nothing to eat when we get there. I am thinking of you three men, of course," she added hastily; "we girls don't want much."

"As for me," said Willoughby, looking at Sylvia, whom he has adored dumbly for years, "very little satisfies me. I'm like the fellow who said, 'a crust of bread, a bottle of wine and you.' You know the chap, MacFadden."

"Isn't it wonderful how he remembers his OMAR?" remarked Mac enthusiastically.

"I don't know much poetry," said Willoughby, whose tastes are sporting rather than literary, "but I always liked that bit."

"But lunch," I interposed, "is the pressing question. There's sure to be an hotel at Waterfoot,

as you say. Send a telegram there, asking for lunch for six. If there's no hotel, no reply and no lunch. If there is we get our reply and our lunch. Willoughby can wire, because he learned all about telegraphs in the army."

Within two hours came the reply. I opened it.

"Will supply luncheon for six, 1.15 to-day."

"Can you remember what your wire said, Willoughby?" I asked mildly.

"Rather. 'Can you provide luncheon for six at 1.15.—Willoughby.'"

"Exactly. Can't you see, you silly ass, how you've muffed it? Read this." Willoughby read, while Sylvia and Molly looked over and giggled.

"Hang it all! I suppose I ought to have said to-morrow," he sighed. "Here, Thompson, you and Hilda, as the married couple of the party, ought to deal with these beastly emergencies."

"Not I," I replied. "You've got us in the muddle, now get us out. Wire and say it's for to-morrow."

"And then," said my practical wife, "we shall get to-day's hot lunch cold to-morrow, and a rapacious Scotch-woman will charge us for it twice over."

"I wish you would say 'Scots,' not 'Scotch,'" complained MacFadden.

"Sorry, Kiltie," rejoined Hilda; "and perhaps one of you two will deal with the Scots woman."

"Leave her to me and none of you interfere," answered MacFadden. "Willoughby is no good at a job that needs tact. He's not half as lovable as I am either. Is he, Molly? We'll send the wire at once. Come on."

and answered hastily, "No, I won't!" at which Willoughby sighed audibly.

"What I wanted to ask you was whether perhaps you could be so kind as to give us a bit of bread and cheese or something," said Mac ingratiatingly. "Of course one doesn't expect a proper lunch in these places without ordering it beforehand."

"And those that order beforehand dinna come," she replied with some asperity. "A pairty of six ordered for yesterday; then they telegraphs to say they mean to-day, and now they're no here and the time lang gone by. I thoct ye were the pairty at first."

"What a shame!" murmured MacFadden sympathetically.

"Ay, if they had turned up they should hae had their lunch, and paid for it too," said the good lady grimly. "Twa days they should hae paid for. But if ye like ye can eat their lunch for them; it's cauld but guid."

So we ate heartily, paid reasonably and went away on good terms with ourselves and the lady.

Walking up the steep hill from the hotel I was just behind Willoughby and Sylvia. He was pushing the two bicycles and explaining something elaborately.

"Awfully sorry about that silly woman, Sylvia," he said, "but it's only their rotten way of talking English. You see, when she says, 'Will you be Mrs. Willoughby?' she really means, 'Are you?' It's not the same as when an

Englishman says it. If I said, 'Will you be Mrs. Willoughby?' that would be different; it would mean—"

"Yes," interrupted Sylvia rather breathlessly, "that, Tommy dear, would be plain English, to which I could give a plain answer. I should say— We had reached the brow of the hill. I mounted my bicycle and hurried on.

"1,000 EGGS IN ONE WHISKER."

Daily Paper.

A much worse case than that of LEAR's old man with a beard, who said it was just as he feared.

"For all we know, Helen of Troy's best friends might have said, 'Helen has style and knows how to make the most of her good points; but, honest, now, do you think she should have got the apple?'"

Evening Paper.

Certainly not. That's why Paris gave it to Aphrodite.



Mistress. "YOU SEEM TO HAVE BEEN IN A GOOD MANY SITUATIONS. HOW MANY MISTRESSES HAVE YOU HAD, ALL TOLD?"

Maid. "FIFTEEN, ALL TOLD—AND ALL TOLD WHAT I THOUGHT OF 'EM."

Next day the steamer dropped us into the ferry-boat off Lochrie Bay, and our bicycles, more frightened than hurt, but much shaken, were hurled in after us. After five miles on a primitive road we arrived at the hotel very late.

MacFadden, assuring us that if we only kept quiet he would see us through in spite of any Scots innkeeper, led the way.

The landlady, a dour woman, appeared.

"Good morning, Madam," began Mac politely.

"Will you be Mr. Willoughby?" she replied.

"No," said Mac truthfully, assuming a puzzled expression.

"Weel, then," resumed the lady, addressing Sylvia, who happened to be close behind, "will you be Mrs. Willoughby?"

Molly sniggered; Sylvia reddened



First Ancient (with morbid fear of growing deaf, breaking long silence). "THERE—IT'S COME AT LAST! YOU'VE BEEN TALKING ALL THIS TIME AND I AIN'T HEARD A SINGLE WORD."

Second Ancient. "BAIN'T BIN TALKIN'—BIN CHEWIN'."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

REALLY I think that *Rhoda Drake* (MURRAY) must be the most preposterously startling story that I have read for this age. It makes you feel as if you had had a squib exploded under your chair at a temperance meeting. After beginning placidly about persons who live in South Kensington (and are so dull that the author has to fill up with minute descriptions of their drawing-rooms), somewhere towards three-quarters through its decorous course it plunges you head over ears into such tearing melodrama as is comparable only to Episode 42 of "The Adventures of the Blinking Eye" at a provincial cinema. I am left asking myself in bewilderment whether Mr. C. H. DUDLEY WARD, D.S.O., M.C., can have been serious in the affair. As I say, practically all the early characters are of little or no account, including *Rhoda* herself. Indeed, nobody looks like mattering at all, and the whole tale has, to be frank, taken on a somewhat soporific aspect, when lo! there enters a lady with a Russian name, no back to her gown and green face-powder. If I said of this paragon that she made the story bounce I should still do less than justice to her amazing personality. Really, she was a herald of revolution, whose remarkable method was to invite anyone important and obstructive to her house and make them discontented. It was the work of half-an-hour. Whether the process was hypnotic, or whether she actually

put pepper in the ice-pudding, I could not clearly make out. But the dreadful fact remained that, let your patriotism be ever so firm, you had but to accept one of green-powder's little dinners and next morning you were as like as not to hurl a stone into 10, Downing Street. As for the end—! But no, I will stop short of it.

Frankly, what pleased me most about *Affinities* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) was its attractive get-up; pleasant, cherry-pie-coloured boards, swathed in a very daintily-drawn pictorial wrapper, the whole, as cataloguers say, forming an ideal birthday present for a young lady, especially one at all apt to discover, however harmlessly, the affinities that give these five tales their title. As for the stories themselves, really all that need be said is to congratulate Mrs. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART on the ingenuity with which she can tell what seems an obvious intrigue yet keep a surprise in reserve. I suppose it is because they come to us from America that certain of the episodes turn upon incidents in the Suffrage struggle, tale-fodder that our own militant novelists have long happily discarded. Of the others I think I myself would award the palm to one called "The Family Friend," a genially cynical little comedy of encouraged courtship, of which the end seems to be visible from the beginning, but isn't. Altogether, what I might call a Canute; in other words a book for the deck-chair, not too absorbing to endanger your shoes, however close you read it to the advancing wave.

I think I should best describe the characteristic quality of *Four Blind Mice* (LANE) as geniality. The scene of it is Burmah—astonishing, when you consider the host of novels about the rest of India, that so few should employ this equally picturesque setting—and it is quickly apparent that what Mr. C. C. Lewis doesn't know at first hand about Rangoon is not likely to be missed. The tale itself is a good-humoured little comedy of European and native intrigue, showing how one section of the populace strove as usual to ease the white man's burden by flirtation and gossip, and the other to get the best for themselves by unlimited roguery and chicanery. The whole thing culminates in a trial scene which is at once a delightful entertainment and (I should suppose) a shrewdly observed study of the course of Anglo-Burmese justice. I think I would have chosen that Mr. Lewis should base his fun on something a little less grim than the murder and mutilation of a European, or at least Eurasian, lady, even though the very slight part in the action played by *Mrs. Rodrigues*, when alive, could hardly be called sympathetic. Still we were all so good-humoured over her taking-off that for a long time I cherished a rather dream-like faith in her reappearance to prove that this attitude had been justified. Not that Mr. Lewis has not every right to retort that he is writing comedy rather than farce; certainly he has made his four blind mice to run in highly diverting fashion, very entertaining to those of us who see how they run; and as they at least save their tails triumphantly it would perhaps be ungenerous to complain about one that doesn't.

The Story of the Fourth Army in the Battles of the Hundred Days (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is printed on pages the size of a copy of *Punch*, and with its accompanying case of maps it costs eighteen-pence to go through the post. It boasts a hundred full-page photographs, also sketches, charts, maps, panoramas and diagrams *ad lib.*, a foreword by General Lord RAWLINSON and ten appendices; so really it seems that the much-abused word "sumptuous" may for once be fairly applied. The author, Major-General Sir A. MONTGOMERY, who himself helped to "stage" the battles he writes about, has built up a record which is in some sense unique, for I think it is possible from this book to trace precisely where any unit of the Fourth Army was placed, and what doing, at any given hour during the whole of the victory march from Amiens to the Belgian frontier. Apart from anything else it is pleasant to have a book that deals only with the days of victory; but it must be admitted that, to gain a completeness of detail so entirely satisfactory to those most nearly concerned, the writer has had to sacrifice something of human interest, for many of his pages are little more than

a bare chronicle of names and places. Undoubtedly his book should be read with great deliberation, constant reference to the maps and a lively recollection of personal experiences on the spot; but the civilian reader may still be content to skim the text and save himself for the photographs. These, mostly taken from the air and of exquisite technical quality, form an amazing series, in themselves worth the heavy price. And who minds heavy prices when the proceeds are pledged to the service of wounded officers?

"Rather an anti-climax," I thought when I opened *The Happy Foreigner* (HEINEMANN) and found that it purported to tell the experiences of an English *chauffeuse* in France after the Armistice; but I know now that, in any place where ENID BAGNOLD happened to be, there would not be any anti-climax about. In a style so daring and vivid that it could only have been born, I suppose, of fast driving, the

authoress describes a romantic affair with a young French officer; but her real theme is the suffering of France bowed down under the intolerable burden of so many strangers, both enemies and friends. The rich and well-fed Americans who will not trouble to understand, the grotesque Chinamen and Annamites, the starving Russians liberated from the Germans, flash by, with the ruins of villages, the tangle of wire and litter of derelict guns; and even the romance, intensely felt though it is, must be fleeting, like the rest of the nightmare, because the Frenchman's eyes are set on the future and



Damsel. "OH, PROFESSOR, CAN YOU PROVIDE ME WITH A LOVE-POTION? MY MOTHER SAYS IF I WED NOT SOON I MUST E'EN GO FORTH TO EARN MY LIVING."

Alchemist. "THAT I CAN, MADAM, AND OF TWO KINDS. FIRST, THE SLOW-WORKING PURPLE SORT IS VERILY CHEAP, BUT DIFFICULT OF ADMINISTRATION; FOR IN WATER IT IS PLAINLY VISIBLE AND EASY OF DISCERNMENT IN TEA. WHEREAS MY PATENT POTION, BRINGING LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, CLOSELY RESEMBLETH THE MUCH-DESIRED WHISKY. THIS SORT IS ONE GUINEA PER TOT."

the rebuilding of his fortunes. This book is not "about the War," but all the same it is one of the best books about the War that I have read.

From a Common Room Window (OWEN) will be a slight refreshment to those who are weary of realistic studies of schoolmasters and schoolboys. "ORBILIUS," during what I take to have been a long career as a teacher, has not allowed his sense of humour to wither within him. In a note to his slender volume of sketches he says, "School-life is largely a comedy. When a schoolmaster ceases to recognise this it is time for him to 'bundle and go.'" He has been in the main a keen and sympathetic observer, and though his remarks upon headmasters are a little severe—personally I should hate to be called "a meticulous pedagogue"—I do not think that a little criticism of these potentates will do them the smallest harm. In "The Castigator" "ORBILIUS" gives a laughable sketch. The inventor of a flogging machine is soundly beaten by his own instrument, and he would be a sombre man indeed who could read it without a desire to witness such a chastening performance. By no means the least merit of this book is that it contains no new theories about education.

CHARIVARIA.

"'STRIKE while the iron is hot' must be the motto," says a business man. Mr. SMILLIE, on the other hand, says that it doesn't so much matter about the iron being hot.

A curious story reaches us from the Midlands. It appears that it had been decided to call out the workmen in a certain factory, but the strike-leader had unfortunately mislaid his notes and could not remember their grievance.

Mr. C. B. COCHRAN has decided to have nothing further to do with the promotion of boxing-matches owing to the way in which contracts are continually being broken. It has since been reported that several of our leading professional boxers are endeavouring to arrange a farewell disappointment.

Mr. EVANS, the American golf champion, has invented a new putter. We appreciate America's effort, but all the same we cannot forget her apathy toward the League of Nations.

Last week the largest number of Alpinists ever assembled met on the top of the Matterhorn. If this sort of thing goes on it is quite likely that the summit will have to be strengthened.

Colder weather is promised and the close season for Councilor CLARK should commence about October 1st.

"The ex-Kaiser," says *The Western Morning News*, "goes in daily fear of being kidnapped. This is said to be due to the presence at Amerongen of an enterprising party of American curio-hunters.

A headline in a weekly paper asks, "What will Charlie Chaplin Turn out this Year?" "His feet," is the answer.

The language at Billingsgate, according to Sir E. E. COOPER, is much better than it used to be. Fish porters invariably say "Excuse me" before throwing a length of obsolete eel at a colleague.

In the event of a miners' strike arrangements have been made for the

staff of the Ministry of Transport to sleep at the office. It would be more wise, we think, if they remained wide awake.

A feature of the new motor charabanc will be the space for passengers' luggage. This is just what is wanted, as it so easily gets broken even if the corks don't come out.

A message from Allahabad states that the appointment of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL as Viceroy of India would be very popular. Unfortunately they omit to say where it would be popular.

We feel that no good can be done by rubbing it in like this. *The Daily Mail* is doing its best.

We understand, by the way, that *The Daily Mail* has definitely decided not to offer a prize of a hundred pounds for a new world, but to leave the matter entirely in the hands of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

The Astronomical Correspondent of *The Times* suggests that the new star may have been produced through a sun being struck by a comet. This raises the question as to whether suns ought not to carry rear lights.

There is some talk of a series of week-end summers being arranged for next year.

"If necessary I will walk from John-o'-Groats to Land's End, distributing propaganda literature all the way," announced a well-known strike agitator at a recent conference. Personally we do not mind if he does, provided that when he reaches Land's End he continues to walk in the same direction.

According to a weekly journal the art of camouflage played a most important part in recent naval warfare. It is, of course, quite an open secret that the Naval authorities are aware that one of our largest Dreadnoughts is somewhere in a certain English harbour, but, owing to the excellence of its camouflage, they have not yet been able to locate it.

We now learn that it was merely through an oversight that the pit ponies did not record their votes at the strike ballot.

The Journalistic Touch.

"Shamming death, he moaned loudly." *Irish Paper.*

Our Critics.

"The Seven Deadly Sins." Frederick Rogers.

This is a subject that Mr. Rogers is eminently fitted to explore.—*Review of Reviews.*

"Tenor wanted, to join bass; must have voice."—*Scotch Paper.*

Some people are so exacting.

"Bride in apricot."—*Daily Paper.*

A new significance is added to the calculation of one's fruit stones—"This year, next year, some time, never."



Peter T. Moore.

"WHO'S BILL 'JIGGINS PLAYIN' FOR THIS SEASON?"

"OH, 'E AIN'T SIGNED ON YET, BUT WE'VE OFFERED HIM FIRST SUCK AT THE LEMON."

"Drink is Scotland's greatest sin," said a Prohibitionist speaker at Glasgow. The gentleman does not seem to have heard of haggis.

Asked what he would have, a Scotsman, taking advantage of its high price, replied, "A small petrol, please."

The National Gallery with its three thousand pictures is practically priceless, we are informed. This probably accounts for the fact that the hall-porter invariably takes visitors' umbrellas as security.

What is now wanted, says a contemporary, is a good spell of fine weather.

THE ASHES.

[A final salutation to the M.C.C. team, from one who is destined to perish in the event of a coal strike.]

O SHIP that farest forth, a greater *Argo*,
 Unto the homeland of the woolly fleece,
 Soft gales attend thee! may thy precious cargo
 Slide over oceans smoothed of every crease,
 So as the very flower, or pick,
 Of England's flanneled chivalry may not be sick!
 And thou, O gentle goddess Hygieia,
 Hover propitious o'er the vessel's poop;
 Keep them from chicken-pox and pyorrhœa,
 Measles and nettle-rash and mumps and croup;
 See they digest their food and drink,
 And land them, even as they leave us, in the pink!
 Thou, too, whose favour they depend so much on
 (Fortune, I mean) in this precarious game,
 Oh let there be no blob on their escutcheon,
 Or, if a few occur, accept the blame;
 Do not, of course, abuse thy powers;
 We'd have the best side win, but let that side be ours.
 Summer awaits them there while we are wheezing
 By empty hearths through bitter days and black;
 Yet we rejoice that, though we die of freezing
 And cannot get cremated, all for lack
 Of coal to feed our funeral pyres,
 Still "in our ashes [yonder] live their wonted fires."

O. S.

THE MINISTRY OF ANCESTRY.

"As you are aware," said a prominent official of the Ministry of Ancestry, "although our department has only been in existence for a few months the profits have enabled the Government to take twopence off the income-tax and to provide employment for thousands of deserving clerks dismissed, in deference to public opinion, from other Government offices."

"Yes. Could you tell me how this brilliant scheme came into being?"

"The Chinese knew and practised it for centuries. Here the credit for its re-discovery must be assigned to Sir Cuthbert Shover, who, owing to handsome contributions to necessary funds, combined, of course, with meritorious public service during the War, was offered a baronetcy. He refused it for himself, but accepted it for his aged father, thereby becoming second baronet in three months. He deplored the fact that his grandfather was no longer eligible for the honour. Then we saw light. Why should the mere accident of death prevent us from honouring a man if his family were prepared to contribute towards the country's exchequer? But these letters will give you a clearer insight into the working of the department."

The first letter was addressed to Miss Cannon, at Maidstone:—

"DEAR MADAM,—We have no hesitation in advising you to have a bishop in your family. Few purchases give greater satisfaction. If, as you say, your late maternal grandfather was curate of Slowden, and was, as far as you are aware, a man of exemplary character, we could make him a bishop without delay. Your home being in Kent, it occurs to us that the see of Carlisle would suit the Right Reverend Prelate best. The cost of the proceedings, including a pre-dated *Congé d'Élire*, would be eight hundred guineas. An archbishopric would be slightly more expensive and, in our opinion, less suitable."

"Amazing," I said.

"But so simple. Here is a letter from a man who wants to have had forbears in the Navy. We say:—

"Naturally it would have been an advantage for your son, whom you destine for the Navy, to have had relations in that service. But it is not too late to remedy this defect.

"By virtue of the powers conferred upon us by Act of Parliament (Ancestry Act, 1922), we are prepared to give your sometime great-great-uncle William, who, according to family tradition, always wanted to go to sea, a commission in the Navy, and the rank of lieutenant, together with appointment to any ship of the line—with the exception of the *Victory*—which fought under Lord NELSON. The making out the commission will be put in hand on the receipt of your cheque for three hundred guineas."

"Do you always give satisfaction?"

"Occasionally we have to disappoint people. For instance, this letter to a lady at Plymouth:—

"We fear we cannot grant your request to reserve a berth on the *Mayflower* for your delightful ancestress, Mrs. Patience Loveday. The *Mayflower* is already overcrowded, and, owing to some ill-feeling raised in America, we decided to resign all interest in the vessel. Should you desire some other form of Puritan distinction how would you like to provide yourself with a non-juring clergyman as an ancestor? We could present any suitable departed member of your family to a Crown living, and supply you with an order of ejectment, dated the anniversary of St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662."

"Judging from the address on this letter, 'X. O'Finny, Esq.,' your jurisdiction extends to Ireland?"

"Yes, Mr. O'Finny; wants some persecuted ancestors. We offer to supply him with a member of his family condemned to be beheaded by order of QUEEN ELIZABETH, price one thousand, which includes a replica of the Great Seal of England; or, to have another member shot by order of CROMWELL, at half the price; or a sentence of hanging in '98. This would be three hundred only. We advise him to take the complete set at a reduction, and have no doubt we shall come to terms."

"Have you anything more expensive?" I asked timidly.

"Rather. Here is our answer to Lord—better not give the name, perhaps; the creation is recent. He wished for a Crusader, but we explained that the Crusades were not under Government. We offer to introduce his family name into our authorised supplement to the Domestick Book for five thousand pounds. I call it cheap at the money. Now what can we do for you?"

"I must think it over," I stammered.

"Do. You will come back. Pair of Colours, now, for a great-great-grandfather. How would that suit you? Only five hundred. Or a place at Court in the Regency? Or, if you wish good business connection, a directorship of the East India Company? The whole of the past lies before you. Give your children a fair start in life, that is what we say. Money is good, education is better, but distinguished ancestry is best of all."

Stitches in Time.

"The breeches on the line between Sini and Jhursagudha have now been repaired."—*Civil and Military Gazette*.

"The King has given Mr. William Armstrong, Director of Criminal Intelligence of the Shanghai Municipal Police, authority to wear the Insignia of the Fourth Class of the Order of the Excellent Crop, conferred on him by the President of the Republic of China, in recognition of valuable services."—*Times*.

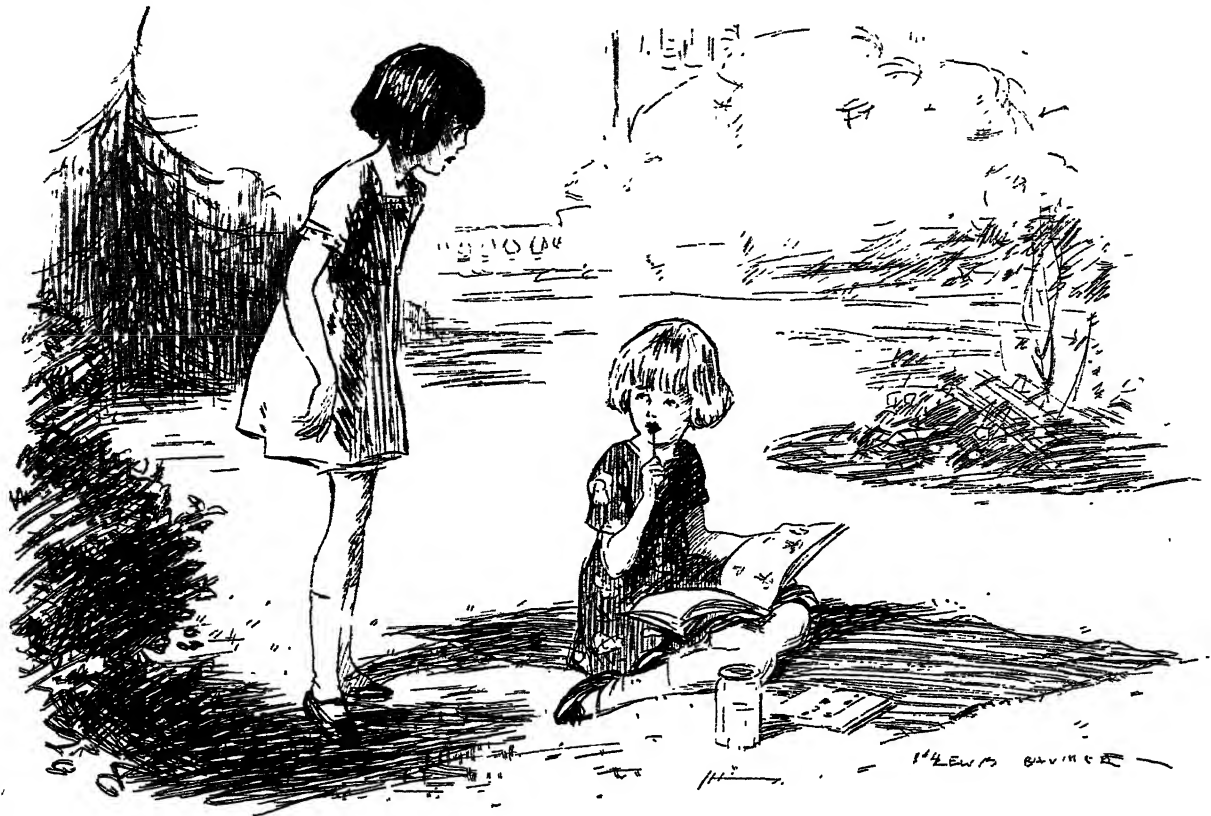
We understand that extreme shortness of hair is not the hall-mark of the Chinese criminal world.



UNDER A CLOUD (WITH A GOLDEN LINING).

COMRADE LANSBURY. "THANKS TO MY FAITHFUL BROLSKI NOT A DROP HAS TOUCHED ME."

[Loud crows from "Daily Herald" bird.]



Horrified Sister (to small artist). "MABEL, YOU'RE SURELY NOT SUCKING YOUR BRUSH WHEN YOU'RE PAINTING TOADSTOOLS?"

KINGS AND QUEENS.

THERE are thirty-six of them in all, ranging from WILLIAM I., who is "severe," to VICTORIA, who is just "good." I first made their acquaintance in childhood, when my grandmother gave them me with the laudable object of teaching me history. Each is a little wooden block signifying a monarch. On one side there is a portrait showing the face, collar and upper portion of torso of the monarch in question; on the other side there is written a single word summing up his whole character.

By means of these royal blocks I was brought up to a sound historical sense based on religion and morality. At the age of seven I could and did boast that I knew the innermost souls of all the monarchs of England. I could say their dates by heart, often doing so during sermon time on Sundays, with a grace and ease that only lifelong acquaintance with royalty could have bred. I was even able to triumph through that tricky period between the death of EDWARD III. and the accession of ELIZABETH. I wonder if the late Lord ACTON was as learned at that age: I am sure he could not say his dates backwards. I could.

It has always surprised those who have endeavoured to teach me history

that my youthful brain should be so strongly grounded in the historical tradition of over half a century ago. Yet all the historians of modern England could not shake me in my faith. To me QUEEN VICTORIA was no "panting little German widow," as our latest searcher after truth has affirmed, but the august lady who listened entranced to the beautiful poems of Lord TENNYSON and invented electricity and the tricycle. In consequence I was considered a counter-revolutionary, if not bourgeois. My essays were deemed dangerously reactionary. At Oxford I once found my tutor burning one. This shows the value the authorities attach to my work. It is too dangerous to live; it is burnt.

I venture to think, however, that my work, based as it is on the most respectable principles, will survive long after my tutors have subsided into a permanent state of death in life. Like SHAKESPEARE and the present Government I am for all time.

It is easy to see how I came to acquire this stability of thought, owing as I do my early training to the kings and queens of England, who are nothing if not stable. They are my acknowledged guardians and to them I turn in all difficulties. Only a year ago they came to my aid in a most awkward predicament. It was my lot to fill up army

forms; of what variety I cannot remember save that they were of a jaundiced colour and connected with the men's demobilisation. On these documents I was expected to enter, besides the usual details as to religion and connubial felicity, the character of each man in a single word. I at once marshalled my wooden royalties before me in chronological order and proceeded to deal with the squadron in rotation.

The first name on my list was that of the disciplinary sergeant-major. It was with a glow of pride that I registered him with WILLIAM I. as "severe." The designation of Tonks, the Mess waiter (whom we had discovered on the night the bomb fell on the aerodrome making a home and a house of defence in the cookhouse stove), as "heroic" was distinctly happy. It was perhaps unfortunate that the quartermaster-sergeant, an austere man from Renfrew, should have found, on perusing his demobilisation card, that he was to be handed down to posterity as "avaricious." I was also sorry to find the padre, usually so broad-minded, in a nasty temper about the character given to his batman, who was, he assured me, the only pious man in the squadron and in private life a dissenting minister. "Disolute" certainly was on the face of things inappropriate, but then it was

no fault of mine that the merriest of English monarchs should have appeared at the moment when I was filling up the papers of a minister of religion.

The light that my wooden monarchs throw on history is both interesting and, to a modern, precious. For instance, the designation of the first Angevin king as "patriotic" will surprise many readers of the late Bishop STUBBS. "Patriotic" is a wide term and may be applied to almost anything from after-dinner flag-wagging to successful juggling with Colonial stocks and shares; yet there are few who would have described it as the besetting virtue of HENRY I. But it was; his little block says so.

JOHN, again, was "mean." I am sorry, for, though in some respects blame-worthy, he had many agreeable traits. His views on the honesty of his baronage are most entertaining. He was something of a wit, a good judge of food and wine, and would have made an excellent Fellow of an Oxford college. It is much to be regretted that he was mean.

Poor HENRY VI. is "silly." This is a hard judgment on the pioneer of the movement against low backs in evening frocks, but doubtless he was silly in other things.

Some of my monarchs had the most excellent characters. EDWARD I. was "just," GEORGE IV. "courteous," OLIVER CROMWELL "noble"—a sad blow for the White Rose Club. Our younger monarchs were particularly attractive persons, and it is a pity that they did not live long enough to display their qualities. EDWARD VI. was "amiable," while EDWARD V., like all with expectations from their uncle, was "hopeful." Poor child! he had need to be.

I am pained however that CHARLES II. was "dissolute." It was what HENRY VIII. dissolved the monasteries for being—the impertinent old polygamist! For my part I love CHARLES for the affection that he bore little dogs, for the chance saying on Sussex hills that this England was a country well worth fighting for. Alas! that he should have been dissolute.

Best of all my friends is GEORGE III. He is portrayed with a jolly red nose and a mouth that positively yawns for pudding. His character, which is his chief glory, is "benevolent." Who would not rejoice to have been the object of his regal philanthropy? SAMUEL JOHNSON himself did not hesitate to accept the bounty of this kindly monarch, though, while his predecessor reigned, the great lexicographer had defined a pensioner as "a state hireling" paid "for treason to his country."

Such are my friends the kings and queens of England. Happy the child



The Super-Tramp. "MADAM, IF YOU HAVE ANY MORE OF THAT PIE YOU GAVE ME THIS MORNING I SHOULD BE PLEASED TO PAY FOR IT."

who has such majesty to be his guardian spirit. To him life will be a pomp, where vulgar democracy can have no part, and death a trysting-place with old comrades—the child for whom

"The kings of England, lifting up their swords,
Shall gather at the gates of Paradise."

A HOME FROM HOME.

(An actual incident.)

My fancy sought no English field,
What time my holiday drew near;
I felt no fond desire to wield
The shrimping net of yesteryear;
I found it easy to eschew
All wish to hear a pierrot stating
His lust to learn the rendezvous
Of flies engaged in hibernating.

Beyond the Channel I would range
(I called it "cross the rolling main")
And there achieve the thorough
change

Demanded by my jaded brain;
It might be that an alien clime
Would jog a failing inspiration,
Buck up a bard and render rhyme
Less difficult of excavation.

A thorough change? Ah, barren quest,
Foredoomed to fail ere half begun!
Though left behind, my England
pressed
In hot pursuit of me, her son;
London was brought again to view
By hordes of maidens out for pillage,
When from the train I stepped into
A flag day in an Alpine village.

WIRE AND BARBED WIRE.

THIS was the telegram that, after much hesitation, I had written out at the side desk in the post-office and carried to the main desk to despatch:—

Pactolus, London.

St. Vitus carburetter stammer tyre scream Sanguine.

You will observe that it is unintelligible. Decoded, it meant that I, whose betting pseudonym is Sanguine, wished to invest with Messrs. Lure, commission agents (not bookmakers, no, not for a moment), whose telegraphic address is "Pactolus, London," a sum of ten pounds (carburetter) on a horse called St. Vitus to win (stammer), and twenty pounds (tyre) for a place (scream). I had done this for various reasons, none really good, but chiefly because every paper that I had opened had urged me to do so, some even going so far as to dangle a double before me with St. Vitus as one of the horses. Nearly all had described St. Vitus as a nap, setting up the name not only in capitals but with a faithful asterisk beside it.

Having an account with Messrs. Lure and a liking now and then to indulge in a little flutter over a gee (I am choosing my words very carefully) I had decided, after weighing the claims of all the other runners, to take the advice of the majority and back the favourite, although favourites acclaimed with stridency by the racing experts of the Press in unison have, I knew, a way of failing. In betting on races, however, there are two elements that are never lacking: hope against hope and an incomplete recollection of the past.

Having written out the telegram I took it to the main counter, to the section labelled "Telegrams," and slipped it under the grating towards the young woman, who, however, instead of dealing with it, continued to tell an adjacent young woman about the arrangements that she and a friend had made for their forthcoming holidays at Herne Bay.

The nature of those who have little flutters on gees is complex. The ordinary man, having written out his telegram, on whatever subject it may be—whether it announces that he will arrive before lunch and bring his clubs with him, or that, having important business to detain him at the office, he will not be home to dinner—gets it through as soon as possible. He may be delayed by the telegraph girl's detachment, but he would not be deterred. He would still send the telegram. But those who bet are different. They are minutely sensitive to outside occurrences; always seeking signs and interpreting them as favourable or unfavourable as the case may be; and

refraining from doing anything so decisive as to call the girl to order. Their game is to be plastic under the fingers of chance; the faintest breath of dubiety can sway them. I had been in so many minds about this thirty-pound bet, which I could not really afford, that there was therefore nothing for it, after waiting the two minutes that seemed to be ten, but to tear up the message, in the belief that the friendly gods again had intervened. For luck is as much an affair of refraining as of rushing in.

I therefore withdrew quietly from the conversation and scattered the little bits on the floor as I did so. But I did not leave the office. Instead, I went to the side desk again and wrote another telegram, which, with the necessary money (an awful lot), I pushed through the grating, where the girls were still talking. My second telegram had no reference to horses—I had done with gambling for the day—but ran thus:—

Postmaster-General, London.

Suggest you remind telegraph clerk on duty at this hour at this post-office that she perhaps talks a shade too much about Herne Bay and gives public too little consideration.

The girl, having ceased her chatter, took the telegram and began feverishly to count the words. Then her tapping pencil slowed down and her brows contracted; she was assimilating their meaning. Then, with a blush, and a very becoming one, she looked at me with an expression of distress and said, "Do you really want this to go?"

"No," I said, withdrawing the money.

"I'm sorry I was not more attentive," she said.

"That's all right," I replied. "Tear it up."

And I came away, feeling, with a certain glow of satisfaction not unmixed with self-righteousness, that I had done something to raise the post-office standard and to ensure better attention. But the joke is that, if I had myself received better attention, I should have lost thirty pounds, for St. Vitus was unplaced. This story must therefore remain without a moral. E. V. L.

Notice in a Shop Window.

"Hats made to order, or reverenated."

Ah! that's what's wanted so badly to-day for the headgear of the Higher Clergy.

"V. C. W. Jupp, the Sussex amateur, has been invited to become a member of the M.C.C. team, which leaves for Australia on Saturday. A fine all-round cricketer, Jupp is a useful man to any team, but as he usually fields cover-point his inclusion would not necessarily improve the side in its weakest point—*vis.*, the lack of oilfields."—*Daily Paper*.

Surely the fewer the better, if that's where the butter-fingers come from.

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

[Dedicated to those high-minded and dispassionate leader-writers who, after prefacing their remarks with the declaration that "we hold no brief for—" extreme views of all sorts, proceed to show that the conduct of the extremist is invariably explained, if not justified, by the iniquities of the Coalition Government.]

I hold no brief for LENIN

Or TROTSKY or their breed;

Their way of doing men in

Is foreign to my creed;

But, since to me LLOYD GEORGE is

A source of deeper dread,

For Bolshevistic orgies

A great deal may be said.

I hold a brief for no land

That tramples on its kin;

My heart once bled for Poland

And groaned for Russia's sin;

But, if to clear the tangle

WINSTON is given his head,

I feel that General WRANGEL

Were better downed and dead.

I hold no brief—I swear it—

For militant Sinn Fein;

I really cannot bear it

When constables are slain;

But if you mention CARSON

I feel that for the spread

Of murder and of arson

A good deal can be said.

I hold no brief for SMILLIE

Or for the miners' claims;

I disapprove most highly

Of many of their aims;

But when I see the Wizard

Enthroned in ASQUITH's stead,

It cuts me to the gizzard

And dyes my vision Red.

I hold no brief for madmen

On revolution-bent,

For bitter or for bad men

On anarchy intent;

But sooner far than "stop" them

With Coalition lead,

To foster and to prop them

I'd leave no word unsaid.

Our Decadent Poets..

Extract from an Indian's petition:—

"... to look after my old father, who leads sickly life, and is going from bad to verse every day."

"So far from Mr. Kamenefff having had nothing to do with any realisation of jewels, he... took pains to report it to his Government."—*Daily Paper*.

In fact, he took the necessary steppes.

"A privately owned aeroplane, flying from London to the Isle of Wight, descended in a field near Carnforth, seven miles north of Morecambe Bay. The propeller was broken, but the occupants, a lady and a gentleman, escaped with a shaking."—*Daily Paper*.

The real shock came when they found out where they were.

THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPH.



WHEN A FELLOW GETS HIS—



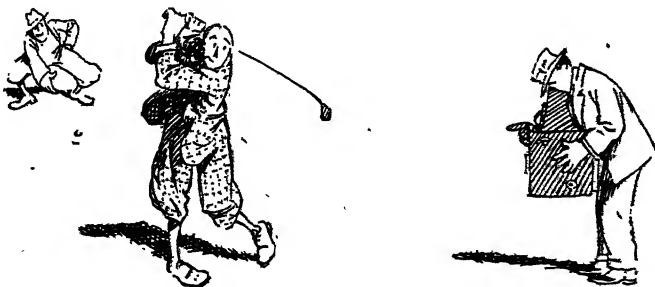
PHOTO TAKEN FOR THE PAPERS—



I THINK IT'S ROTTEN BAD FORM—



ON THE PART OF ANOTHER FELLOW—



TO SPOIL THE PICTURE BY INTRODUCING A BALL—



AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT.

THE HANDY MAN.

THE men I most admire at the present time, though I take care not to tell them so to their faces, are the men who can do everything. By this I don't mean people of huge intellectual attainments, like Cabinet Ministers, or tremendous physical powers, like *Tarzan* of the Apes. It must be very nice to be able to have a heart-to-heart talk with KRASSIN or to write articles for the Sunday picture-papers, and very nice also to swing rapidly through the tree-tops, say, in Eaton Square; but none of these gifts is much help when the door-handle comes off. I hate that sort of thing to happen in a house.

In the Victorian age, of course, which was one of specialisation based upon peace and plenty, one simply sent for a door-handle replacer and he put it right. But nowadays the Door-handle Replacers' Union is probably affiliated to an amalgamation which is discussing sympathetic action with somebody who is striking, so nothing is done. This means that for weeks and weeks, whenever one tries to go out of the room, there is a loud crash like a 9-2 on the further side and a large blunt dagger clutched melodramatically in the right hand, and nobody to murder with it.

The man who can do everything is the kind of man who can mend a thing like a broken door-handle as soon as look at it. He always knows which of the funny things you push or pull on any kind of machine to make it go or stop, and what is wrong with the cistern and the drawing-room clock.

Such a man came into my house the other day. I call it my house, but it really seems to belong to a number of large people who walk in and out and shift packing-cases and splash paint and tramp heavily into the bathroom about 8.30 A.M. when I am trying to get off to sleep. They have also dug a large moat right through the lawn and the garden-path, which rather spoils the appearance of these places, though it is nice to be able to pull up the draw-bridge at night and feel that one is safe from burglars. Anyhow, whether it is my house or theirs, the fact remains that the electric-bells were wrong. The man of whom I am speaking lives next-

door, and he came in and pointed this out. "It is not much use having electric-bells," he said, "that don't ring."

I might have argued this point. I might have said that to press the button of a bell that does not ring gives one time to reflect on whether one really wants the thing one rang for, and thereafter on the whole vanity of human wishes, and so inculcates patience and self-discipline. It is quite possible that an Eastern *yogi* might spend many years of beneficial calm pressing the buttons of bells that do not ring. But I replied rather weakly, "No, I suppose not."

"I'll soon put that right for you," he said cheerily, and about five minutes later he asked me to press one of the

the kitchen were blunt and went and fetched some kind of private grindstone and sharpened them, and then told me that the apple-trees ought to be grease-banded, which I thought was a thing one only did to engines. And, when he had brought a hammer and some nails and put together a large bookcase which had collapsed as soon as *The Outline of History* was put on to it (I should like to know whether Canon BARNES can explain that), I was obliged to ask him to stop, in case the tramping men should see him and strike immediately for fear of the dilution of labour.

But what impressed me most was the part he took next day in the Railway Carriage Conference, which curiously enough was on the subject of

strikes. There were several people in the carriage, and they were talking about what they had done during the railway strike last year, and what they would do if such a thing happened again. I said I should like to be a station-master if possible, because they had top-hats and grew such beautiful flowers. Only four or five trains seem to stop at our station during the day, and if there was a strike I suppose the number would be reduced to one or two. And I thought it would be rather nice to spend the day wearing a top-hat and watering the nasturtiums in the little rock-gardens behind



Mother (firmly, to little daughter about to have a tooth drawn). "Now, BETTY, IF YOU CRY, I'LL NEVER TAKE YOU TO A DENTIST'S AGAIN."

buttons, and there was a loud tinkling noise. It seemed a pity that at the moment when the bell did happen to ring there should be nobody to come and answer it.

"Whatever did you do to them?" I asked.

"It only needed a little water," he said, and I had hard work to suppress my admiration. The very morning before, feeling that I ought to take a hand in all this practical work that was going on about the place, I had filled a large watering-can that I found lying about and wetted some things which someone had stuck into the garden. I have a kind of idea that they were carrots, but they may have been maiden-hair ferns. Somehow it had never occurred to me for a moment to go and water the electric bells.

Almost immediately afterwards this man discovered that all the knives in

the platform. Watering, I said, was quite easy when once one got into the swing of it.

But the man who could do everything seemed to know everything too, and he told me that station-masters were much too noble to strike. There were two kinds of station-masters, he said, both wearing top-hats, but one kind with full morning-dress underneath it and the other with uniform. But neither kind struck.

Slightly nettled at his superior knowledge, I asked him, "What did you do during the Great Strike?"

"Oh, I had rather fun," he said; "I controlled the signals at London Bridge."

If all the truth were known I expect that he is quite ready for Mr. SMILLIE's strike; that he has a handy little pick in his bedroom and knows of rather a jolly little coal-mine close by. *Evon.*



The Woman. "I DO WISH YOU TWO WOULD WALK PROPERLY."

FLOWERS' NAMES.

FOOL'S PARSLEY.

In the village of Picking's Pool
Lived Theobald, the village fool;
He had been simple from his birth
But kindly as the simple earth,
And in his heart he sang a song
Of "Ave, Mary" all day long.

On Good Friday the people came
To honour the rood of Christ His shame;
They scattered flowers and leaves and
moss
About the foot of the humble cross
And, when they knelt and prayed and
wailed,
Theobald saw the Mother, veiled
And bowed in a mother's agony.
"She suffers more than the Christ,"
said he.

Theobald searched the fields and lanes
To find a solace for MARY's pains;
All the flowers were plucked and gone
Save a little dull Parsley, sere and wan;
And Theobald wreathed it in simple
guise;
"It mourns like her," said the Fool
made wise.

When Holy Saturday morning broke
Back to the shrine went the village folk;

And lo! on the weeping Mother's brow
A chaplet of flowers was gleaming now;
And Theobald smiled secretly
To think he had soothed her agony.
And ever since Theobald crowned his
Queen

Fool's Parsley has flowered amongst
its green.

HEADGEAR FOR HEROES.

[A contemporary, having heard of the hat specially designed for M. CLEMENCEAU, has decided that the bowler, the topper, the Homburg, the straw, the cloth cap and all other styles at present more or less in vogue leave much to be desired, and has therefore inaugurated a search for the ideal male headdress.]

THE SMILLIE.—A Phrygian model, executed in red Russia leather. Special features are the asbestos lining, the steam vents and the water-jacket, which combine to minimise the natural heat of the head. Embellished with an heraldic cock's-comb *gules*, it is a striking conception.

THE PREMIER.—A semi-Tyrolean type in resilient chamois, which can be readily converted to any desired shape, with or without extra stiffening. Its adaptability and the patent sound-proof ear-flaps make it particularly suitable for travellers. Detachable edelweiss and leek trimming.

THE ERIC.—An adaptation of the *cap of maintenance* in a special elastic material, warranted not to burst under pressure of abnormal expansion of the head of the wearer. Practically fool-proof.

THE WINNIE.—A fore-and-aft derived from a French model of the First Empire period, the severity of which is mitigated by the addition of little bells. A novelty is the mouthpiece in the crown, which enables the hat to be used as a megaphone at need. An elastic loop holds a fountain-pen in position. The whole to be worn on a head several sizes too big for it.

THE CONAN.—A straw bonnet of beehive shape. Medium weight. In a diversity of shades. The special pugaree of goblin blue material is designed to protect the wearer from moonstroke without obscuring the vision.

THE WARNER.—An easy-fitting crown carried out in harlequin flannel surmounts a full brim of restful willow-green. Garnished with intertwined laurel and St. John's-Wort, and decorated with the tail feather of a Surrey fowl, it makes a comfortable and distinguished headdress for a middle-aged gentleman.



Teacher. "AND RUTH WALKED BEHIND THE REAPERS, PICKING UP THE CORN THAT THEY LEFT. JOHN, WHAT DO WE CALL THAT?"
John (very virtuously). "PINCHING."

A SHIP IN A BOTTLE.

In a sailormen's restaurant Rotherhithe way,
Where the din of the docksides is loud all the day,
And the breezes come bringing off basin and pond
And all the piled acres of lumber beyond
From the Oregon ranges the tang of the pine
And the breath of the Baltic as bracing as wine,
In a fly-spotted window I there did behold,
Among the stale odours of hot food and cold,
A ship in a bottle some sailor had made
In watches below, swinging South with the Trade,
When the fellows were patching old dungaree suits,
Or mending up oilskins and leaky seaboots,
Or whittling a model or painting a chest,
Or yarnning and smoking and watching the rest.

In fancy I saw him all weathered and browned,
Deep crows'-feet and wrinkles his eyelids around;
A pipe in the teeth that seemed little the worse
For Liverpool pantiles and stringy salt-horse;
The hairy forearm with its gaudy tattoo
Of a bold-looking female in scarlet and blue;
The fingers all roughened and toughened and scarred,
With hauling and hoisting so calloused and hard,
So crooked and stiff you would wonder that still
They could handle with cunning and fashion with skill
The tiny full-rigger predestined to ride
To its cable of thread on its green-painted tide
In its wine-bottle world, while the old world went on
And the sailor who made it was long ago gone.

And still as he worked at the toy on his knee
He would spin his old yarns of the ships and the sea,
Thermopyla, Lightning, Lothair and Red Jacket,
With many another such famous old packet,

And many a bucko and dare-devil skipper
In Liverpool blood-boat or Colonies' clipper;
The sail that they carried aboard the *Black Ball*,
Their skysails and stunsails and ringtail and all,
And storms that they weathered and races they won
And records they broke in the days that are done.

Or sometimes he'd sing you some droning old song,
Some old sailors' ditty both mournful and long,
With queer little curlicues, twiddles and quavers,
Of smugglers and privateers, pirates and slavers,
"The brave female smuggler," the "packet of fame
That sails from New York and the *Dreadnought's* her
name,"

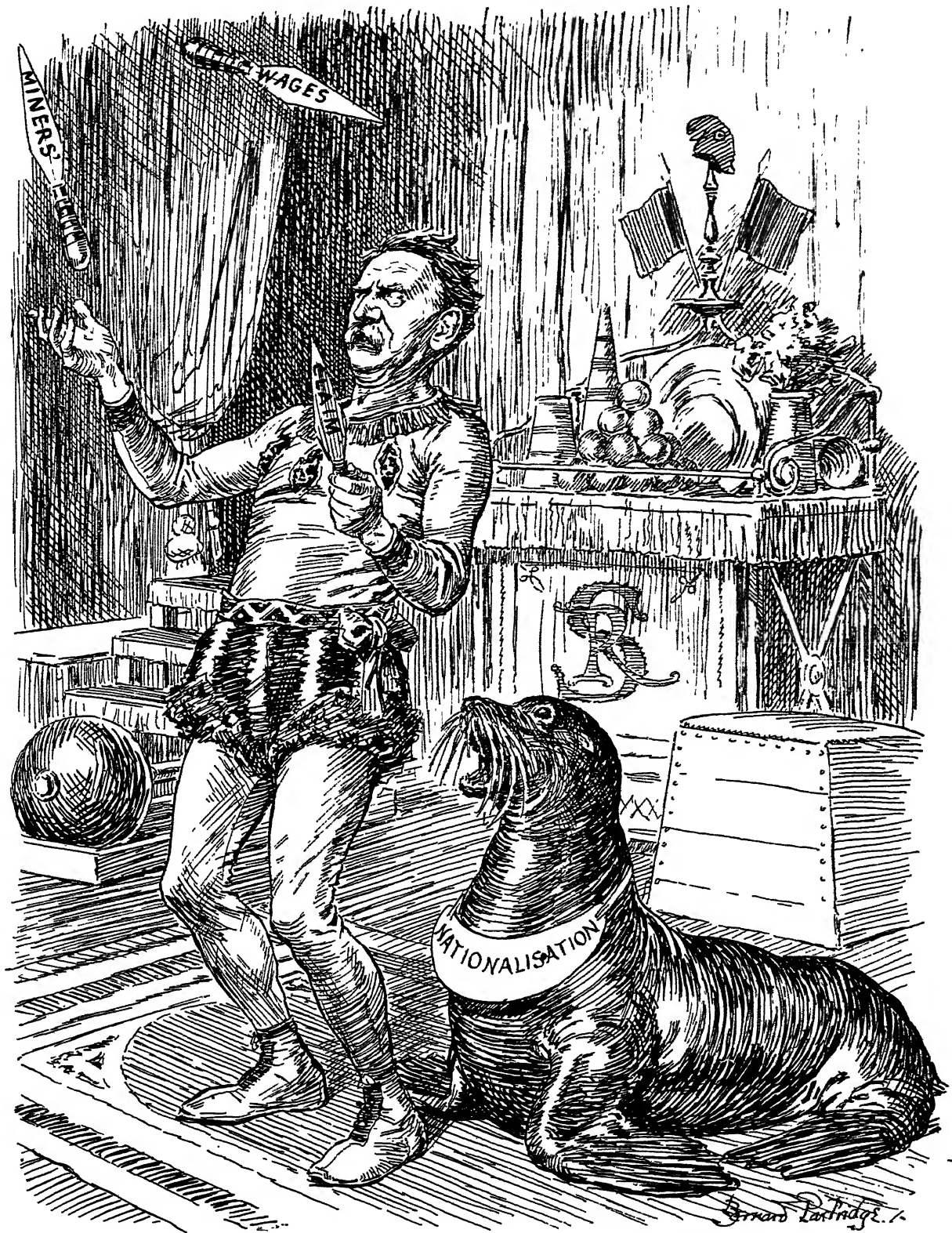
And "all on the coast of the High Barbaree,"
And "the flash girls of London was the downfall of he."

In fancy I listened, in fancy could hear
The thrum of the shrouds and the creak of the gear,
The patter of reef-points on topsails a-shiver,
The song of the jibs when they tauten and quiver,
The cry of the frigate-bird following after,
The bow-wave that broke with a gurgle like laughter.
And I looked on my youth with its pleasure and pain,
And the shipmate I loved was beside me again.
In a ship in a bottle a-sailing away
In the flying-fish weather through rainbows of spray,
Over oceans of wonder by headlands of gleam,
To the harbours of Youth on the wind of a dream.

C. F. S.

"HIGH COMMISSIONER PAYS CALLS.

Jerusalem, August 27.—The High Commissioner visited yesterday afternoon the tomb of Abraham, Sarah, Rebecca, Isaac, Jacob and Leah in the Cave of Makpela at Hebron.—*Egyptian Mail*.
No flowers, by request.



THE GREAT REPUDIATION.

MR. SMILLIE. "HERE, HOP IT, OR YOU'LL SPOIL THE WHOLE SHOW. YOU DON'T COME ON TILL MY NEXT TRICK."



M. F. H. "WHY THE DEUCE AREN'T YOU WITH HOUNDS? THEY'RE IN THE NEXT PARISH BY THIS."

New Whip (rib-roasting very bad cub-hunter). "'TAIN'T SAFE TO GO NEAR 'EM WITH THIS 'ORSE; THEY MIGHT THINK 'E WAS FOR EATIN'."

THE BEN AND THE BOOT.

WHITHER in these littered and overcrowded islands should one flee to escape the spectacle of outworn and discarded boots? I should go to a mountain-top and amongst mountain-tops I should choose the highest. I should scale the summit of Ben Nevis.

Yet it is, but a few days since I saw on that proud eminence the unmistakable remains of an ordinary walking boot.

It reposed on the perilous edge of a snowdrift that even in summer curves giddily over the lip of the dreadful gulf over which the eastern precipice beetles. There is ever a certain pathos about discarded articles of apparel: a baby's outgrown shoe, a girl's forgotten glove, an abandoned bowler; but the situation of this boot, thus high uplifted towards the eternal stars, gave to it a mystery, a grandeur, a sublimity that held me long in contemplation.

How came it there?

The path that winds up that grey mountain is rough; its harsh stones and remorseless gradients take toll of leather as of flesh. Yet half a sole and

a sound upper are better than no boot, and what climber but would postpone till after his descent the discarding of his damaged footgear?

Could it be, I asked myself, the relic and evidence of an inhuman crime? Was it possible that some party of climbers, arriving at the top lunchless and desperately hungry, had sacrificed their plumpest, disposing of his clothes over the cliff, but failing to hole out with this tell-tale boot?

But no, I bethought me of the price of leather. They would have reserved the boots, even at the risk of suspicion. Moreover, no one would ever reach that exacting altitude in a state of succulence.

A glow of sympathy, a thrill of appreciation swept through me as I realised what was at once the worthiest and the likeliest explanation.

Who shall plumb the depths of the affection of a true pedestrian for his boots, the companions and comfort of so many a pilgrimage? Who but the climber, the hill-tramp, knows the pang of regret with which he faces at last the truth that his favourite boots are past repair, the sorrow and self-re-

proach with which he permits them to be consigned to Erebus?

I saw it all. As the Roman veteran hung upon the temple wall of Mars the arms he might no longer wield, so hither came some lofty-minded climber, bearing in devoted hands his outworn and faithful boot, to leave it sadly and with reverence in this most worthy resting-place, here to repose at the end of all the roads it had trod, on the highest of all the native hills it had climbed.

W. K. H.

Another Impending Apology.

"Mr. Roberts, Member of Parliament, has arrived. Mr. Roberts is a tall and well-built gentleman with a posing appearance."

Mysore Patriot.

"Families supplied in 18, 12 or 6 gallon casks."—*Hertford brewer's notice.*

Where's your **DIOGENES** now?

"The dinner was in the House of Commons, and I sat next to Henry. I was tremendously impressed by his conversation and his clean Cromwellian face."

From a famous autobiography.

It was, we trust, the **CROMWELL** touch rather than the cleanness that was so impressive.



Ancient Gardener (who has just been paid). "OI SAY, MAISTER, THERE 'S SUMMAT WRONG WI' MA BRASS."

Employer. "WHAT 'S THAT, JOHN?"

A. G. "WHA, SITHERE, THA 'S GI'EN MA ONE TA MONY."

Employer. "YOU'RE VERY HONEST, JOHN."

A. G. "WEEL, THA SEES I THOAT IT MID 'A' BIN A TRAP."

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE EARWIG.

How odd it is that our Papas
Keep taking us to cinemas,
But still expect the same old scares,
The tiger-cats, the woolly bears,
The lions on the nursery stairs
To frighten as of old!
Considering everybody knows
A girl can throttle one of those
While choking with the other hand
The captain of a robber band,
They leave one pretty cold.
The lion has no status now;
One has one's terrors, I'll allow,
The centipede, perhaps the cow,
But nothing in the Zoo;
The things that wriggle, jump or
crawl,
The things that climb about the wall,
And I know what is worst of all—
It is the earwig.—ugh!

The earwig's face is far from kind;
He must have got a spiteful mind;
The pin-cers which he wears behind
Are poisonous, of course;
And Nanny knew a dreadful one
Which bit a gentleman for fun
And terrified a horse.

He is extremely swift and slim,
And if you try to tread on him
He scuttles up the path;
He goes and burrows in your sponge
And takes one wild terrific plunge
When you are in the bath;
Or else—and this is simply foul—
He gets into a nice hot towel
And waits till you are dried,
And then, when Nanny does your
ears,
He urrriggles in and disappears:
He stays in there for years and years
And errrawls about inside.
At last, if you are still alive,
A lot of baby ones arrive;
But probably you've died.

How inconvenient it must be!
There isn't any way, you see,
To get him out again;
So, when you want to frighten me
Or really give me pain,
Please don't go on about that bear
And all those burglars on the stair;
I shouldn't turn a tiny hair
At such Victorian stuff;
You only have to say instead,
"THERE IS AN EARWIG IN YOUR BED,"
And that will be enough.

A. P. H.

MY RIGHT-HAND MAN.

ON glancing the other day through the only human column of my newspaper—that headed "Personal"—I was much intrigued by the advertisement of a gentleman who styled himself a "busy commercial magnate," and who announced his urgent need of a "right-hand man." The duties of the post were not particularised, but their importance was made clear by the statement that "any salary within reason" would be paid to a really suitable person.

No, I did not think of applying for the post myself; a twelve months' adjutancy to a dyspeptic Colonel had long cured me of the desire to bottle-wash for anyone again, however lavish the remuneration. But, I thought to myself, it must evidently be a profitable notion to employ a right-hand man, or why should this magnate person be so airy on the subject of salary? Would it not then pay me to engage somebody in a similar capacity? Increased production, in spite of Trade Union economics, is emphatically a need of the moment. With a right-hand man at my right hand (when he wasn't at my left) I could, I felt sure, increase

my own output enormously; and I began to plan out my daily work under the reconstruction scheme.

I will call him "Snaggs"; that will save me the trouble of having to write "my right-hand man" every time I want to refer to him; but when he enters my service such economy of labour will not, of course, be necessary. Snaggs, then, will arrive punctually at nine every morning—no, on second thoughts he will sleep in, in case an inspiration that needs recording arrives after I have gone to bed. (I shrink from estimating how much wealth I have lost through going to sleep on my nocturnal inspirations, which the most thorough search next morning never avails to recapture; but a speaking-tube, with alarm attachment, running into Snaggs's room will alter all that.)

His first duty of the day will be to wade through all the newspapers and cut out any paragraphs that may serve as pegs for an article or a set of verses. My own difficulty in this respect has always been that I can never manage to get through more than one paper in a working morning, and not all of that; invariably my attention gets caught by some long and instructive but (for my purposes) hopelessly unsuggestive dissertation on Pedigree Pigs or The Co-operative Movement in Lower Papua, and I consequently overlook many of those inspiring little "stories" that inform us, for example, that a distinguished physician advocates the use of tomato-sauce as a hair-restorer.

By the time I have finished breakfast, I reckon, Snaggs will have found me subjects for at least a dozen effusions, neatly arranged with a few skeleton suggestions for the treatment of each. I shall first decide which are to be handled in prose and which in verse, and in the case of the latter shall jot down a few words and phrases that will obviously have to be dragged in as line-endings. Then I shall put Snaggs on to the purely mechanical drudgery of finding all the possible rhymes to these words (*e.g.*, fascinate, assassinate, pro-Krassinate—you know the sort of thing that's called for), and by the time he has catalogued them all I shall have dashed off most of the prose articles, which Snaggs will then proceed to type while I am engaged in the comparatively simple task of piecing together the verse jigsaws. In this way I should easily be able to earn an ordinary week's takings in a morning.

The next task will be the placing of this material, and that is how Snaggs's afternoons will be spent. I have always had an unnecessarily tender feeling for editors, and often, after laboriously giving birth to an article, have concealed



THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Customer. "WHY, YOU'VE PUT YOUR PRICES UP AGAIN!"

Fishmonger. "WELL, MUM, I ASK YER, 'OW ELSE ARE WE TO FIGHT THE PROFITEER AT 'IS OWN GAME?"

it in a drawer rather than run the risk of boring anyone with its perusal. Snaggs, however, will be fashioned of more pachydermatous material and will daily make himself such a nuisance that they'll give him an order, and possibly a long contract, to get rid of him. By a proper system of book-keeping he will also save me from the occasional blunder of sending the same article to the same paper twice.

My wife, to whom I have submitted this brain-wave, says that the first job to employ Snaggs on will be calling on the Bank Manager to arrange about the overdraft which neither of us has

so far had the courage to moot. But that, I am afraid, would inspire him with foolish doubts as to the stability of his princely salary. Perhaps it will be best if, before actually engaging Snaggs, I convert myself into a limited company, "for the purpose of acquiring and enlarging the business and goodwill of the private enterprise known as Percival Trumpington-Jones, Esq." A sufficient number of shares will be issued to guarantee Snaggs at least his first year's screw; that done, the proposition should be practically gilt-edged. So who's coming in on the bargain-basement floor?

AT THE PLAY.

"THE DAISY."

I IMAGINE that the authors who founded this play on a Hungarian original regarded it as an ambitious piece of work. If so, they were right in the sense that they have attempted something very much beyond their powers. In the view of the gentleman who addressed us at the fall of the curtain (I understand that he was one of the authors) it offered magnificent opportunities (I think "magnificent" was the word) for the brilliant gifts of two of the actors. Certainly it covered a good bit of ground, what with this world and the next; for it started with roundabouts on the Heath, and got as far away as the Judgment Day (Hungarian style)—and fourteen years after.

I may have a contemptibly weak stomach for this kind of thing, but I confess that I don't care much for a representation of the Judgment Day in a melodrama of low life. Of course low life has just as much right as any other sort of life to be represented in a Judgment Day scene; but it ought to behave itself there and not introduce back-chat.

I should explain that it was a special Suicide Court, and that the object of *The Magister*, as the Presiding Judge was named in the programme, was to inquire into the record of the delinquent and, if his answers were satisfactory, to allow him to revisit the scenes of his earthly life in order to repair any little omissions that he might have made in the hurry of departure. Unfortunately the leading case was a bad example of suicide. It had not been deliberate; he had simply killed himself impromptu in a tight corner to avoid arrest for intended murder.

Worse still, when he returned to earth after a lapse of fourteen years' purgatory (between the sixth and seventh scenes), for his record was a rotten one and he had shown no signs of penitence, the *revenant* made very poor use of his hour. Returning to his wife whom he had brutalised, he found that she had taught their girl-child to regard him as a paragon of virtue, and most of his limited time was spent in correcting this beautiful legend. You see, at the time of his death he had had no chance of making the child realise how bad he was, for the excellent reason that she had not yet been born, so he seized this opportunity of making good that omission.

As a practical illustration of the kind of man he really had been, he struck the child violently on the arm. We all saw him do it and we all heard the smack, but the child assured us that

she had not felt anything. This I suppose was the author's way, ingenuous enough, of reminding us that it was a case of spirit and not of flesh, whatever our eyes and ears might persuade us to think of it.

Already in a previous scene there had been the same old difficulty. While the man lay dead on his bed his spirit had been summoned by a Higher Power (indicated in a peep-show), and his corpse sat up, displacing the prostrate form of the widow, who had to take up a new position, without however appearing to notice anything. It was still sitting up when the curtain fell,



"*The Daisy*" (Mr. CAINE). "WHAT MADE YOU TAKE A FANCY TO ME?"

Julia (Miss MERRALL). "I DUNNO."

(Sympathetic appreciation of her ignorance on part of audience.)

and incidentally was caught in the act of resuming its recumbent position when the curtain rose again for the purpose of allowing the actors to receive our respectful plaudits.

Behind me I heard an American lady suggest that if they could somehow distinguish the spirit from the body it would be better for our illusions. To which her neighbour expressed the opinion that they would eventually manage to do that feat. I await, less hopefully, this development in stage mechanism. Meanwhile *Mary Rose* has much to answer for.

The play began promisingly enough with a scene full of colour and humanity, of humour and pathos. We were among the roundabouts, whose florid and buxom manageress, *Mrs. Muscat* (admirably played by Miss SUZANNE SHEL-

DON), was having a quarrel of jealousy with her assistant and late lover, "*The Daisy*," who had been seen taking notice of Another. The dumb devotion of this child, *Julia* (Miss MARY MERRALL), who could never find words for her love—she said little beyond "Yuss" and "I dunno"—was a very moving thing; and the patient stillness with which she bore his subsequent brutality held us always under a strange fascination.

For the rest it was an ugly and sordid business, relieved only by the coy confidences of the amorous *Maria* (played by Miss GLADYS GORDON with a nice sense of fun). Mr. HENRY CAINE, as "*The Daisy*," presented very effectively the rough-and-ready humour and the frank brutality of his type; but he perhaps failed to convey the devastating attractions which he was alleged to have for the frail sex; and his sudden spasms of tragic emotion seemed a little out of the picture.

Apart from the painful crudity of the scene that was loosely described as "*The Other Side*," the play abounded in amateurisms. For one thing there was too much sermonising. It began with an obtrusive homily on the part of an inspector of police, who went out of his way to admonish *Julia* about the danger of associating with "*The Daisy*." Another instance was that of the bank-messenger, a person of such self-possession and detachment that he contrived to deliver a moral address while holding one foiled villain at the point of his revolver and gripping the other's wrist as in a vice.

Nothing again could have been more naïve than the innocent home-coming of the domestic carving-knife, freshly sharpened, from the grinder's just in time to be diverted to the objects of a murderous enterprise.

Altogether, it was rather poor stuff, unworthy of the talent of many of its interpreters and of the trouble that Miss EDITH CRAIG had spent over its scenic effects. Perhaps the audience had been led to expect too much, for "*The Daisy*," far from being the "wee, modest" flower of ROBERT BURNS, had been at some pains to draw preliminary attention to its merits. O. S.

The Bedroom Shortage.

"That a woman ought to dress quietly and practically in the street is unquestionable."

"*Times*" Fashion article.

"As the harvest season this year is late, sport will not be general for at least two weeks hence, when grain crops may be expected to be in stock. For some time to come sheep will be confined to the low hill-sides and pasture lands and turnip fields, and a few good bags were had there yesterday."—*Scotch Paper*.

We still prefer the old-fashioned sport of partridge-shooting.



WAR AND SCIENCE.

Greek Officer. "CAN'T YOU THINK OF SOMETHING QUICK? THE ARMY IS WAITING AND THE ENEMY APPROACHES."

Archimedes. "SCIENCE IS NOT TO BE HUSTLED, GENERAL. JUST GET YOUR ARMY TO DO A LITTLE PLAIN FIGHTING WHILE I THINK OUT A FANCY SCHEME."

SPANISH LEDGES.

SCILLY.

The bells of Cadiz clashed for them
When they sailed away;
The Citadel guns, saluting, crashed for them
Over the Bay;

With banners of saints aloft unfolding,
Their poops a glitter of golden moulding,
Tambours throbbing and trumpets neighing,
Into the sunset they went swaying.

But the port they sought they wandered wide of,
And they won't see Spain again this side of
Judgment Day.

For they're down, deep down, in Dead Man's Town,
Twenty fathoms under the clean green waters.
No more hauling sheets in the rolling treasure fleets,
No more stinking rations and dread red slaughters;
No galley oars shall bow them nor shall whips cow them,
Frost shall not shrivel them nor the hot sun smite,
No more watch to keep, nothing now but sleep—
Sleep and take it easy in the long twilight.

The bells of Cadiz tolled for them
Mournful and glum;

Up in the Citadel requiems rolled for them
On the black drum;

Priests had many a mass to handle,
Nuestra Señora many a candle,
And many a lass grew old in praying

For a sight of those topsails homeward swaying—
But it's late to wait till a girl is bride of
A Jack who won't be back this side of
Kingdom Come.

But little they care down there, down there,
Hid from time and tempest by the jade-green waters;
They have loves a-plenty down at fathom twenty,
Pearly-skinned silver-finned mer-kings' daughters.
At the gilt quarter-ports sit the Dons at their sports,
A-dicing and drinking the red wine and white,
While the crews forget their wrongs in the sea-maids'
songs
And dance upon the foc'sles in the grey ghost light.

PATLANDER.

"REMARKABLE OVAL SCORING."

Evening Paper Contents Bill.

We have made some remarkable scores of that shape ourselves in the past, but we never boast about them.

"He believed that the English pronounced in the streets of London in, say, 200 years' time, will be much different, if not unintelligible, to the man of to-day."—*Daily Paper.*

Just like the English in some of our newspapers.

"The Secretary of State for India is not *persona grata* either to the British House of Commons or to the British public. That is the old-fashioned English of it."—*Bangalore Daily Post.*

It would be interesting to see the old-fashioned Latin of it.

"Will any Lady Recommend Country Home of the best where 2 precious Poms can be happy and would be looked after for 6 weeks? Surrey preferred."—*Morning Paper.*

Think of their disgust at finding themselves boarded out in Sussex or Kent.

"Young Hungarian Lady with English and German knolidgement wants sob with English or American Organization."—*Pester Lloyd.*

Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Sob and you sob alone.

A WAY OUT OF THE PRESENT UNREST.

"A PENNY for your thoughts," I said to Kathleen.

"I like that," said Kathleen indignantly. "A penny was the market value of my thoughts in 1914. Why should butter and cheese and reels of cotton go up more than double and my thoughts stay the same?"

"Twopence," I offered.

"I said *more* than double," she remarked coldly.

I plunged. "Sixpence," I said.

"Done!"

"I'll put it in the collection bag for you next Sunday," I added hastily.

"Well, I was thinking of Veronica's future. I was wondering what she was going to be."

"When we went to the Crystal Palace," I said gently, "I rather gathered that she wanted to be the proprietor of a merry-go-round. They were dragons with red-plush seats."

"She might go into Parliament," said Kathleen dreamily; "I expect women will be able to do everything by the time she's grown up. She might be a Cabinet Minister. I don't see why she shouldn't be Prime Minister."

"Her hair's just about the right length now," I said. "And perhaps she could give me congenial employment. I wouldn't mind being Minister of Transport. There's quite a good salary attached. But of course she may have ideas of her own on the subject."

Feeling curious, I went in search of Veronica. I found her at a private dance given by the butterflies and hollyhocks at the other end of the lawn. When she saw me she came to meet me and made her excuses very politely.

"We've just been wondering what you're going to be when you've stopped being a little girl," I said.

"Me?" said Veronica calmly. "Oh, I'm going to be a fairy. You don't want me to be anything else, do you?" she added anxiously.

Even the Prime Minister's post seemed suddenly quite flat.

"Oh, no," I said. "I think you've made a very good choice." But she was not quite satisfied.

"I shall hate going away from you," she said. "Couldn't you come too?"

"Where?"

"To Fairyland."

"Ah!" I said, "that takes some thinking about. Could we come back if we didn't like it?"

"N-no, I don't fink so. I've never heard of anyone doing that. But you'll love it," she went on earnestly. "You'll be ever so tiny and you can draw funny frost pictures wiv rain-

bows and fold up flowers into buds and splash dew-water over everyfing at night and ride on butterflies and help the birds to make nests. Fink what fun to help a bird to make a nest! You'll love it!"

"Is that all?" I said sternly. "Are you keeping nothing from me? What about witches and spells and being turned into frogs? I'm sure I remember that in my fairy tales."

"Oh, nothing that *matters*," she said quickly. "You can always tell a witch, you know, and we'll keep out of their way. An' if a nasty fairy turns you into a frog a nice one will always turn you back quite soon. It's all right. You mustn't worry about *that*. There won't be any fun if you don't come too, darlin'," she ended shamelessly.

I considered.

"Veronica," I said at last, "is there such a thing as Ireland in Fairyland? Is there an exchange that won't keep steady? Is there any labour trouble?"

She shook her head.

"I've never heard of anyfing that sounded like those," she said; "I'm sure there isn't."

"That decides it," I said. "We'll all come. As soon as you can possibly arrange it."

She heaved a sigh of relief and ran off to tell the glad news to the butterflies and hollyhocks.

So that's settled.

I think we've made a wise decision.

After all, what's a witch or two, or even a temporary existence as a frog, compared with a coal strike?

THE WAIL OF THE WASP.

WHEN that I was a tiny grub,
And peevish and inclined to blub,

Mother, my Queen,
My infant grief you would assuage
With promise of the ripe greengage
And purple sheen
Of luscious plums;
"When Autumn comes."

The Autumn days are flying fast;
Across the bleak skies overcast
Scurries the wind;
Where are those plums of purple hue,
Mother? I only wish that you
Had disciplined
My pampered youth
To face the truth.

The time for wasps is nearly done,
And what is life without the sun,
Mother, my Queen?
Dull stupor numbs your royal head;
Torpid my sisters lie—or dead;
Come, let me lean
Back on my sting
And end the thing.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A GENERAL PAPER.

(For the benefit of the Examiners in the Oxford School of English Literature.)

(1) Compare, in respect of pulpit oratory, (a) Dr. SOUTH with "WOODBINE WILLIE," and (b) Dr. MICHAEL FURSE (Bishop of St. Albans) with the JUDICIOUS HOOKER.

(2) Give reasons in support of Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLLS' emendation of the lines in *The Ancient Mariner*—

The wedding guest he beat his breast,
For he heard the proud Sassoon.

(3) Re-write "Tears, idle tears" in the style of (a) Dr. JOHNSON, (b) CALLISTHENES, (c) the SITWELLS.

(4) What do you know of CASANOVA, KARSAVINA, CAGLIOSTRO, KENNEDY JONES, Captain PETER WRIGHT, EPSTEIN, ECKSTEIN and EINSTEIN? When did Sir OLIVER LODGE say that he would not leave *ein Stein* unturned until he had upset the theory of Relativity?

(5) Give a complete list of all the poets, major and minor, at present residing on Boar's Hill, and trace their influence on the Baconian controversy.

(6) Distinguish by psycho-analysis between (a) SYDNEY SMITH and SIDNEY LEE, (b) GEORGE MEREDITH and GEORGE ROBESY, noting convergences as well as divergences of mentality, physique and sub-conscious uplift.

(7) Would Jason, who sailed in the *Argo*, have laid an embargo on MARGOT as passenger or supercargo? Estimate the probable results of her introduction to Medea, and its effect on the views and translations of Professor GILBERT MURRAY.

(8) What eminent Georgian critic said that TENNYSON's greatest work was his *Idols of the Queen*?

(9) Estimate the effect on Reconstruction if Mr. BOTTOMLEY were to devote himself exclusively to theological studies, and Mr. WELLS were to take up his abode permanently in Russia.

Another Impending Apology.

"FIRE AT CHILDREN'S HOME."
LADY HENRY SOMERSET'S WORK."
Daily Paper.

From a Pimlico shop window:—
"GENTLEMEN'S WAR ROBES BOUGHT."
Apparently not worth a "d."

"Professor —, the pianist, who is trying to complete 110 hours' continuous playing, completed fifty-five hours on the first day."
Cologne Post.

That makes it too easy.

"Mme. Karsavina is taller than Pavlova, but has an equally perfect figure. The Greeks would have bracketed her with Venus and Aphrodite."—*Provincial Paper.*
The two last have, of course, been constantly bracketed.



Golfer (very much off his game). "ONE ROUND NEARER THE GRAVE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Pinch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Not for a long time have I got so great a pleasure from any collection of short sketches as now from Miss ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK's *Autumn Crocuses* (SECKER). Not only has the whole book a pleasant title, but each of these stories is happily called after some flower that plays a part in its development. I am aware of the primly Victorian sound of such a description applied to art so modern as that of Miss SEDGWICK. You know already (I hope) how wonderfully delicate is her almost passionate sensibility to the finer shades of a situation. It is, I suppose, this quality in her writing that makes me still have reminiscent shivers when I think about that horrible little bogie-tale, *The Third Window*; and these "Flower Pieces" (as 1860 might have called them) are no whit less subtle. I wish I had space to give you the plots of some of them; "Daffodils," for instance, a quite unexpected and thrilling treatment of perhaps the oldest situation of literature; or "Staking a Larkspur," the only instance in which Miss SEDGWICK's gently smiling humour crystallizes definitely into comedy; or "Carnations," the most brilliantly written of all. As this liberty is denied me you must accept a plain record of very rare enjoyment and take steps to share it.

Chief among the *Secrets of Crewe House* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), now divulged to the mere public, are the marvellous efficiency and superhuman success achieved by the British Enemy Propaganda Committee, which operated

in Lord CREWE's London house under the directorate of Lord NORTHCLIFFE. "What is propaganda?" the author asks himself on an early page, and the right answer could have been made in four letters: ADVT. It is endorsed by the eulogistic manner in which the Committee's work is written up by one of them, Sir CAMPBELL STUART, K.B.E., and illustrated by photographs of Lord NORTHCLIFFE (looking positively Napoleonic) and of the sub-supermen. As in all great achievements, the main principle was a simple one. A good article is best advertised by truth; and it was the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth which the Committee, with admirable conciseness and no little ingenuity, so promulgated that it could no longer escape notice even in the Central Empires. Not the least of the Committee's difficulties and achievements was to get the truth of our cause and policy so defined as to be susceptible of unequivocal statement by poster, leaflet, film and gramophone record. Sir CAMPBELL STUART perhaps tends to underrate the rival show, the German propaganda organization, whose work, if it did Germany little good, has done and is still doing colossal harm to us. Also he tends to forget that Lord HAIG and his little lot in France at any rate helped the Committee to effect the breakdown of the German *moral* in 1918 and so to win the war.

I feel that Miss MARGARET SYMONDS had a purpose in writing *A Child of the Alps* (FISHER UNWIN), but, unless it was to show how mistaken it is, as Basil, the Swiss farmer, puts it, "to think when thou shouldst have been living," it has evaded me. The book begins with a romantic

marriage between an Englishwoman of some breeding and a Swiss peasant who is a doctor, and tells the history of their daughter until she is about to marry *Basil*, her original sweetheart. I cannot be more definite or tell you how her first marriage—with an English cousin—turned out, because *Linda's* own account of this is all we get, and that is somewhat vague. A great many descriptions of beautiful scenery, Swiss and Italian, come into the book, and a great many people, some of them very individual and lifelike; but the author's concentration on *Linda* gives them, people and scenery alike, an unreal and irritating effect of having been called into being solely to influence her heroine, and that lessens their fascination. Yet it is a book which makes a distinct impression, and once read will not easily be forgotten. It seems a strange comment to make on a new volume of a "First Novel Library," but *A Child of the Alps*, as you will realise if you have been reading novels long enough, is almost exactly the sort of book its title would have suggested had it appeared thirty years ago.

These wrapper-artists should really exercise a little more discretion. To depict on the outside of a book the facsimile of a cheque for ten thousand pounds might well be to excite in some readers a mood of wistfulness only too apt to interfere with their appreciation of the contents. Fortunately, *Uncle Simon* (HUTCHINSON) is a story quite cheery enough even to banish reflections on the Profiteer. A middle-aged and ultra-respectable London solicitor, whose thwarted youth periodically awakes in him and insists upon his indulging all those follies that should have been safely finished forty-odd years before—here, you will admit, is a figure simply bursting with every kind of possibility. Fortunately, moreover, MARGARET and H. DE VERE STACPOOLE have shown themselves not only fully alive to all the humorous chances of their theme, but inspired with an infectious delight in them. It is, for example, a singularly happy touch that the wild oats that *Uncle Simon* tries to retrieve are not of today but from the long-vanished pastures of mid-Victorian London. Of course such a fantasy can't properly be ended. Having extracted (as I gratefully admit) the last ounce of entertainment from him, the authors simply wake *Uncle Simon* up and go home. As a small literary coincidence I may perhaps add that it was my fortune to read the book in the very garden (of that admirable Shaftesbury inn) which, under a transparent disguise, is the scene of *Uncle Simon's* restoration. Naturally this enhanced my enjoyment of a sportive little comedy, which I can most cordially commend.

Mr. ST. JOHN G. ERVINE is a versatile author who exhibits that unevenness of quality which is generally the besetting sin of versatile authors. When he is good he is very good

indeed, and in *The Foolish Lovers* (COLLINS) he is at his best. The Ulsterman is seldom either a lovable or an interesting character. He has certain rude virtues which command respect and other qualities, not in themselves virtues—such as clan conceit and an intensely narrow provincialism—that beget the virtues of industry, honesty and frugality. But to the philosopher and student of character all types are interesting, and Mr. ERVINE's skill lies in his ability not merely to draw his Ballyards hero to the life but to interest us in his unsuccessful efforts to become a successful writer. It is merely clan conceit that drives him forward in the pursuit of this purpose, for circumstances have clearly intended him to carry on the grocery business in which the family have achieved some success and a full measure of local esteem. The *MacDermotts* never failed to accomplish their purpose; he, as a *MacDermott*, proposed to achieve fame as a novelist.

It was quite simple. But it turned out to be not at all simple. The quite provincial young *MacDermott* cannot make London accept him at his own valuation and his novels are poor stuff. His wife, loyal to him but still more loyal to the *MacDermott* clan into which she has married and which now includes a little *MacDermott*, is the first to recognise that her husband had best seek romance in the family grocery business. Then the *MacDermott* himself, with that shrewdness which may be late in coming to an Ulsterman but never fails him altogether, realises it too and the story is finished.

The main object of the characters in *The Courts of Idleness* (WARD, LOCK) was to amuse themselves, and as their sprightly conversations were often punctuated by laughter I take it that they succeeded. To give Mr. DORNFORD YATES his due he is expert in light banter; but some three hundred pages of such entertainment tend to create a sense of surfeit. The first part of the book is called, "How some passed out of the Courts for ever," and then comes an interlude, in which we are given at least one stirring war-incident. I imagine that Mr. YATES desires to show that, although certain people could frivol with the worst, they could also fight and die bravely. The second part, "How others left the Courts only to return," introduces a new set of people but with similar conversational attainments. Mr. YATES can be strongly recommended to anyone who thinks that the British take themselves too seriously.

A Burning Question.

"The Germans have singed the Protocol."—*China Advertiser*.

A Master of Deduction.

"At 11.30 last night a black iron safe, 22 inches by 18, was found by the roadside at Leaves Green-road, Keston. When examined it was found that the bottom of the safe had been cut out. A burglary is suspected."—*Evening Paper*.



A.T. SMITH

Prospective Employer. "HOW OLD ARE YOU?"
Applicant for Post. "FOURTEEN—AND UNMARRIED."

MICHAELMAS AND THE GOOSE.*(Lines written under the threat of a Coal-strike).*

You for whose Mass by immemorial use,
 When Autumn enters on his annual cycle,
 We offer up the fatted goose
 Mid fragrant steam of apple-juice,
 Hear our appeal, O Michael!

Sir, do not try our piety too sore,
 Bidding us sacrifice—a wrench how cruel!—
 Her whom we prize all geese before—
 The one that lays that precious ore,
 Our priceless daily fuel.

Her output, as it is, shows want of will
 To check the slackness growing rife and rifer;
 And it would fall far lower still
 (Being, indeed, reduced to nil)
 If they should go and knife her.

Yet there are men who press the slaughterers' claim
 In sympathetic language, talking loosely;
 Among them Mr. GOSLING—shame
 That anyone with such a name
 Should cackle so ungoosely!

Not in your honour would that bird be slain
 If they should kill her—and the hour is critical—
 But for their own ends, thus to gain
 An object palpably profane
 (That is to say, political).

Defend her, Michael! you who smote the crew
 Of Satan on the jaw and stopped their bluffing;
 So, if you see her safely through,
 We'll give you thrice your usual due
 Of other geese (with stuffing). O. S.

BRIDGE CONVENTIONS.

THE game of Auction Bridge may be divided into three species. There is the one we play at home, the second which we play at the Robinsons', and the third that is played at the high table at my club.

The three games are peculiarly distinct, but I have only recently discovered, at some expense, that each one has its particular conventions. At home, if I venture a light no-trump, and Joan, sitting on my right, exclaims well out of turn, "Oh! father," we all know that Joan has the no-trumper, and the play proceeds accordingly.

At the Robinsons' it is different. Suppose I make a call of one spade and the elder hand two hearts, and my partner (let us suppose he is Robinson) passes, and I say "Two spades," and the elder hand says "Three hearts," and Robinson bellows "No," I at once realise that it would be extremely dangerous to call three spades.

These two typical forms of convention are quite clear and seldom lead to any misunderstanding. But the high table at the club is different, and, if I might say so with all diffidence, the conventions there are not so well defined. In fact they may lead to terrible confusion. I speak with confidence on this point because I tried them a few days ago.

Three disconsolate monomaniacs wanted making up, and I, dwelling upon the strong game I had recently been playing at home, threw precaution to the winds and made them up. My partner was a stern man with a hard blue eye and susceptible colouring. After we had cut he informed me that, should he declare one no-trump, he wished to be taken out into a major suit of five; also, should he

double one no-trump, he required me to declare without fail my best suit. He was going to tell me some more but somebody interrupted him. Then we started what appeared to be a very ordinary rubber.

My partner perhaps was not quite at his best when it was my turn to lead; at least he never seemed particularly enthusiastic about anything I did lead, but otherwise—well, I might almost have been at the Robinsons'. Then suddenly he doubled one no-trump.

I searched feverishly for my best suit. I had two—four diamonds to the eight; four hearts to the eight. A small drop of perspiration gathered upon my brow. Then I saw that, whereas I held the two, three, five of hearts, I had the two, three, six of diamonds. Breathing a small prayer, I called two diamonds. This was immediately doubled by the original declarer of no-trumps. My partner said "No," my other opponent said "No," and I, thinking it couldn't be worse, switched into my other best suit and made it two hearts. The doubler passed and I felt the glow of pride which comes to the successful strategist. This was frozen instantly by my partner's declaration of two no-trumps.

If Mr. SMILLIE were suddenly transformed into a Duke I am certain he would not look so genuinely horror-struck as my partner did when I laid my hand upon the table. Yet, as I pointed out, it was his own beastly convention, so I just washed my hands of it and leaned back and watched him hurl forth his cards as Zeus hurled the thunder-bolts about.

Then, of course, the other convention had to have its innings. My partner went one no-trump and I began to look up my five suit. In the meantime the next player on the declaring list doubled the no-trump. This was very confusing. Was he playing my partner's convention and asking his partner for his best suit? I hesitated; but orders are orders, so, having five spades to the nine, I declared two spades. My left-hand enemy said "No"; my partner said "No"; and the doubler—well, he doubled again. This time my partner, being Dummy, hurled down all his thunder-bolts—thirteen small ones—at once. When it was all over he explained at some length that he did not wish ever to be taken out of an opponent's double. I expect this was another convention he was going to tell me about when he was interrupted in the overture to the rubber. Anyway he hadn't told me, and I at some slight cost—five hundred—had nobly carried out his programme.

When eventually the final blow fell and we, with the aid of the club secretary, were trying to add up the various columns of figures, the waiter brought up the evening papers. I seized one and, looking at the chief events of the day, remarked, "STEVENSON is playing a great game." My late partner said, "Ah, you're interested in billiards." I admitted the soft impeachment. "Yes," he said dreamily, "a fine game, billiards; you never have to play against three opponents."

I have now definitely decided that playing my 2 handicap game at the Robinsons' and my plus 1 in the home circle is all the bridge I really care about.

Another Impending Apology.

"Man's original evolution from the anthropoid apes . . . becomes a reasonable hypothesis, especially when we think of the semi-naked savages who inhabited these islands when Julius Caesar landed on our shores, and our present Prime Minister."—*Church Family Newspaper.*

"The contemplated aerial expedition to the South Pole will start in October. Aeroplanes and airships will be used, and the object of the trip is to study magnetic wages."—*Irish Paper.*

Incidentally it is expected a new altitude record may be achieved.



TARTARIN DANS LES INDES.

BOTH (together). "TIENS! LE TIGRE!"

[M. CLEMENCEAU has just sailed for India after big game.]



The Wife (peered at husband going off to football match on the anniversary of their wedding-day). "'AVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHAT 'APPENED THIS DAY SEVEN YEARS AGO?"

The Husband. "FORGOTTEN? NOT LIKELY, OLD GIRL. WHY, THAT WAS THE DAY BOLTON ROVERS BEAT ASTON UNITED FIVE—NOTHING."

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE SNAIL.

The life of the snail is a fight against odds,

Though fought without fever or flummox;

You see, he is one of those gasteropods
Which have to proceed on their stomachs.

Just think how you'd hate to go round
on your own,

Especially if it was gummy,
And wherever you travelled you left on
a stone

The horrid imprint of your tummy!

Wherever you hid, by that glutinous
trail

Some boring acquaintance would
follow;

And this is the bitter complaint of the
snail

Who is pestered to death by the
swallow.

But remember, he carries his house on
his back,

And that is a wonderful power;

When he goes to the sea he has nothing
to pack,

And he cannot be caught in a shower.

After all there is something attractive
in that;

And then he can move in a minute,

And it's something to have such a very
small flat

That nobody else can get in it.

But this is what causes such numbers
of snails

To throw themselves into abysses:—

They are none of them born to be
definite males

And none of them definite misses.

They cannot be certain which one of a
pair

Is the Daddy and which is the
Mummy;

And that must be even more awful to
bear

Than walking about on your tummy.

A. P. H.

"MOTHER OF 13 HAS TRIPLETS."

Daily Paper.

The unlucky age.

SEPTEMBER IN MY GARDEN.

THERE are few things I find so
sorrowful as to sit and smoke and reflect
on the splendid deeds that one might
have been doing if one had only had
the chance. The PRIME MINISTER feels
like this, I suppose, when he remembers
how unkind people have prevented him
from making a land fit for heroes to
live in, and I feel it about my garden.
There can be no doubt that my garden
is not fit for heroes to saunter in; the
only thing it is fit for is to throw used
matches about in; and there is indeed
a certain advantage in this. Some
people's gardens are so tidy that you
have to stick all your used matches
very carefully into the mould, with the
result that next year there is a shrub-
bery of Norwegian pine.

The untidiness of my garden is due
to the fault of the previous tenants.
Nevertheless one can clearly discern
through the litter of packing-cases
which completely surrounds the house
that there was originally a garden there.

I thought something ought to be

done about this, so I bought a little book on gardening, and, turning to September, began to read.

"September," said the man, "marks the passing of summer and the advent of autumn, the time of ripening ruddy-faced fruits and the reign of a rich and gloriously-coloured flora."

About the first part of this statement I have no observation to make. It is probably propaganda, subsidised by the Meteorological Office in order to persuade us that we still have a summer; it has nothing to do with my present theme. But with regard to the ripening ruddy-faced fruits I should like to point out that in my garden there are none of these things, because the previous tenants took them all away when they left. Not a ruddy-faced fruit remains. As for the rich and gloriously-coloured flora, I lifted the edges of all the packing-cases in turn and looked for it, but it was not there either. It should have consisted, I gather, of "gorgeously-coloured dahlias, gay sun-flowers, Michaelmas daisies, gladioli and other autumn blossoms, adding brightness and gaiety to our flower-garden."

"Gaiety" seems to be rather a strong point with this author, for a little further on he says, "The garden should be gay throughout the month with the following plants," and then follows a list of about a hundred names which sound like complicated diseases of the internal organs. I cannot mention them all, but it seems that my garden should be gay throughout with *Lysimachia clethroides*, *Kniphofia nobilis* and *Pyrethrum uliginosum*. It is not. How anything can be gay with *Pyrethrum uliginosum* I cannot imagine. An attitude of reverent sympathy is what I should have expected the garden to have. But that is what the man says.

Then there is the greenhouse. "From now onwards," he writes, "the greenhouse will meet with a more welcome appreciation than it has during the summer months. The chief plants in flower will be *Lantanas*, *Campanula pyramidalis*, *Zonal Pelargoniums*," and about twenty more. "Oh, they will, will they?" I thought, and opened the greenhouse door and looked in. Against the wall there were two or three mouldering peach-trees, and all over the roof and floor a riot of green tomatoes, a fruit which even when it becomes ruddy-faced I do not particularly like. In a single large pot stood a dissipated cactus, resembling a hedgehog suffering from mange.

But what was even more bitter to me than all this ruin and desolation was the thought of the glorious deeds I might have been doing if the garden had been all right. Phrases from the book kept flashing to my eye.



Mistress. "So it's THE CHAUFFEUR THAT'S GOING TO BE THE LUCKY MAN, MARY? I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THE BUTLER WAS THE FAVOURED ONE."

Cook. "THAT WAS SO, MUM; BUT MR. WILLOUGHBY LET ME SLIP THROUGH HIS FINGERS."

"Thoroughly scrub the base and sides of the pots, and see that the drainage-holes are not sealed with soil." How it thrilled the blood!

"Damp the floors and staging every morning and afternoon, and see that the compost is kept uniformly moist." What a fascinating pursuit!

"Feed the plants once a week with liquid manure." It went like a clarion call to the heart.

And here I was condemned to ennui and indolence when I might have been sitting up all night dosing the *Zonal Pelargoniums* with hot beef-tea and taking the temperature of the *Campanula pyramidalis*. Even with the ruddy-faced fruits there would have been plenty to do.

"Wooden trays with open lath bottoms made to slide into a framework afford the best means of storing apples and pears. The ripening of pears may be accelerated by enclosing them in bran or dry clean sand in a closed tin box." It did not say how often one was to clean out the cage, nor whether you put groundsel between the bars.

I told the man next door of my sorrows.

"Well, there's plenty to do," he said. "Get a spade and dig the garden all over."

Dig it all over indeed when I ought to be plucking nosegays of *Lysimachia clethroides* and *Pyrethrum uliginosum* to put in my buttonhole! I prefer to dream my dreams. EVOE.

THE CABMAN AND THE COIN.

"We must wait a minute or two for Sir Charles," said our hostess. "Everyone else is here," and she beamed around the room.

The various *mauvais quart d'heure* dialogues that this speech had interrupted were resumed, most of them switching on to the question of punctuality. And then a cab was heard to stop outside and after a minute or so, presumably spent in financial transactions, the bell rang and the knocker knocked.

"That's Sir Charles," said our hostess; "there he is;" and a few moments later the guest we all awaited so fervently was in the room, full of apologies.

"Never mind why you're late," said our hostess, "I'm sure you couldn't help it. Now we'll eat," and once again a dozen Londoners fell into ark-approaching formation and moved towards repelition.

The party was familiar enough, after certain solvents of speech had been applied, for conversation to become general; and during the *entrée* we were all listening to Sir Charles telling the famous story of the eminent numismatist who, visiting the British Museum, was taken for a thief. By way of making the narration the more vivid he felt in his pocket for a coin with which to illustrate the dramatic crisis, when his expression became suddenly alarmed and fixed.

"Good heavens!" he said, fumbling nervously all over his clothes, "I've given it to the cabman. Of all the infernal idiocy! I knew I should. I had a presentiment that I should get it muddled up with my other money and give it away."

"What was it?" he was asked.

"Was it something very valuable?"

"Was it a rare coin?"

Murmurs of sympathy made a low accompaniment.

"It was a goldmohur," said Sir Charles. "A very beautiful coin of the Moguls: I keep it as a kind of mascot. I've had it for years, but left it behind and it reached me from India only this morning. Having come away without it I sent a cable for it to be forwarded on. And now! It's the rottenest luck."

"What was it worth?" our hostess asked.

"Not very much. Thirty pounds perhaps. But that isn't it. The money is nothing—it's the sentimental associations that make the loss so serious."

"Well," said a practical man, "you needn't despair. Ring up Scotland Yard and ask them the best thing to do."

"Did you take the cabman's number?" some one asked.

"Of course he didn't," our hostess replied. "Who ever does a thing like that?"

"As a matter of fact," said Sir Charles, "I sometimes do. But this time, of course, I didn't." He groaned. "No, it's gone for ever. The cabman will see it's gold and sell it. I wouldn't trust your modern taxi-chauffeur with anything."

"If you would feel any happier," said our hostess, "do telephone now."

"No," said Sir Charles, "no. It's no use. A coin like that would never be surrendered. It's too interesting; even a cabman would realise that. Umbrellas they'll take back, of course—umbrellas and bags, but not a goldmohur. He'll either keep it to show his pals in public-houses or have it fixed up as a brooch for his wife."

As Sir Charles finished speaking and once more turned gloomily to his neglected plate the knocker was heard again to knock, and then one of the maids approached her mistress and spoke to her in low tones.

Our hostess brightened. "Now, Sir Charles," she said, "perhaps you'll revise your opinion of our taxi-drivers. Tell Sir Charles what it is," she said to the maid.

"If you please," the maid began, "there's a cabman at the door. He says he brought a gentleman here and—" Here she faltered.

"Go on, Robins," said her mistress.

"If you please, I don't like to," said the girl. "It's so—so—"

"I should like to hear it exactly," said Sir Charles.

"Well," said the maid with a burst of courage, "he says there's a gentleman here who—who bilked him—who passed a piece of bad money on him in the dark. Here it is," and she handed Sir Charles the goldmohur. "And he says if he doesn't get an honest shilling in exchange for it he'll have the law on him."

E. V. L.

THE KNEEL OF THE NAVY.

Spooner is a remarkable fellow. His duties on board this ship are to fly once a week off the deck, revolve twice round the masts and sink thankfully down into the water, where we haul him out by the breeches and hang his machine up to dry on the fo'c's'le. By performing these duties four times a month, he leads us to believe he is preparing the way for the ultimate domination of Air Power. We of the Navy are obsolete, and our hulls are encrusted with the Harwich barnacle.

The argument proceeds on these lines:

One day there will be another war—perhaps to-morrow. We of the Navy, coalless and probably by that time rumless as well, will rush blindly from our harbours, our masts decked with Jolly Rogers and our sailors convulsed with hornpipe, to seek the enemy. But, alas, before the ocean spray has wetted our ruby nostrils we shall find ourselves descended upon from above and bombed promiscuously in the middle watch.

It will be all over inside a nautical second. The sky will be black with hostile aircraft, and there will be lead in the stew and bleeding bodies in the bilge. Hollow laughter will sound from the bridge, where the Captain will find the wheel come away in his hand, and the gramophone will revolve eternally on a jazz rune because no one will be alive to stop it. When all these things occur we of the Navy will know that our day is past and done.

Why our Mr. Spooner is such a remarkable fellow is because he can sit deep in an easy-chair and recite these things without turning a single hair on his top lip. Of course he realises that the work of the Navy must go on—until the crash descends. But it is rather unsettling for us. It seems to give us all a sort of impermanent feeling. Quite naturally we all ask what is the use of keeping up the log and painting the ship? Why isn't all the spare energy in the ship bent to polishing up our boat-drill? or why aren't the people who can afford it encouraged to buy unsinkable waistcoats? The Admiralty must know all about it if they are still on speaking terms with the Air Ministry. It's a beastly feeling.

Yesterday a formation of powerful aeroplanes, which Spooner called the "Clutching Hand," came out from the land and flew round us, and simply prodded us with their propellers as we lay defenceless on the water.

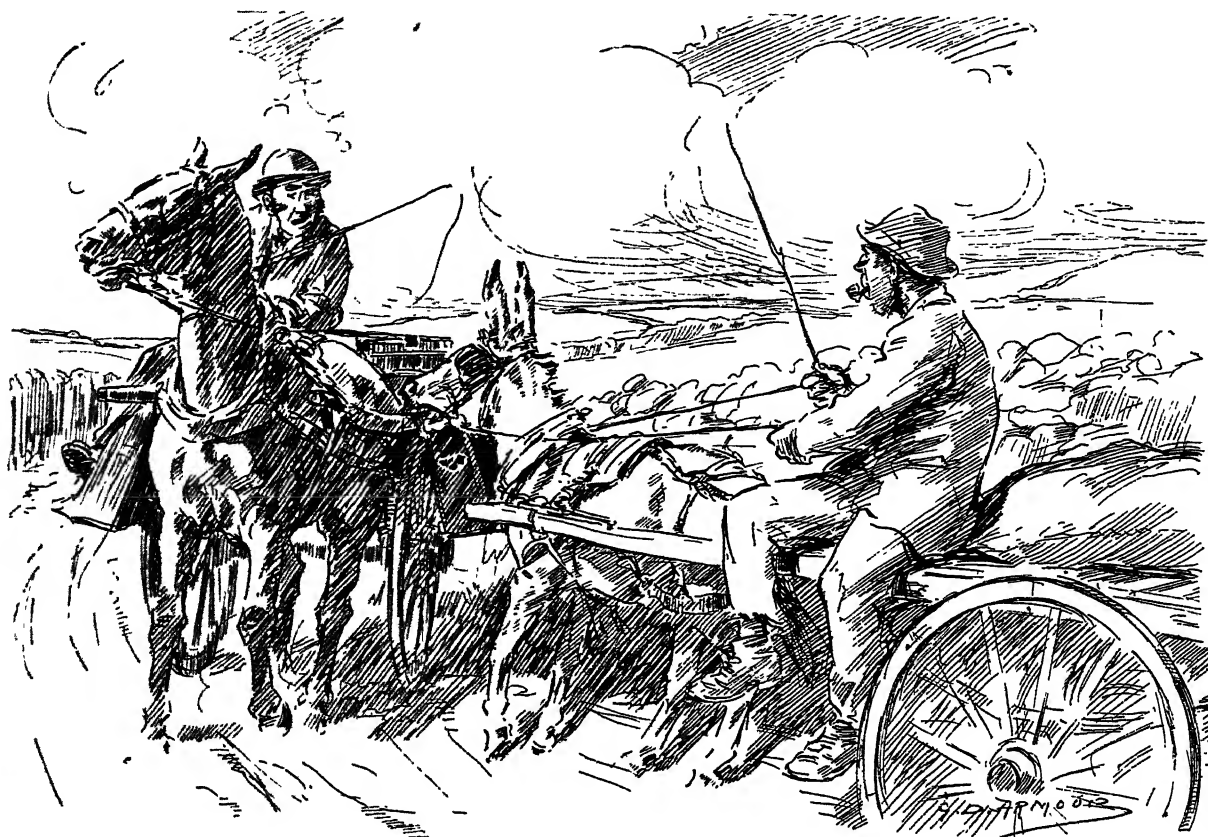
The bogey is undoubtedly spreading. The Admiral came aboard this afternoon to inspect our new guns. He yawned the whole time in his beard and did not ask a single question. We suppose he realises that the whole business is merely a makeshift arrangement for the time being and not worth bothering about as long as the brass is polished and the guns move up and down easily.

Well, as far as we are concerned it only remains for Number One, who has a brother in the Air Force, to cancel his winter order with Breezes, the naval tailors, and we shall all go below and pack our trunks and get ready to hand the ship over to Spooner. If the Navy of the future must be under water there is no particular reason why we should be there too.



MANNERS AND MODES.

FASHIONABLE METEOROLOGY FOR MICHAELMAS. BRITISH ISLES: TEMPERATURE, WARM TO CHILLY (ACCORDING TO TASTE).



Jarvey. "YE'RE ON THE WRONG SIDE AV YERE ROAD, MICK."

Mick. "SURE THE COUNTRY'S OUR OWN NOW AND WE CAN DRIVE WHERE WE LIKE."

THE CONSPIRATORS.

1.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—You continue to ask me what I am doing, and why, and when I am going to sign the Peace, like everyone else, and return to honest work. The answer is in the negative. Though I am very fond of peace, I don't like work. And, as for being honest, I tend rather to politics. Have I never told you that I take a leading part on the Continent in the great Class War now raging? And, by the way, has anyone let you know that it is only a matter of time before the present order of society is closed down, the rule of the proletariat established and people like Charles set on to clean the streets or ruthlessly eliminated?

LENIN began to worry about you as long ago as 1915, and you know what happens to people when LENIN really starts to worry about them. He wasn't satisfied that enough violent interest was being taken in you; the mere Socialists he regarded as far too moderate and genteel. As for their First and their Second International—he wanted something thoroughgoing, something with a bit of ginger to it. So at the Zimmerwald Congress on the 5th September of that

year all the out-and-outs unanimously declared war to the knife agin the Government, whatever and wherever the Government might be. How many long and weary years have you waited, Charles, to be told what Zimmerwaldianism might be—a religious tendency, a political aspiration, a valvular disease of the appendix or something to do with motor-cars? Ah, but that is as nothing to the secrets I am going to let you into, to force you into, before I have done with you.

It was not until well into 1918 that I myself began to worry about LENIN. He had left Switzerland by that time, having got tired of the jodelling Swiss and their infernally placid mountains. When the revolution broke out in Russia he felt it was just the thing for him, and his German backers felt he was just the man for it. So LENIN, whose real name isn't LENIN, went into partnership with TROTSKY, whose real name isn't TROTSKY, and set up in business in Moscow. But the thing was too good to be confined to Russia; an export department was clearly called for. It was when they began in the "off-licence" trade, in the "jug-and-bottle" business, that they ran up against your Henry.

With the view of upheaving Switzerland, LENIN and Co. sent a Legation to its capital, the principle being, no doubt, that before you cut another people's throat you must first establish friendly relations. This Legation arrived in May, 1918, when we were all so occupied with the War, making returns and indents and things, that it hoped to pass unnoticed. But there was something about that Legation which caught the eye; it had not the Foreign Office look about it—smart Homburg hats, washleather gloves, attaché-cases with majestic locks, spats . . . there was something missing. It looked as if it might be so many Anarchists plotting a bomb affair.

And that's what it was. I suppose you will say I am inventing it when I tell you that it used to sit round a table, in the basement of an Italian restaurant, devising schemes for getting rid of people (especially people like Charles) *en bloc*; that it didn't provide the Italian restaurant-keeper with as much money as he thought he could do with; that the Italian restaurant-keeper came round to see us after dark; wouldn't give his name; came into the room hurriedly; locked the door behind him; whispered "H'st!" and told us all about it. It requires an

Italian to do that sort of thing properly; but this fellow was better than the best. I couldn't go to a cinema for months afterwards because it lacked the thrill of real life.

We were so impressed with his performance that we asked him his trade. He dropped the sinister, assumed the bashful and told us that he was an illusionist and juggler before he took to restaurant-keeping and sleuthing. He juggled four empty ink-pots for our entertainment and made one of them disappear. Not quite the way to treat a world-revolution; but there! This was all in the autumn of 1918, when we were naturally a bit above ourselves.

Switzerland has four frontiers—German, Austrian, Italian and French. LENIN'S Legation had opened up, modestly and without ostentation as becomes a world's reformer, a distributing office on each one of the four. Somehow I could never work myself up to be really alarmed at jolly ANNA BALABANOFF, but I fancy she has done as much harm since as most people achieve here on earth. Her job was to work into Italy; but in those days, when war conditions still prevailed, she couldn't do much more than stand on the shores of the Lake of Lugano and scowl at the opposite side, which is Italian. Do you remember the lady's photograph in our daily Press? If so you will agree with me that even that measure was enough to start unrest in Italy. . . .

Charles, my lad, let us break off there and leave you for a week all of a tremble. In the course of these Sensational Revelations we are going to see something of the arrangements made for the break-up of the old world, which, with all its faults, we know we still love. The process of reconstruction is not yet defined, and will probably not be attempted in our time. In any case, when things arrive at that stage, there will be no Charles and, I am still more sorry to say, no Henry.

Now, whatever you may think about it, I for one am not prepared to be scrapped and to become part of a dump of oddments waiting instructions for removal from a Bolshevik Disposals Board. You know what these Disposal Boards are; one's body might lie out in the rain for years while the minutes were being passed round the Moscow Departments. I have worried myself to death about it, and now I am going to worry you. I am going to make your flesh creep and your blood run cold. No use your telling me you don't care what is coming along in the future, provided you can be left in peace for the present. *I shall tap you on the shoulder and shall whisper into your ear the resolutions*



Officer. "WHEN YOU SEE A MOON LIKE THAT, THOMPSON, DOESN'T IT SOMETIMES MAKE YOU FEEL A LITTLE BIT SENTIMENTAL?"

P.O. "No, Sir, I CAN'T SAY IT DO. THE ON'Y TIME I GETS SLOPPY NOW IS WHEN I'VE 'AD A FEW NICE-LOOKIN' PINTS O' BEER."

passed with regard to you as recently as the end of July last at Moscow. I'll make you so nervous that you daren't get into bed, and, once in bed, daren't get out again. I expect to have you mad in about three weeks, and even then I shall pass more copies of this paper, with more revelations in them, through the bars of your asylum window.

All that for sixpence a week is not expensive, is it, dear Charles?

Yours ever, HENRY.
(To be continued.)

Commercial Candour.

"Do not delay. The above coats will last only few hours."—*New Zealand Star*.

"Mr. — highly recommends his Butler; left through death."—*Morning Paper*.
Should suit Sir OLIVER LODGE.

"Black Water Mare, 15-1, six years off, up to 14 stones, easy paces, regularly ridden by a lady touched in wind."—*Weekly Paper*.

This doesn't matter if the mare is all right.



Golfer (to old lady who has established herself on the border of the fairway). "EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT DO YOU KNOW IT IS RATHER DANGEROUS TO SIT THERE?"

Old Lady. "OH, THANK YOU VERY MUCH—BUT I'M SITTING ON A BIT OF MY NEWSPAPER."

TO JAMES IN THE BATH.

WITHOUT the bolted door at muse I stand,
My restive sponge and towel in my hand.
Thus to await you, Jimmy, is not strange,
But as I wait I mark a woeful change.
Time was when wrathfully I should have heard
Loud jubilation mock my hope deferred;
For who, first in the bathroom, fit and young,
Would, as he washed, refrain from giving tongue,
Nor chant his challenge from the soapy deep,
Inspired by triumph and renewed by sleep?
Then how is this? Here have I waited long,
Yet heard no crash of surf, no snatch of song.
James, I am sad, forgetting to be cold;
Does this decorum mean that we grow old?
I knew you, James, as clamorous in your bath
As porpoises that thresh the ocean-path;
Oh! as you bathed when we were happy boys,
You drowned the taps with inharmonious noise;
Above the turmoil of the lathered wave
How you would bellow ditties of the brave!
How, wilder than the sea-mew, through the foam
Whistle shrill strains that agonised your home.
In the brimmed bath you revelled; all the floor
Was swamped with spindrift; underneath the door
The maddened water gushed, while strong and high
Your piercing top-note staggered passers-by.
But now I hear the running taps alone,
A faint and melancholy monotone;

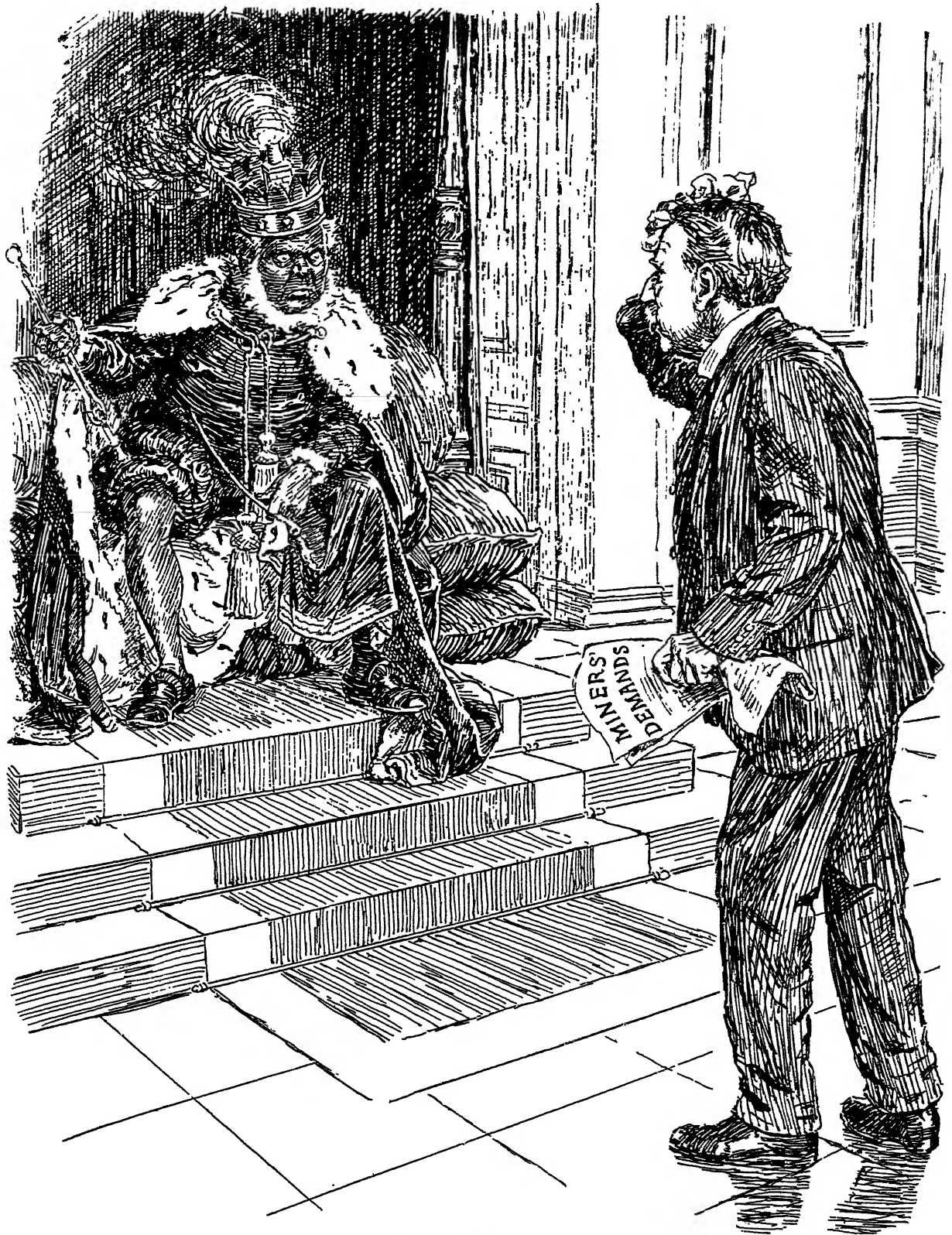
Or just a gentle swirl when sober hope
Searches the bath's profound to salve the soap.
Sadly I kick the unresponsive door;
Youth, with its blithe ablutions, is no more.

W. K. H.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

AMONG the minor charitable organisations of London not the least admirable and useful is the Santa Claus Home at Highgate, which the two Misses CHARLES have been administering with such devotion and success since 1891. Its modest aim is to keep open twenty beds for small children suffering from hip and spinal disease, and to give them such treatment as will prevent them becoming hopeless cripples; and this purpose hitherto has been fulfilled no one can say exactly how, but with help not only from known friends but mysteriously from the ravens. To-day, however, the high cost of living has set up a very serious obstacle, and debt and failure seem inevitable unless five hundred pounds can be collected quickly. Any reader of *Punch* moved to bestow alms on as sincere and deserving a work of altruism as could be found is urged to send a donation to Miss CHARLES, Santa Claus Home, Cholmeley Park, Highgate, N.6.

"Although its run in the evening bill must necessarily be limited to two weeks, steps will be taken to remove it to other quarters should it prove to the taste of the public. That failing, it will continue to be given at the — Theatre for a series of matinées."—*Daily Paper*.
The italics are ours, though it is not really our funeral, as we never go to matinées.



SALVAGE.

OLD KING COAL (to his champion). "HAVE YOU SAVED THE SITUATION?"

MR. SMILLIE. "WELL, BETWEEN OURSELVES, I WOULDN'T QUITE SAY THAT; BUT I'M HOPING TO SAVE MY FACE."



THE RETURN FROM THE HOLIDAY.

"SED REVOCARE GRADUM HOC OPUS, HIC LABOR, EST."

THE SHRIMP TEST.

At last we have an explanation of a good deal of the social and industrial unrest of recent months. Since April there has been a serious shrimp shortage.

How far this is responsible for dissatisfaction among the miners and other workers it is impossible to say; but in other circles of society this shrimp shortage has been responsible for much. From golf-courses this summer has come a stream of complaint that the game is not what it was. Sportsmen, again, have gone listlessly to their task and have petulantly wondered why the bags have been so poor. House-parties have been failures. In many a Grand Stand nerves have gone to pieces. Undoubtedly this grave news from the North Sea is the explanation. What can one expect when there are no shrimps for tea?

For the eating of shrimps is more than a mere assimilation of nourishment, more even than the consumption of an article of diet which is beneficial to brain tissues and nerve centres. After all, the oyster or the haddock serves equally well for those purposes.

But before one eats a shrimp a certain deftness and delicacy of manipulation are needed to effect the neat extraction of the creature from its unpalatable cuticle. Not so with the haddock.

Shrimp-eating is something more

than table deportment; it is a test of *sangfroid* and *savoir faire*, qualities so necessary to the welfare of the nation. The man who can efficiently prepare shrimps for seemly consumption, chatting brightly the while with his fair neighbour and showing neither mental nor physical distress, can be relied upon to comport himself with efficiency whether in commerce or statecraft.

Watch a man swallow an oyster, and how much more do you know of him after the operation than you knew before? But put him in a Marchioness's drawing-room and set a shrimp before him, and the manner in which he tackles the task will reveal the sort of stuff he is made of.

The shrimp test is one before which physically strong men have broken down, while the seemingly weak have displayed amazing fortitude.

In these days, when it behoves every man among us to be at his best, we view this famine in shrimps with grave concern, and we trust that the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries is alive to the significance of this crisis.

Publisher's Column.

"Colonel Repington's Diary.

NEW BOOKS.

The Revelation of St. John.

NEW FICTION.

The Autobiography of Judas Iscariot."

Scotch Paper.

And MARGOT next week.

RAINY MORNING.

As I was walking in the rain
I met a fairy down a lane.
We walked along the road together;
I soon forgot about the weather.
He told me lots of lovely things:
The story that the robin sings,
And where the rabbits go to school,
And how to know a fairy pool,
And what to say and what to do
If bogles ever bother you.

The flowers peeped from hedgy places
And shook the raindrops from their faces,

And furry creatures all the way
Came popping out and said "Good-day."

But when we reached the little bend
Just where the village houses end
He seemed to slip into the ground,
And when I looked about I found
The rain was suddenly all over
And the sun shining on the clover.

R. F.

Parochial Humour.

"CHURCH OUTING.—All arrangements for the outing were made by the Hon. Sec., and we are grateful to him for a very happy day. A walk to — Church, cricket, tea and a game of bounders formed the programme."

Parish Magazine.

"PRONUNCIATIONS IN THIS PAPER.

Bona fides Boner-fy-dees.
Grasse Grar."

The Children's Newspaper.

The idear!



Enlightened Yokel (explaining the picture in a hoarse whisper). "THE BLEW BE THE ZEE, JEM, AN' THE YALLER BE THE CORN, SURE NUFF. AN' THE BIT O' BROWN IN THE CORNER—BUST ME, THAT MUST BE TH' OL' GEYSER 'ERSELF!"

MIRIAM'S TWO BABIES.

THAT last morning at Easthaven, Miriam, alone of us three, preserved her equanimity. I had arisen with the lark, having my own things to pack, to say nothing—though nothing was not the only thing I said—of Billie's pram and Billie's cot and Billie's bath. I wished afterwards I had let the lark rise by himself; if I do heavy work before breakfast I always feel a little depressed ("snappy" is Miriam's crude synonym) for the remainder of the day.

As to Billie, his first farewells went off admirably. He blew a kiss to the lighthouse, that tall friend who had winked at him so jovially night after night. And it was good to see him hoisted aloft—pale-blue jersey, goldilocks and small wild-rose face—to hug his favourite fisherman, Mr. Moy, of the grizzled beard and the twinkling eyes.

But when the time came for Billie to say good-bye to the beach he refused point-blank.

"Billie wants to keep it," he vociferated.

Miriam, woman-like, was all for com-

promise. Billie should fill his pail with pretty pebbles and take them to London in the puffer-train. I demurred. The fishermen already complained that the south-easterly gales were scouring their beach away. Moreover, as I explained to Miriam, ere long it would devolve upon me to carry the dressing-case, Billie himself and—as likely as not—the deck-chairs and the tea-basket. Why increase my burdens by a hundred-weight or so of Easthaven beach?

It ended by her admitting I was perfectly right, and—by Billie filling his pail with pretty pebbles.

I still had that feeling of depression when we returned to our rooms for an early luncheon (there's nothing I so detest); after which we discovered that Miriam thought I had told the man to call for the luggage at 12.45, while I thought that Miriam had told the man to call for the luggage at 12.45.

And then we had to change twice, and the trains were crowded, and Miriam insisted on looking at *The Daily Dressmaker*, and Billie insisted on not looking at *Mother Goose*.

At Liverpool Street station I kept my temper in an iron control while pointing out to quite a number of taxi-

men the ease with which Billie's pram and Billie's cot and Billie's bath could be balanced upon their vehicles. But the climax came when, Miriam having softened the heart of one of them, we were held up in a block at Oxford Circus, and Billie, *à propos* of nothing, drooped his under lip and broke into a roar—

"Billie wants the sea-side! Billie wants Mr. Moy!"

I suppose Miriam did her best, but he was not to be quieted, and old ladies in omnibuses peered reproaches at me, the cruel, cruel parent. I frowned upon Miriam.

"Will nothing stop the child?"

"There's a smut on your nose, dear," was all she replied. I rubbed my nose; I also ground my teeth. . . .

I was still wrestling on the pavement with the pram, the cot and the rest of it, when Billie's cries from within the house suddenly ceased. Had the poor little chap burst something? I hurried indoors and found him—all sunshine after showers—seated on the floor with rocking-horse and Noah's ark and butcher's shop grouped around him.

"He's quite good now he's got his

toys," he assured me, no doubt echoing something Miriam had just said.

I reached my study and collapsed into a chair. What a day! But little by little, shelf upon shelf, I became aware of the books I had not seen for a whole month: LAMB, my Elizabethans, a row of STEVENSON. I did not want to read; it was enough to feast one's eyes on their backs, to take down a volume and handle it—my old green-jacketed BROWNING, for instance. And the small red MEREDITHS all needed rearranging.

A little later I turned round to see Miriam standing in the doorway. Remorse seized me; I put an arm about her, with—"Tired, old thing?"

She looked down at my books and, half-smiling, she looked up again.

"He's quite good now he's got his toys," she said, and kissed me.

VERY PERSONAL.

JUST to see what it looks like with my name in it, I have been making a diary of my doings (some real, some imaginary) in the approved language of the Society and Personal column.

I am Mr. James Milfy. This is how it looks:—

"Yesterday was the fortieth birthday of Mr. James Milfy. He passed it quietly at the office and at home. No congratulatory messages were received and no replies will be sent."

"Among the outgoing passengers on the paddle steamer *Solent Tortoise*, on Tuesday, was Mr. James Milfy. He returned to the mainland the same evening, and will be at Southsea four days longer, after which, unless he can think of an adequate excuse, he will return to town."

"Mr. James Milfy, who recently sustained a laceration of the finger while cleaning his safety razor after use, passed another good night. The injured member is healing satisfactorily, and no further bulletins will be issued."

"The performance of *The Bibulous Butler* at the Corinthian Theatre last night was witnessed by Mr. James Milfy and party, who occupied two seats in the eighth row of the pit."

"Mr. James Milfy is a guest for the week-end at Acacia Lodge, Clumpton, the residence of his old friend, Mr. Albert Purges. Excellent sparrow-shooting was enjoyed after tea on Saturday in the famous home coverts from which the lodge derives its title."

"Among those unable to be present at the Duchess of Dibble's reception on Friday was Mr. James Milfy, no invitation having reached him."

"Mr. James Milfy has been granted



Kirk Elder. "MAN, I'M SHOCKED TAE HEAR YOU'RE GAUN TAE GET MARRIT TAE A LASSIE O' NINETEEN."

Angus. "OCH, SHE'S THE SAME AGE AS NA FIRIRST WIFE WHEN I MARRIT HER."

his wife's authority to wear on his watch-chain the bronze medal of the Blimpham Horticultural Society, won by his exhibit of a very large marrow at the society's recent show."

"Maria, Mrs. Murdon, is visiting her son-in-law, Mr. James Milfy. Her stay is likely to be a lengthy one."

"Mr. James Milfy will spend the greater part of to-morrow in London. No letters will be forwarded."

Try this for yourself. You have no idea what a sense of pomp and well-fed importance it gives you.

"THE WEATHER."

'Fair generally: night frosts,' is the forecast for the next 24 months."

Provincial Paper.

The best news for a long time.

How to Brighten Village Life.

"The exterior painting of the day school has been completed by the Vicar, assisted by the caretaker. Their appearance is greatly improved as a result."—*Provincial Paper*.

"—HOTEL DINING-ROOM.

OPEN TO NON-RESIDENTS WITH ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENT."

Jersey Paper.

Residents, we understand, need only bring their mouth (and other) organs.

"Wanted, 'Cello (could reside in if desired)." *Provincial Paper*.

The housing problem solved at last.

Smith Minor says he would rather be called Smith Secundus. There is a pleasanter sound about that qualification just now.

AT THE PLAY.

"A NIGHT OUT."

EVERYBODY except myself seems to recall the fact that the late farce of this name, adapted from *L'Hôtel du Libre Echange*, ran for five hundred nights before it expired. Some restorative music has now been applied to it and the corpse has revived. Indeed there are the usual signs of another long run. The trouble is that nearly all the cast at the Winter Garden Theatre seem to think that, if the play is to run, they must run too. They don't keep still for a moment, because they dare not. Even Mr. LESLIE HENSON, whose fun would be more effective if he didn't try so hard, feels that he must be at top pressure all the while with his face and his body and his words. Yet he could well afford to keep some of his strength in reserve, for he is a born humourist (in what one might perhaps call the Golliwog vein). But, whether it is that he underrates his own powers or that he can't contain himself, he keeps nothing in reserve; and the others, less gifted, follow his lead. They persist in "pressing," as if they had no confidence in their audience or their various authors or even themselves.

One is, of course, used to this with singers in musical comedy, who make a point of turning the lyrics assigned to them into unintelligible patter. Perhaps in the present case we lost little by that, though there was one song (of which I actually heard the words) that seemed to me to contain the elements of a sound and consoling philosophy. It ran something like this:—

For you won't be here and I won't be here
When a hundred years are gone,
But somebody else will be well in the cart*
And the world will still go on.

Mr. LESLIE HENSON, as I have hinted, allowed himself—and us—no rest. His energy was devastating; he gave the audience so much for their money that in the retrospect I feel ashamed of not having paid for my seat. One's taste for him may need acquiring; but, once acquired, there is clearly no getting away from it. Perhaps his most irresistible moment was when he laid out six policemen and then meekly surrendered to a female constable who led him off by the ear.

Mr. FRED LESLIE (a name to conjure with!) was almost fiercely emphatic in the part of *Paillard*, and I preferred the relatively quiet methods of Mr. AUSTIN MELFORD, who did without italics. Mr. RALPH ROBERTS was droll as a waiter; and it may have been my fault that I found Mr. DAVY BURNABY rather unfunny in the part of *Matthieu*.

* Or, alternatively, soup.

Of the ladies, two could sing and two, or even three, could act (Miss LILY ST. JOHN could do both); nearly all had good looks and a few of them were pleasantly acrobatic.

The scene of the Hotel Pimlico, with an alleged private sitting-room on one side, an alleged bedroom on the other, and a hall and staircase in the middle, was extraordinarily unconvincing. The partition walls came to an end at quite a long distance from the front; and, with the general company spreading themselves at large over the whole width of the foreground, it was very difficult to entertain any illusion of that privacy which is of the essence of the *cabinet particulier*. I say nothing of the bedroom, whose tenancy was frankly promiscuous.

The fun, of course, is old-fashioned; if one may say it of a French farce, it is Victorian. Apart from a few topical allusions worked in rather perfunctorily there is scarcely anything said or done that might not have been said or done in the 'eighties. But for a certain type of Englishman there is a perennial attraction in feeling that at any moment the proprieties may be outraged. That they never actually are outraged does not seem very greatly to affect his pleasure. He can always console himself with easy conjecture of the wickedness of the original. So there will never be wanting a public for these *Noctes Parisianæ*.

Let us hope that somehow it all helps to keep the sacred flame of the Entente burning. *Vive MILLERAND!*

O. S.

BETTERING THE BANYOROS.

(By a Student of Anthropology.)

SIR JAMES FRAZER's luminous *résumé* of the investigations of the MACKIE Expedition amongst the Banyoros has only one defect. He omits all reference to the subsequent and even more fruitful visit of the Expedition to the adjoining Noxas tribe, whose manners and customs are of extraordinary interest. This remarkable race are noted not merely for their addiction to the dance, but for the kaleidoscopic rapidity with which the dances themselves are changed from season to season. Only a few years ago the entire tribe were under the spell of the Ognat, which in turn gave place to the Tortskof and the Zaj, the last named being an exercise in which violent contortions of the body were combined with the profoundest melancholy of facial expression. Curiously enough the musicians who are employed at these dances are not of indigenous stock, but of a negroid type and are imported from a distance at high salaries.

The literary gifts of this singular tribe are on a par with their saltatory talent, but are at present mainly occupied in the keeping of personal records, led therein by a chieftainess named Togram, in which the conversations, peculiarities, complexions and dresses of their friends are set down and described with ferocious *bonhomie*. The tablets containing these records are then posted up in conspicuous places of resort, with the most stimulating and entertaining results.

It is noteworthy that the ruler of the country is not chosen from the dancing or Buniugoro section of the community, but from the powerful Renim clan, who devote themselves intermittently to the task of providing the country with fuel. The chieftain wields great power and is regarded with reverence by his followers, but is in turn expected to devote himself entirely to their interests, and if he fails to satisfy is promptly replaced by a more energetic leader. As the great bulk of the community yield allegiance to an hereditary sovereign of strictly defined powers this interesting country offers the agreeable spectacle of a state in which the dulness of constitutional government is happily tempered by the delights of industrial dictatorship.

TO CERTAIN CAUTIOUS PROPHETS.

(Suggested by the almost invariable form of the last sentence in the Weather Report.)

YE watchers of the wind and rain,
Forgive me for becoming nettled
By your monotonous refrain:

"The further outlook is unsettled."

When, on a bright and sunlit morn,
I rise refreshed and finely fettle
Your cue is not to cheer but warn:

"The further outlook is unsettled."

They are too rare, these halcyon days,
When earth's a paradise rose-petalled,

For you to chill us with a phrase:

"The further outlook is unsettled."

Too often have I shirked the goal

At which (as Scotsmen say) I ettle,
Discouraged by your words of dole:

"The further outlook is unsettled."

For instance, lately I resigned

A trip to Shetland to be settled;
Your menace made me change my mind:

"The further outlook is unsettled."

Henceforth I'm going to defy

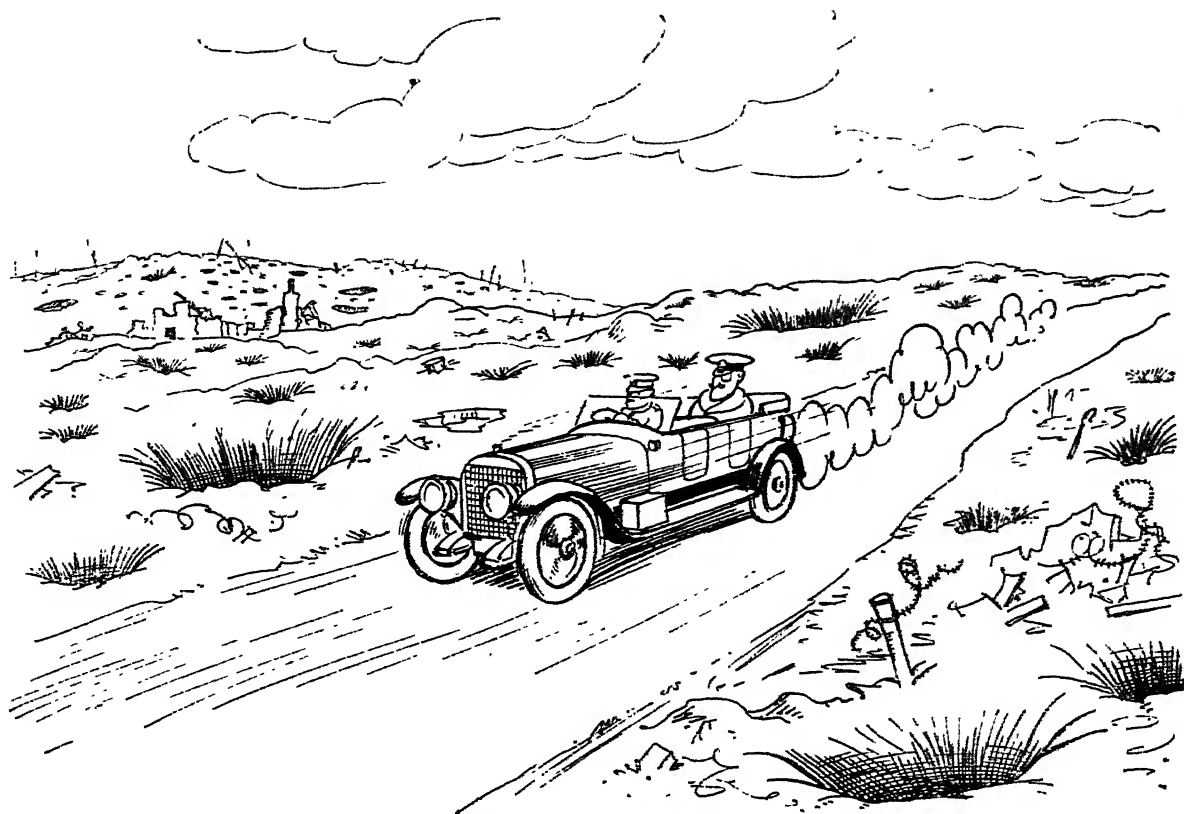
You and your breed, inert, unmettled,
Who chant that sad Cassandra cry:

"The further outlook is unsettled."

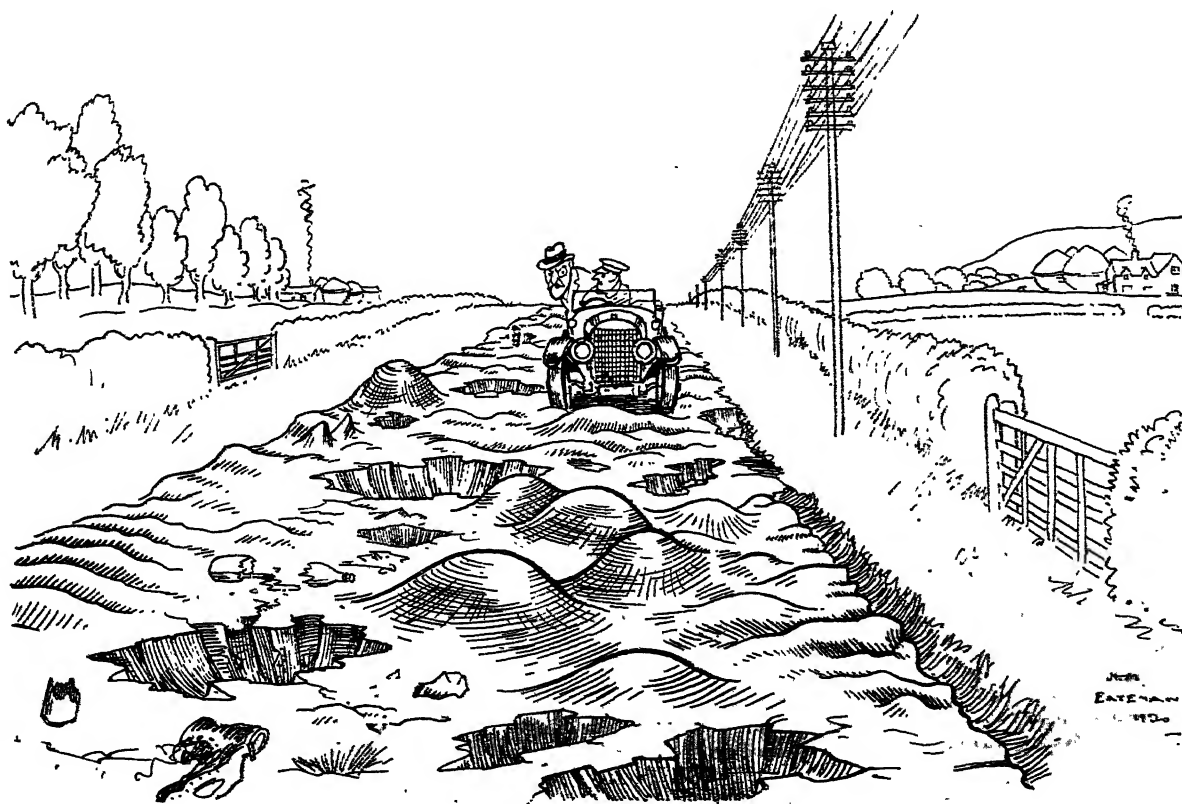
Ay, if I held untrammelled sway

I'd have you bottled up and kettled
Like djinns, until you ceased to say:

"The further outlook is unsettled."



MAJOR-GENERAL X AT THE FRONT IN 1918—



AND ON THE BRIGHTON ROAD IN 1920.

PIGS.

"Pigs pays," said Mrs. Pugsley.

"So I have heard."

"Pigs always pays; but Pugsley's pigs pays prodigious."

I rejoiced with her.

"Took 'em up sudden, he did; and now that interested! You'd never think that pigs 'ld twine themselves round a man's heart, so to speak, would you?"

"No."

"That's how it is with Willum. Reads nothing but about pigs; they 'm his only joy. In partnership with Uncle Eli over them. First time Uncle Eli took to anything wholesome in his life. When Willum loses a pig he's that low that he puts on a black tie. Wonnerful!"

It was. I knew Willum, otherwise Uncle Billy, and something about his tastes. I had the pleasure of meeting him on the foreshore that afternoon. No doubt he was studying pigs; but the title of the book he had in his hand was *Form at a Glance*.

"Pig form, I presume," said I politely.

"Now then, Missie, don't go giving me away. All's lovely at home. Me and Uncle Eli has clubbed together to buy Bodger's racing tips. Bodger's got brain. Doing very well, we are. Sure, I can't tell the missus, and she a Plymouth Rock."

"Isn't it Plymouth Sister?"

"Maybe; but I think there's a rock in it somewhere. Anyway we agreed when we married to keep our purses in the same drawer, and mine's bulging."

"You are a brave man, Uncle Billy. What about the day she will want to see your pigs?"

"A thought that wakes me at night. We keep 'em out in the country, I'd have you know. There, why take a fence before you come to it? There'll be wisdom given."

Apparently there was, but the address from which the wisdom came was indistinct.

"Willum," said Mrs. Pugsley one day, "to-morrow I'm coming to see they pigs of yours; bless their fat sides!"

"You shall, my tender dear," said Uncle Billy. "Yes, to-morrow noon you'll see the blessed things."

Almost at dawn he presented himself at Farmer Dodge's and astonished that good man by asking to be allowed to have a few pigs for the day.

Farmer Dodge scratched his head.

"Well, I've been asked to loan out most things in my time, but never pigs before. Where be taking them?"

"Home."

"That's a matter of better than two miles. Have 'ee thought of the wear and tear and the loss of good lard? No, Uncle Billy, I won't fly against the will of Heaven. If pigs had been meant to go for walks they'd have had legs according. Their legs bain't for walking; they 'm for hams."

Uncle Billy drew near and explained. Farmer Dodge grinned.

"To do down your missus? Well, I like a jest as well as any, and to put females in their place is meat and tatoes to me; but 'tis a luxury, and

tion, "would I let you be taken miles in this heat to see the finest pigs ever littered? No. 'Tis not for my wife to go to see pigs, 'tis for pigs to come to see my wife. Here they be. That's Spion Kop, the big black one—called because 'tis the highest mountain in America and he's to make the highest price. The pink one is Square Measure, for he'll eat his own size in meal any day. That's Diadem—no, it's not; Diadem lost—I should say Diadem's lost to us." Uncle Billy lifted his hat reverently. "The ginger one is Comrade—a fine name."

"Why, 'tis a little sow."

"And what better comrade than a blessed female, my loving dear, and who'd know that better than me?"

"Don't you go mixing me up with the pigs, Willum; I won't have it. What's the name of that perky black one?"

"Mount Royal," said Uncle Billy. "I'm a King's man and like to respect they set over me. Royal just means one of the King's family."

The parade was dismissed; the herd returned to its home and Uncle Billy paid the cost of wear and tear.

He sat smoking that evening in a state of blissful content. All had gone well; the dreaded black moment was over. Mrs. Pugsley knitted furiously in silence.

"Now what might you be turning over in that mind of yours?" asked



Bridegroom (twenty minutes late, excitedly, to Verger). "DON'T TELL ME THE THING'S OVER."

luxury is what you like but can do without."

In the end Uncle Billy drove a bargain by which he secured the use of six pigs for a few hours and paid three shillings per pig. For three-and-six he also hired the help of a boy to drive them; as he remarked, he could have had more than another pig for that money, but it would be warm work for him alone.

The inhabitants of the houses on the terrace of the little sea-side town where the Pugsleys lived were thrilled at noon by the arrival of a small herd of swine. The animals looked rather tired but settled down contentedly in the front-garden of No. 3.

Mrs. Pugsley, hearing their voices, came to the door.

"Why, Willum, I was just making ready to come out with you to go and see them."

"My tender dear," he said with emo-

Uncle Billy.

"Pigs."

"Couldn't do better."

"And their names. Maybe you won't christen any more until after the Cesarewitch."

She folded up her knitting and went to bed, leaving Uncle Billy as if turned to stone. When he recovered he sought out Uncle Eli and said:—

"Eli, she's known all along. She knowed when I was driving they brasted pigs here in the heat. She's never been took in at all. And that's a woman. That's what married me."

"It would be wrong to enter upon political questions in these pages, but there can be no harm in suggesting that prayer should be made as much for our rulers at Westminster as for people in Ireland. The Collect, with certain alterations, for Those at Sea would seem especially suitable."

Exeter Diocesan Gazette.

Very neatly and clerically put.



Smith (member of bowling club). "DO YOU KNOW THESE BALLS COST FIVE GUINEAS EACH?"
Jones (golfer). "BY JOVE! I HOPE YOU DON'T LOSE MANY IN THE 'ROUGH.'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

UNDENIABLY ours is an age in which fond memory fills not only the heart of man but the shelves of the circulating libraries to a degree bordering upon excess. But, let reminiscences be even more frequent than they are, there would yet remain a welcome for such a book as Mr. W. H. MALLOCK's attractive *Memoirs of Life and Literature* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). The reason of this lies not more in the interest of what is told than in the fact that these memories have the advantage of being recalled by one who is master of a singularly engaging pen. Nothing in the book better displays its quality of charm than the opening chapters, with their picture of an old-world Devonshire, and in particular the group of related houses in which the boyhood of the future anti-socialist was so delightfully spent. Gracious homes have always had a special appeal to the author of *The New Republic*, as you are here reminded in a score of happy recollections. Then comes Oxford, and that meeting with SWINBURNE in the Balliol drawing-room that seems to have been the common experience of memoir-writers. Some entertaining chapters give a cheerful picture of London life when Mr. MALLOCK entered it, and Society, still Polite, opened its most exclusive doors to the young explorer. The rest of the book is devoted to a record of friendships, travel, an analysis of the writer's literary activities, and a host of good stories. Perhaps I have just space for one quotation—the prayer delivered by the local minister in the hall of Ardverike: "God bless Sir John; God bless also her dear Laddyship; bless the tender youth of the two young leddies likewise. We also unite in begging Thee to have mercy on the puir governess." A book of singular fragrance and individuality.

The Victorians used to talk, perhaps do still, about the lure of the stage; but I am inclined to suppose this was as nothing beside the lure of the stage-novel. All our writers apparently feel it, and in most cases their bones whiten the fields of failure. But amongst those of whom this certainly cannot be said is Mr. HORACE A. VACHELL, whose new book, *The Fourth Dimension* (MURRAY), has both pleased and astonished me by its freedom from those defects that so often ruin the theatrical story. For one thing, of course, the explanation of this lies in my sustaining confidence that I was being handed out the genuine stuff. When a dramatist of Mr. VACHELL's experience says that stage-life is thus and thus, well, I have to believe him. As a fact I seldom read so convincing a word-picture of that removed and esoteric existence. The title (not too happy) means the world beyond the theatre, that which so many players count well lost for the compensations of applause and fame; and the story is of a young and phenomenally successful actress, *Jess Yeo*, in whom the claims of domesticity and the love of her dramatist husband are shown in conflict with the attractions of West-End stardom and photographs in the illustrated papers. Eventually—but I suppose I can hardly tell that without spoiling for you what goes before the event. Anyhow, if I admit that the ending did not inspire me with any sanguine hope of happiness ever after, it at least put a pleasant finish on an attractive and successful tale.

In the Mountains (MACMILLAN) is one of those pleasant books of which the best review would be a long string of quotations, and that is a very complimentary thing to say about any novel. Written in diary form, on the whole successfully, it tells little of doing and much of being, and a great deal more of feeling than of either. It is scarcely

necessary after that to add that it is discursive. As a matter of fact I found that for me that half of its charm which did not lie in being whisked off, as it were by magic, to sit in the sunshine of Switzerland lay in its author's reflections upon subjects quite unconnected with her story, and as far apart from each other as Law's *Serious Call* and the effect of different kinds of underclothing on the outward demeanour of the wearer. From the human document point of view it is as a picture of the convalescence of a soul sick with grief that *In the Mountains* deserves attention. I cannot imagine that anyone who has ever got well again after sorrow will fail to recognise its truth. The little mystery and the slender love-story which hold the discursiveness together are just sufficient but so slight that they shall not even be hinted at here. For the rest the book is whimsical, thoughtful, sentimental by turns and, in spite of its tolerance, a shade superior; with now and then a phrase which left me wondering whether a blushing cheek would deserve the Garter motto's rebuke; in fact it resembles more than anything else on earth what the "German garden" of a certain "Elizabeth" might grow into if she transplanted it to a Swiss mountain-top.

Peregrine in Love (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a story whose sentimental title does it considerably less than justice. It gives no indication of what is really an admirably vivacious comedy of courtship and intrigue, with a colonial setting that is engagingly novel. Miss C. FOX SMITH seems to know Victoria and the island of Vancouver with the intimacy of long affection; her pen-pictures and her idiom are both of them convincingly genuine. The result for the reader is a twofold interest, half in seeing what will be to most an unfamiliar place under expert guidance, half in the briskly moving intrigue supposed to be going on there. I say "supposed," because, to be frank, Miss FOX SMITH's story, good fun as it is, hardly convinces like her setting. You may, for example, feel that you have met before in fiction the lonely hero who rescues the solitary maiden, his shipmate, from undesirable society, and falls in love with her, only to learn that she is voyaging to meet her betrothed. At this point I suppose most novel-readers would have given fairly long odds against the betrothed in question keeping the appointment, and I may add that they would have won their money. Not that *Peregrine* was going to find the course of his love run smooth in spite of this; being a hero and a gentleman he had for one thing to try, and keep on trying, to bring the affianced pair together, and thus provide the tale with another than its clearly predestined end. Of course he doesn't succeed, but the attempt furnishes capital entertainment for everybody concerned, and proves that Mr. Punch's "C. F. S." can write prose too.



WORRIES OF THE DARK AGES.

Peaceful Knight (who has called to ask his way at a strange castle).
"OH, CONFOUND IT! I WISH I'D READ THE NOTICE BEFORE I BLEW THE HORN. I DON'T FEEL A BIT LIKE FIGHTING GIANTS TO-DAY, AND BESIDES I PROMISED TO BE HOME EARLY FOR DINNER."

The title of *Gold Must be Tried by Fire* (MACMILLAN) might be called axiomatic for the precise type of fiction represented by the story. Because, if gold hadn't to be tried by fire, you might obviously marry the hero and heroine on the first page and save everybody much trouble and expense. Mr. RICHARD AUMERLE MAHER, however, knows his job better than that. True, he marries his heroine early, but to the wrong man, the Labour leader and crook, *Will Lewis*, who vanishes just before the entrance of the strong but unsilent hero, only to reappear (under an alias) in time to get shot in a strike riot. Mr. MAHER's book comes, as you may already have guessed, from that great country where they have replaced alcohol by sugar, and where (perhaps in consequence) heroines of such super-sentimentality as *Daidie Grattan* have no terrors for them. Personally I found her and her exploits on burning ships, besieged mills and the like a trifle sticky. For the rest you have some interesting details of the workings of the paper industry; a style that to the unfamiliar eye is at times startling (as when, on page 282, the hero's head "snapped erect"); and lots and lots of love. As for the ending, to relieve any apprehensions on your part, let me quote it. "Taking her swiftly in his arms, he questioned: 'Has the gold come free from the fire at last, my darling?' 'Gold or dross,' she whispered as she yielded, 'it is your own.'" Ah!

Love's Triumph (METHUEN) is concerned to a great extent with the development of a raw Kentucky lad into an attractive and resourceful man; but its chief interest lies rather with his trainer. When *Victor McCalloway* arrived in Kentucky and took *Boone Wellver* under his wing it

became obvious enough that he was bent on reconstructing his own life as well as moulding *Boone's*. *McCalloway*, when the seal of his past is broken, turns out to be *Sir Hector Dinwiddie*, D.S.O., K.C.B., a tradesman's son who was generally believed to have killed himself in Paris. I must assume that Mr. CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK intended us to recognise in *Sir Hector* a certain General whose name acquired a painful notoriety not so long ago. The reader may form what opinion he likes of the good taste of all this, but there can be no question that the author has drawn a fine character. At the outset his style is so jumpy that the story is difficult to follow, but presently its course grows clearer and I fancy that you will follow it keenly, as I did, to the end.

Strenuous Life in the West.

"At a charity concert at Clifton recently nearly 200 glass tumblers disappeared in the course of a week."—*Daily Paper*.
Very deplorable, of course. Still, towards the end of the sixth consecutive day would the audience be fully responsible?

CHARIVARIA.

"Motorists," says a London magistrate, "cannot go about knocking people down and killing them every day." We agree. Once should be enough for the most grasping pedestrian.

"A Kensington lady," we read, "has just engaged a parlourmaid who is only three feet seven inches in height." The shortage of servants is becoming most marked.

A play called *The Man Who Went to Work* is shortly to be produced in the West End. It sounds like a farce.

A police-sergeant of Ealing is reported to have summoned six hundred motorists since March. There is some talk of his being presented with the illuminated addresses of another three hundred.

All the recent photographs of Sir ERIC GEDDES show him with a very broad smile. "And I know who he's laughing at," writes a railway traveller.

With reference to the Press controversy between Mr. H. G. WELLS and Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, we understand that they have decided to shake hands and be enemies.

"In New Zealand," says a weekly paper, "there is a daisy which is often mistaken for a sheep by the shepherds." This is the sort of statement that the Prohibitionist likes to make a note of.

A statistician informs us that a man's body contains enough lime to white-wash a small room. It should be pointed out however that it is illegal for a wife to break up her husband for decorative purposes.

The Manchester Communist Party have decided to have nothing whatever to do with Parliament. We understand that the PREMIER has now decided to sell his St. Bernard dog.

"There are no very rich people in England," says a gossip-writer. We can only say we know a club porter who

recently stated that he had a cousin who knew a miner who . . . but we fear it was only gossip.

"It is possible for people to do quite well without a stomach," says a Parisian doctor. Judged by the high prices, we know a grocer who seems to think along the same lines.

Special aeroplanes to carry fish from Holland to this country are to run in the winter. The idea of keeping the

each, admitted that he had smoked twenty-six of them. We are glad to learn that no further punishment was ordered.

The Waste Trade World states that there is a great demand for rubbish. Editors, however, don't seem to be moving with the times.

Off Folkestone, a few days ago, a trawler captured a blue-nosed shark. Complaints about the temperature of the sea have been very common among bathers this year.

"No one has yet been successful in filming an actual murder," states a *Picture-goers' Journal*. It certainly does seem a pity that our murderers are so terribly self-conscious in the presence of a cinematograph man.

The Daily Express states that Mrs. BAMBERGER has decided not to appeal against her sentence. If that be so, this high-handed decision will be bitterly resented by certain of the audience who were in court during the trial and eagerly looked forward to the next edition.

A *Daily Mail* reader writes to our contemporary to say that he found forty-two toads in his garden last week. We can only suppose that they were there in ignorance of the fact that he took in *The Daily Mail*.

A pike weighing twenty-six pounds, upon being hooked by a Cheshire fisherman, pulled him into the canal. His escape was much regretted by the fish, who had decided to have him stuffed.

It is possible that Mr. TOM MANN, the secretary of the A.S.E., will shortly retire under the age limit. It is rumoured that members have started to collect for a souvenir strike as a parting tribute.

The Ethiopian Again.
"COAL STILL BLACK."
Heading in "*Church Family Newspaper*."

"The output in the first quarter this year was at the rate of 248,000,000 million tons a year. It fell in the second quarter to 232,000,000. Between and beyond these lines there is an ample margin for bargaining."

Evening Paper.
Abundantly ample.



Bus Conductor (after passenger's torrents of invective on the subject of increased fare). "RIGHT-O, MA. I'LL TELL 'EM EVERYTHING YOU'VE SAID WHEN I TAKES THE CHAIR AT THE NEXT DIRECTORS' MEETING."

fish long enough to enable them to cross under their own power has been abandoned.

An Ashford gardener has grown a cabbage which measures twelve feet across. It is said to be uninhabited.

The Rules of Golf Committee now suggest a standard ball for England and America. The question of a standard long-distance expletive for foozlers is held over.

A youth charged at a police-court in the South of London with stealing five hundred cigars, valued at threepence

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

TO AN AUTUMN PRIMROSE.

"If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?"

Wordsworth.

SYMBOL of innocence, to Tories dear,
Whom I detect beside the silvan path
Doing your second time on earth this year
That I may cull a generous aftermath,
Let me divine your reason
For thus repullulating out of season.

Associated with the vernal prime
And widely known as "rathe," why bloom so late?

Was it the lure of so-called "Summer-time,"
Extended well beyond the usual date?

Our thanks for which reprieve
Are SMILLIE'S, though they didn't ask his leave.

Rather I think you have some lofty plan,
Such as your old friend WORDSWORTH loved to sing;

That for a fair ensample set to Man
You duplicate your output of the Spring;
That in your heart there lodges
Dimly the hope of shaming Mr. HODGES.

Ah! gentle primrose by the river's brim!
Like *Peter Bell* (unversed in woodland lore),
He'll miss your meaning; you will be to him
A yellow primrose—that and nothing more;
He'll read in you no sign
Of Nature's views about the datum-line. O.S.

THE MINERS' OPERA.

ABOUT a week ago, when they took Titterby away to the large red-brick establishment which he now adorns, certain papers which were left lying in his study passed into my hands, for I was almost his only friend. It had long been Titterby's belief that a great future lay before the librettist who should produce topical light operas on the GILBERT and SULLIVAN model, dealing with our present-day economic crises. The thing became an *idée fixe*, as the French say, or, as we lamely put it in English, a fixed idea. There can be no doubt that he was engaged in the terrible task of fitting the current coal dispute to fantastic verse when a brain-cell unhappily buckled, and he was found destroying the works of his grand piano with a coal-scoop.

Most of the MS. in my possession is blurred and undecipherable, full of erasures, random stage-directions and marginal notes, amongst which occasional passages such as the following "emerge" (as Mr. SMILLIE would say):—

"*Secretary*. The fellow is standing his ground,
He's as stubborn and stiff as a war-mule.

Minister.

Means will be found
If we look all around
To arrive at a suitable formula.

Chorus. Yes, you've got to arrive at a formula."

Difficult though my task may be I feel it the duty of friendship to attempt to give the public some faint outline of this fascinating and curious work. Scenarios, *dramatis personæ* and choruses had evidently caused the author inordinate trouble, for at the top of one sheet I find:—

"ACT I.

Interior of a coal-mine. Groups of colliers with lanterns and picks (? tongs). Enter Chorus of female consumers."

Then follows this note:—

"*MEM. Can one dance in coal-mine? Look up COAL in "Ency. Brit." Also CELLAR FLAP;"*

and later on, at the end of a passage which evidently described the dresses of the principal female characters introduced, we have the words:—

"*BRITANNIA. ? jumper, bobbed hair.*
ANARCHY. ? red tights."

Nothing in this Act survives in a legible form, but in Act II. we are slightly more fortunate:—

"*SCENE.—Downing Street (it begins). Enter mixed Chorus of private secretaries, female shorthand writers and representatives of the Press, followed by Sir ROBERT HORNE, Mr. ROBERT WILLIAMS and Mr. SMILLIE."*

What happens after this I can only roughly surmise, but most probably Mr. SMILLIE proves false to Britannia and flirts for some time with Anarchy, egged on by Mr. WILLIAMS and urged by Sir ROBERT HORNE to return to his earlier flame. At any rate, after a little, the handwriting grows clearer, and I read:—

"*Mr. SMILLIE (striking the pavement with his pick).*

We mean to strike.

Chorus. "He means to strike, he means to strike,
Rash man! Did ever you hear the like
Of what he has just asserted?
Living is dear enough now, on my soul,
What will it be when we can't get coal?"

PRIME MINISTER (entering suddenly).

This strike must be averted."

There seems to have been some doubt as to how the PRIME MINISTER'S entrance should be effected, for at this point we get the marginal note: "*? From door of No. 10. ? On wings. ? Trap door. ? Riding St. Bernard Dog."*

But the difficulty was evidently settled, and the Chorus begins again:—

"Oh, here is the wizard from Wales—
The wonderful wizard from Wales,
The British Prime Minister,

MR. WILLIAMS. Subtle and sinister.

Chorus. Oh, no! That is only your fancy.
Disputes he can manage and check;
All parties respond to his beck.

MR. WILLIAMS. He talks through the back of his neck!

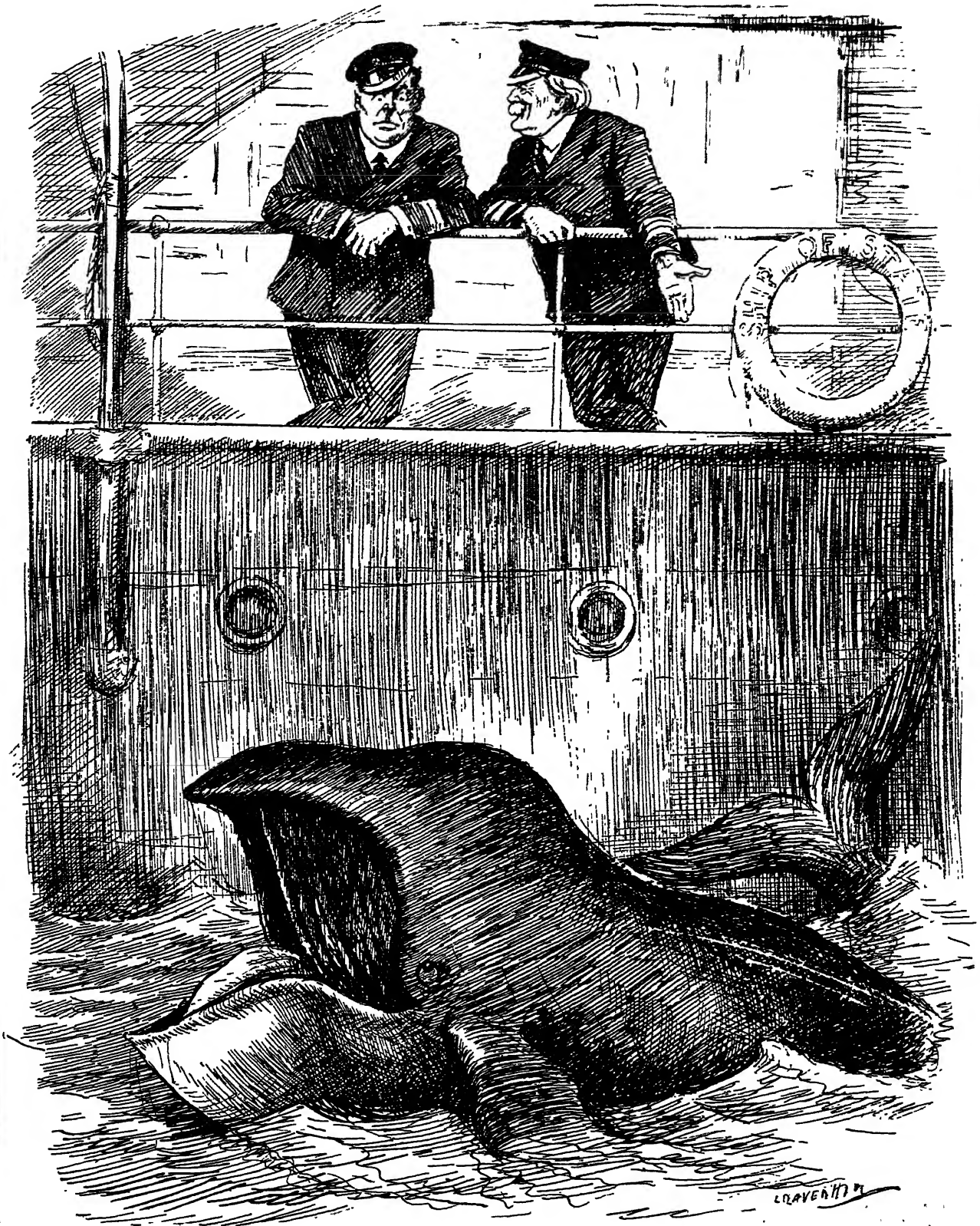
Chorus. When he talks through the back of his neck
We call it his neck-romancy."

Of the arguments used by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE after this spirited encouragement no record remains but the following passage:—

"My dear Mr. SMILLIE,
We value you highly
Howe'er so ferociously raven you.
We must find a way out,
And we shall do, no doubt,
If we only explore every avenue.

Chorus. Yes, please, do explore every avenue.

[*Exeunt Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. SMILLIE arm-in-arm, R. (? followed by St. Bernard) and return C. Exeunt L. and return C. again, and so on.*



A PROSPECTIVE JONAH?

THE CAPTAIN (to Sir ERIC GEDDES). "I SOMETIMES WONDER WHETHER A MAN OF YOUR ABILITY OUGHT NOT TO FIND A BETTER OPENING."

[It is rumoured that the Ministry of Transport is to have a limited existence.]



Lady. "No OOD LEFT, MR. BROWN?"
ALWAYS KEEPS A BIT UP MY SLEEVE FOR REG'LAR CUSTOMERS."

Fishmonger (confidentially). "WELL, MRS. SNIPPS, I'LL OBLIGE YOU. I

Chorus. Oh, have you explored every avenue?"

Apparently they have, for later on we get—

"*PRIME MINISTER.* Then why should you want to strike
When the Government saves your faces?
You can get more pay when you like
On the larger output basis."

And the Chorus of course chimes in:—

"They can get more pay when they like
On the larger output basis."

And there is a note at the side: "*Chorus to wave arms up-
wards and outwards, indicating increased production of coal.*"

It seems to have been at some time after this, and prob-
ably in Act III., that Titterby went, if I may put it so
vulgarily, off the hook. I think he must have got on to
the conference between the mineowners and the represen-
tatives of the miners, and struggled until the gas became
too thick for him. At any rate, after several unreadable
pages, the following unhappy fragment stands out clear:—

"*Mr. SMILLIE* still stands irresolute, running his fingers
through his hair.

Chorus of Mineowners (pointing at him).

Ruffled hair requires, I ween,
Something in the brilliantine
Or else in the pomatum line.
How shall we devise a balm
Mr. SMILLIE's locks to calm?
Hullo! here comes the Datum-Line!

*Enter Datum-Line. (? can Datum-Line be personified?
? comic. ? check trousers. ? red whiskers.)"*

Nothing more has been written, and it must have been
at this point, I suppose, that Titterby got up and assaulted
his piano. It all seems very sad. EVOE.

CONSOLATION.

You may be very ugly and freckled and small
And have a little stubby nose that's not a nose at all;
You may be bad at spelling and you may be worse at sums,
You may have stupid fingers that your Nanna says are
thumbs,
And lots of things you look for you may never, never find,
But if you love the fairies—you don't mind.

You may be rather frightened when you read of wolves and
bears
Or when you pass the cupboard-place beneath the attic
stairs;
You may not always like it when thunder makes a noise
That seems so much, much bigger than little girls and boys;
You may feel rather lonely when you waken in the night,
But if the fairies love you—it's all right. R. F.

"I trust it may be sufficient to convince readers that Mr. Chesterton is
continued at foot of next column."

Sunday Paper.

At last the ever-recurring problem of where to put the rest
of Mr. CHESTERTON has been solved.

THE LITTLE MOA

(and how much it is).

I HAVE been reading a lot about Polynesia lately, and the conclusion has been forced upon me that dining out in that neighbourhood might be rather confusing to a stranger.

Imagine yourself at one of these Antipodean functions. Your host is seated at the head of the table with a large fowl before him. Looking pleasantly in your direction he says:—

"Will you have a little moa?"

Not being well up in the subject of exotic fauna you will be tempted to make one of the following replies:—

(1) (With *Alice in Wonderland* in your mind) "How can I possibly have more when I haven't had anything at all yet?"

(2) "Yes, please, a lot more, or just a little more," as capacity and appetite dictate.

(3) "No, thank you."

The objection to reply No. 1 is that it may cause unpleasantness, or your host may retort, "I didn't ask you if you would have a little more moa," and thus increase your embarrassment.

No. 2 is a more suitable rejoinder, but probably No. 3 is the safest reply, as some of these big birds require a lot of mastication.

In the event of your firing off No. 3, your host glances towards the hostess and says—

"Oo, then" (pronounced "oh-oh").

To your startled senses comes the immediate suggestion, "Is the giver of the feast demented, or is he merely rude?"

Just as you are meditating an excuse for leaving the table and the house, your hostess saves the situation by saying sweetly, "Do let me give you a little oo," playfully tapping with a carving-knife the breastbone of a winged creature recumbent on a dish in front of her.

It gradually dawns upon you that you are among strange birds quite outside the pale of the English Game Laws, and that you will have to take a sporting chance.

While you are still in the act of wavering the son of the house says, "Try a little huia."

If you like the look of this specimen of Polynesian poultry you signify your acceptance in the customary manner; otherwise, in parliamentary phraseology, "The Oos have it."

For my own part I fancy that, unless or until some of these unusual fowls are extinct, I shall not visit Polynesia, but rest content with Purley. Our dinner-parties may be dull, but at least one knows one's way about among the dishes.



Fed-up Owner (to holiday Artist). "CHARMING, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY—CHARMING—WITH ONE IMPORTANT OMISSION. YOU'VE FORGOTTEN TO PUT IN THE NOTICE ON THE TREE."

A BALLAD OF THE EARLY WORM.

THE gentle zephyr lightly blows
Across the dewy lawn,
And sleepily the rooster crows,
"Beloved, it is dawn."

The little worms in bed below
Can hear their father wince,
While, up above, a feathered foe
Is busy making mince.

In vain they seize his slippery tail
And try to pull him back;
It makes their little cheeks turn pale
To hear his waistband crack.

They draw him down and crowd
around;

Their tears bespeak their love;
For part of him is underground
And part has gone above.

But not for long does sorrow seize
The subterranean mind,
For father grows another piece
In front or else behind.

And now he's up before the dawn,
Long ere the world has stirred,
And eats his breakfast on the lawn
Before the early bird.

When the Young Lead the Young.

"Lady Nurse or Nursery Governess (young) wanted for post near Ventnor, I.W., for boy 2½ years. Experience, similar age, and happy disposition essential."—*Weekly Paper*.

"Oxford, Tuesday.

The Royal Commission on Oxford and Cambridge Universities began its Oxford session this afternoon in the Extermination Schools."

Daily Paper.

Absit omen!

THE CONSPIRATORS.

II.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—The Third International is not a Rugby football match. It is a corporation of thrusters whose prospectus announces that it will very shortly have your blood, having first acquired exclusive rights in your money. Have you two acres and a cow? Have you seven pounds three and threepence in the Post-Office Savings Bank? Have you any blood? Very well, then; THIS CONCERNS YOU.

There was a meeting of shareholders in Moscow as recently as July last. The Chairman said: "Gentlemen—I beg your pardon, Comrades,—I am happy to be able to report promising developments. Our main enterprise in Russia, for technical reasons with which I will not now trouble you, is not for the moment profit-producing; but we have been able to promote some successful ventures abroad. In all parts of the civilised world—and Ireland—we may anticipate a distribution of assets in the near future." And among those assets to be parcelled out are, I may say, your acres, your cow, your savings and yourself.

There followed a meeting of the Executive Committee (I wish they would avoid that tactless word "executive," don't you?). Simple and brisk instructions were drafted for foreign agents, bidding them get on with it and not spare themselves, or in any case not spare anyone else. These were inscribed on linen, which was folded over, with the writing inside, and neatly hemmed. Shortly afterwards a number of earnest young men wearing tall collars and an air of exaggerated innocence sought to cross various frontiers and were surprised and offended when rough and rude officials stole their collars and set about taking them to pieces.

I hate to speak slightly of anyone, but these world-revolutionaries have no business to be so young. According to my view a professor of anarchy and assassination ought to be a man of middle-age with stiff stubble on his chin. He has no business to be a pale and perspiring youth, tending to long back hair and apt to be startled by the slightest sound when he is alone. And what a lot of them write poetry, and such poetry too! That is the manner of the man who is going to seize your house and usurp your cow, while you will be lucky if you are allowed a place on a perch in your own fowl-house.

We had an opportunity of seeing them in procession when a consignment of these world-revolutionaries drove off in state from Berne about the time of the Armistice. I told you, last week,

that we had a Legation of them, very kindly lent by the Moscow management, and I also told you that our Italian juggler had let us into the secret of their midnight lucubrations, of which we had duly informed the officials interested in such matters. We had front places when the motor lorry called for them and the military escort arrived to assist all the passengers to take, and keep, their seats. Into the lorry were packed the Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary, the *Chargé d'Affaires*, the First Secretary, the Second Secretary, the Third Secretary, the Legal and Spiritual Advisers and the Lady Typist. Their features were not easy to distinguish; when the Bolsheviks assume dominion over us they will not nationalize our soap. One or two fell out, but were carefully replaced by willing hands and bayonets; and so home.

Now that is a sight you don't often see: a Diplomatic Corps being returned to store in a motor lorry. The disappointing thing about them was that, for all their fiery propaganda and for all their drastic resolutions, never a one of them produced so much as a squib-cracker. The only people to derive any excitement from the affair were the small children, who took it for a circus.

The best they could do for us was a general strike. What all this had to do with trades or unions nobody seemed to know, least of all the workers. But there was an attractive sound about the then novel phrase, "Direct Action," and it gave a sense of useful business to that otherwise over-portly word, "Proletariat." And the local politicians, promised good jobs in LENIN'S millennium, made great use of the phrase, "Dictatorship of the Proletariat." Thus many an honest workman joined in under the belief that it meant an extra hour's holiday on Saturdays, an extra hour in bed on Mondays and an extra bob or two of wages.

While it lasts, even a bloodless revolution can be very tiresome; almost as disquieting as a general election. Everybody who isn't revolting is mobilised to keep the revolution from being molested. There are no trams, because the drivers are demonstrating; no shops, because the shopmen are mobilised; no anything, because everyone is out watching the fun. So you go into the square to watch also. You see little groups of revolutionaries looking sullen and laboriously class-hating. You see a lot of soldiers looking very ordinary but trying not to. The riff-raff scowl at the soldiers, who are ordered out to shoot at them. The soldiers scowl at the riff-raff at whom they are ordered not to

shoot. And, for some reason which the experts have not yet fathomed, it always pours with rain.

When we had succeeded in persuading the soldier who was posted to guard our hotel that we were not the proletariat and might safely be let pass, we found a gathering of inside-knowledge people discussing the situation. The Government ought to have known all about it long before—how the Bolsheviks were stirring up trouble. "They did," said we; "we told them." There was a silence at this, but a smile on the face of the audience which we at first mistook for incredulity. We referred darkly to our private information, derived, as I told you in my last, from the Italian juggler. "Did he do juggling tricks with your ink-pots too?" asked the French element. "How much money did you give him?" asked all the other elements. "And I suppose he also told you," said the Italian officer, "that he had no confidence in his own people and that the British alone enjoyed his respect?"

At this moment the Americans came in and asked us to quit arguing and attend while they told us how they had unearthed the great plot. . . . When together we reckoned up the Italian juggler's net takings we realised that it is an ill revolution which brings no one any good.

Yours ever, HENRY.
(To be continued.)

CUBBIN' THRO' THE RYE.

[Suggested by a recently reported incident in the Midlands, when a pack divided, one part getting out of hand and running among standing crops.]

Gin a body meet a body
Cubbin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body tell a body,
"Seed 'em in full cry,"
Useless then to blame the puppies,
Useless too to lie;
Whippers-in can't *always* stop
'em,
Even when they try.

Gin a body meet a body
Cubbin' thro' the rye,
What a body calls a body
Dare I say?—not I;
Farmers get distinctly stuffy,
Neither are they shy,
And Masters, when they're really
rattled,
Sometimes make reply.

Brave News for Pussyfoot.

"A good many Church-people at home have been pressing teetotalism, and are now pressing Prohibition, and it is possible that they may succeed about the time when the moon grows cold."—*Weekly Paper*.



THE MAN YOU GIVE A GAME TO.

THE MYSTERY OF THE APPLE-PIE BEDS.

(Leaves from a holiday diary.)

I.

AN outrage has occurred in the hotel. Late on Monday night ten innocent visitors discovered themselves the possessors of apple-pie beds. The beds were not of the offensive hair-brush variety, but they were very cleverly constructed, the under-sheet being pulled up in the good old way and turned over at the top as if it were the top-sheet.

I had one myself. The lights go out at eleven and I got into bed in the dark. When one is very old and has not been to school for a long time or had an apple-pie bed for longer still, there is something very uncanny in the sensation, especially if it is dark. I did not like it at all. My young brother-in-law, Denys, laughed immoderately in the other bed at my floundering and imprecations. He did not have one. I suspect him. . . .

II.

Naturally the hotel is very much excited. It is the most thrilling event since the mixed foursomes. Nothing else has been discussed since breakfast. Ten people had beds and about ten people are suspected. The really extraordinary thing is that numbers of people seem to suspect me! That is the worst of being a professional humourist;

everything is put down to you. When I was accompanying Mrs. F. to-day she suddenly stopped fiddling and said hotly that someone had been tampering with her violin. I know she suspected me. Fortunately, however, I have a very good answer to this apple-pie bed charge. Eric says that his bed must have been done after dinner, and I was to be seen at the dance in the lounge all the evening. I have an alibi.

Besides I had a bed myself; surely they don't believe that even a professional humourist could be so bursting with humour as to make himself an apple-pie bed and not make one for his brother-in-law in the same room! It would be too much like overtime.

But they say that only shows my cleverness. . . .

III.

Then there is the question of the Barkers. Most of the victims were young people, who could not possibly

mind. But the Barkers had two, and the Barkers are a respected middle-aged couple, and nobody could possibly make them apple-pie beds who did not know them very well. That shows you it can't have been me—I—me—that shows you I couldn't have done it. I have only spoken to them once.

They say Mr. Barker was rather annoyed. He has rheumatism and went to bed early. Mrs. Barker discovered about her bed before she got in, but she didn't let on. She put out the candle and allowed her lord to get into his apple-pie in the dark. I think I shall like her.

They couldn't find the matches. I believe he was quite angry. . . .

IV.

I suspect Denys and Joan. They

unanswerable problem is, who could have dared to make the Barkers' apple-pie beds? And the answer is, nobody—except the Barkers.

And there must have been a lady in it, it was so neatly done. Everybody says no man could have done it. So that shows you it couldn't have been me—I—myself. . . .

VI.

I suspect Mr. Winthrop. Mr. Winthrop is fifty-three. He has been in the hotel since this time last year, and he makes accurate forecasts of the weather. My experience is that a man who makes accurate forecasts of the weather may get up to any devilry. And he protests too much. He keeps coming up to me and making long speeches to prove that he didn't do it.

But I never said he did. Somebody else started that rumour, but of course he thinks that I did. That comes of being a professional humourist.

But I do believe he did it. You see he is fifty-three and doesn't dance, so he had the whole evening to do it in.

To-night we are going to have a Court of Inquiry. . . .

VII.

We have had the inquiry. I was judge. I started with Denys and Joan in the dock, as I thought we must have somebody there and it would look better if it was some-

body in the family. The first witness was Mrs. Barker. Her evidence was so unsatisfactory that I had to have her put in the dock too. So was Mr. Barker's. I was sorry to put him in the dock, as he still had rheumatics. But he had to go.

So did Mr. Winthrop. I had no qualms about him. For a man of his age to do a thing like that seems to me really deplorable. And the barefaced evasiveness of his evidence! He simply could not account for his movements during the evening at all. When I asked him what he had been doing at 9.21, and where, he actually said he *didn't know*.

Rather curious—very few people can account for their movements, or anyone else's. In most criminal trials the witnesses remember to a minute, years after the event, exactly what time they went upstairs and when they passed the prisoner in the lounge, but nobody



"RIGHT-O. IF YER WANTS A FIGHT I'M READY. AN' AS WE'VE ONLY ONE PAIR O' GLOVES, AN' YOU'RE THE YOUNGEST, I'LL BE A SPORT AN' LET YOU WEAR 'EM."

are engaged, and people in that state are capable of anything. Neither of them had one, and they were seen slipping upstairs during the dance. They say they went out on the balcony—a pretty story. . . .

V.

I suspect the Barkers. You know, that story about Mrs. B. letting Mr. B. get into his without warning him was pretty thin. Can you imagine an English wife doing a thing of that kind? If you can it ought to be a ground for divorce under the new Bill. But you can't.

Then all that stuff about the rheumatism—clever but unconvincing. Mr. Barker stayed in his room all the next morning *when the awkward questions were being asked*. Not well; oh, no! But he was down for lunch and conducting for a glee-party in the drawing-room afterwards, as perky and active as a professional. Besides, the really



THE END OF THE SEASON.

Sympathetic Friend. "WELL, YOU'VE LAID HER UP NICELY FOR THE WINTER, ANYHOW."

seems to remember anything in this affair. No doubt it will come in time.

The trial was very realistic. I was able to make one or two excellent judicial jokes. Right at the beginning I said to the prosecuting counsel, "What is an apple-pie bed?" and when he had explained I said with a meaning look, "You mean that the bed was not in *apple-pie order*?" Ha, ha! Everybody laughed heartily. . . .

VIII.

In my address to the jury of matrons I was able to show pretty clearly that the crime was the work of a gang. I proved that Denys and Joan must have done the bulk of the dirty work, under the tactical direction of the Barkers, who did the rest; while in the background was the sinister figure of Mr. Winthrop, the strategical genius, the lurking Macchiavelli of the gang.

The jury were not long in considering their verdict. They said: "We find, your Lordship, that you did it yourself, with some lady or ladies unknown."

That comes of being a professional humourist. . . .

IX.

I ignored the verdict. I addressed the prisoners very severely and sentenced them to do the Chasm hole from 6.0 A.M. to 6.0 P.M. every day for a week, to take out cards and play out every stroke. "You, Winthrop," I said, "with your gentlemanly cunning,

your subtle pretensions of righteousness——" But there is no space for that. . . .

X.

As a matter of fact the jury were quite right. In company with a lady who shall be nameless I did do it. At least, at one time I thought I did. Only we have proved so often that somebody else did it, we have shown so conclusively that we can't have done it, that we find ourselves wondering if we really did.

Perhaps we didn't.

If we did we apologise to all concerned—except, of course, to Mr. Winthrop. I suspect him. A. P. H.

MIXED METEOROLOGICAL MAXIMS.

(By a Student of Psychology.)

WHEN the glass is high and steady
For domestic broils be ready.
When the glass is low and jerky
Then look out for squalls in Turkey.
When the air is dull and damp
Keep your eye on Mr. CRAMP.
When the air is clear and dry
On BOB WILLIAMS keep your eye.
When it's fine and growing finer
Keep your eye upon the miner.
When it's wet and growing wetter
'Twill be worse before it's better.
When the tide is at its ebb
Fix your gaze on SIDNEY WEBB.
When the tide is at high level
Modernists discuss the Devil.

Floods upon the Thames or Kennet
Stimulate the brain of BENNETT;
While a waterspout foretells
Fresh activities in WELLS.

When it's calm in the Atlantic
Gooseberries become gigantic.
When it's rough in the Pacific
Laying hens are less prolific.
When the clouds are moving *largo*
There is no restraining MARGOT.
When their movement is *con brio*
'Ware CHIOZZA MONEY (LEO)!
When the sun is bright but spotty
Diarists become more dotty.
When the sun is dim and hazy
Diarists become more crazy.
When the nights are calm and still
Faster travels GARVIN's quill.
When the blizzard's blast is hissing
REPINGTON is reminiscing.

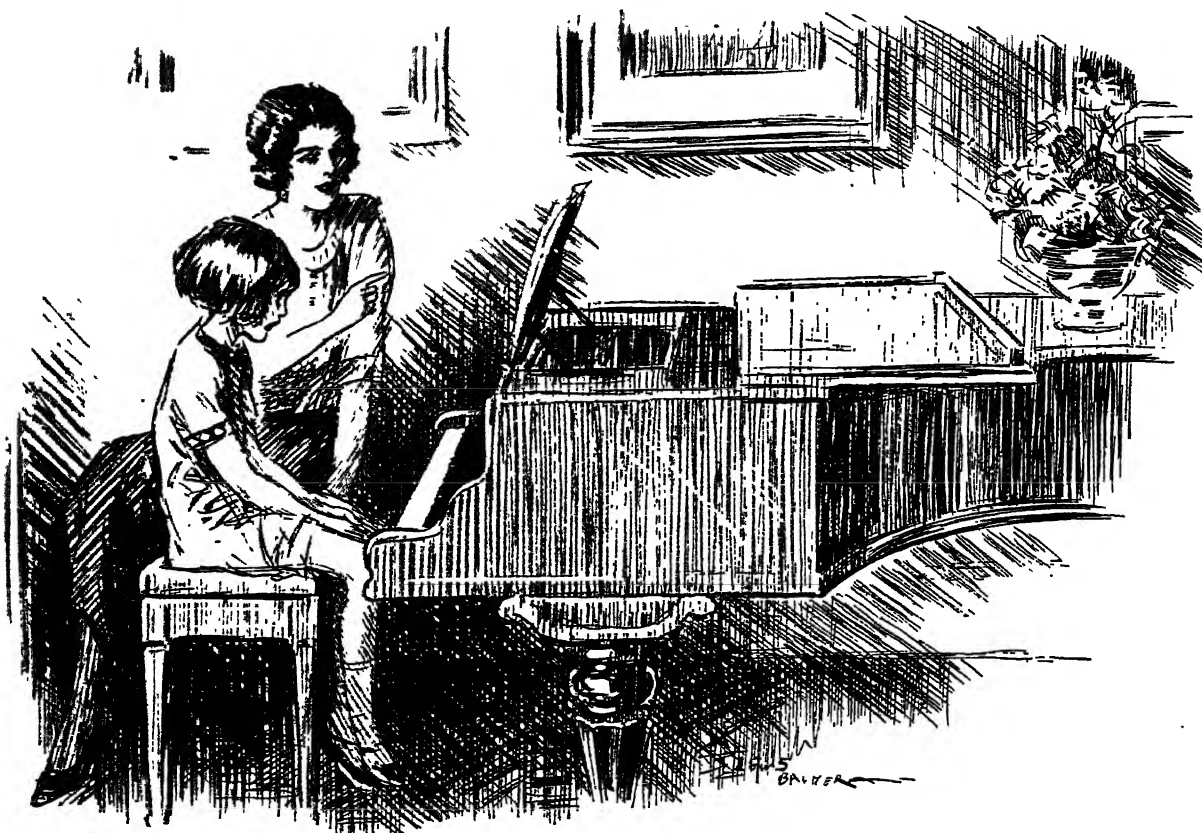
If you ponder well these lines
You can read the weather signs
In accordance with the rule
Binding both on sage and fool:—
*Anything in mortal ken
May befall us anywhen.*

Commercial Importunity.

"SERVICES! Dozens other cars available,
£1,500 to £50. Call and insult us."
Motor Journal.

More Visions of the Unseen.

"The roads are peculiarly situated, and are dangerous, not only because they are main ~~cross roads~~, but also on account of the hidden view they afford of each other."—*Local Paper.*



Teacher. "AND WHAT DOES *ff* MEAN?"

Pupil (after mature deliberation). "FUMP-FUMP."

THE DEVOTED LOVER.

[*"Loiterers will be treated as trespassers."*—Notice on Tube Station.]

No longer laud, my Jane, the ancient wooer
Who for the favours of his ladye fayre
Would sally forth to strafe the evil-doer
Or beard the dragon in his inmost lair;
Find it no more, dear heart, a ground for stray tiffs
Because, forsooth, you can't detect in me
A tendency to go out whopping catiffs
Daily from ten till three.

He proved himself in his especial fashion,
Daring the worst to earn a lover's boon,
But I, no less than he a prey to passion,
Faced risks as great this very afternoon,
When at the Tube a long half-hour I waited
(In fond obedience to your written beck)
Where loiterers, it practically stated,
Would get it in the neck.

The liftmen who from time to time ascended
To spill their loads (in which you had no part)
Regarded me with eagle eyes intended
To lay the touch of terror on my heart;
But through a wait thus perilously dreary
My spirits drooped not nor my courage flinched;
"She cometh not," I merely sighed, "I'm weary
And likely to be pinched."

You came at last, long last, to end my fretting,
And now you know how your devoted bard
Faced for your sake the risk of fine or getting
An unaccustomed dose of labour (hard);

Harbour no more that idiotic notion
That love to-day is unromantic, flat;
Gave Lancelot such a proof of his devotion,
Did Galahad do that?

PAMELA'S ALPHABET.

Scene.—A DOMESTIC INTERIOR.

Pamela's father, in one armchair, is making a praiseworthy effort to absorb an article in a review on "*The Future of British Finance*." In another armchair Pamela's mother is doing some sort of mending. Pamela herself, stretched upon the hearthrug, is reading aloud interesting extracts from a picture-book.

Pamela (in a cheerful sing-song). A for Donkey; B for Dicky.

Her Father. What sort of dicky?

Pamela (examining the illustration more closely). All ugly black, bisect for his blue mouf.

Her Mother (instructively). Not blue; yellow. And it's a beak, not a mouth.

Pamela. I calls it a mouf. He's eating wiv it. (With increasing disfavour) A poor little worm he's eating. Don't like him; he's crool. (She turns the page hurriedly and continues) C for Pussy; D for Mick.

[This is the name of the family mongrel. That the picture represents an absolutely thoroughbred collie matters nothing to Pamela. She spends some time in admiring Mick, then rapidly sweeps over certain illustrations that fail to attract.]

Pamela (stopping at the sight of a web-footed fowl, triumphant). G for Quack-quack.



THE PRINCE COMES HOME.



MORE OUTLINES OF HISTORY.

Sailor. "WE HAVE JUST SEEN SOME ORANGE-PEEL AND BANANA-SKINS FLOATING ON THE STARBOARD, SIR."

Columbus. "WAS THERE ANY CHEWING-GUM?"

Sailor. "No, SIR."

Columbus. "THEN IT MUST BE THE WEST INDIES WE'RE COMING TO, AND I'D HOPED IT WAS GOING TO BE AMERICA."

Her Father. Oh, come, Pamela, that's not a quack-quack; that's a goose. It makes quite a different noise.

[Anticipating an immediate demand for a goose's noise he clears his throat nervously.]

Pamela (with authority). This one isn't making any noise. It's jus' thinking. (*Her father accepts the correction and swallows again.*) H for Gee-gee. Stupid gee-gee.

Her Father. Why stupid?

Pamela. 'Acos its tail looks silly.

Her Father (glancing at the tail, which bears some resemblance to an osprey's feather). You're right; it does.

Her Mother. I wonder whether it's wrong to let children get accustomed to bad drawings?

Her Father. Pamela doesn't get accustomed—she criticises. If it weren't for a silly tail here, a stupid face there, her critical faculty might lie for ever dormant.

Pamela (having turned over four or five pages with one grasp of the hand, as if determined to suppress the unsatisfactory horse). R for Bunny.

Her Mother. No, dear, Rabbit. R for Rabbit. B for Bunny.

Pamela (gently). No; B is for Dicky. The ugly dicky wiv the blue mouf.

Her Father (rashly). The blackbird.

Pamela (conscious of superior knowledge). That isn't its name. That's what it looks like, all black; but its name is Dicky. B for Dicky.

Her Father. Well, have it your own way. What does S stand for?

Pamela (turning to the likeness of an elderly quadruped, with great assurance). Baa-lamb!

Her Father. Sometimes we call baa-lambs sheep.

Pamela. I don't.

Her Father. You will when you grow older.

Pamela. I won't be any older, not for ever so long. Not

till next birfday. (*Pushing her book away and assuming an air of extreme infancy*) Tired of reading. Want a piggy-back, please!

Her Father (firmly taking up his review again). Not just now. I'm busy with a picture-book.

[A reproachful silence falls upon the room.]

Pamela (presently, in a mournful chant). A for Don-key. B for Dicky—

The Scene closes.

FLOWERS' NAMES.

CROW'S-FOOT.

HAVE you noticed that the splendid dreams, the best dreams that there are, Come always in the darkest nights without a single star? When the moonless nights are blackest the best dreams are about; I'll tell you why that should be so and how I found it out.

There's a bird who comes at night-time, and underneath his wings, All warm and soft and feathery, lie tiny fairy things; He spreads his wings out widely (you see them, not the dark) And you hear the fairies whispering, "Hush! hush!" "I'll tell you!" "Hark!"

The bird is black and feathery, but his feet are made of gold; He chiefly comes in summer-time, for fairies hate the cold; And if the nights are velvet-dark and full of summer airs He lingers till the sun creeps up and finds him unawares.

And so you'll see in summer-time, when all the dew is wet, The footprints of his golden claws maybe will linger yet; The little golden flower-buds will gleam like golden grain, And if you pick and cherish them perhaps you'll dream again.



"HAVE YOU EVER BEEN UP IN AN AEROPLANE, GRANDPA?"

"No, my boy—NOT YET."

HONOURS EASY.

I.

Not very long ago the following advertisements appeared in the same column of *The Southshire Daily Gazette*:

"Lost, a pure black Pekinese dog, wearing a silver badge marked 'Cherub.' Handsome reward offered. F. B., Grand Hotel, Brightbourne."

"Found, a black Pekinese, wearing a silver badge marked 'Cherub.' No reward required. The Limes, Cheviot Road, Brightbourne."

II.

On the same morning the paper was opened and scanned almost simultaneously by Mrs. Frederick Bathurst in the sitting-room which she and her husband occupied at the Grand Hotel, and by Mr. Hartley Friend in the morning-room at "The Limes."

"Oh, Fred," exclaimed Mrs. Bathurst, "Cherub has been found. He's all safe at a house called 'The Limes,' in Cheviot Road. Isn't that splendid?"

"Very good news," said her husband. "I told you not to worry."

"It's a direct answer to prayer," said Mrs. Bathurst. "But—"

"But what?" her husband inquired.

"But I do wish you had taken my advice not to offer any reward. You

might so easily have left it open. People aren't so mercenary as all that. It stands to reason that anyone staying at an hotel like this and bringing a dog with them—always an expensive thing to do—and valuing it enough to advertise its loss, would behave properly when the time came."

"I don't know," Mr. Bathurst replied. "Does anything stand to reason? The ordinary dog-thief, holding up an animal to ransom, might be deterred from returning it if no mention of money was made. You remember we decided on that."

"Oh, no, I don't think so. You merely had your way again, that was all. I was always against offering a reward. And the word 'handsome' too. In any case I never agreed to that. You put that in later. Another thing," Mrs. Bathurst continued, "I knew it in some curious way—in my bones, as they say—that the fineness of Cherub's nature, its innocence, its radiant friendliness, would overcome any sordidness in the person who found him, poor darling, all lost and unhappy. No one who has been much with that simple sweet character could fail to be the better for it."

Mr. Bathurst coughed.

"That is so?" his wife persisted.

"Well," said Mr. Bathurst, after helping himself to another egg, "let us hope so, at any rate."

"It's gone beyond mere hope," said his wife triumphantly. "Listen to this;" and she read out the sentence from the second advertisement, "'No reward required.' There," she added, "isn't that proof? I'll go round to Cheviot Road directly after breakfast and say how grateful we are, and bring the darling back."

III.

Meanwhile at "The Limes" Mr. Hartley Friend was pacing the room with impatient steps.

"I do wish you would try to be less impulsive," he was saying to his wife. "Anything in the nature of business you would be so much wiser to leave to me."

"What is it now?" Mrs. Friend asked with perfect placidity.

"This dog," said her husband, "that fastened itself on you in this deplorable way—whatever possessed you to rush into print about it?"

"Of course I rushed, as you say. Think of the feelings of the poor woman

who has lost her pet. It was the only kind thing to do."

"'Poor woman' indeed! I assure you she's nothing of the sort. One would think you were a millionaire to be laddling out benefactions like this. 'No reward required.' Fancy not even asking for the price of the advertisement to be refunded!"

"But that would have been so squalid."

"'Squalid!' I've no patience with you. Justice isn't squalor. It's—it's justice. As for your 'poor woman,' listen to this." And he read out the Bathurst advertisement with terrible emphasis on the words "Handsome reward offered." "Do you hear that—'handsome'?"

"Yes, I hear," said his wife amiably; "but that isn't my idea of making money."

"I hope you don't suppose it's mine," said her husband. "But there is such a thing as common sense. Why on earth the accident of this little brute following us home should run us into the expense of an advertisement and a certain amount of food and drink I'm hanged if I can see."

"Well, dear," said his wife with the same amiability, "if you can't see it I can't make you."

IV.

A few minutes later the arrival of "a lady who's come for the Peek" was announced.

"No," said Mr. Friend as his wife rose, "leave it to me. I'll deal with it. The situation is very delicate."

"How can I thank you enough," began Mrs. Bathurst, "for being so kind and generous about our little angel? My husband and I agreed that nothing more charmingly considerate can ever have been done."

At this point Mrs. Friend followed her husband into the room, and Mrs. Bathurst renewed her expressions of gratitude.

"But at any rate," she added to her, "you will permit me to defray the cost of the advertisement? I could not allow you to be at that expense."

Before Mrs. Friend could speak her husband intervened. "No, madam," he said, "I couldn't think of it. Please don't let the mention of money vulgarize a little friendly act like this. We are only too glad to have been the means of reuniting you and your pet."

E. V. L.

"Ruford Abbey is, of course, a wonderful old place, and all the front, from gable to gable, is genuine tenth-century, built in 1139." *Sunday Times.*

It looks as if the ea' canny idea was not so new as we thought it.



Lady with Pram (who has been pointing out to newcomer the beauties of the neighbourhood, where a strike is threatened). "THAT'S ONE OF THE 'OT 'EADS."

AT THE PLAY.

"EVERY WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE."

WHEN *Dahlia* refused the hand of a wealthy middle-aged nut, with faultless knickerbockers and a gift for lucubrated epigrams, preferring to throw in her lot (platonically) with a young and penniless social reformer, we took no notice of those who feared a scandal ("scandals are not what they were," as she said), nor of the girl's assertion that she had no use for the alleged romance of marriage. We were confident that the little god whose image, with bow and arrow, stood in the garden of *Dahlia's* ancestral home, would put things right for us in the end. Yet we were not greatly annoyed when he made a mess of his business and married her to the wrong man; for in the mean-

time such strange things had been allowed to occur and the right man had proved such a disappointment that we didn't much care what happened to anybody.

It was the rejected lover, *Mortimer Jerrold*, who conceived two bright ideas for conquering her independence of mind, apparently for the benefit of his rival. First he contrived to get *Harold Glaise*, the young socialist, selected as a candidate for Parliament, hoping (if I read the gentleman's motive rightly) that his probable failure would touch the place where her heart should have been. This scheme did not go very well, for he was chosen to contest the seat held by *Dahlia's* own father (which caused a lot of trouble), and in the result beat him.

Meanwhile *Jerrold* had had an alter-

native brain-wave. He thought that if he pinched the latchkey of *Dahlia's* Bloomsbury flat, broke in at night, and made a show of assaulting her modesty he could prove to her that she was only a poor weak woman after all. Nothing, you would say, could well have been more stupid. Yet, according to Mr. HASTINGS TURNER's showing (and who were we to challenge his authority?) it came off. We were, in fact, asked to believe that a girl who had protested her freedom from all sense of sex was suddenly made conscious of it by the violence of a man whose advances, when decently conducted, had left her cold; and from that moment developed an inclination to marry him. An assault by a tramp or an apache would apparently have served almost as well for the purpose. If this is "Every Woman's Privilege" it is fortunate that so few of them get the chance of exercising it.

Miss MARIE LÖHR herself came very well out of a play that can hardly add to the author's reputation. Her personality lent itself to a part which demanded a blend of feminine charm with a boyish contempt for romance. And she had a few good things to say. It was not Mr. HALLARD's fault if he failed to win our perfect sympathy for a hero whom the heroine addressed as "Spats." As for Mr. BASIL RATHBONE, who played the part of *Harold Glaive*, I cannot imagine why he took it on. Apart from his timorous declaration of love, conveyed on a typewriter, there was no colour in it, and nothing whatever to show why his passion petered out. I think that the author, in his surprise at the success of *Harold's* rival, must have forgotten all about it. Mr. HERBERT ROSS was excellent as *Dahlia's* father, a pleasantly futile baronet under the thumb of a sour-tongued managing female, an old-fashioned part in which Miss HELEN ROUS has nothing to learn. Miss VANE FEATHERSTON, as the lady who finally absorbed the baronet, did her little gratuitous piece all right.

I cannot get myself to believe that all these intelligent actors are under any illusion as to the merits of the comedy. With the best wishes in the world for the success of Miss MARIE LÖHR's enterprises, I am bound to regard it as yet another instance of a play where the attractions of the leading part have a little deranged the judgment of the actor-manager. O. S.

"THE CROSSING."

Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD and Mr. BERTRAM FORSYTH (assisted by Mr. DONALD CALTHROP) present to us in *The Crossing* a certain Mr. Anthony *Grimshaw*, a princely egotist of the poetic-idealist type who gets up on the

hearth-rug and says to his family, "I am a humanitarian before everything," and things like that, and then wonders why his wife is estranged from him. He has a daughter, *Nizie*, who is not old enough to know how bad all this is, and together they hear the wind singing glees without words (or in Volapuk, but anyway not intelligible to us poor normals), a thing Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD has been doing or pretending to do for years without once taking me in.

Anthony is run over and (as we say) dies. After an extraordinarily tiresome conversation in the morning-room with his friend and his son and his mother (who are also what people call dead) it dawns upon him that something odd has happened to himself also. His wife and two children, after his (so-called)



Richard Petafor (Mr. HUBERT HARBEN), the apostle of Materialism and Physical Exercise, trying to convert *Anthony Grimshaw* (Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL), the believer in Mysticism and Armchairs.

death, become blissfully happy and set to work to finish his book, that being, as they think, his wish. Well, I wonder. At any rate in death (as we say) he was not divided—from his egotisms.

One knows well enough, alas, how the temptation to spiritual drug-taking has grown as the result of the accumulated sorrows of these past years, but it is not well that such a treatment of the eternal question should be taken seriously. Is this sort of thing really better than the harp-and-cloud theory? It is not. One looked in vain for any trace of real vision, any true sense of the height and depth of the problem.

Mr. MARSHALL struggled quite manfully with the part of *Anthony*, and of course he had his moments. I hope so good a player is not developing the

"actor's pause," of which I detected signs. Miss IRENE ROOKE had nothing in particular to do and did it very well. Mr. HUBERT HARBEN as the impenitent profiteer from Lancashire, *Anthony's* brother-in-law, was better suited than I have seen him for some time, and provided the very necessary relief. The precocious children infuriated me, but that is purely temperamental. The actors who played the parts of those who had "crossed" were wrapped in such an atmosphere of gloom, to the strains of such meretricious music that (on the evidence) I can only advise people to defer their crossing as long as possible; a thing they will doubtless do, even if they have a friendlier feeling to the new religion than I can command. . . . I am afraid I proved a bad sailor. T.

TWO STUDIES IN MUSICAL CRITICISM.

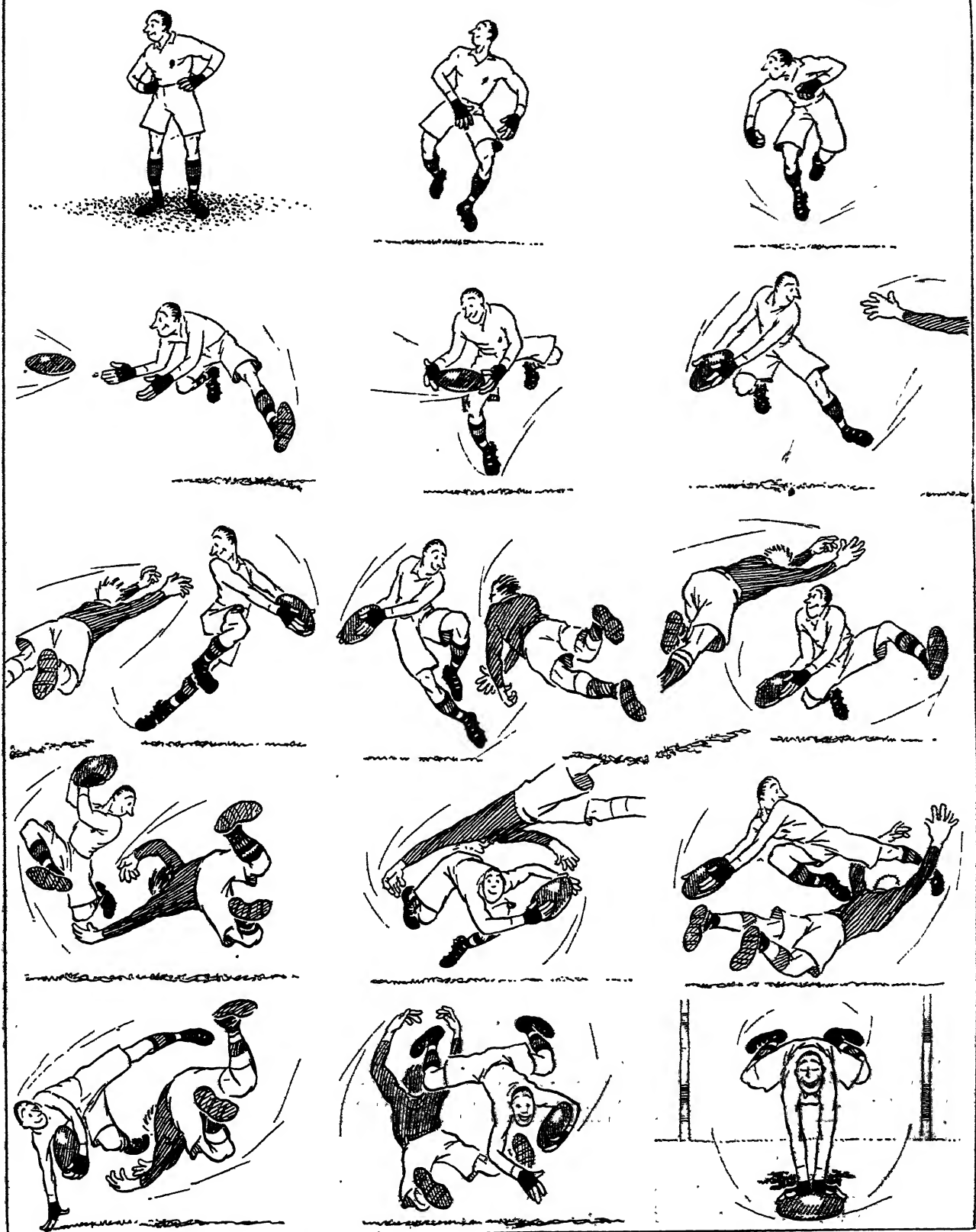
(With grateful acknowledgments to "The Times" and "The Morning Post.")

I.

We had quite a hectic time at the Philharmonic—I nearly wrote the Phillemnade—concert last night, what with two Czechs, Dabek and Plofskin, slabs of WAGNER, and Carl Walbrook's Humorous Variations, "The Quangle Wangle," conducted by Carl himself. If the honest truth be told, we sat down to the Variations with no more pleasurable anticipation than one sits down with in the dentist's chair, preparatory to the application of gags, electric drills, and other instruments of odontological torture. (Strange, by the way, that no modernist has translated the horrors of the modern Tusculum into terms of sound and fury!) But we were most agreeably surprised to find ourselves following every one of the forty-nine Variations with breathless interest. Mr. Walbrook is indeed a case of the deformed transformed. We found hardly a trace of the poluphloisboisterous pomposity with which he used to camouflage his dearth of ideas. His main theme is shapely and sinuous, and its treatment in most of the Variations titillated us voluptuously. But, since it is the function of the critic to criticise, let us justify our rôle by noting that the scoring throughout tends to glutinousness, like that of the pre-war Carlsbad plum; further, that a solo on the muted viola against an accompaniment of sixteen sarrusophones is only effective if the sarrusophones are prepared to roar like sucking-doves, which, as LEAR would have said, "they seldom if ever do." Still, on the whole the Variations arried us vastly.

It was a curious but exhilarating experience to hear the Bohemians, the

Fougasse



THE DREAM OF BLISS.



Fussy Old Party (who likes to make sure). "ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU GO TO TUNBRIDGE WELLS?"

Driver (to Conductor). "ERE, BILL, WE ARE CARELESS. SOMEONE MUST HAVE PINCHED THE NAME-BOARDS WHEN WE WEREN'T LOOKING."

playboys of Central Europe, interpreted in the roast-beef-and-plum-pudding style of the Philharmonic at its beefiest and plummiest. Dabčik survived the treatment fairly well, but poor Ploffskin was simply stodged under. But they were in the same boat with RICHARD the Elder, whose Venusberg music was given with all the orgiastic exuberance of a Temperance Band at a Sunday-School Treat, recalling the sarcastic jape of old HANS RICHTER during the rehearsal of the same work: "You play it like teetotalers—which you are not." Yet the orchestra were lavish of violent sonority where it was not required; the well-meaning but unfortunate Mr. Orlo Jimson, who essayed the "Smithy Songs" from *Siegfried*, being submerged in a very Niagara of noise. WAGNER's scoring no doubt is "a bit thick," but then he devised a special "spelunk" (as BACON says) for his orchestra to lurk in, and there is no cavernous accommodation at the Queen's Hall.

II.

Though fashion considers September as an unpropitious time for the production of novelties, the scheme arranged for the patrons of the Philharmonic Concert last night, under the direction of Sir Henry Peacham, was successful in bringing together an audience of eminently respectable dimensions. The

occasion served for the launching under favourable circumstances of what constituted the chief landmark of the programme—a set of orchestral variations with the quaint title of "The Quangle Wangle," from the prolific pen of Mr. Carl Walbrook. It is satisfactory to be able to record the gratifying fact that this work met with cordial acceptance. In the interests of serious art, the borrowing of a title from one of the works of a writer so addicted to levity as EDWARD LEAR may perhaps be deprecated, but there can be no doubt of the ingenuity and sprightliness with which Mr. Walbrook has addressed himself to, and accomplished, his task. If we cannot discover in his composition the manifestation of any pronounced individuality or high artistic uplift, it none the less commands the respect due to the exhibition of a vigorous mentality combined with a notable mastery of orchestral resource and mellifluous modulation. At the conclusion of the performance Mr. Walbrook was constrained to make the transit from the artistes' room to the platform no fewer than three times before the applause of the audience could be allayed.

The remainder of the scheme was copious and well-contrived. Pleasurable evidence of the friendly interest shown in the fortunes of the Czechoslovakian Republic was forthcoming

in the performance of two works by composers of that interesting race—Messrs. Dabčik and Ploffskin—of which it may suffice to say that the temperamental peculiarities of the Bohemian genius were elicited with conspicuous brilliancy under the inspiring direction of Sir Henry Peacham. In a vocal item from *Siegfried*, Mr. Orlo Jimson evinced a sympathetic appreciation of the emotional needs of the situation which augurs favourably for his further progress, and the powerful support furnished him by the orchestra was an important factor in the enjoyment of his praiseworthy efforts. An almost too vivacious rendering of the Venusberg music brought the scheme to a strepitous conclusion. It may, however, be submitted that so realistic an interpretation of the Pagan revelries depicted by the composer is hardly in accordance with the best traditions of the British musical public.

"There is no such thing as infallibility in rerum naturæ."—*Provincial Paper*.

Nor, apparently, in journalistic Latin.

"Reward.—Bedroom taken Tuesday, 27th, between Holborn and Woburn-place. A basket and umbrella left."—*Daily Paper*.

We compliment the victim of this theft on his courtesy in calling the thieves' attention to their oversight.



Exhausted War Profiteer. "DEER FORESTS FOR THE 'IDLE RICH' BE BLOWED! THE 'NEW POOR' CAN 'AVE 'EM FOR ME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE long-promised *Herbert Beerbohm Tree* (HUTCHINSON), than which I have expected no book with more impatience, turns out to be a volume full of lively interest, though rather an experiment in snap-shot portraiture from various angles than a full-dress biography. Mr. MAX BEERBOHM has arranged the book, himself contributing a short memoir of his brother, which, together with what Lady TREE aptly calls her *Reverie*, fills some two-thirds of it with the more intimate view of the subject, the rest being supplied by the outside appreciations of friends and colleagues. If I were to sum up my impression of the resulting picture it would be in the word "happiness." Not without reason did the TREES name a daughter FELICITY. Here was a life spent in precisely the kind of success that held most delight for the victor—honour, love, obedience, troops of friends; all that *Macbeth* missed his exponent enjoyed in flowing measure. Perhaps TREE was never a great actor, because he found existence too "full of a number of things"; if so he was something considerably jollier, the enthusiastic, often inspired amateur, approaching each new part with the zest of a brief but brilliant enthusiasm. I suppose no popular favourite ever had his name associated with more good stories and wit, original and vicarious. Despite some entertaining extracts from his commonplace book I doubt if this side of him is quite worthily represented; at least nothing here quoted beats Lady TREE's own *mot* for a mendacious newspaper poster—*Canard à la Press*. Possibly we are still to look for a more official volume of reference; meantime the present memoir gives a vastly readable sketch of one whose passing left a void perhaps unexpectedly hard to fill.

In the prefatory chapter of *Our Women* (CASSELL) Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT coyly disclaims any intention of tackling his theme on strictly scientific principles. The warning is perhaps hardly necessary, since, apart from the duty which the author owes to his public as a novelist rather than a philosopher, the title alone should be a sufficient guide. One would hardly expect a serious zoologist, for instance, in attempting to deal with the domesticated fauna, to entitle his work *Our Dumb Friends*. The book is divided in the main between adjuration and prophecy. As a result of their emancipation from economic slavery, Mr. BENNETT expects women—women, that is to say, of the "top class," as he calls it—to adopt more and more the rôle of professional wage-earners; but at the same time he insists that they do not as yet take themselves seriously enough as professional housekeepers. How the two functions are to be combined it is a little difficult to see, but apparently women are to retain a profession as a stand-by in case they fail to marry or to remain married. At the same time Mr. BENNETT takes it for granted that woman will never relinquish her position as a charmer of man, or even the use of cosmetics and expensive lingerie. Speaking neither as a novelist nor as a philosopher, I cannot help feeling that Mr. BENNETT is too apt to consider the things he particularly likes about women to be eternal, and those that he does not like so much to be susceptible of alteration and improvement. Anyhow, it looks as if *Our Men* were going to have rather a thin time.

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN calls her latest story *Spring Shall Plant* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). She might equally well have called it *The Successes of a Naughty Child*. Certainly it is chiefly concerned with the many triumph-

ant insubordinations of *Patuffa* (whom I suspect of having been encouraged by her too challenging name) both at home and at the various schools from which she either ran away or was returned with thanks. This is all mildly attractive if only from the vivacity of its telling; but I confess to having felt a mild wonder whether a child's book had not got on to my table by error—when the grown-ups suddenly began to carry on in a way that placed all such doubts at rest. There was, for example, a Russian lady, godmother of *Patuffa*, who escaped from somewhere and established herself, with others of her kind, in an attic in Coptic Street. My welcome for this interesting fugitive was to some extent shaken by a realisation that she was (so to speak) a refugee from the other side and, in a sense, a spiritual ancestress of Bolshevism. Miss HARRADEN would however object, and justly, that the clean-purposed conspirators of the earlier revolution had little in common with the unsavoury individuals who at present obscure the Russian dawn. Soon after this, *Patuffa's* papa begins to go quite dreadfully off the rails, even to the extent of wishing to elope with her governess and eventually losing all his money and shooting himself. There was also a famous violinist—well, you can see already that *Patuffa's* vernal experiences were on generous lines. It is to the credit of all concerned that she and her story retain an appreciable charm under adverse conditions.

Nothing, one would imagine, could promise much more restful reading than a book that concerns itself with such things as christening robes for caterpillars, the

dyeing blue of white chickens and searches among Californian lilies and pine-trees for the soul of a hog unseasonably defunct. But, since this most uncharitable age refuses to believe anything just because it is told it should, the peaceful pages of *The Diary of Opal Whiteley* (PUTNAM) are unfortunately fussed over with a controversy that no one who reads them can quite escape. Miss WHITELEY's diary is presented with every circumstance of solemn asseveration as the unaided work of a child of seven, only now pieced together by the writer after quite a number of years. If you care to throw yourself into the argument you will certainly find heaps of reasons for thinking unkind things, as the writer would say, of the truth of this claim, particularly in the completeness with which every incident is carried through various stages to its literary finish; but, if you will be ruled by me, you will try to forget anything but the book itself, with its quite charming pictures of many animals and one little girl, their understanding friend. The quaint idiom in which the diary is supposed to have been written (or, of course, was written) adds to the delight of a rather uncommon feeling for nature at its simplest, while the scrapes for which the small heroine receives (or, you may say, is alleged to receive) well-deserved punishment preserve the book from

ever dropping into mere mawkishness. A great pity, I think, that it was not published rather as based on childish memories than as the actual printed script of a prodigy.

Moon Mountains (HURST AND BLACKETT) is a story which with the best will in the world I found it impossible to regard wholly seriously. The greater part of the scene is laid in Darkest Africa, where the father of the hero, *Peter* (my hope that the *Peter* habit had blown over appears to have been premature), disappears at an early stage. The subsequent course of events reminds me of the words of the musical-comedy poet, popular in my youth, who wrote, "It were better for you rather not to try and find your father, than to find him"—well, certainly better than to find him as *Peter* found his. Perhaps it would not be unfair to suppose that Miss MARGARET PETERSON had at this point her eye already firmly fixed upon her big situation. Certainly the course of *Peter* is rather impatiently and spasmodically sketched till the moment when matters are sufficiently ad-

vanced to ship him also to Africa, in company with an elderly hunter of butterflies named *Mellis*. Their adventures form the bulk of the tale (filled out with some chat about elephants, and a sufficiency of love-making on the part of *Peter*), and I suppose I need hardly tell you how one of them, poor *Mellis*, is immediately captured and brought before the terrible white king of the hidden lands, nor how this same monarch, a really dreadfully unpleasant person, turns out to be—Precisely. So there the tale is; little more incredible than, I dare say, most of



New Clerk. "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT THERE'S A GENTLEMAN OUTSIDE WHO SAYS THAT YOU'VE ROBBED HIM OF ALL HE HAD."

Turf Accountant. "WELL, WHAT'S HIS NAME? ASK HIM TO GIVE YOU HIS NAME. HOW AM I TO DISTINGUISH HIM IF HE DOESN'T SEND HIS NAME IN?"

its kind; and if you have no rooted objection to characters all of whom behave like persons who know they are in a book there is no reason why you should not find it at least passably entertaining.

Mr. F. BRETT YOUNG's manner of presenting *The Tragic Bride* (SECKER) is not free from affectation, and this is the more irritating because his literary style is in itself admirably unpretentious. But having recorded this complaint I gladly go on to declare that his tale of *Gabrielle Hewish* has both charm and distinction. I protest my belief in *Gabrielle* both in her Irish and English homes, but my protest would have been superfluous if Mr. BRETT YOUNG had not almost super-taxed my powers of belief. So also with *Arthur Payne*; he is a fascinating lad, and the battle between his mother and *Gabrielle* for possession of him was a royal struggle, fought without gloves yet very fairly. All the same I caught myself doubting once or twice whether any boy could at the same time be so human and so inhuman. It is to Mr. BRETT YOUNG's credit that these doubts do not interfere with one's enjoyment of his book, and the reason is that he is first and last and all the time an artist.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. RIAZANOV, the successor to KAM-NEFF, is now residing in Grosvenor Street. Several readers have written to ask us how his name is pronounced. Wrongly, we believe, in nine cases out of ten.

We have been given to understand that that versatile pair, the Two BOBS, are contemplating a tour of the music-halls in the mining district, where they are sure to be given a rousing reception.

According to *The Evening News* two miners recently played a quoit match for a hundred pounds. In all probability they are now agitating for the two shillings' increase to enable them to have a little side bet.

"We cannot choose how we will be born," says a medical writer. No; some are born poor and others are born into a miner's family.

"Where stands England to-day?" we are asked. While travelling in the Tube we have often thought that most of it was standing on our feet.

"With the outgoing of September we face once more the month of October, with its falling leaves and autumn gales," states a writer in a daily paper. This, we understand, is according to precedent.

A Glamorgan collier, summoned for income-tax, stated that he earned eleven pounds a week and wanted every penny of it. It is said that he is saving up to buy a strike of his own.

A live frog is reported to have been found in a coal seam at a Monmouthshire colliery. It seems to have been greatly concerned at having missed the previous strike ballot.

With reference to Mr. SPENDER's interview with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE we regret that no mention is made of the exact date when the PRIME MINISTER will declare the New World open.

Since it has been so well advertised we understand that the banned poster, "The Unknown," is shortly to be re-named "The Very Well Known."

The EX-KAISER is reported to have made his will. He has bequeathed his trial to his youngest grandson.

It is proposed to make Poole a first-class port, at a cost of £3,750,000. We cannot help thinking that hidden away in some Government office is a man who could do it at treble the cost.

A London firm of pastrycooks have purchased two obsolete tanks from the Disposal Boards. They are said to make excellent utensils for flattening pancakes.

A dainty little invention has just been tried by the Bolsheviks, which consists of a method whereby boiling water from

sons to a women's class in knitting. It is said that his treatise on How to Crochet a Burst Bath-Pipe is likely to become a standard work.

In taking away a safe containing six thousand pounds from a Fenchurch Street office, burglars broke down a door with a thick glass panel. The profession is of the opinion that the blame for this lies with the firm. They had locked the door.

The Daily Chronicle informs us that a New York couple who were engaged in 1868 have just been married. But surely the wonder is that they were not married long before.

A woman has told the medical officer of Burnham that rats so like the poison being used that they come out of their holes for it while it is being put down. We always make our rats stand up and beg for it.

A domestic servant was recently blown out of her mistress's house through the too liberal use of paraffin whilst lighting fires. Luckily, however, it was her day out, so no complications ensued.

On being asked his recipe for keeping young, a well-known physician refused to reply. In view of the increasing number

of precocious authors, the question again arises, "Should a doctor tell?"

The Daily Express states that there is very little demand for champagne to-day. We fancy this is due to the fact that a number of people are saving up to buy coffee at Messrs. LYONS'.

"The Passionate Spectator."

We are asked to say that the above title of a book written by Miss JANE BURR and published by Messrs. DUCKWORTH (it is described on the wrapper as "an entirely unconventional novel founded on original and ultra-modern views concerning life and marriage") has nothing to do with our respected contemporary.

"GOVERNMENT'S SERRING ATTITUDE.
WAITING WILL THE CAR JUMPS?"
Nigerian Pioneer.

Personally we always try to get out when this seems to be imminent.



THE MORNING TOILET.

"OH, LOOK, MUMMY! THERE'S WILFRED DOING HIS HAIR FROM MEMORY."

the ship's boiler can be pumped on to sailors who do not obey their officers. It is said to be just the thing to keep their minds off the idea of mutiny.

"I have all the qualifications for a post in some Government office," writes an Unemployed Ex-Soldier in a contemporary. It is to be hoped that this drawback will be overlooked if his other disqualifications are satisfactory.

Washable hats for boys is one of the new inventions at the Leather and Shoe Trade Exhibition. Small boys are now going about in fear that the next discovery will be a washable neck.

Six bandits entered the Central Café, New York, the other day and took one thousand pounds from the diners. The ease with which they did it suggests that they were mistaken for waiters.

A plumber in Aberdeen is giving us

TO OUR PLAY-MAKERS.

[*The Daisy* and *The Crossing*, which both dealt with the life after death, have come to an untimely end; and, in deference to public feeling, the heroine of *Every Woman's Privilege* has been furnished with a fresh fiancé.]

WHEN in my stall at eve I sit
(And these remarks would still apply,
Perhaps with greater force, were I
Accommodated in the Pit)—
Worn with the long day's dusty strife,
I ask a brief surcease of gloom;
I want a mirror held to life,
But not the life beyond the tomb.

The views of parties who have "crossed"
(Meaning to Jordan's further shore),
Those, as they say, who've "gone
before,"

But not (unhappily) been "lost"—
They make me ill; they decompose
My vital essence at its fount
(Excepting *BARRIE'S Mary Rose*,
But then, of course, he doesn't count).

Give me the life that quick men lead,
Of which I know the hopes and fears
Better than those of shadier spheres;
And, if at first you don't succeed,
If you should hear the critics croak,
"As to your heroine's choice, you err,"
Just hand her to the other bloke—
That's what they did with *MARIE
LÖHR*.

So shall creative art suggest
A world where people may revise
Their silly past, and realise
Those second thoughts which are the
best;
Where, having seen the larger light,
A perfect liberty to hedge
And swap the wrong man for the right
Is "*Every Woman's Privilege*."

O. S.

YET ONE MORE PLAN FOR IRELAND.

FEELING rather lonely because almost everybody had entered for the great Irish Problem Competition in the morning and evening press except myself, I sat down and wrote the following solution, which I posted immediately to the Editors of *The Times* and of *The Westminster Gazette* :—

"SIR"—I began indignantly, for I noticed all the best competitors begin like that. In these Bolshevistic days I should have preferred of course to have started off with "Comrade" or "Brother," or even, since I was writing from the heart of the country, have opened with "Eh bor," as people do in dialect novels, but, fearing I might be disqualified, I began, as I say, "Sir," and went on, much as the other statesmen did :—

"In all the lengthy annals of this Government, vacillation between weakness and tyranny has never proved so

disastrous as it is proving in Ireland to-day, and the conduct of that unhappy country's affairs is now plunged in a chaos so profoundly chaotic that it has become a gross misuse of language to call them affairs at all. Out of all this welter and confusion two salient facts are seen to emerge :—

"(1) No two Englishmen are agreed upon a settlement that will at the same time satisfy the just aspirations of Ireland and preserve the integrity of the British Empire.

"(2) No two Irishmen are either.

"At the same time the number of sane and carefully considered plans for the government of Ireland was never so great as it is to-day. When will our incompetent Cabinet perceive that the only way of warding off the stain of perfidy which dogs their footsteps and threatens to overwhelm them is to make use of all these plans? I put aside for the moment the most violent proposals of the extremists on either side, such as that of the annexation of England by the Sinn Féin Empire and that of the deportation of all Irishmen to the Andaman Islands and the re-colonisation of the country with correspondents to the daily press; but between these two extremes there surely lie innumerable solutions which both can and ought to be employed. I will only name here a few of them :—

ASQUITH autonomy.

Dominion Home Rule.

DUNRAVEN autonomy.

GREY autonomy.

Red autonomy.

Government by Dhail Eireann.

Government by Dhail Ymaill.

Administration by the L.C.C.

Clan warfare.

"And there are infinite shades and variations of all these.

"Every one of the policies I have named, and as many more as possible, should now be adopted at once, one after the other, I suggest, for quarterly periods and in alphabetical order.

"But let there be no mistake. They must be strictly enforced. It must be impossible for Irishmen to come to England in the future and say to her, as they have so often said in the past, 'You made us promises which, when we leant on them, proved a broken reed and turned to dust and ashes in our mouths.'

"One of the bitterest reproaches that is hurled, and hurled justly, at British maladministration is that through all the seeming variations of misgovernment there has been in fact no change. Dublin Castle remains where it did. This must be altered at once. *The site of Dublin Castle must be moved every three months.* There must be infinite change,

and it must be infinitely thorough and infinitely systematic, so that, side by side with the continuous grievances of all dissatisfied parties, will be the certain assurance that those grievances will in strict rotation be remedied.

"The objection will, of course, be raised that these continual changes of government will involve a certain amount of disorder; that one system will scarcely be working before it is superseded by another; that the rapid alterations in the *personnel* of the judiciary, civil service and police will be inconvenient; that everything, in fact, will be in a muddle. But by how much is not well-organised muddle to be preferred to unsystematic anarchy? And as each type of government recurs in due course will it not be found to work more simply and satisfactorily?

"To those who shrug their shoulders and say that a series of kaleidoscopic changes in Irish administration would never be approved by the good sense of the British electorate I can only urge that it is precisely this attitude of intolerance towards and ignorance of Irish psychology which has rendered our behaviour to Ireland for so many centuries a by-word not only throughout Europe but the whole civilised world and the United States of America.

"I am, Sir, yours, etc."

Through some accident or other, either because I have not followed exactly the prescribed rules of the competition, such as writing on one side of the paper only, or addressing it from the National Liberal Club, or obtaining the signature of five witnesses, my solution has not yet appeared in *The Times* or in *The Westminster Gazette* either. Feeling it a pity, however, that any helpful suggestion should be lost at a time when never in the annals of Irish misgovernment has vacillation vacillated so vacillatingly as it does to-day, I have repeated my strong but simple proposals here. K.

"Clever forgeries of Fisher notes are in circulation in St. Pancras.

Last night, during the busy period, a number of publications in the Kentish Town district were victimised."—*Evening Paper*.

We had no idea that Kentish Town was such a literary centre.

"Even Paris seems willing this season to add a few inches to the length of skirts, and six to eight inches is becoming the accepted length for street wear. This is an excellent length, not so long as to endanger the chic of the costume, nor so short as to be unbecoming in either sense of the word."—*Fashion Paper*.

We refrain from any speculations as to the previous length of these skirts before the "few inches" were added.



THE POLISH HUG.

BOLSHEVIST. "YOUR ATTITUDE CONVINCES ME, KAMERAD, THAT WE WERE MEANT TO BE FRIENDS."



William (having at critical stage in four-handed game undertaken to spot the red). "TIS ALL OVER, GEORGE—MY HAND BE STUCK IN THE POCKET."

ELIZABETH OUTWITTED.

"AN' when I dies they give me fifteen pounds on the nail an' no waitin'," said Elizabeth triumphantly, as she explained her latest insurance schemé.

"On what nail?" I asked distrustfully. I could not understand why Elizabeth felt justified in paying sixpence per week for a benefit fraught with so little ultimate joy to herself. But she is the sort of girl that can never resist the back-door tout. She is constantly being persuaded to buy something for which she pays a small weekly sum. This is entered in a book, and the only conditions are that she must continue paying that sum for the rest of her natural lifetime.

On these lines Elizabeth has "put in" for many articles in the course of her chequered career. She has had fleeting possession of a steel engraving of QUEEN VICTORIA, a watch that never would go—until her payments ceased—a sewing-machine (treadle), a set of vases and a marble timepiece. The timepiece, she explained, was destined for "the bottom drawer," which she

had begun to furnish from the moment a young man first inquired which was her night out.

As all these things were taken from her directly her payments fell off, I thought I had better give her the benefit of my ripe judgment. "I shouldn't buy anything on the instalment plan, if I were you," I advised. "Some people seem to be made for the system, but you are not one of them."

"But I 'aven't told you wot I'm buyin' now," she said excitedly, putting a plate on the rack as she spoke. I ought to say she meant to put it on the rack; that it fell two inches short wasn't Elizabeth's fault.

"It was cracked afore," she murmured mechanically as she gathered up the fragments. "Yes, I pays a shillin' a week an' I gets a grammerfone."

"A what?" I gasped.

"A grammerfone—to play, you know."

"Where will it play?" I asked feebly.

"'Ere," she said, waving a comprehensive hand; "an' it won't 'arf liven the place up. My friend 'as 'ers goin' all day long."

I stifled a moan of horror, for I am one of the elect few who loathe gramophones, even at their best and costliest.

"Elizabeth," I cried, tears of anguish rising to my eyes, "let me implore you not to get one of those horr—I mean, not to be imposed on again."

"I've got it," she announced. "I meanersay I've paid the first shillin' an' it's comin' to-morrow. I 'ave it a month on trial."

The month certainly was a trial—for me. Ours is not one of those old-fashioned residences with thick walls that muffle sound, and where servants can be consigned to dwell in the bowels of the earth. Every noise which arises in the kitchen, from Elizabeth's badinage with the butcher's boy to the raucous grind of the knife-machine, echoes through the house *via* the study where I work.

Thus, although Elizabeth kept the kitchen-door shut, I found myself compelled for one-half of the day to consider an insistent demand as to the ultimate destination of flies in the winter-time. The rest of the day the gramophone gave us *K-K-K-Katie*. (Elizabeth had only two records to begin with.)

I became unnerved. My work suffered. It began to trickle back to me accompanied by the regrets of editors; and to writers the regrets of editors are the most poignant in the world.

The situation was saved by the most up-to-date tout of the whole back-door tribe. He persuaded Elizabeth to go in for Spiritualism. Do not misunderstand me. You can be a Spiritualist and also keep a gramophone, but, if you are Elizabeth, you cannot keep the two running at the same time if you must pay a shilling per week for each. When she sought my opinion I strongly advised the séances, which I said were cheap at the price; indeed I thought they were when the gramophone departed.

It was now Elizabeth's turn to become unnerved. She has a mind that is peculiarly open to impressions, and communion with the spirits unbalanced her. She justified her expenditure of a shilling weekly by placing the utmost faith in them.

"I 'ad a message from them there spirits larst night," she informed me one day, "an' they tell me I must change my 'abitation."

"What do you mean?" I asked, startled.

"I put a message through, arskin' them when I should get a settled young man, an' they told me that the fates are agen me in my present dwellin', so if you'll please take my notice from—"

I will not go through the sickening formula. Every housewife must have heard it several times at least in the past year or so. I accepted Elizabeth's resignation and began to concentrate on newspaper announcements. But I took an utter dislike to the spirits and listened with cold aloofness when Elizabeth began, "I was talkin' to the spirit of my young man larst night—"

"I didn't know you had the spirit of any young man," I interrupted.

"Yes, I 'ave. I mean Ned Akroyd, 'oo was drowned."

Now I have never believed in the alleged drowning of the said Ned. The news—conveyed to Elizabeth by his mate—that he had fallen from a ferry-boat near Eel Pie Island seemed unconvincing, especially as it happened shortly after Elizabeth had lent him fifteen-and-six.

"I 'ad quite a long talk with 'im," she went on. "Next time I'm goin' to arst 'im about the fifteen-and-six 'e borrowed, an' see if I can't get it back some'ow."

How the spirit would have considered this proposition is still uncertain, for Elizabeth never returned to the séances. She came to me one day in a state of



Wife (to husband being bundled in as train moves off). "DID YE GET RETURN TICKETS?" Husband. "NOA (puff)—DIDN'T 'AVE TIME."

violent agitation. "I see Ned Akroyd when I was out larst night," she began, "an' would you believe it, 'e's no more dead than I am, the wretch!"

"Well, aren't you glad?" I inquired.

"Glad, an' 'im with another girl an' pretendin' all the time not to see me! Men are 'ounds, that's what they are. An' I'll go to no more seeonces. They're a swindle."

"They were wrong about telling you to change your habitation too, weren't they?" I suggested insinuatingly.

"Course they were." Suddenly her face brightened. "I'll be able to 'ave the grammerfone back now," she said.

* * * * *

At the moment I am writing to the sounds of *K-K-Katie*, which, I fear, is giving me rather a syncopated style.

But if the Editor is k-k-k-kind he will not banish me from *P-P-P-Punch* for this reason, as anyone can see my intentions are g-g-g-good.

Stay! *K-K-K-Katie* has ceased and I can think lucidly. An inspiration has come to me. Has not Elizabeth in her time wrought havoc among my crockery? The hour is ripe for me to retaliate.

To morrow at dawn I shall examine the gramophone records and—*they will come in two in my hands.*

It will be the first time I have broke any record.

"MISUSE OF RESEARCH GRANTS.

By PROFESSOR —, F.R.S."

Sunday Paper Poster.

We refuse to believe it.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

III.

MY DEAR CHARLES.—Essential to that millennium which our restless revolutionaries are after is your head on a charger and my head on a charger; provided both heads are present it may be the same charger for all they care. When you think of the importance which we of the detested middle classes attach to our heads and the regrettable violence we might exhibit towards whoever called at our houses to collect them, then it seems to me you must confess to a sneaking admiration for the bravery of the turbulent minority in attacking so big a problem.

But when you get the inside details of their schemes you find that discretion is not only the better part but the whole of their valour. For arms you find incendiary speeches; for ammunition, viperish propaganda, and for epoch-making action you have nothing. In that "nothing" lies their main ingenuity and strong hope. If they can prevail on the masses to do nothing, at the right moment, and to go on doing nothing till there is nothing left, then, say they, they will have civilisation under; and if our heads don't fall off of their own accord then a thousand willing hands will be stretched forward to pull them off.

You ask me how I know all this. Close the doors so that we cannot be overheard, and I will tell you. I buy their continental newspaper—"organ" they prefer to call it, being rather proud of the noise—and there I read all that I want to know. It costs a halfpenny a day, runs to six pages, is well printed and brightly composed and contains no advertisements. There is generally a picture in thick black lines in the centre of the first page. Blood being the easy thing for the printer to "feature," the picture generally deals with the cutting off of heads. If it refers to the past, you and I are cutting off the worker's head, severing from a fine muscular body a noble head with a halo to it. If it refers to the future, the worker is having our heads off, severing from a fat and uncontrolled corpus a most unpleasant excrescence in a very shiny top-hat.

To run a daily newspaper of that "make-up," without advertisements and for subscribers of whom the larger number, like myself, omit to pay their half-penny, is not easy business. In fact it is not business at all. The question being raised as to where the money came from, the producers tried to allay our suspicion by making a great show of an appeal for help. The published results, which I give you in

their English equivalent, were much as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
B. de M.	6	0	
Z. X.	5	0	
Idealist	5	0	
U. W. K.	5	0	
A Frenchman who is ashamed of France	4	6	
Young Communist	4	0	
Three young Communists	3	6	
"Great Britain" (collection)	3	3	
Disgusted	2	6	
Association of Women Fighters for Justice	2	3	
O. F.	1	0	
Down with Capital		9	
One Who will stick at Nothing		3	

	2	3	0
Previous lists	14	6	8½
	£16	9	8½

The grand total of sixteen pounds, nine shillings and eight-pence three-farthings shows a magnificent spirit, but wouldn't keep much more than a couple of square inches of the front page alive for more than one day. Reverting, then, to the more pressing question of the removal of our heads, who is paying for the operation?

He is a heavy-built octopus sort of man of about forty-seven; a red cheery complexion, rather more fat than muscle, long grey hair tending to curl at the extremes, and followed about by a lady who acts as his secretary, calls him "Master" and adores the ground he walks on. They are married, but not, I should hasten to add, to each other; none of your dull orthodox practices for them. About his profile there is an undeniable something which makes his head a suggestive model for sculpture. It is framed in a large, white, soft silk collar, which falls gracefully over the lapels of the coat and is, I am told, of a mode much worn among the *élite* of the anarchist and atheist world.

I've a friend here in the law-and-order business who thought that, having reported all the movements of this Master of the Black Arts, he might find it worth while to make his acquaintance in the flesh. Indirect enquiry elicited that the desire to get into touch was reciprocated, the attentions of the police being insufficient to satisfy his sense of importance. So the meeting was arranged, and I was allowed to come along too.

We were received in great state in a special suite of the local hotel de luxe. The Lady Secretary was there, overflowing with "Masters" and "Sirs," and obsessed by the fear that her idol might not do himself justice in our presence. A very touching instance of human devotion: the fifth instance in his case, I believe.

This is the gentleman who finances the propaganda of destruction; we asked him if that was not so, and he answered, "Why, of course." Had we any fault to find with his protégé, the admirable halfpenny daily? We had noticed that its news was punctual and exact. Then of what did we complain?

"Of a certain exaggeration in the leading articles," said I, rubbing the back of my neck and wondering how long it would be there to rub and I to rub it.

"But what newspaper leaders are not exaggerated?" he asked.

"Your editors should not be paid to twist everything into an irritant," I protested.

"Of which of your great English dailies is the editor not paid to twist, as you put it?" he asked.

I knew that I had right on my side and he had not. But still somehow I seemed to be in the wrong all the way.

So my friend took the matter in hand. He didn't argue. He just drew his chair up to the Master's and asked him to tell us all about himself, how he came by his great ideals, what was the future of the world as he foresaw it and how he meant to arrange the universe when at length he took over?

The Master, gently smiling his appreciation of this recognition of his Ego, gave voice.

To the lady it was all, of course, above criticism: sublime, adorable. To me the frankness of it and the impudence of it was, I confess, amusing.

The world is out of joint; how good 'twill be
When Heaven is sacked and leaves the job
to me!

An agreeable, if wrong-headed, crank, was my summary.

And this or something like it was my friend's:—"b. U.S.A. of Eng. parents, 9.5.78; tinned meat business, Chicago; 6 months' h.l. for frauds in connection with packing; went to Mexico, but left to avoid prosecution for similar frauds on larger scale; prison in Belgium, France and England in connection with illegal dealings in rifles (? for Germany); apparently liable to more prison in U.S.A. for crime unknown, if returns there; won't say where he gets his money from, but doesn't seriously pretend it is his own."

And when I came to go back over the Master's two hours' chat about himself, those are about the facts it all boiled down to.

Yours ever, HENRY.

(To be continued.)

"£40.—Handsome Black Silk Golf Goat (large size)."—*Irish Paper*.

The very thing for the butting-green.

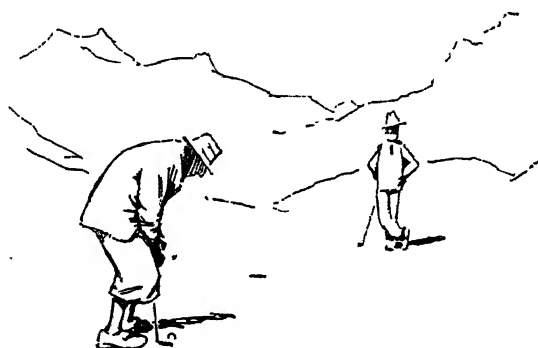
NIL DESPERANDUM.

*The Amateur Championship.*

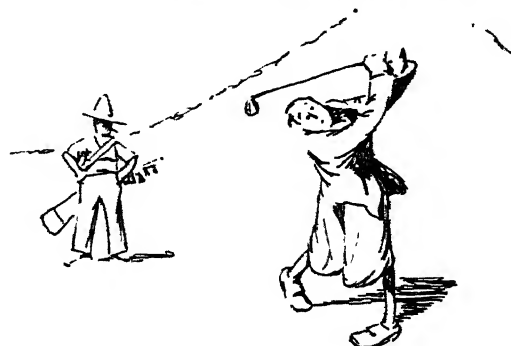
MR. POTT-HUNTER, WHO FAILED TO SURVIVE THE FIRST ROUND.

*The East of France Championship.*

MR. POTT-HUNTER IN FATAL DIFFICULTIES IN THE SECOND ROUND.

*The Championship of Central Switzerland.*

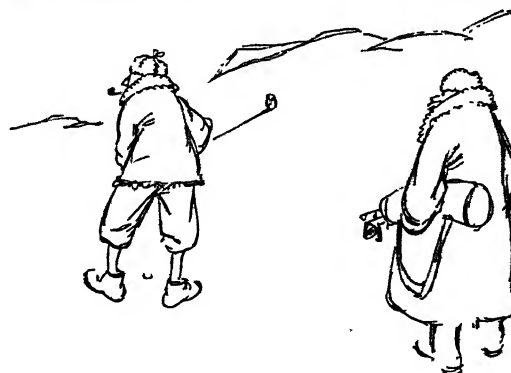
MR. POTT-HUNTER, DEFEATED IN THE THIRD ROUND.

*The Sicilian Championship.*

MR. POTT-HUNTER, WHO REACHED THE FOURTH ROUND.

*The Championship of Mozambique.*

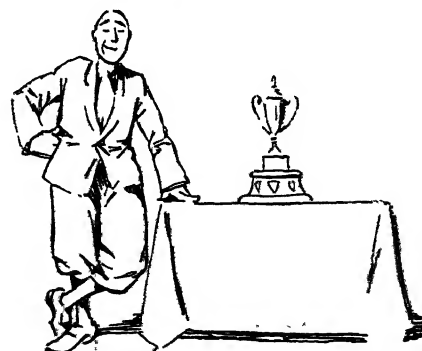
MR. POTT-HUNTER, A FIFTH ROUND VICTIM.

*The Spitzbergen Championship.*

MR. POTT-HUNTER, ONE OF THE SEMI-FINALISTS.

*The Championship of Upper Senegal.*

MR. POTT-HUNTER, BEATEN IN THE FINAL BY MR. HUNT-POTT.

*The Tierra del Fuego Championship.*

THE WINNER, MR. POTT-HUNTER.

THE KORBAN BATH.

[*Korban*—"It is a gift"—Hebrew (or some such language).]

WITH some reluctance I return to the subject of baths. I went into the matter of bathrooms pretty carefully a few months ago, but since I have been in this hotel I see that there are one or two aspects of hotel bathing which still require attention.

To begin with, there is the question of the *Korban* or free bath. It is, of course, a scandal that a bath should be an extra, and an eighteen-penny one at that. After all, what is the bathroom for? We are not charged extra for smoking in the smoking-room or drawing in the drawing-room; why should we be bled for bathing in the bathroom? At the same time this practice does provide the visitor with the wholesome sport of *Korban* bathing. The object of the game is, of course, to have as many baths as possible which are not put down in your bill; and many are the stratagems which are employed.

The true sportsman attempts the feat just before dinner, because at that time there are sentries posted in every corridor. Ostensibly they are maids waiting to assist any lady who has a crisis while dressing, but no real pretence is made that they are there for any other purpose than to charge you for as many baths as possible. On my corridor there is a post of no fewer than three sentries, and it is extremely difficult to evade them. The only thing to do is to get to know three nice ladies on the same floor and arrange for them to have a dressing crisis simultaneously and go on having it for about a quarter-of-an-hour.

This needs a good deal of organisation. However smoothly the operation begins, one of the dressing crises nearly always collapses too soon, and the sentry catches you on your return journey.

For the lady visitor the problem is comparatively simple. I should mention that it is a perfectly legitimate manoeuvre to get your bath put down to somebody else if you can do it; and the crack lady-player usually wraps herself in an unobtrusive bath-wrap, shrouds her head, modestly conceals her face, slips into a friend's room to borrow some *Crème-Limon* and, after an interval, rushes noisily out of the friend's room to her bath, which, with any luck, is charged to her friend's account.

The beginner at the game contents himself with less complicated ruses. Sometimes he has his bath late at night, when the sentries have been taken off; but, as the lights go out *en masse* at eleven, even this operation has to be carefully timed. There is nothing much gloomier than a bath by candle-light, except perhaps a bath in the dark. Hundreds, however, of both sorts are endured in this hotel.

The more brazen or the more timid simply walk into the bathroom fully dressed during the day, carrying a number of dirty golf-balls in their hands, and towels in their pockets and sponges

extremely courteous, not to say gallant, old gentleman was severely lectured by a lady for digging himself in on the mat and maintaining his position there till she emerged. She stated with, I think, considerable force that she had passed the age when a lady likes to be seen coming out of a bathroom with disordered locks; she also said that he was ruining her chance of a *Korban* bath by drawing attention to the fact that there was somebody inside.

He replied with equal force that, whenever he considerably withdrew from the mat in order to let a lady escape unseen, some less scrupulous combatant (usually one of his own daughters) immediately rushed the position, and he was not going to be had in that way again, though as a matter of fact, while they were arguing the matter out, somebody actually did this, so he was.

Now what is the way out of this dilemma? The only solution I see is the *Sponge System*, by which every competitor puts down a sponge, as one puts down a ball at the first tee. In this way definite claims can be staked out in rotation without congestion of the avenues of approach. I hope this system will be generally adopted next summer and, if it is used in conjunction with my *Progress Indicator* (which shows by a moving needle what stage the person bathing has reached), it ought to work very smoothly. But there must be no hanky-panky, no sharp practice with caddies; every sponge must be put down by one of the players in person. And there must be none of that regrettable collusion between husband and wife which has brought such discredit on the present system.

There was a very bad case of this the other day. A certain wife used to entrench herself in the bathroom early and remain in it till her husband—a heavy and persistent sleeper—arrived. When you rattled angrily at the door-knob she said very sharply, "Who is that?"—in itself a sufficiently disturbing thing. Even in the present days of shamelessness and crime there are few men who care to confess openly that they have angrily rattled at the bathroom door. If you said sheepishly, "It is Smith" or "Thompson" or "Lord Rumble," a heavy silence fell, broken only by those gentle watery sounds which it is so maddening to hear from without. When her husband arrived and answered the challenge with "It is I, Arthur," sounds of feverish activity



"NEVER YOU MIND IF 'E DID SAY YOU'D GOT A NECK LIKE A CAMEL. 'TAINT NEARLY AS LONG AS ALL THAT."

up their sleeves, and issue later fully dressed with clean white golf-balls in their hands. It is generally thought, however, that this device is *just* a little—I mean it's not exactly—you know what I mean.

The *Korban* Bath Rules will probably remain unwritten for many a day, but I earnestly hope that before next summer the traditions and etiquette of bath-warfare as between individual hotel-visitors will be codified and issued in an intelligible form. At the moment the most extraordinary confusion prevails, and no one can tell whether any particular stratagem will be hailed with applause as a bold and legitimate operation of war or universally condemned as a barefaced piece of bath-hoggery. Recently, for example, an



Intending Purchaser (to Artist, who is selling his house). "DID YOU PUT THOSE FIGURES ON THE WALLS?"

Artist (modestly, though regarding them as a strong asset). "OH, YES—I—"

Intending Purchaser. "WELL, THEY DON'T REALLY MATTER. A COAT OF WHITEWASH WOULD SOON PUT THAT RIGHT."

were heard within, and a new bath was immediately turned on.

Casting all scruples to the winds, seven desperate men rehearsed the password, "It is I, Arthur;" seven desperate men presented themselves in a single morning and murmured lovingly, "It is I, Arthur." None of them had a bath. Seven times the good lady opened the door and beheld Smith or Thompson or Lord Rumble or nobody. And seven times she bolted back into the burrow again. She remained undefeated. Her husband got his bath.

I wonder what devilry she would be up to under the Sponge System.

A. P. H.

A Novelty from the Past.

"ANTIQUE, over a hundred years old, oak sideboard, brand new . . . Apply after 6.30."
Evening News.

Surely after this candour there is no help to be got out of the twilight hour.

"Mr. Robert —, who is now manager, entered his late employer's service three or four months after he commenced, and remained with him until he gave up."
Local Paper.

"They have their exits and their entrances"—the former in this case being the more satisfactory.

WHEN AND IF.

(It is rumoured that Mr. BALFOUR is shortly going to the House of Lords.)

WHEN BALFOUR goes to the Lords—

For the Upper Chamber's adorning—
The Lower House, if it has any nous,

Will have solid reason for mourning;
For he has no axes to grind;

His strategy injures no man,
And his keen sword play in the thick
of the fray

Is a joy to friend and foe-man.

When BALFOUR goes to the Lords,
To strengthen that gilded muster,
'Twill be sad and strange if he has to
change

The name he has crowned with lustre;
For already there's "B. of B.,"

A baron of old creation;
And Whittingehame is an uncouth name
For daily pronunciation.

If BALFOUR goes to the Lords,
Will the atmosphere, I wonder,
With the placid balm of its dreamful
calm

Bring his nimble spirit under?
Or will he act on the Peers
Like an intellectual cat-fish,

Or startle their sleep with the flying leap
Of a Caribbean bat-fish?

If BALFOUR goes to the Lords—

But can the Commons spare him?
Besides I'm sure that a coronet's lure
Is the very last thing to ensnare him;
And I'd rather see him undecked
With the gauds that merely glister,
In the selfsame box with PITT and FOX
And GLADSTONE—a simple Mister.

Still if he goes to the Lords,
Whatever his style and title,
For the part he has played in his
country's aid

'Twill be but a poor requital;
For he never once lost his nerve
When the outlook was most alarming,
And always remained, with shield un-
stained,

Prince ARTHUR, the good Prince
Charming.

"Mrs. Hawke would be glad to employ a
Wren for domestic work."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

Will she have to "live in"?

"If it be true, as SHELLEY said, that 'a
thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' the good
people of Roydon are to be congratulated on
the new bridge over the River Stort."

Local Paper.

But, supposing KEATS, for instance, said
it, will that make any difference?



Enlightened Minister. "I CANNA UNDERSTAND YOUR OBJECTION TO DANCING, MR. MCTAVISH. WE HAVE BIBLICAL AUTHORITY FOR IT. DAVID HIMSELF DANCED."

Elder. "AY, BUT NO WI' A PAIRTNER."

PRISCILLA FAILS TO QUALIFY.

"So it runned out of its little grassy place and went all round the garden," said Priscilla, emerging suddenly in pink from under the table.

"What are you playing at now, Priscilla?" I inquired.

"I'm a little pussy-cat."

"And what is this?" I asked, pointing to the waste-paper basket which she had planted beside my chair.

"It's the pussy-cat's basket of milk. It's to drink when she's firsty," she explained.

I sighed. It did not appear to me that the child's education was proceeding upon proper lines. I had been reading portions of the diary of Miss OPAL WHITELEY, written when she was seven years old, a work which has just lifted for America the Child-authoress Cup. I had hoped to find in Priscilla some faint signs that the laurels lost by Miss DAISY ASHFORD might be wrested back. The latest feature in nursery autobiography, so far as I could gather, was to have a profound objective sympathy with vegetables and a faculty for naming domestic animals after the principal figures in classical mythology. If you have these

gifts you get published by *The Atlantic Monthly*, with a preface by Viscount GREY. But I doubted whether Priscilla had them. I thought I would try.

"Priscilla," I said, "be a little girl again and tell me what flower you like best."

"Woses."

"What do the roses say to each other when you aren't there?"

"Oh, they don't say anything," she said with great contempt.

This was bad.

"Priscilla," I continued, "what do you call the dog next-door?"

"Bill," she said; "but it's runned away."

"There you are!" I exclaimed, turning to the child's mamma. "Bill, indeed! If she were being properly educated she would be calling it Jupiter Agamemnon Wilcox by now. Does she ever speak to you at all of the star-gleams amongst the cabbage-leaves?"

"I don't think there are any star-gleams amongst the cabbages in this garden," she replied. "Only slugs."

"I don't care," I said; "the fact remains that Priscilla ought to be constantly wondering what the cabbages do say to each other when they have lonesome feels at night."

"Priscilla," I began again, "in about three years you will be seven years old and quite a big girl. What will you play at then?"

"Oh, I san't play at all," she said. "I sall go visiting and sopping."

"Anything else?"

"Oh, yes, I sall have a knife."

"A pocket-knife?"

"No, not a pocket-knife, a knife to cut meat wiv, of course."

I had forgotten this goal of maidenly desires.

"And won't you go long walks in the big woods with me and tell me the names of all the flowers and what they are thinking about?"

"Yes," she replied rather doubtfully. "Are there beasts in the woods?"

"Only rabbits, I think."

"We must be very careful, then, 'cos they're very wild creatures, aren't they?"

"Oh, not very wild."

"Will you buy a gun at the gun-sop and soot them and we take them home and eat them?"

Bless the child, I thought, there seems to be no getting her away from this eating business.

"Priscilla," I began again, "in the woods there is a great big lake, with



THE EXPERTS.

ASQUITH. "GIVE HIM HIS HEAD!"

GREY. "TELL HIM YOU'LL CUT THE STRING IN A COUPLE OF YEARS!"

MORLEY. "WHAT YOU WANT IS A MORE POWERFUL SANITY!"



First Bookie. "I MUST 'AVE TAKEN TWO 'UNDRED QUID TO-DAY. MARVELLOUS! I CAN'T THINK WHERE THE MONEY COMES FROM."
Second Bookie. "FROM ME MOSTLY."

trees and rushes all round it, and there are water-lilies floating about and forget-me-nots at the edge."

Now, I thought, we shall perhaps have something about the lullaby songs of the trees and the willow that does sing by the creek.

"Are there fiss in the lake?" inquired Priscilla.

"Yes," I said, "beautiful shining fish."

"And sall we catch the fiss and put them on the fire?"

"I suppose we might," I admitted.

"And will they sizzle?"

"Araminta," I said, "the child is hopeless. She has no soul. She will never be a great authoress. The Cup must remain in Oregon, and Priscilla will never tell the world how the wind did go walking in the field, talking to the earth voices, with a preface by Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES or Lord READING. She thinks about nothing but her food."

"Perhaps you had better try again after she's said her prayers," suggested Araminta. "She may be feeling a little more soulful then."

I attended the ceremony, which was performed with the utmost decorum and gravity. When it was ended Priscilla looked up.

"I said them very somnly and in rarer a low voice, didn't I?" she announced, and then went off into gurgles of laughter.

I determined to make one last despairing effort.

"Priscilla," I asked, "which of your books do you like the best?"

"*The Gobbly Goblin*," she said.

"Araminta," I cried, "I give it up. She has no bent for literature. There can never have been any great authoress, young or old, who started with such a materialistic mind."

"You forget Mrs. Beeton," she replied.

EVOR.

COLD COMFORT.

(It is stated that M. KAMENEFF, on his return to Russia, having fallen out of favour with the Soviet Government, has been appointed Commissar at Taganrog.)

UPON the mighty wheels of life

I'm but a very little cog,

And, when engaged in active strife,
Always the under-dog.

No honours yet have come to me

(My name is Ebenezer Blogg);

I haven't got an O.B.E.

Nor yet the Dannebrog.

A taxi-man the other night

Called me a measly little frog;
It's true that in respect of height
I can't compare with Og.

At school I was the whipping-boy
Whom every master used to flog.
Although I took no stealthy joy
In pipes or cards or grog.

The only time that I bestrode
A horse, like *Gilpin* all agog,
The creature bolted from the road
And plunged me in a bog.

I never learned to sing or dance,
To bowl or bat, to stick or slog;
The only time I crossed to France
I struck a Channel fog.

I'm old and poor and rather deaf;
I'm often very short of prog;
Yet still I grudge not KAMENEFF
His post at Taganrog.

Our Modest Advertisers.

"To be Sold, small unexceptionally attractive gentleman's Residential Estate."

There was an American "DAISY"
Whose Diary set people crazy;
Some called it a fake—
A most venial mistake,
For Opals are apt to be hazy.



Humble Guest (at Profiteer's castle). "WHAT THE DEUCE IS THIS?"
Magnificent Flunkey. "THE TEMPERATURE OF YOUR BATH-WATER, SIR."

THE MINISTRY FOR HEROES.

January 1st, 1920.

To the Ministry of Pensions.

When demobilised on 5th November last I applied for a disability pension. Having received no official communication on the subject, may I inquire, please, how the matter stands?

M. C. BROKE, *Capt.*

February 1st, 1920.

To Lieut. C. M. Broke.

I am to acknowledge receipt of your letter of 1/1/20, and to say that you will receive a further communication from this Department in due course.

CUTHBERT RUTT,
for Ministry of Pensions.

March 1st, 1920.

To the Ministry of Pensions.

Re your letter of February 1st, may I inquire how the matter now stands, please? (My rank, by the way, is captain, and my initials are "M. C." not "C. M." I hope you won't mind me mentioning it.)

M. C. BROKE, *Capt.*

April 1st, 1920.

To Mr. M. Brake.

I am to acknowledge receipt of your

letter of 1/3/20 and to request that you will be good enough to state the date upon which you last received a payment on account of your pension.

CUTHBERT RUTT,
for Ministry of Pensions.

April 2nd, 1920.

To the Ministry of Pensions.

Replying to your inquiry of yesterday, I have not received any payment—not a bond, not a rouble, not a bean. That, between ourselves, was my idea in initiating this interesting correspondence.

May I direct your attention to my signature?

M. C. BROKE, *Capt.*

May 10th, 1920.

To Second-Lieut. J. Brooke.

Your letter dated 2/4/20 has been duly received. I am to ask whether you are (a) demobilised; (b) disembodied; or (c) still serving?

CUTHBERT RUTT,
for Ministry of Pensions.

May 11th, 1920.

To the Ministry of Pensions.

I was so glad to hear yesterday that my letter of the 2nd of last month had been duly received. I was beginning to get quite anxious about it.

In reply to your inquiry I have the honour to state (again) that I was (a) demobilised. I mentioned this, you know, last January. But perhaps you have forgotten? It is rather a long while ago.

M. C. BROKE, *Capt.*

P.S.—I don't mind a bit how you spell my name and all that. But our postman is getting wild. And you know what workers are.

June 30th, 1920.

To Mr. C. Bink.

I am directed to acknowledge your letter of 11/5/20. In order to facilitate this Department's investigations into your claim, please say if you are in possession of Army Form Z. 3.

CUTHBERT RUTT,
for Ministry of Pensions.

July 1st, 1920.

To the Ministry of Pensions.

Yes, I am in possession of Army Form Z. 3. I do hope this will facilitate your Department's investigations. Not for my sake. But I enclose last quarter's accounts from my landlord, butcher, baker, etc. Perhaps you will be good enough to guarantee my credit? You know how impatient these vulgar fellows are.

M. C. BROKE, *Capt.*

P.S.—I think I like "Bink" the least

of my new names. But perhaps you will think of a better one for my next letter.

August 1st, 1920.

To Mr. M. Brooks.

Your letter of 1/7/20 has been duly received, and I am to inquire whether you submitted a claim for disability pension at the time of your demobilisation. If so, please state date.

CUTHBERT RUTT,
for Ministry of Pensions.

August 2nd, 1920.

To the Ministry of Pensions.

With reference to your letter of yesterday, the answer is in the affirmative. By the way I think we went into that little matter too last January. But, of course, you can't think of everything. Excuse me mentioning it. Do you think you could get my pension through by the 30th inst? It is my birthday, and I would like to have my boots soled and heeled. M. C. BROKE, *Capt.*

August 30th, 1920.

To Mr. N. Brock.

With reference to your application for disability pension I am to request that you will furnish this Department with a full statement of the circumstances under which you were wounded, giving the following particulars:—Christian and surname (in block letters); regiment; whether (a) demobilised; (b) disembodied; or (c) still serving; whether (a) shot; (b) bayoneted; (c) gassed; (d) shell-shocked; or (e) drowned; Christian and surname (in block letters) of batman, stretcher-bearers and O.i/c hospital ship. CUTHBERT RUTT,
for Ministry of Pensions.

September 8th, 1920.

To the Ministry of Pensions.

Under medical advice I am to cease corresponding with your admirable Department. It seems a pity, since we have got to know each other so well. I have decided therefore to place the matter in the hands of the Miners' Federation. I do not think I have mentioned the fact before, but I was employed as a miner when I joined up in '14.

M. C. BROKE, *Capt.*

September 9th, 1920.

To Captain M. C. Broke.

I am directed to inform you that you have been awarded a disability pension at the rate of five hundred pounds per annum. A draft for the amount due, including arrears from 5/11/19—date of disembodiment or demobilisation—was despatched to your address this morning per King's Messenger.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your humble and obedient Servant,
CUTHBERT RUTT,
for Ministry of Pensions.



"ONE CROWDED HOUR OF GLORIOUS LIFE."

A BIT OF TOBACCO-ASH IN YOUR EYE, YOUR REEL JAMMED, ONE OF YOUR LEGS THROUGH A LOOP OF YOUR LINE AND THE BIGGEST SALMON YOU EVER SAW ON THE OTHER END OF IT.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE GLOW-WORM.

THE little glow-worm sits and glows
As brilliant as the stars,
But you are wrong if you suppose
That he will light cigars.

In fact, he seems to be exempt
From Nature's general plan;
He never makes the least attempt
To be of use to Man.

And if you think that it requires
A scientific brain
To understand his tiny fires
Then you are wrong again.

The meaning of his shininess
Is fairly clear to me;
It is intended to impress
The future Mrs. G.

No doubt you think it is his nose
Which gleams across the glen;
Well, it is not; the part that glows
Is on the abdomen.

And very likely that explains
Why all these millionaires
Buy such expensive shiny chains
To hang about on theirs.

* * * * *
The Editor who read these lines
Has quite a different tale;
He says it is the *she* that shines
To captivate the male.

He has a perfect right to doubt
The statements in this song,
But if he thinks I'll scratch them
out
He's absolutely wrong. A. P. H.

FOR OURSELVES ALONE.

OUR hostess had taken us over to "Sheltered End," the pleasant country home of Mrs. Willoughby Brock, to play tennis. As however there was only one court and quite a number of young and middle-aged people were standing near it with racquets in their hands and an expression on their faces in which frustration and anticipation fought for supremacy, it followed that other beguilements had to be found. My own fate was to fall into the hands of Mrs. Brock, whose greatest delight on earth seems to be to have a stranger to whom she can display the beauties of her abode and enlarge upon the unusual qualities of her personality. She showed and told me all. We explored the estate from the dog-kennel to the loggia for sleeping out "under the stars;" from the pergola to the library; from the sundial to the telephone, "the only one for miles;" and as we walked between the purple and mauve Michaelmas daisies in her long herbaceous borders, with Red Admiral butterflies among the myriad little clean blossoms, she said how odd it was that some people have the gift of attracting friends and others not; and what a strange thing it is that where one person has to toil to make a circle others are automatically surrounded by nice creatures; and asked me if I had any views as to the reason, but did not pause for the reply.

It was a warm mellow day—almost the first of summer, according to one's senses, although nearly the last, according to the calendar—and Mrs. Brock was so happy to be

in a monologue that I could enjoy the garden almost without interruption. For a two and a half years' existence it certainly was a triumph. Here and there a reddening apple shone. The hollyhocks must have been ten feet high.

"Ah! here comes the dear Vicar," said Mrs. Brock suddenly, and rising up from a rose which I was inhaling (and I wish that people would grow roses, as they used to do years ago, nose-high), I saw a black figure approaching.

"He is such a charming man," Mrs. Brock continued, "and devoted to me."

"Good afternoon," said the Vicar. "How exquisite those delphiniums are!" he added after introductions were complete; "such a delicate blue! I should not have intruded had I known you had a party"—he waved his hand towards the single tennis-court, around which the wistful racquet-bearers were now (as it seemed) some thousands strong, "but it is always a pleasure"—he turned to me—"to be able to walk in this paradise on a fine day and appreciate its colour and its fragrance. I find Mrs. Brock so valuable a parochial counsellor too."

"I think," I said, not in the least unwilling to be tactful, "I will see what the rest of our party are doing."

"Oh, no," said the Vicar; "please don't let me drive you away. As a matter of fact, since there are so many here I won't stay myself. But I wonder," he addressed Mrs. Brock, "as I am here, if I might use your telephone for a moment?"

"Of course," said she.

"Thank you so much," he replied; "yes, I know where it is," and with a genial and courtly salutation he moved off in the direction of the house.

"Such a true neighbour!" said Mrs. Brock. "Ah! and here is another," she went on. And along the same path, where the Michaelmas daisies were thickest, I saw a massive woman in white, like a ship in full sail, bearing down upon us, defending her head from the gentle September sun with a red parasol. "This," Mrs. Brock hurriedly informed me, "is Lady Cranstone, who lives in the house with the green shutters at the end of the village. Such a dear person! She's always in and out. The widow of the famous scientist, you know."

I didn't know; but what does it matter?

By this time the dear person was within hailing distance, but she flew no signals of cordiality; her demeanour rather was austere and arrogant. Mrs. Brock hurried towards her to assist her to her moorings, and I was duly presented.

"I didn't intend to come in again to-day," said Lady Cranstone, whose features still successfully failed to give to the stranger any indication of the benignity that, it was suggested, irradiated her being.

"But you are always so welcome,"

said Mrs. Brock. "Lady Cranstone," she continued to me, "is kindness itself. She makes all the difference between loneliness and—and content."

Lady Cranstone picked a rose and pinned it in her monumental bosom. "I don't know that I had anything in particular to say," she remarked. "I chanced to be passing and I merely looked in; but since I am here perhaps you would allow me to use your telephone—"

Mrs. Brock beamed her delighted acquiescence and the frigate sailed on. "You've no idea," said Mrs. Brock, "what a friendly crowd there is in these parts. I don't know how it is, but this little place of mine, modest though it is, and unassuming and unclever as I am, is positively the very centre of the district. It's like a club-house. How strange life is! What curious byways there are in human sympathy!"

This being the kind of remark that is best replied to with an inarticulate murmur, I provided an inarticulate murmur; and I was about to make a further and more determined effort to get away when a maid-servant approached with a card.

Mrs. Brock took it and read the name with a little cry of satisfaction. "Lord Risborough," she said to me. "At



"WHATEVER WILL YOU DO, GRANDPA, WHEN YOU'RE TOO OLD FOR GARDENING?"
"I EXPECT I'LL START GOLF. BUT I HOPE I SHAN'T LIVE AS LONG AS THAT."



"I DO HOPE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO COME TO THE MOTHERS' WELFARE MEETING ON WEDNESDAY. WE'VE PERSUADED A FAMOUS CHEF TO COME AND GIVE US A LECTURE ON 'THE DECAY OF COOKERY.' IT SHOULD BE MOST HELPFUL."

"NOT TO ME, MUM. I ALLUS GIVES MINE TO THE PIGS WHEN IT GETS THAT FAR."

last! How nice of him to call. They live at Risborough Park, you know. I always said they would never condescend to dignify 'Sheltered End' with their presence; but I somehow knew they would." She purred a little. And then, "Where is his lordship?" she asked; but the girl's reply was rendered unnecessary by the nobleman himself, who advanced briskly upon Mrs. Brock, hat in hand.

"I trust," he said, "that you will pardon the informality of this visit. Lady Risborough is so sorry not to have been able to call yet, but—but— Yes, I was wondering if you'd be so very kind as to do me a little favour? The fact is, our telephone is out of order—most annoying—and I wondered if you would let me use yours. I hear that you have one."

"I will take you to it," said Mrs. Brock.

"Most kind, most kind!" his lordship was muttering. There was no difficulty in making my escape now.

E. V. L.

Mr. Punch desires to express his sincere regret for an injustice done, though without malice, to the Publishers (Messrs. SWEET AND MAXWELL) and the Editor of *Williams' Real Property*, in an article that appeared in the issue of August 18th, under the title, "Blewitt on Real Property." The new edition of *Williams' Real Property* contains a large amount of fresh material and represents considerable labour spent over the careful revision of the previous edition.

"At 1 a.m., uninterrupted rifle fire and bomb explosions were audible. It is reported that a French officer was then addressing the crowd."

Times of Malaya.

Our old sergeant-major must look to his laurels.

THE PEERLESS PROVINCIAL.

[A London paper learns from a West End tailor that many people in the North and Midlands now achieve a higher standard of dress than the "man about town."]

If perchance you would gaze upon those whose array's
Of impeccable texture and cut,
It is futile to go to Pall Mall or the Row,
Now the haunt of the second-rate nut;
Take a train (G.N.R.), for example, as far
As Cleckheaton or Cleethorpes-on-Sea,
Where each male that you meet, from his head to
his feet,
Follows Fashion's most recent decree.

A legitimate claim to sartorial fame
Can be made by the locals at Leek,
Whose apparel is apt to be ruthlessly scrapped
After having been worn for a week;
Trousers bag at the knees in no town on the Tees,
And the Londoner has to admit
That he cannot compete against Bootle's *élite*,
And that Percy of Pudsey is *it*.

Wigan's well in the van, for her sons to a man
Are the ultimate word in cravats
And are said to outdo even Cheadle and Crewe
In the matter of collars and spats;
But the pick of the lot is the privileged spot
Where the smart set, the *quinté comme il faut*,
Have a mentor and guide who is famed far and wide
As Bertie the Bridlington Beau.

THE PASSING OF ALFRED.

Alfred is dead and with him has gone John's last efforts at making and training pets. It has simply been one disappointment after another. There was Charles the monkey. Charles could write his own name with a pen and digest the creamiest shaving-stick without making a lather. There was Joey, the billy-goat, such an entertaining fellow, who could pick up and set down anything with his horns from a basket to a dustman. And then there was Livo—immortal Livo. There never was such a down-at-heel and unscrupulous young ruffian of a mongrel terrier as Livo, nor one that more completely convinced people that he was a gentleman of blood and a pure-souled spiritualist.

Of course there were heaps of other pets as well, but just as they seemed about to reach that stage of human intelligence so earnestly desired by their young master they all suddenly died, even as Alfred, the last of a long list, gave up the ghost yesterday.

Alfred was a trout. Not your ordinary fly-jumping kind of trout, because there is never anything ordinary about John's pets. Alfred, for instance, had not lived in water for three months. He simply had no use for the stuff, and, as for jumping at a fly, his nerves were far too good for that sort of thing.

His attachment to John was complete. He would take food from no one else and the presence of his eight-year-old master in the long grass was sufficient to bring him erect on his tail, where he would wag his fins and make strange noises in cordial welcome. In many respects he was the most superior pet John has ever had. He could affect boredom and his exhibition of the glad eye was considered by John's eldest sister to be positively deadly. It is, in fact, true to say that his keen desire to adopt as many human habits as possible often led us to mistake him for one of ourselves.

John, however, was not quite satisfied with his pupil until one bright morning last week when Alfred displayed the first signs of having acquired the Directional Wriggle. Strange as it may sound, this very human trout actually wriggled after John for a distance of five yards. Three days later he pursued his master to the village post-office and beat him by a short gill.

Yesterday, however, Alfred excelled himself. John had left early for the stream, and being in a hurry took advantage of the thin plank crossing. Now the plank is very slippery and had been placed over the spot where the stream is deepest. John crossed it carefully enough, but looking back for

a second he suddenly noticed that Alfred was following him. Before he could raise his voice in protest the trout had mounted the plank and was wriggling across it. Then, horror of horrors! in the middle of the plank the wretched fish suddenly lurched, lost its footing, plunged into the water and was drowned.

FLOWERS' NAMES.

WHAT THE FAIRIES WEAR.

If only you walk with an open ear
And watch with an open eye,
There's wonderful magic to see and hear
By silently passing by;
In meadows and ditches, here and there,
You'll find the clothes that the fairies wear.

You can see each golden and silvery frock

In Lady's Mantle and Ladysmock;
There's Lady's Garter (which, I suppose,

They wear with the cowslips called Hose-in-hose);

The solemn fairies who ride on owls
Shroud their faces with Monkswood cowl;

And there's other things besides fairy dresses—

There's Lady's Mirror and Lady's Tresses.

Bachelors' Buttons must be for elves
Who have to do up their clothes themselves;

And the tailor fairies use Fairy Shears,
Long cutting-grasses that grow by meres;

And they mend their things with the Spider-stitches,

Faint white flowers that you find in ditches,

And Shepherd's Needle, which you'll see plain

In every meadow and field and lane;

And when they've used them they grow again.

If only you walk with an open ear
And watch with an open eye,

There's wonderful secrets to see and hear
By silently passing by;

In meadows and ditches, here and there,
You'll find the clothes that the fairies wear;

And if you look when they think you've gone
Perhaps you'll see them trying them on.

"The whole of the United States is intensely interested in a baseball scandal revealed a few days ago.

The Grand Jury, which is now investigating the charge, has already indicted eight of the leading players."—*Evening Paper*.

Mr. Punch wishes his old consort more power to her elbow.

ROBBERY IN COURT.

THERE would seem to be some need for watchfulness in our Courts of Justice lest the customs and privileges which to so great an extent have made them what they are should be allowed to lapse.

A great sensation was caused throughout the legal profession the other day when it was reported in the Press that a witness, in giving evidence, made the following remark:—"It goes in one ear and out of the other. Perhaps that is because there is nothing to stop it." The report stated that laughter followed, and, if that was indeed the case, then we have no hesitation whatever in characterising it as a most unseemly outburst.

If witnesses are to be permitted with impunity to snatch out of the Judge's mouth the jokes which naturally arise out of their evidence, our whole judicial system will be imperilled. In offering an explanation as to why "it goes in one ear and out of the other," the witness committed a grave breach of etiquette. That explanation, if made at all, should have been made by the Judge in the first place. Or if, after due opportunity had been given, his Lordship showed no desire to avail himself of the opening, then the privilege should have fallen to the examining counsel. If he in turn waived it, it should have been open to counsel on the other side to snap up the chance.

We fail to understand how such a remark, coming from a witness, could have been allowed to pass without rebuke from the Judge or protest from the counsel, or some attempt at least to maintain order on the part of the usher.

THE CHANTRY.

GREY dust lies on his battered face;
The glories of his shield are dim;
Half vanished are the words of grace
Beseeching pity and peace for him
Along the Purbeck rim.

His hands are folded palm to palm
(Some fingers lacking on the right),
And at his peaked feet the calm
Old lion shows he fell in fight,
As best became a knight.

The ivy shakes its tattered leaves
Where once he saw the painted pane;
The brooding, scurrying spider weaves
Where cloth of damask dyed in grain
Will never hang again.

With missal propped upon his helm
For him no drowsy chantor pleads;
But blackbirds in the darkening elm
Sing plain-song, and the Abbey meads
Retell their daisy-beads.

D. M. S.



Lady. "AND WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST SITUATION?"

Prospective Maid. "WELL, THAT'S A BIT INQUISITIVE, AIN'T IT, MUM? I DIDN'T ASK YOU WHY YOUR LAST GIRL LEFT YOU."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM as a-rule very strongly against the form of pedantry that hastens to cry "imitation" whenever a new writer finds himself impelled to a theme of the same character as that already associated with an old-established practitioner. But in the case of *The Lost Horizon* (METHUEN) I find myself overwhelmed. Consciously or unconsciously Mr. G. COLBY BORLEY has produced a story that in matter and treatment is so palpably a reflection of JOSEPH CONRAD that the likeness simply refuses to be ignored. It is in its way a good story enough—an affair of adventure in South America and on the high seas, with a generous sufficiency of oaths and blood-letting; a tale moreover that gives evidence (in spite of that distressing echo) of being written by one who takes his craft with a becoming dignity of purpose. One peculiarity of the Master has not only been borrowed by Mr. BORLEY, but exaggerated to his own undoing: I mean the trick of introducing a character or group of characters so clogged and obscured by the adhesions of the uncommunicated past that not till this has been gradually flaked from them do they emerge as figures in whom it is possible to take an intelligent interest. In the present instance this process is delayed for more than half the book. As for the intrigue, that concerns a group of cut-throat Europeans, who, having been ruinously involved in a South American revolution, are now further plunged into the plots of a scoundrelly African magnate and his conspiratorial gang. For myself, I parted from them all with a feeling of regret that they had not explained themselves earlier as the entertaining villains that they turned out to be.

Manhood End (HURST AND BLACKETT) is the title, not very cheery, that Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY has given to her latest novel, a simple and quite human story of country vicarage life, told sympathetically, but in too many words for so slight a theme. The publishers are at the wholly superfluous pains of urging you as a preliminary to read the "turn-over of cover." Don't! All you will find there is a synopsis of the plot, just sufficient to destroy the slender thread of your interest in its development. And I must record a protest against the entirely unneeded Prologue, in which total strangers sit round at a churchyard picnic on the graves of the real protagonists, and speculate as to their history. The tale itself is placed in Sussex (why this invidious partiality of our novelists?), the actors being for the most part clerical. The main interest is centred in the matrimonial trials of the *Rev. Frederick Rainbird*, whose bride, having married him in haste, repented at leisure, eloped with the promising brother of a neighbouring parson, repented more, returned to domesticity, ran away again, and so on, *da capo*. Perhaps really these simple but not short annals have a flavour that I have failed to convey. Mrs. DUDENEY writes easily, but should avoid the snares of originality. To say of her heroine's morning appearance at the breakfast table, that she "stood in the tangle of a delicious coffee smell," may convey an impression, but at a ruinous expense of style.

Michael Winter, hero of *The Black Knight* (HUTCHINSON), by Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK and CROSSIE GARSTIN, had led a nice easy life till his father's nefarious schemes crashed, bringing down in a common ruin half the small investors in the country. Left penniless, he changes his disgraced

name and goes out to Canada to make good. There, on the prairies, he puts in some hard honest work. But, in his haste to be rich, the *Black Knight*, as they do in chess, after moving straight, moved obliquely. In order to make a coup out of a Wall Street cinch he helped himself to the money of the bank of which he was cashier. Other people who shall be nameless have done this sort of thing before, and, after returning the "borrowed" cash, have enjoyed a stainless prosperity. But *Michael*, through a motor-car accident, just failed to put it back in time, and had to do, two years. But he had made a fortune, and on emerging from prison returned to Europe to enjoy it. There he rescues an innocent English girl from a shady Parisian environment and marries her. By chance she learns the secret of the source of his wealth and leaves him.

In order to appease her scruples and recover her he signs away his goods for the benefit of his father's creditors. What might have been a too sugary conclusion is saved by a pleasant touch of corrective irony in the very last line, where his wife expresses a very human satisfaction on finding that her best necklace was not included in the noble sacrifice. I hope I shall not be suspected of flattering Mr. Punch's "PATLANDER" if I admire the excellence of the Canadian section, obviously contributed by Mr. CROSBIE GARSTIN, who has knocked about most of the world marked red on the maps. Here his humour and vitality are at their keenest. The rest of a well-told tale I attribute to Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK, with the exception of a pugilistic episode, for which I imagine that the male fist was called in to supplement her proper inexperience.

I do believe that I have caught a detective napping; a real private detective, one of the great infallibles of fiction. Mr. J. S. FLETCHER's *Exterior to the Evidence* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is one of those thrills in which any of the characters might have committed the murder and there is every reason, at times, to suspect that they have all had a hand in it. Over the moorland there ran a path, and at a spot known as Black Scar it came perilously near the edge of a forty-foot drop, with rocks at the bottom. Over this precipice went *Sir Cheville Stanbury* at midnight, a very odd circumstance considering his life-long familiarity with the path. *Weathershaw*, the great detective called in to investigate the matter on behalf of one of the suspects, took a line of his own and eventually hit upon someone you and I would never have thought of. We have this excuse, that we had no idea of his existence until he was hit upon; but no more had *Weathershaw*. Now I am not going to give away the secret of this enticing affair, but I must dispute the detective's identification, on the last page but one, of the man responsible for *Sir Cheville's* death. If you compare the

statement of fact on page 301, seven lines from the bottom, which corroborates that on page 279, also seven lines from the bottom, with *Weathershaw's* dramatic accusation, you will understand what I mean and you will be left in considerable doubt (as I was) of what the author means. Does he suggest that *Sir Cheville* was never murdered at all? After so much excitement that would be a sad pity.

The publishers of *The Amorous Cheat* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) generously label it "an enthralling story of domestic and stage life." To which my comment must be, that the domesticity supplied by the hero's family and their quite uninteresting hesitations between town and suburban residence are entirely nebulous and illusive, that the stage as background has no significance one way or



"MY DEAR, I FELT I OUGHT NEVER TO HAVE TAKEN THE HOLIDAY. SCARCELY HAD I SET FOOT IN MY APARTMENTS WHEN I WAS HANDED A TELEGRAM FROM SARAH:—'PARROT LAID AN EGG. WIRE INSTRUCTIONS.'"

other, but that the impropriety upon which (I must say frankly) the appeal of the book seems to depend is given without stint, in a measure that certainly may, for some readers, justify the publishers' epithet. You will understand therefore that I experience a little natural hesitation about suggesting the intrigue. It is certainly of the simplest—a mere question as to whether *Edward* and *Vivian*, casual acquaintances of a restaurant, shall or shall not spend a sequence of week-ends together. The lady is described as on the stage, but she might as well belong to a guild of art-needlework. *Edward* is the only question of importance, and the week-ends; if you ponder the significance of the title you can probably guess the rest. To be honest I ought to add that Mr. BASIL CREIGHTON wields an easy-flowing pen, and that at least one chapter certainly is wickedly entertaining, in the style of what we used to call "Continental" humour. To sum up, not a novel for family reading or for the fastidious. The others may even be enthralled.

The Diary of a Sportsman Naturalist in India (LANE) contains an excellent collection of sporting anecdotes, and dip where you may you will find none of them trivial or tiresome. Mr. E. P. STEBBING states that his purpose in selecting material from his note-books was "to emphasize the necessity which exists of affording protection to the game and other animals of India," and, shy as some of us are of purposeful books, there is no reason to be scared by this one. In the first place Mr. STEBBING's purpose is one which will generally be commended, and in the second he achieves it in an absolutely unobtrusive manner. To sportsmen, and especially to those who have enjoyed the good fortune of shooting in India, this volume will be extremely welcome. The only cumbrous thing about it is its title. Add that Mr. STEBBING is as profuse in his illustrations as he is happy in his choice of subjects.

CHARIVARIA.

"WHENEVER I am in London," writes an American journalist, "I never miss the House of Commons." Nor do we, during the Recess.

"If Lord KENYON wishes, I am prepared to fight him with any weapon he chooses to name at any time," announced Sir CLAUDE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY recently to a representative of *The Star*. In sporting circles it is thought that, in spite of his recent declaration, Mr. C. B. COCHRAN may consent to stage the encounter.

At the Air Conference last week Lieut.-Colonel MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P., said the Government should appoint experts to control the weather. It looks as if *The Daily Mail* was not going to have things all its own way.

"The object of Poland," says M. DOMBSKI, "is peace, hard work and production." These were at one time the object of England, and she still hopes to get peace.

Mr. PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON has told a Glasgow audience that he is no kill-joy, but smokes cigars. It is also said that he has been seen going the pace playing dominos.

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away." We can only add that the price of apples is enough to keep anybody away.

"What is a Penny Roll?" asks a headline. The answer is "Three half-pence."

The average boarding-house, says a gossip writer, is not what it seems. No, unfortunately it is what it is.

We understand that the world's record fast has been accomplished by a Scoteman, who has succeeded in remaining in Prohibition America for seven months and three days.

South Sea Islanders, when greeting friends, says *Tit Bits*, fling a jar of

water over them. Cats on night duty are now putting a kindlier interpretation on the treatment they receive.

An employee at a coal-mine in Ohio is reported to have died from overwork. There is consolation in the fact that this could not possibly happen in England.

Three Glasgow workmen have started on a walk to London. With the possibility of a vote in favour of a dry Scotland we suppose they started early to avoid the rush.

It is still very doubtful whether

trouble," bewails a writer in the "Picture" Press. Still, in our opinion it's the only thing worth living.

On two separate occasions last week a cat entered one of the largest churches in Yorkshire whilst a wedding was in progress. This supports our belief that feline society is contemplating the introduction of more ceremony into their own marriage system.

Ex-sailors on the reserve need not be alarmed by the repeated rumours that a surprise mobilisation of the Fleet may be ordered very shortly, as we now have it on good authority that, in order to ensure its complete success, plenty of notice will be given to them beforehand.

Women are said to be fonder than men are of morbid stage plays. Weddings also have a greater fascination for them.

Mr. T. A. EDISON is reported to have invented a machine to record communication with the other world. As a final experiment an attempt is to be made to get into touch with the POET LAUREATE.

The motor-car of polished steel and no paint-work is the latest innovation. It is said that this will do away with the objection of pedestrians that under present

conditions one cannot be knocked down without soiling one's clothing.

"Water," says an official of the Metropolitan Water Board, "costs far too much to waste to-day." Adulterated with whisky, we believe it costs about eightpence a time.

The Music of the Future.

"MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS."

For Sale, one small Economic Roller, 1 Brown's triple action Roller, 2 Eastern Produce Roll Breakers, 1 Updraft Sirocco Dryer—all the above in good order and can be seen working. 1 Saw Mill, good order. 1 Souther's roll Breaker, fair order.—*Gaydon Paper*.

"Mr. — won £400,000 at Aix-les-Bains. The lucky player, who was educated at Harrow . . ."
The italics are Mr. Punch's. Are our public schools beginning to advertise?



DIPLOMACY.

Mistress. "NORAH, WILL YOU TRY TO HAVE THE STEAK A LITTLE MORE UNDER-DONE?"

Norah (bristling up). "IS IT FINDING FAULT YE ARE?"

Mistress. "OH, NO, NO! I MERELY THOUGHT IT WOULD BE NICER FOR YOU NOT TO REMAIN OVER THE FIRE SO LONG."

JACK DEMPSEY can meet JESS WILLARD, says a sporting paper. A dear old lady thinks he might get over the difficulty by dropping him a letter.

It is reported that the captain of a village fire brigade recently declined to call his men out to a fire because it was raining. Unfortunately the owner of the fire was too busy to keep it going till the first fine day.

A clerk employed behind the counter at a post-office in the South of England recently rescued a young girl from drowning. In order to show their appreciation of the young man's bravery, local residents have now decided to purchase their stamps at his post-office.

"Life is uncertain and often full of

FALLING PRICES.

(With grateful acknowledgments to the Commercial Statistician of "The Times.")

SAD is the sight, but not so strange,
When the dead leaf to earth declines:
I have observed this annual change
As one of Autumn's surest signs;
But oh, how very odd it is
To mark the falling prices of commodities.

One had supposed the boom of War
(Still raging with the desperate Turk),
Whose closure seemed past praying for,
Would carry on its hideous work
And swell for years and years
The bulging waistcoats of our profiteers.

But lo! a lot of useful wares
Within my modest range have come;
Trousers, I hear, are sold (in pairs)
At three-fifteen—a paltry sum;
And you can even get
Dittos as low as thirteen pounds the set.

I can afford a further lump
Of sugar in my cocoa—yes,
And cocoa too is on the slump,
Its "second grade" now costs me less;
And green peas (marrowfat)
Are down to fourpence. I can run to that.

And, though my coffers, sadly thinned,
May not command a home-killed ham,
And though the fees for pilchards (tinned)
And eggs (to eat) and strawberry-jam
Are still beyond my means
(The same remark applies to butter-beans);

Yet milk (condensed) and salmon ("pink"),
And arrowroot and pines (preserved)—
All "easier," I am glad to think—
These, and a soul not yet unnerved,
Shall keep me going strong,
Now that the price of boots is not so long.

O. S.

GONE AWAY!

It seems to me that our local Hunt wants waking up. In some places, I believe, there are still people who "cheerily rouse the slumbering morn" by hunting the fox or the fox-cub, and, if one cannot let slumbering morns lie, there is no jollier way of rousing them. But in our village we hunt the 8.52. Morning after morning, if you watch from a high place, you can see our bowlers and squash hats just above the hedgerows bobbing down to the covert side. That one bobbing last is me.

As we trudge homeward under the star-lit skies all our racy anecdotes are of the fine fast runs we have had with the 8.52, the brave swinging of the tail carriage, the heavy work over the points, the check and find again at East Croydon main . . . Those who arrive early at the meet in the morning (but, as I have hinted, I am not one of these) stroll about the platform, I am told, talking of the rare old times when the 8.52 used to be the 8.51, pulling out their watches every now and then and saying to the station-master, "She's twenty-five seconds late," for all season ticket-holders have special permission from the railway company to put trains into the feminine gender. This is a slight compensation for having to pay again when

they are challenged and can only pull out a complimentary pass to the Chrysanthemum Show.

As for myself, no one can say that I lack the sporting spirit, and if I am late in the field it is because there is not enough noise and bustle about our Hunt. It needs, I submit, the romantic colour and pageantry that fire an Englishman's blood and rouse him irrevocably from his marmalade.

In this connection, as we say so charmingly at our office, I have laid certain preliminary proposals before Enderby and Jackson. A lot of the sportsmen who hunt the 8.52 in our village do so in motor-cars, which is hardly playing the game. Of the stout-hearted fellows who follow on foot, both Enderby and Jackson pass in front of my house and may be discerned dimly through a gap in the hedge, which was probably made for that purpose by the previous tenant. Or it may have been because the gate-latch sticks and he did not jump well. Enderby asserts that my house is nine minutes from the station, and Jackson says it is six, and therein lies the whole difference between optimism and pessimism. All I know is that, if I gather my hat, coat, *Times*, stick, pipe, tobacco and matches and put as many as possible of them in appropriate places just after Enderby has passed the gap, I catch the 8.52 nicely. If I do these things just after Jackson has passed I catch it nastily, just about the rear buffers. My proposal is that Enderby and Jackson should encourage me a little by wearing scarlet coats, so that I can see them twinkling more brightly through the gap in my hedge, and if they will do this I will promise to provide them both with hunting horns. I have pointed out that a "View halloo" from Enderby, followed by a stirring

"Tantivvy, Tantivvy, Tantivvy;
Tra-la, Tra-la, Tra-la"

from Jackson, will, if any power on earth can do it, bring me from my toast in time for my train in the morning.

I have explained to them that nothing can be pleasanter or more beautiful for the baker, the butcher and the grocer to look at every morning than Enderby and Jackson dressed in pink, with a despatch-case in one hand and a hunting-horn in the other. There must be other sportsmen situated as I am, and I should like to see all the little lanes streaming with pink coats; and it would be very nice too if they all brought their dogs to see them off, as some do already.

I am quite prepared to admit that neither Enderby nor Jackson sees eye to eye with me in this matter. They argue that ample notice is given of the imminent arrival of the 8.52 by the express train which passes through the cutting at 8.43, and is popularly known as "the warner." I have replied that I cannot hear express trains when I am eating toast, and that the only warner I recognise is PLUM WARNER, who cannot by any stretch of language be called an express train. There the matter rests at present, and I suppose in a few days I shall miss the 8.52 again.

Happily I have now found out what to do when this occurs. Enderby and Jackson believe that the next train is the 10.15; but that is their narrow-minded parochialism. They are quite wrong. About ten minutes after the 8.52 has gone away another perfectly good train steals panting from the undergrowth. When one has missed the 8.52 one cannot wait on the platform till 10.15, nor, on the other hand, having waved an airy good morning to the butcher, the baker and the grocer as I trotted along, can I very well go back and undo it. And then the derision at home, the half-drunk stirrup-cup of coffee standing tepid and forlorn. But, as I say, the 9.5 is a perfectly sound train. It is quite true that it goes to Brighton, but the weather has been very warm of late. I hate these splits in the local Hunt, but there it is.

EVOE.



“THE RESOURCES OF CIVILISATION.”

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "STICK TO IT, BONAR. POOR OLD SISYPHUS NEVER HAD AN IMPLEMENT LIKE THIS."



HIGH LIFE ON THE UNDERGROUND.

Lady (to tiresome individual). "I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU—HAMMERSMITH IS THE NEXT BUT ONE. THE NEXT IS BARON'S COURT. THAT'S MY STATION, NOT YOURS."

The Individual. "AHEM! THE BARONESS, I PRESUME?"

THE DINING GLADIATOR; OR, WAR TO THE KNIFE (AND FORK). (Being further Extracts from a certain Diary).

August 4th, 1914.—Declaration of War. I hereby take a solemn oath not to relax my efforts to win this struggle for England, even if it costs me my last drop of ink.

Began my series of powerful articles by calling for KITCHENER, of whom I now, if guardedly, approve. Lunched at the Carlton and dined at the Ritz to let all the world see that I am not downhearted. ***

Spent the morning at the War Office, showing everyone how the work there ought to be done. Then to Downing Street to put things right there.

Lunched at Claridge's with six Leading Ladies, all of them cheery souls. ***

Week-ended at Melton. Some good

tennis and bridge. Fear that none of our generals really knows his job. ***

I have been wondering to-day if any other military journalist could possibly know such a lot of the Smart Set, and so intimately as I do. I am extraordinary lucky in having all these nice people to fall back on when I am worn out with War-winning and Tribunal duties. ***

Wrote a wonderful article on the importance of dressing up some one to look like HINDENBURG and dropping him at night by parachute from an aeroplane into the German lines near Head-Quarters. It would have to be a biggish man who can speak German well—Mr. CHESTERTON perhaps, but I have never met Mr. CHESTERTON, as he seems never to lunch or dine at the Ritz; or, even Lord HALDANE. Once safely landed (my article goes on to

explain) he would make his way to German H.Q., being mistaken for the real HINDENBURG, kill him and then issue orders to the Army which would quickly put the Germans in our power. Strange that no one else has thought of this. ***

It is very awkward to be the only man in London who has the truth in him. Relieved some of my embarrassment by a glass or two of remarkable 1794 brandy. ***

WINSTON came to Carryon Hall to dine and we discussed his future. I mapped out the next six months for him very carefully, and he promised to follow my counsel; but I am afraid that Lady RANDOLPH may interfere. ***

My HINDENBURG article not in *The Times* yet. Cannot think what is coming to journalism. And NORTH-CLIFFE calls himself a hustler.

Sent for the PRIME MINISTER and gave him a piece of my mind. He ought to be more careful in future.

Lunched at the Carlton with GEORGE GRAVES and had some valuable War talk.

In the afternoon to the Tribunal, where all excuses were disregarded and everyone packed off to the recruiting officer.

In the evening to a first-class revue at the Palace.

Had gratifying visit from ANATOLE FRANCE's friend, M. PUTOIS, who told me that the French look to me as the only Englishman capable of winning the War. My articles are read everywhere, and some have been set to music.

More men must be obtained, and therefore wrote a capital article calling on all criminals to cease their labours during the War, in order to release the police for the army. After this effort, which was very tiring, lunched at the Ritz with ETHEL LEVEY, LAVERY and SOVERAL. Some good riddles were asked. A discussion followed on ladies' boots, and whether toes should be pointed or square. From this we passed to stockings and then to lingerie. Tore myself away to attend to my Tribunal duties.

Met the GLOOMY DEAN in the Mall and walked with him to the Rag, where he left me. A most diverting man. He told me a capital story about a curate and an egg.

Finished a rattling good article on a way to make our army look more impressive to the foe, namely by fitting each man with a dummy man on either side of him. Bosch aeroplane observers would imagine then that we were three times as strong as we are, and some very desirable results might follow.

Sent for NORTHCLIFFE and told him that unless my articles are treated with more respect I cannot go on and the War will be lost. He seemed to be impressed, but you never know.

Lunched at Claridge's with Lady CUNARD, Lady DIANA MANNERS and GEORGE ROBEY. We were all very witty.

In the afternoon saw ROBERTSON at the W.O. and told him of my dummy soldier idea. He roared with delight.

Wrote one of my best articles, on the importance of either L. G. learning French or CLEMENCEAU learning English. Very depressed all day; have lost my appetite.



THE END OF AN IMPERFECT DAY.

"ONE OF THOSE TINS OF SALMON, PLEASE."

Dined at the Ritz. A large party, including Lady CUNARD and Lady DIANA MANNERS. The Princess of X. was present and I found her intelligent. Afterwards to Lady Y.'s for bridge. The cards were mad, but we had some wonderful rubbers, the four best players in London being concerned.

Wrote one of my best articles, on the importance of eating and drinking and being merry during great national crises. Urged among other things the addition of restaurant cars to all trains, even those on the Tubes. It is madness to encourage seriousness, as *The Times* is doing.

My eating article not printed. Practice, however, is more than precept, and I shall continue to do my bite.

(To be continued.) E. V. L.

Another Sex-Problem.

"SALE OF LIVE AND DEAD FARM STOCK. 6 Steers in milk and in Calf."

Local Paper.

"In the second part of the programme Miss — was associated with Mr. — in 'It was a Lover and His Last.'"
Australian Paper.

Let us hope she will remain so.

"Rejoicing in a measure of freedom after the harassing restrictions of the war, Scotsmen are not eager to thrust their necks into the nose again."
Daily Paper.

They prefer, we imagine, to thrust the nose of the bottle into their necks.

"Every British voter on the sea coast is at heart a sailor."
Daily Chronicle.

At heart, no doubt. But how many have found to their cost that it is in fact another organ which affords the ultimate test of sailorship.

CHECK BY THE QUEEN.

I HAD never before seen the Fairy Queen in such an agitated condition. She came dashing in, her cheeks glowing, her eyes aflame, her tiny form positively quivering with indignation and excitement.

In her hand she held a small scrap of paper, which she waved about in a frantic manner just in front of my nose.

"Look," she said, "look! My Press Agency sent it me this morning. Did you ever hear of such a thing? It's outrageous, it's incredible, it's . . . Oh, don't sit staring there as if it didn't matter. Can't you say something—suggest something?"

"Your Majesty," I said humbly, for one has to be a little careful when dealing with incensed Royalty, "I haven't been able to read it yet."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she said with quick contrition; "I'm afraid I'm apt to get a little carried away when I'm upset. But surely this is more than anybody could be expected to stand, mortal or immortal."

She settled down on the desk in front of me, spreading out the crumpled bit of paper on the blotter and holding the ends down with her little hands.

"There," she said—"read it." And this is what I read:—

"M—'s FAIRY RING DESTROYER.

After prolonged experiments we have succeeded in producing a preparation which checks the growth of unsightly rings on Lawns, &c. Two pounds of the Destroyer per square pole is sufficient for a single dressing. Full particulars with each consignment."

"'Unsightly'!" said the Queen in a trembling voice. "Do you see that?" and she pointed to the offending word with a tiny forefinger. "'Prolonged experiments' too. Do you know, I remember now that I have had complaints from some of our Garden Settlements about discomfort; but of course I never dreamed of anyone doing it on purpose. Do you think—oh, do you think"—she looked at me with tears in her bright eyes—"that it's really true that human beings are beginning to get tired of us? That we're"—she dropped her voice and I saw that she could hardly get out the next words—"out-of-date?"

Her falling tears made tiny marks on the blotting-paper.

"Of course not," I said stoutly. "On the contrary, you're coming in stronger than ever. Why, one might almost look upon you as one of the newest fashionable crazes, like motor-scooters and cinema stars and indiscreet memoirs." I hardly knew what I was saying, it was so dreadful to see her cry.

"Oh, I hope not," she said, half-laughing and hastily dabbing her nose with a ridiculous atom of swansdown which she produced from a minute reticule.

"As to these gentlemen," I continued, pointing contemptuously to the announcement, "we'll very soon settle them." I seized a sheet of paper and began scribbling away as hard as I could go.

The Queen amused herself meanwhile by balancing on the letter-scales. She seemed almost happy. I heard her murmur to herself, "Dear me. Two ounces. I shall have to start dieting. No more honey—"

"There," I said presently, "send them that, and we shall see what we shall see."

This is what I had written:—

"We, Titania, Queen of Fairyland, Empress of the Kingdom of Dreams, Grand Dame of the Order of Absolute Darlings, etc., etc., beg to draw the attention of Messrs. M—to the enclosed paragraph, impinging gravely on the ancient and indisputable rights and prerogatives of ourselves and our loyal subjects, which appeared in their recent seed catalogue. We feel that the inclusion of the aforesaid paragraph must be due to some oversight, since Messrs. M—can hardly be unaware of the fact that it is only owing to the co-operation of ourselves and our subjects that they are able to carry on their business with success. We are unwilling to resort to extreme measures, but unless the paragraph is immediately withdrawn we shall be obliged to take steps accordingly, in which case Messrs. M—are warned that the whole of next year's flower crop may prove an utter and complete failure. Given under our Royal Hand and Seal. TITANIA R."

The Queen seemed very pleased when I read it over to her.

"It's perfectly splendid," she said, clapping her hands. "How silly of me not to have thought of it; but I was so distracted. Won't it make them sit up? And of course we could do it easily, though it would be rather dreadful, wouldn't it? I shall have it copied out the minute I get home and sent off to-night. By the way" (a little anxiously) "there aren't any split infinitives in it, are there? My chamberlain's rather peculiar about them—they make him ill. Extraordinary, isn't it? But—don't tell anyone—I never quite understand myself what they are or where they split, though it certainly does sound very uncomfortable."

I reassured her on that point.

"Oh, then *that's* all right," she said; "and I don't think even he would ever have thought of 'impinging'; it's lovely,

isn't it? Thank you very much indeed," she added, as she folded up the paper and slipped it under her girdle. "You are a most helpful person. I really think I must—" I felt a touch on my cheek, lighter than the caress of a butterfly's wing, softer than the tip of a baby's finger, sweeter than the perfume of jessamine at night. For a moment the Queen continued to flutter close about me, radiant and shining. I shut my dazzled eyes for an instant. When I opened them she was gone.

I can't help wondering what Messrs. M—will do. They'll be rather rash if they persist. And yet it does seem a little— Well, doesn't it? R. F.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE BEE.

I NEVER, never could admit

The virtues of the bee;

I thought she seemed a dreadful prig

When I was small, and now I'm big

I see she is a hypocrite,

And so, of course, are we.

It's true she rushes to and fro

With business promptitude,

But what about the busy ant?

Oh, let us clear our minds of cant—

Why is it that we love her so?

She manufactures food.

But not for us. If it were shown

She organised the feast

For us to eat, one might agree

About her virtue; but, you see,

She does it for herself alone,

The greedy little beast!

So grasping is the little dear

That every now and then

She readjusts the ration scales

By simply murdering the males,

With many a base, malicious jeer

At "idle gentlemen."

Nor does a man of us cry "Shame!"

Though every man would own

If there is one high hope for which

He labours on at fever-pitch

It is not honour, wealth or fame—

He wants to be a drone.

Why is it, then, we don't abhor

This horrid little prude?

Why don't we cast the foulest slur

On such a Prussian character?

Because, as I remarked before,

She manufactures food.

The world is full of beasts, my son,

And I know two or three

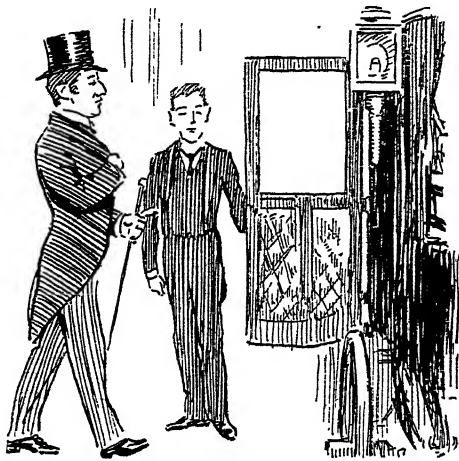
That any parent might employ

To be a model for their boy,

But take my word, we've overdone

The insufferable bee. A. P. H.

THE NEW POOR.



"I REMEMBER THE TIME—



—WHEN I THOUGHT—



—I NEVER SHOULD RIDE IN A BUS—



—AND NOW—



—I AM ALMOST CERTAIN—



—I NEVER SHALL."

G. L. STAMP. 1920.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

IV.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—The other evening I was sitting at an open-air café whose coffee is better than its social reputation. To be exact it is a low haunt. I always go there and have a cup of coffee in a glass when I am wondering what to do next and feeling it is about time something was happening. One of my acquaintances came and sat down at my table. To confess the truth he has once been a pickpocket, the sort of professional who followed the trade in the old dull days of peace for the excitement it furnished. He has since served in the Foreign Legion, and says that now he cannot bring himself to return to his normal work, since by contrast it is so very tame. For a time he was stranded, but now the international conspiracy business provides him with just the sport he was looking for.

After a little conversation about pocket-picking, as it used to be in the good old days, he asked me if I was interested in communist plots. I said I was interested in anything. He looked round the café to see that all was well, leant across the table and asked me if I was not particularly interested in communist plots. "Yes," I whispered, "as long as it's a plot I'm interested in it, even though it is a communist one."

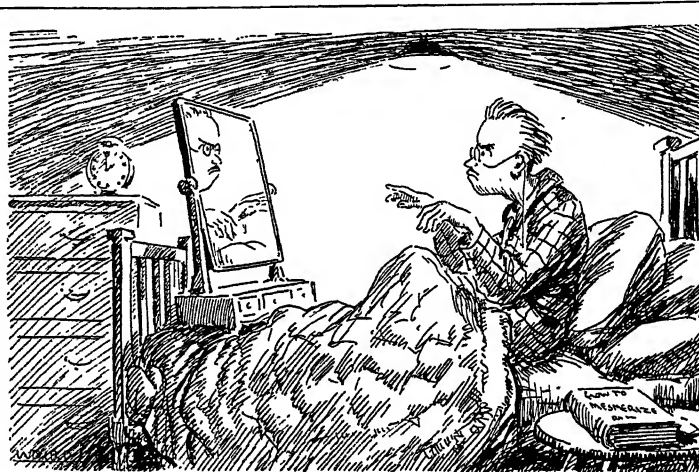
He grew suspicious; why was I so interested? There is always a lot of whispering and mutual suspicion about on these occasions. I told him of these letters I was writing to you on the subject. This made him more than suspicious; positively hostile. Who was this Charles? he wanted to know. I told him all about you; explained that you were a good friend of mine; quite all right—one of us.

He rather took to the description of you, dropped all signs of doubt or anxiety and wondered if we couldn't get hold of you to come and take coffee with us one evening? You may rest assured, Charles, that there is now one café in Central Europe where you are regarded as a first-class fellow, even though your acquaintance has yet to be made; *bon camarade*; not above picking a pocket or two yourself in a moment of enthusiasm. You must come here and show yourself one day. You need have no fear. We never pick each others' pockets; it isn't considered etiquette.

"I am now a Young Socialist," said my friend with great pride. The Young Socialists are the worst communists there are.

"Really?" said I; "the last time we had a chat you were an ardent German Monarchist."

He produced his Matriculation card; it wasn't in his proper name, but, as he explained, one name is as good as another and he has had so many from time to time that now he cannot rightly say which is his own. I asked him to elaborate the Young Socialists' programme of murder and sudden death, a subject which, as a proposed victim, had a morbid fascination for me. He said he knew nothing about that; their everlasting talk bored him and he never attended the public meetings. It was the committee work which interested him.



CURE FOR INSOMNIA. MESMERISE YOURSELF.

He told me about the first committee meeting he attended. He wasn't a member of the committee at the time, a fact which put difficulties in the way of his attending the meeting, as it was held behind closed doors. All the doors were closed and locked, including the cupboard door. He was in the cupboard. I wondered what they would have done to him if they had found him there. He told me he had had plenty of time to wonder that himself when he had once got himself locked in.

"Begin at the beginning," said I.

It was a question, first, of getting round the door-keeper. He made friends with that door-keeper, took him out to supper, gave him a kirsch with his coffee and a cigar with his kirsch. He told the door-keeper that he was the most distinguished door-keeper he had ever met. He encouraged him to go through his ailments and his grievances and was visibly distressed by the recital. He got in the habit of sitting with the door-keeper while he was keeping the

door for the committee assembled inside. And, when he thought the friendship was sufficiently advanced, he poured forth his inmost heart to that door-keeper. He said that Young Socialism was to him the breath of life, and the tragedy was that he was always kept on the outskirts of it. He said he would give anything to take part in a committee meeting, or anyhow to hear the great ones at it; and, to make this sound plausible, he expounded a scheme of Young Socialism of his own, which was far more drastic and bloodthirsty than anything that had yet occurred to any committee.

The door-keeper didn't believe there could be anybody who really cared all that much for communism; for his part he kept the door because there was money to be made easily that way. At the next committee meeting he made

more money and made it more easily, and my friend was safely locked up in the cupboard before the committee arrived. What with the heat inside, the thought that the door-keeper might be more cunning than had appeared and a persistent desire to sneeze, he questioned all the time whether he was the right man in the right place. The committee meanwhile did little more than vote its own salaries from the central fund and quarrel amongst itself who should be treasurer.

Later proceedings of the committee, as noted in the cupboard, were more interesting. When the question turned on finding someone trustworthy and competent to take secret instructions to comrades in France and England, my friend very nearly burst forth from his shelf to say to them, "I'm your man!" He restrained himself, however, and thought out a more elaborate scheme than that.

He secured a front seat at the next public meeting of the section, applauded vigorously when the President referred to the need of more briskness in France and England and asked for a private interview after the meeting was over. In a few well-chosen words he offered his services to run messages over the frontier. Off his platform the President was quite a practical man and, though he didn't use these words, he indicated to my friend as follows: "If you are a genuine blackguard the police won't let you go; if you are not a genuine blackguard you are not really one of us."

My friend said that that would be all



Profiteer Host. "I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO DRINK THE FIZZ OUT OF PORT GLASSES."

Profiteer Guest. "OH, WE DON'T MIND ROUGHIN' IT; WE'RE ALL SPORTSMEN, I TAKE IT."

right, and they agreed to meet later on. He then went to the police and explained that he was about to be entrusted with important letters to carry over the frontier, if they would afford the necessary facilities. The police also were practical and, without wishing in any way to hurt his feelings, raised the question of his being genuine. Genuine was, of course, the very last thing he was claiming to be, but he understood what they meant, said that that would be all right and arranged a later appointment. He then called on the President and found him duly suspicious.

"I've had a talk with the police," said my friend, "and I've told them all about you and your messages, and they are going to give me the facilities and I am going to give them the messages."

This was the first occasion on which the President had had to handle the plain truth, and he didn't know what to do or say next.

"Give me some dud messages, of course," said my friend, and the President, thinking what a bright young Socialist this was, complied.

He then went back to the police. "I've had a talk with the President," said he, "and I've told them all about you and your interest in the messages, and here the messages are; and you needn't worry to read them because they are dud."

The police had also got so unused to the truth from such quarters that they were taken aback when they met it.

"And now have I your full confidence?" said he, and they said that he might take it that he had. He then went back to the President.

"Good morning, Mr. President," said he. "I have given your messages to the police and told them they are dud messages, so that now I have their full confidence and can move about as I like. Give me the real messages and I'll be getting on with my journey."

Throwing precaution to the winds, the President wrote out the real messages in full and handed them to him.

"Come, come, come," said he, "you must be more careful than that," and he told him what he ought to do to make sure. He did it.

My friend then proceeded to the frontier, where, by arrangement, he was arrested. In the inside pocket of his inside coat a bundle of messages were found. The police nodded at him.

"Yes," they said, "here are the messages all right. We don't know that they help much, but we suppose that we mustn't blame you."

"Come, come, come," said my friend, "if you doubt me, search me." They did so, and, written on linen and sewn into the lining of his coat, they found some more messages, which really did help them.

Yours ever, HENRY.
(To be continued.)

Relatives without Antecedents.

"YOUTHFUL HOSTESSES.—A few years ago when a bachelor entertained he invited his aunt or his mother to act as hostess for him. Now he asks his grand-daughter."—*Daily Paper.*

"Ostensibly £1t was a move to check the ever-rising cost of living, and in a way not fully realised by the public £1t was a method of riveting control on the industry."

Evening Paper.

With money flung about like this the cost of living is bound to go up again.



SINISTER SIGNS FROM SOUTH KENSINGTON.

Alarmed House Agent. "MADAM, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY PARTNER?"

Client. "I WAS JUST GIVING PARTICULARS OF MY FLAT, WHICH I AM ANXIOUS TO LET, AND WHEN I SAID, 'NO PREMIUM REQUIRED,' HE CRUMPLED UP AS IF HE'D BEEN SHOT."

SI JEUNESSE SAVAIT.

[The taking of finger-prints of all new-born babies is advocated. These will be useful for identification at trials, inquests, etc., since the pattern of the print does not change from the cradle to the grave.]

WITH paternal pride I used to glow
When the neighbours dropped their pleasant hints
How like Daddy Reginald would grow,
But to-day they took his finger-prints;
Now I am convinced they spoke in haste—
Such expressions show a lack of taste.

Operator was a kindly man,
Formerly a sergeant of police;
Dipped our Reggie's digits in a pan
Filled with printers' ink and oil and grease,
Pressed them on a card and soothed his moans,
Saying "Diddums" in official tones.

Mother stood and gazed upon the thing,
Lovingly as doting mothers do;
Asked, "Does Reggie's hieroglyphic bring
Memories of famous men to you—
Men who, having made their lives sublime,
Left their thumb-prints on the sands of time?"

"Will it be his destiny to write
Or to earn a living with his brains?
Will he share a 'loop' with GRAHAME WHITE?
Do his 'arches' pair with those of BAINES?
Is there similarity between
Reggie's 'whorls' and those of M. MASSINE?"

Operator coughed behind his hand,
Moved his feet and shook his hoary head,
Thrust his fingers in his bellyband,
Then at last reluctantly he said,
"I've encountered in the course of biz
Many prints that much resembled his.

"One, I mind me, such impressions made;
P'raps you never heard of Ginger Hicks,
Him what done in uncle with a spade
Down in Canning Town in ninety-six?
Ginger was a wrong 'un from the fust;
As a child he bellowed fit to-bust.

"Then there was another, something like,
Got a lifer seven years ago;
Surely you remember Mealy Mike,
Robbery with violence at Bow?
Michael's thumb-print, though of larger size,
Was the spit of Reggie's otherwise.

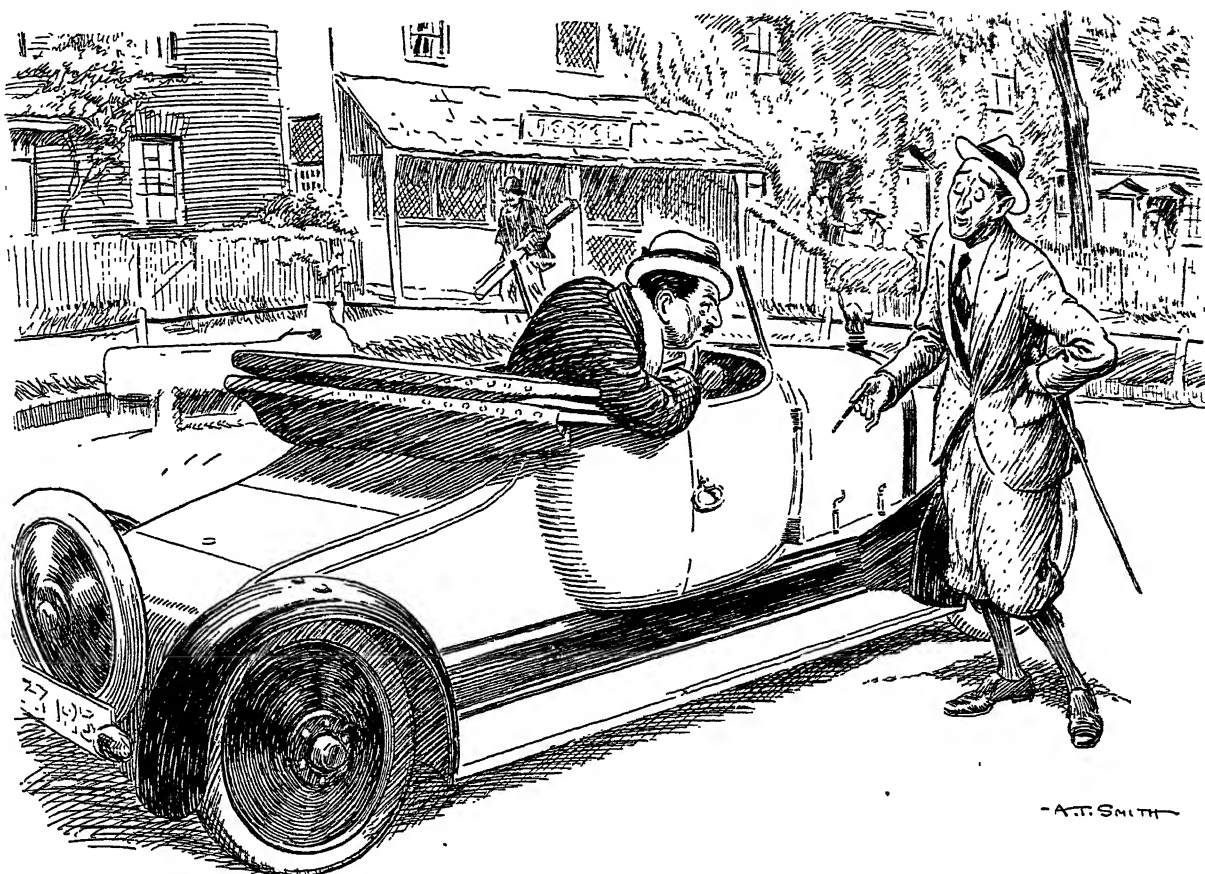
"Then again his lines could be compared——"
Mother snatched her precious up and fled,
Pausing once to ask him how he dared
Put such notions in um's little head.
Her departure mid a storm of kissing
Put the lid on further reminiscing.



ALADDIN AND THE MINER'S LAMP.

THE GENIE. "I AM THE SLAVE OF THE LAMP. I THINK YOU SUMMONED ME."

MR. SMILLIE. "YES, I KNOW. BUT I DIDN'T REALISE YOU'D BE SO UGLY."



"YES, A NICE LITTLE BUS. BUT I SAY, OLD TOP, THE FOOTBOARDS ARE DEUCEDLY LOW. IF YOU RAN OVER ANYONE YOU MIGHT BE CAPSIZED—WHAT?"

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY SHOCKER.

John Antony Grunch was one of the mildest, most innocent men I ever knew. He had a wife to whom he was devoted with a dog-like devotion; he went to church; he was shy and reserved, and he held a mediocre position in a firm of envelope-makers in the City. But he had a romantic soul, and whenever the public craving for envelopes fell off—and that is seldom—he used to allay his secret passion for danger, devilry and excitement by writing sensational novels. One of these was recently published, and John Antony is now dead. The novel did it.

Yet it was a very mild sort of "shocker," about a very ordinary murder. The villain simply slew one of his typists in the counting-house with a sword-umbrella and concealed his guilt by putting her in a pillar-box. But it had "power," and it was very favourably reviewed. One critic said that "the author, who was obviously a woman, had treated with singular delicacy and feeling the ever-urgent problem of female employment in our great industrial centres." Another said that the book was "a brilliant burlesque of the fashionable type of detective fiction." Another

wrote that "it was a conscientious analysis of a perplexing phase of agricultural life." John thought that must refer to the page where he had described the allotments at Shepherd's Bush. But he was pleased and surprised by what they said.

What he did *not* like was the interpretation offered by his family and his friends, who at once decided that the work was the autobiography of John Antony. You see, the scene was laid in London, and John lived in London; the murdered girl was a typist, and there were two typists in John's office; and, to crown all, the villain in the book had a boar-hound, and John himself had a Skye-terrier. The thing was as plain as could be. Men he met in the City said, "How's that boar-hound of yours?" or "I like that bit where you hit the policeman. When did you do that?" "You," mark you. Old friends took him aside and whispered, "Very sorry to hear you don't hit it off with Mrs. Grunch; I always thought you were such a happy couple." His wife's family said, "Poor Gladys! what a life she must have had!" His own family said, "Poor John! what a life she must have led him to make him go off with that adventuress!" Several people

identified the adventuress as Miss Crook, the Secretary of the local Mothers' Welfare League, of which John was a vice-president.

The fog of suspicion swelled and spread and penetrated into every cranny and level of society. No servants would come near the house, or if they did they soon stumbled on a copy of the shocker while doing the drawing-room, read it voraciously and rushed screaming out of the front-door. When he took a parcel of washing to the post-office the officials refused to accept it until he had opened it and shown that there were no bodies in it.

The animal kingdom is very sensitive to the suspicion of guilt. John noticed that dogs avoided him, horses neighed at him, earwigs fled from him in horror, caterpillars madly spun themselves into cocoons as he approached, owls hooted, snakes hissed. Only Mrs. Grunch remained faithful.

But one morning at breakfast Mrs. Grunch said, "Pass the salt, please, John." John didn't hear. He was reading a letter. Mrs. Grunch said again, "Pass the salt, please, John." John was still engrossed. Mrs. Grunch wanted the salt pretty badly, so she got up and fetched it. As she did so she noticed



"THERE BE MRS. ROUSE'S, OVER AGIN THE CHURCH. I BELIEVE SHE DO PUT UP WITH LODGERS."

that the handwriting of the letter was the handwriting of A Woman. Worse, it was written on the embossed paper of the Mothers' Welfare League. It must be from Miss Crook. *And it was.* It was about the annual outing. "Ah, ha!" said Mrs. Grunch. (I am afraid that "Ah, ha!" doesn't really convey to you the sort of sound she made, but you must just imagine.) "Ah, ha! So *that's* why you couldn't pass the salt!"

Mad with rage, hatred, fear, chagrin, pique, jealousy and indigestion, John rushed out of the house and went to the office. At the door of the office he met one of the typists. He held the door open for her. She simpered and refused to go in front of him. Being still mad with rage, hatred, chagrin and all those other things, John made a cross gesture with his umbrella. With a shrill, shuddering shriek of "Murder!" the girl cantered violently down Ludgate Hill and was never seen again. Entering the office, John found two detectives waiting to ask him a few questions in connection with the Newcastle Pig-sty Murder, which

had been done with some pointed instrument, probably an umbrella.

After that *The Daily Horror* rang up and asked if he would contribute an article to their series on "Is Bigamy Worth While?"

Having had enough rushing for one day John walked slowly out into the street, trying to remember the various ways in which his characters had committed suicide. He threw himself over the Embankment wall into the river, but fell in a dinghy which he had not noticed; he bought some poison, but the chemist recognised his face from a photograph in the Literary Column of *The Druggist* and gave him ipecacuanha (none of you can spell that); he thought of cutting his throat, but broke his thumb-nail trying to open the big blade, and gave it up. Desperate, he decided to go home. At Victoria he was hustled along the platform on the pretence that there is more room in the rear of trains. Finally he was hustled on to the line and electrocuted.

And everybody said, "So it *was* true."

A. P. H.

Commercial Candour.

From an Indian trade-circular:—

"We believe in making a Small Profit and selling Everybody rather than making a Big Profit and selling only a Few."

"Wanted for Tea Estate, Nilgiris, good climate Superintendent."—*Indian Paper.*

We could do with one here, too.

"THE WANDERING JEW,
E. TEMPLE THURSTON'S WANDERFUL PLAY."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

And still the wander grew.

"When the Prime Minister, accompanied by Mr. Lloyd George, appeared a magnificent ovation was accorded them."—*Welsh Paper.*

This tends to confirm the statements in the anti-Coalition Press that the PRIME MINISTER was beside himself.

From an examination-paper at a girls' school:—

Question. Why are the days in summer longer than those in winter?

Answer. Because they are warmer and therefore expand.

ERNEST EXPERIMENTS.

THERE is no doubt that Ernest was to blame. I know, of course, that he meant well. But a passion for fresh air, unless it is checked in time, is bound to lead one into all sorts of trouble.

You see, Ernest suffers so from theories. He has theories about eating, sleeping and waking, talking and thinking; but those on fresh air are the worst (or perhaps I ought to say the best) of all. Not that we, who constitute his family, would object to his theories if he didn't get us involved in them as well; but that is exactly what does happen. There was, for example, the camping-out proposition.

It began with Mother sitting at a table one evening in the early autumn and jotting down figures. Her brow was troubled. "We really can't afford a holiday this year, girls," she said, "though I suppose we shall *have* to. What with the price of everything just now and——" She then went on to speak with hostility of things like the Government and Sir ERIC GEDDES, though she is a peaceable woman as a rule.

Whereupon Ernest, who was at the open window engaged in a little quiet biceps-training (we won't allow him to do the more rowdy muscular exercises in the living-room), remarked, "But why should we be subjected to these eternal trammels of civilisation? Isn't the open country man's rightful heritage?"

"I see the prices have gone up at the select boarding-house where we stayed last year and met such nice people," went on Mother, ignoring Ernest. "It's five guineas a week each now."

"Monstrous," put in Ernest again. "Five guineas a week just to breathe the pure air of Heaven."

"Oh, they give you more than that," said Mother, "though I suspect the meat isn't English."

Ernest laughed sardonically. "Now let me tell you of my plan," he said, taking a newspaper cutting from his pocket. "Here is my solution to the holiday problem, and it certainly doesn't cost five guineas a week. Why not adopt it?"

"Why, it's an umbrella," commented Mother, feeling for her glasses. "But surely you don't expect it to rain all the time?"

"That is not an umbrella, it is an illustration of a portable tent," explained Ernest. "The canvas folds up and can be carried in the pocket, while the pole also folds and is convertible into a walking-stick by day.

Thus you are able to camp where you will; throw off the shackles of convention——"

"It may be all right for throwing off the shackles of convention," remarked Mother, "but nothing would induce me to undress in a thing like that."

"But when it's erected it's perfectly solid——"

"So am I," said Mother, "and I like room to turn round. No, Ernest, I am as fond of fresh air as anyone—you know I always have my bedroom window open at least two inches at night—but air is not everything. Give me a comfortable bed and good catering if I am to go on holiday and enjoy it. You can please yourself."

That is the mistake Mother made. Ernest ought not to be allowed to please himself. He doesn't know what is good for him. And, when he departed on his walking tour accompanied by his tent, his sponge-bag, a copy of OMAR KHAYYAM, but very little else, Mother felt uneasy.

"What will happen if you get your feet wet?" she asked. "I'm sure you ought to take more things with you, Ernest."

"What more do I want?" he demanded, "'A loaf of bread beneath the bough——'"

"A loaf of bread indeed!" echoed Mother. "Fiddlesticks! Mind you get at least three good meals a day." She



Visitor. "LUCKY TO FIND A HAIRDRESSER IN A SMALL VILLAGE LIKE THIS."

Native. "WELL, BE RIGHTS IT'S MY SON'S BUSINESS AND 'E'S AWAY; BUT I'VE DONE A WUNNERFUL DEAL OF 'ORSE-CLIPPIN'."



"SORRY TO HEAR YOUR HUSBAND IS LAID UP AGAIN, MRS. GRIGGS."

"YES. THE TROUBLE IS HE BE AN OLD MAN, AND HE WILL TURN A DEAF EAR TO THE WRITIN' ON THE WALL."

then gave him the address of the boarding-house where we had finally decided to spend our holidays and told him to send her a wire at once if he got a cold in the head.

* * * * *

It was the hour of dinner at the Select Boarding Establishment (sep. tables, 3 mins. sea, elec. lt., mod.) where we had spent ten days of our entirely select holiday. Everyone was assembled in the lounge hall waiting for the gong to announce the meal. Mother, basking her soul in the atmosphere of gentility, was chatting with the half-sister of a bishop, who was just remarking that Mother must call on her in town, when a strange *fracas* was heard at the back of the hall; a mo-

ment later a strange figure thrust itself in our midst and looked wildly round.

"Ernest!" murmured Mother faintly. She was a wise woman to know her own child under the circumstances. Perhaps she identified the tent-pole to which he was still clinging. Otherwise he was scarcely recognisable. His hair was wild and unkempt, his clothing torn and damaged. His boots clung to his feet by the uppers only and were held together by fragments of a sponge-bag.

"Mother!" said Ernest, singling her out from amongst the gay throng. The moment was dramatic.

"I—I was arrested," went on Ernest. He spoke in a purely conversational tone, but it's surprising how far the human voice will carry at times. Every-

body about the place, including the lift-boy and the Belgian waiter, seemed to hear that remark.

"Arrested?" whispered Mother in reverberating tone-waves.

"Yes. How was I to know that I had pitched my tent on private property and was unwittingly trespassing? They would have prosecuted me if I hadn't—"

"You had better come up to my room and explain there," interposed Mother; and we followed her, a broken woman, to the lift. People fell aside to make a passage for us.

Mother held up until she got to her own room. Then she sat down and cried. "Why did you disgrace us like this?" she asked at last of Ernest. "Was it necessary for you to come here?"

"I had to," said Ernest apologetically. "You see I hadn't any money."

Mother looked up quickly. "But what of the extra ten pounds I insisted on your taking with you in case of emergency?"

Ernest appeared slightly shamefaced. "Well, when those fatuous asses hauled me up for trespassing they left me in the charge of a gamekeeper while they 'phoned for the police. I induced the chap to let me go, and I had to square him with a tenner."

There was a long pause. Mother's mind seemed to be working at some abstruse calculation. Then she dried her eyes and looked up with the triumphant smile of the woman who gets the last word and wins her point.

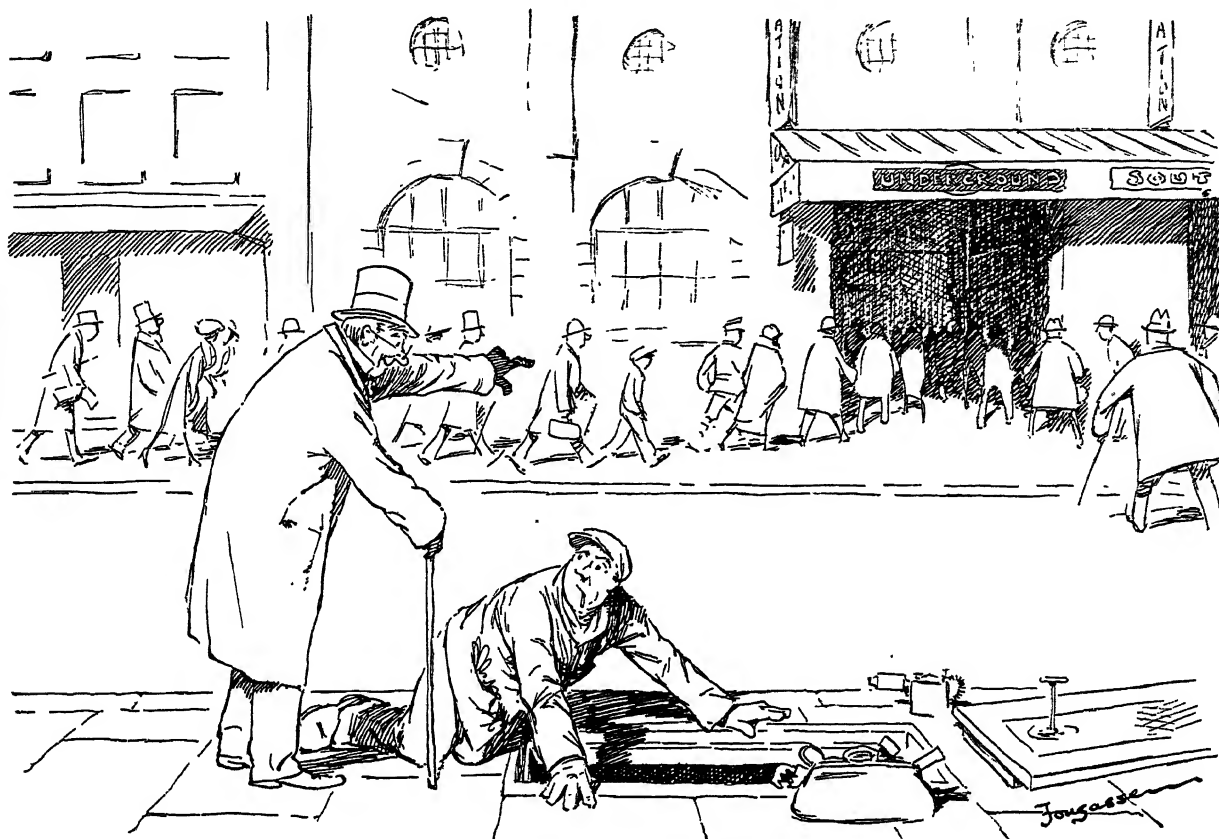
"And so, Ernest," she said, "it *did* cost you five guineas a week to 'breathe the pure air of Heaven' after all."

PRAWLING'S THEORY.

(By a Student of Jargon.)

By the courtesy of Professor Prawling, F.R.S., who has supplied us with the MS. of his recent lecture before the Psycho-Economical Society, we are in a position to give our readers a full account of that masterly and epoch-making address, of which, strange to say, no adequate notice has so far appeared in any newspaper.

Professor Prawling's credentials, we may premise, are of a nature to inspire the utmost confidence. His father, Theodore Prawling, was the inventor of the speedle, that remarkable implement, fully described by *Punch* in the early seventies, which rendered possible the emulsification of all gelatinoid substances and revolutionised the marmalade industry. He is duly commemorated by the fine statue which is one of the principal features of Dundee. His son, however, has even greater



"I TRUST YOU'LL EXCUSE ME MENTIONING IT, MY GOOD FELLOW, BUT THAT IS THE RIGHT ENTRANCE—ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE ROAD."

claims on our respect and admiration. Educated at the High School, Crieff, and the Universities of Glasgow, Upsala, the Sorbonne and Princeton, he is generally recognised in the United States as the foremost authority on Pædological Gongorism and the cognate science of Mendelian Economics.

The problem with which he grapples in his latest contribution to these fascinating studies may be tersely summed up in a single sentence: Can a healthy metabolism be superinduced on an economic system already showing symptoms of extrinsic conglucination?

Professor Prawling is of opinion that it *can*, but only if and when the evils of co-partnership and co-operation have been neutralized by a diastolic synthesis. To compute exactly the extent to which these evils have been developed he has devised a syncretic abacus, in which, on the principle of the spectroscope, the aplanatic foci are arranged in fluorescent nodules each equidistant from the metacentre. With a frankness that cannot be too highly commended, Professor Prawling admits that this instrument is founded on BENTHAM'S Panopticon. But the deviations from BENTHAM and the expansions of his machine are far more

remarkable than the resemblances to it. Prawling—if he will allow us the familiarity—is not a utilitarian. His aim is to re-establish our textile pre-eminence by reconciling monistic individualism with the fullest solidarity of the social complex. He is meticulously careful in stressing the point that the demarcations arrived at by the use of his abacus are not absolute, but conditioned by EINSTEIN'S theory of relativity. The ancillary industries, each moving in its orbit, whether jurassic or botulistic, must be placed on a contractual basis with liberty of preferential retaliation. Thus the whole industrial polyphony is linked up by enharmonic modulations, and thrombosis—or, at any rate, conglucination—of the central ganglia of commerce is reduced to negligible dimensions.

At this juncture it is well to point out in the interests of clarity that regurgitation can only be avoided by a rigorous adhesion to the canon of CRITTENDEN—that the unit of nutrition must vary inversely with the square of dilution.

It will thus be seen that by the logical application of a few simple and easily apprehended principles Professor Prawling has built up a great edifice of practical economics, which, whether we

regard it in its subliminal or its pragmatic aspects, cannot fail to have influence on the dynamics of International Industrialism.

One word more. The conglucination theory appeals with especial force to *Punch*, because it reminds him of the kindred and remarkable speculation on Snooling discussed by him many years ago. The new theory, like the old, deserves to be treated "in no spirit of sedentary sentimentalism, but in its largest and most oleaginous entirety. It is no plan for fixing hat-pegs in a passage, nor is it a mode of treating neuralgia with treacle." How true and appropriate this is. *Mutatis mutandis* we may add the further statement that it is "the truest and tenderest thesis that can occupy the most calculating cosmopolite." The corporate pursuit of a granulated conglucination is perhaps the highest achievement of which the present generation is capable.

More Impending Apologies.

"Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Rouen, has been translated, as most of us expected, to the Archbishopric in Paris. Being a very distinguished man of letters, the Académie Française would like to include him among the Immortals, but, alas! they are 'full inside.'"

Evening Paper.

HEADLINING.

THE thrilling incident of the stray cat at "Chez Nous" is never likely to get into the newspapers. On the other hand, lots of incidents which do get in never deserve to. It's all a question of head-lining, which is the bluff by which the public is induced to read matter it would otherwise skip.

The affair began while I was in the City. I learnt afterwards that Marjorie (my wife) was crooning to her needles the unmetrical jumper lullaby, "Six purl, eight plain; then the same all over again." Anyhow she was knitting, when she suddenly found herself looking into the wistful eyes of a tortoiseshell cat which had appeared—merely appeared.

As she told me, she softly exclaimed, "A cat!" (right first time); then, because it looked so wistful, she directed the maid to set before the creature a saucer of milk. In fact—

HOMELESS BLACK-AND-TAN.
LUCKY CHANCE CALL.
TOOTING GOOD SAMARITAN.

When I arrived home, Marjorie ran into the hall to give me one of her smooth evening kisses. I stepped forward to exchange it for one of my stubbly ones when—

"Oh, Jack," said Marjorie, "you've trodden on her!"

"Her," I said. "Who's 'her'?"
"The dearest little tortoiseshell stray cat," replied Marjorie. "You really might have been more careful."

"I say, that's rather unfair," I said. "I stagger home tired to the teeth after a particularly thin day in the City, followed by a sardine-tin journey, and my own wife turns on me in favour of the first outcast cat that comes along. It's enough to drive a man to dope." Or, as the headlines would have it:—

NEAR BREAKING-POINT.
STRAIN OF BUSINESS LIFE.
ORIGIN OF THE DRUG HABIT.

After a bath and a change I felt better, and came down to dinner humming a sentimental ballad in Marjorie's honour. But the word "love" died on my lips when I saw that in the lap of Marjorie's pretty pink gown reposed the stray cat. The colour-clash and the misapplication of caresses which should have been my monopoly threw me back with a jerk to a state of bearishness.

"Surely you're not going to keep that animal?" I asked.

"Of course I am, as long as she likes to stay," said Marjorie. "She's very fond of me, aren't you, pussy? Fonder than my husband, I 'spect."

"I know these stray cats," I said. "Stiff with microbes. Tribes of mangy lovers prowling round the house. A nest of kittens in my top-hat. I know."

"Poor li'l pussy," cooed Marjorie. "Don'tum listen to the big coarse man."

"Coarse be—"

In other (and more suitable) words—

HUSBAND'S PROFANITY.
MASK OFF AFTER TWO YEARS.
PEEVISH ABOUT WIFE'S PET.

Marjorie said coldly that she didn't know I had such a temper. I said hotly that I didn't know she could be so infantile.

We went on discovering things we hadn't known about each other:—

THE TESTING TIME
IN CONJUGAL FELICITY,
IS IT THE THIRD YEAR?

Dinner was an ordeal. I felt miles apart from Marjorie. A great gulf filled with black-and-yellow cat lay between us. Once only the topic of the beast arose (on the subject of fish-bones) and just as I was becoming big and coarse again the maid entered with the joint. She must have heard what I said.

SHOULD SERVANTS TELL?
BACKDOOR SCANDAL.

Still, the meal itself was a cheering one, and, after Marjorie had risen, the sentimental ballad mood gained on me again. After all, what was a stray cat compared with one's marriage vows? If the dear girl wanted to keep the thing we would have it vetted, definitely named, and warned as to followers.

Marjorie's voice interrupted my amiable planning. "Puss, puss," she called. I joined her and stated my decision to relent.

"But she's vanished," said Marjorie. She had. And she has never come back. Ah! those stray cats.

NINE LIVES—SPENT WHERE?
FOUR-FOOTED NOMADS.
FICKLE FELINE FRIENDSHIPS.

"Look here, old girl," I said, "I take back all I said about your little friend. I'm with you that she was the dearest, most hygienic, most moral cat that ever strafed a mouse."

"Perhaps it's all for the best that she's gone," said Marjorie.

The dear girl inclined her head towards my shoulder. Well, well.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS
TO KNOW.
IS KISSING DYING OUT?
PRACTICIANS SAY "NO."

More Precocity.

"Unfurnished Rooms wanted (two or three), with attendance; one child, 4½ years; at business all day."—*Provincial Paper*.

LOVE'S HANDICAP.

[A daily paper points out that many girls find their sweethearts in print, and expresses the hope that when "a real man comes along he may be as brave and tender, as cheery and clean-living," as these heroes of fiction.]

DEAR lady, put down for a minute
That book which you eagerly scan,
Intent upon finding within it
Your perfect ideal of a man;
Its pages reflectively closing,
Consider a moment the strain
Your standard may soon be imposing
Upon some susceptible swain.

Those heroes whose fortunes you follow
I've noticed are able to show
The unparalleled charms of Apollo,
The muscles of SAMSON and Co.;
But he who comes seeking to win you
May have, for supporting his plea,
A palpable shortage of sinew
And beauty distinctly C 3.

And, unprepossessing in mien, he
May also lack some of the art
With which Saccharissa the Tweeny
Was wooed by Sir Marmaduke, Bart.;
His tongue may (conceivably) stammer,
His heart (not impossibly) quake,
And in stress of emotion his grammar
May even develop a shake.

But pause ere you "spurn his addresses;"

His merits may still be as high
As the sort that your hero possesses,
Though they leap not so quick to the eye;

At the least, you've the comfort of knowing,

Since his heart at *your* feet he has placed,

That in one thing at least he is showing
A wholly impeccable taste.

How Some Advertisers
"Tell the Tale."

"We spin the yarn ourselves."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

"FULL TERM."

AN IMPRESSION AT CAMBRIDGE.

I watch the faces of the 'men,' boys in so many cases, jumping from their trains; from the north, the south, the east, the west they come, and they come not alone but *donna ferentes*—they carry tennis-racquets, golf-sticks, cycles, sidecars, kitbags, gladstone-bags, trunks, hold-alls."—*Evening Paper*.

Hefty chaps, these post-war undergraduates.

"Question.—How much has the time for crossing the ocean been shortened since the day of Columbus?
T. E. C.

Answer.—Idaho is a North American Indian word meaning 'Gem of the Mountains' or 'Sunrise Mountains.'

Boston (Massachusetts) Herald.

We hope that T. E. C. isn't going to be put off with such a simple device as this.



Injured Party. "IT'S ALL VERY WELL, PASSON, FOR YOU TO SAY WOT 'ORRIBLE LANGWIDGE, BUT 'APPEN YOUR MISSIS AIN'T SUCH A GOOD SHOT WITH A FLAT-IRON AS MINE IS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is certainly this to be said of Mr. HUGH WALPOLE—that, having devised a tale of gloom, he allows no weak consideration for his readers' feelings to deter him from making the worst of it. I write, having but now emerged, blinking a little at the familiar sunlight (yet oddly invigorated too), from a perusal of the four-hundred-and-seventy pages of his *Captives* (MACMILLAN). Of course I have nothing like space to detail for you its plot. Summarised, it tells the life of a young woman, *Maggie Cardinal*, whom one may briefly call the bemused victim of religions—and relations. You never knew any well-intentioned heroine who had such abysmal luck with both. Her clergyman father, a bad hat, who spared us his acquaintance by expiring on the first page; her semi-moribund aunts in their detestable London home; the circle of the Inner Saints, with their intrigues that centred in the ugly little meeting-house; the seaside parish with its spiritually-dead atmosphere, in which *Maggie's* hopeless married life is spent—all these and more are realised with an art that is almost devastating in its unforced effect. Sometimes I hoped that such universal drabness was too bad to be true; one caught touches of manipulation, times in which these poor *Captives* seemed bound less by the chains of circumstance than by the wires of Mr. WALPOLE. The queer result was that I found myself believing in his compellingly human characters, but protesting that such unbroken misfortune could not, or need not, have encompassed them. To take an example, when *Maggie's* "tipsy" uncle was shown into the Vicarage

drawing-room on her "At Home day," no other guests had yet arrived. Surely therefore (save for peremptory orders from Mr. WALPOLE) she might somehow have removed the culprit to another room, or at least denied herself to subsequent callers, who included (of course) the most influential and scandal-mongering of the parish ladies. That is the kind of rather piled-up agony that made me suspect Mr. WALPOLE of letting his fortitude get at times the better of his commonsense. But he has written a big book.

Mr. E. F. BENSON, of whom it might justly be said that he produces not books but libraries (and the quality of his output under these circumstances remains for me amongst the literary wonders of the age), has been at it again. Hardly have I finished laughing over *Queen Lucia*, when I find him claiming a wholly different interest with a volume of personal recollections called *Our Family Affairs* (CASSELL). By its theme and treatment this is work standing naturally a little outside criticism; but I can say at once that Mr. BENSON has never written with a more sympathetic charm than in these pictures of the childhood of himself and his sister and brothers; of the various scholastic and ecclesiastical homes to which the increasing dignities of that rather alarming parent, the Archbishop, transported his family; and (quite the best and most attractive portrait in the collection) of the mother whom all of them united to adore. There is an actual photograph of her here, taken at the age of twenty, which goes far to explain how she came to be the heroine of the story; the lurking gaiety and laughter of it quaintly foretelling the great ecclesiastical lady who, on one occasion when the Archbishop was absent, could an-

nounce to her enraptured children that family prayers should be remitted, "as a treat!" Schooldays at Wellington; Cambridge; some topical memoirs of the Georgian régime in Athens, and (what will interest many readers most of all) the history of the origin of that famous lady, *Dodo*—these are but a selection from the contents of a volume that should find hosts of friends.

The Girl in Fancy Dress (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) was so very much disguised in one way and another that *Anthony*, the hero, when he asked her to marry him, even for the second time, was taking considerable risks. The speed of the affair must also have been bewildering. *Cynthia*, the heiress, arrives on a Thursday to stay with his people, but, having tumbled out of a motor-car into a wet ditch on her way, she is dressed, rather like a stage coster-girl, in garments borrowed from a cottager. Naturally, as of course a nursery-governess is much more likely than an heiress to look like that, *Anthony's* people mistake her for a poor country cousin who is also expected, and *Cynthia*, discovering that her host and hostess and their dreary daughters intend the heiress to marry *Anthony* and, worse than that, that he has called her "the goose with the golden eggs," fosters the mistake and does her best to pay them all out. She leaves on the following Tuesday, but before that *Anthony* has taken her to one dance as a peasant girl and she has talked to him at another disguised as a green domino, and he has proposed to her as his cousin and withdrawn his declaration when he finds she isn't. Next he sees her as *Lady Teazle* in amateur theatricals, and then comes his final meeting with her in her proper person, which brings about a satisfactory ending for everyone but *Cynthia's* other lover. I don't say that all these things couldn't have happened; I only say that as a rule they don't. Apart from that, the bright bustling action of Mrs. J. E. BUCKROSE's story has a cheerful charm of its own, and *Cynthia*, as poor relation of one of the anxiously best families in a little country town, provides some amusing situations—for the reader.

If the shade of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is jealous of its rights and its copyrights, Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL may look to be hauled up before the Recording Angel, on his arrival, in the matter of his *Black Bartlemy's Treasure* (SAMPSON LOW), which he might just as well have called *Black Bartlemy's Treasure Island* and have done. Never was such frank adoption of ideas; and yet no God-fearing, adventure-loving Englishman will regret it. For all my devotion to R. L. S. I heartily enjoyed this elaboration of his idea, split me (to quote the thorough-going language of it)—split me crosswise else! There are forty-seven chapters and a bloody fight in every one of them, save in the dozen set apart for an interval of refreshment and romance in the

middle. Nay, but was not the primitive romance a gentler combat, itself, between *Martin Conisby* and *Lady Joan Brandon*, marooned, solitary, upon the Island where they did find (and lose) a treasure even greater than *Black Bartlemy's*? After having "consorted with pirates and like rogues" and having "endured much of harms and dangers, as battle, shipwreck, prison and solitude," it seemed we had sighted happiness at last. But even at the very end things took an ill turn and our *Martin*, our dear *Martin*, is left stranded and in sorry plight. Yet must there be a sequel to this. Had he been left to die on the Island he could not have told us his story thus far; moreover his last word is that the tale is yet to finish. May I be there to hear!

I rather think that the lady who elects to write under the name of O. DOUGLAS did less than justice to the peculiar quality of her own gifts in calling her last story *Penny Plain* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Because really such confectionery as this, covered inches deep with the sweetest and smoothest and pinkest of sugar, could never in these days be bought for many pennies, while as for "plain" . . . ! Most of the plot (which really isn't at all the right word for such caramel-stuff) takes place in a small Scottish town, where lives a family of book-children, mothered by an elder sister named *Jean*, all of them rich in char-r-r-m but poor in cash. To this town comes, first, a pleasant single lady with a lord for her brother; secondly an aged man full of money; and, because the family (and the tale) is what it is, *Jean*, in fewer chapters than you would easily credit, has clasped

the young lord to her breast and is saying the correct things to the family lawyer of the aged man concerning the responsibilities of being his heiress. So there you have it. I doubt whether anything even temporarily unpleasant so much as suggests itself; for "O. DOUGLAS" has apparently discovered that, in a world still struggling with stale peace-bread, her pink sugar-cakes are not only cheerful to cook but likely to prove highly remunerative.

A Confession.

"The — Manufacturing Co. (The Profitreering Stranglers)."
Advt. in *Provincial Paper*.

"Wanted, 1,000 pairs running shoes for local expeditionary force about to be organised."—*North China Daily News*.
The wise commander always prepares for a retreat.

The limits of age for entrance to the [Royal Air Force] college will be from 15½ to 1 years."—*Daily Paper*.

"Percy — has recently joined the R.A.F. He is only 199 years of age."—*Local Paper*.

We are sorry for PERCY, who will probably get the "push" as soon as the authorities find out that he has exceeded their very liberal age-limit.



TACT IN TIME.

King Alfred (to shopman). "AH! I SEE YOU STOCK MY PATENT CANDLE-CLOCKS. HOW ARE THEY SELLING?"

Shopman. "THEY'RE SELLING LIKE HOT— I MEAN THERE'S QUITE A RUN ON THEM, YOUR MAJESTY."

CHARIVARIA.

SOME idea of the evils consequent on a coal strike can be obtained when we hear there was talk of a football match in the North having to be cancelled.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is certainly most unlucky. As a result of the coal strike the New World has again been postponed.

We are assured that everything has been done to safeguard our food supply. We ourselves have heard of one grocer who has sufficient fresh eggs to last him for many months.

"Large numbers of South Wales miners left by train yesterday for the seaside," says *Lloyd's News*. Unfortunately they did not travel by the Datum Line.

The Opera House at Covent Garden is to be used as a cinema theatre. Meanwhile the House of Commons remains firm.

The *Daily Mail* Prize Hat has now been chosen, though it is not yet definitely decided whether the wearing of it will be made compulsory. If it is, we understand that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL will apply for exemption.

Thieves have broken into the railway station at Blaenau Festiniog and stolen a quantity of chocolate. Apparently with the idea of confusing the police, they left the name of the station behind them.

Twenty-one persons have been injured as the result of the explosion of a bomb in a first-class carriage on the Brazil Central Railway. The culprit, we understand, has written to the company expressing regret, but pointing out that no seat was available in a third-class carriage.

A ship's cook has been fined twenty shillings for refusing to join his ship, his excuse being that he had seen a rat as big as a cat in the cabin. It was pointed out to him that only ship's officers are entitled to see rats in the cabin.

A company has been formed at Stockholm for storing wind power. There should be a great demand for the

insides of some puff pastry that we know of.

An American has invented an aeroplane capable of remaining in the air for hours and hours. This is nothing to Mr. ASQUITH's Irish solution, which is guaranteed to remain in the air for years and years.

Brides are getting rather tired of Harris's lilies, says a writer in *The Daily Graphic*. It is only natural that brides should become rather bored if they always wear the same sort of flowers every time they're married.

Mr. E. VAN INGEN, a New York merchant now in London, boasts that

"What is the right age for a man to marry?" asks Miss GERTIE WENTWORTH-JAMES. The answer is, Not yet.

While addressing a meeting of miners an extremist declared that the idle rich were the cause of all industrial troubles. It has since been reported that several of the audience immediately proceeded home and told themselves off in front of a mirror.

We understand that the miners greatly desire that Ireland will remain quiet for a short period, and thus refrain from distracting public attention from their cause.

"Lord Northcliffe," says *The New York World*, "is always in advance of public opinion." This is a fitting rejoinder to those who tell us that he is always behind *The Times*.

We cull the following from a speech of Senator HARDING: "As I note the cornfields I am reminded that we still plough the land and plant and cultivate the fields in order to grow crops." We would remind the Senator that, with the Elections drawing daily nearer, the habit of making such sweeping and unguarded statements as the above is extremely dangerous.

We advise all readers to stick to their own particular newspaper, as a sudden change might upset the

"net sales" which are being so carefully compiled at the present moment.

The up-to-date song-writer, says a musical journal, must strike a sad and soulful note this season. We are already engaged in writing "The Scotsman's Farewell to his Corkscrew."

A theatrical writer informs us that *The Laughing Husband* will be revived this year. Not in our suburb, unless the cost of living drops considerably.

"The modern Hydra, embracing innumerable adverse factors, would appear at least as many headed as the ancient, for as fast as one is more or less effectively decapitated up comes another to upset the applecart."

Financial Paper.

Classical students will, of course, remember how cleverly Hercules made use of this habit of the Hydra to secure the apples of the Hesperides.



Betty. "GRANDMA, I KNOW MY TWELVE TIMES."

Grandma. "DO YOU, DEAR? WELL, WHAT ARE TWELVE TIMES THIRTEEN?"

Betty. "DON'T BE SILLY, GRANDMA. THERE ISN'T SUCH A THING"

he has crossed the Atlantic one hundred and sixty-eight times. It may be against the Prohibition laws, but we fancy it would be cheaper if he kept a few bottles of the stuff in New York.

A medical man advises people to use dried milk on health grounds. We have felt for some time that what was wanted was a really good waterproof milk.

Mr. E. A. DOUSE has spent forty-two years in a Cheshire post-office. It is only fair to say that the young lady behind the counter didn't notice him standing there all that time.

A Hertfordshire farmer, says *The Daily Mail*, has counted one hundred and twenty-three grains of wheat in one ear. Our contemporary has not yet decided what can be done about it.

THE DINING GLADIATOR; OR, WAR TO THE KNIFE (AND FORK). (Being further Extracts from a certain Diary.)

II.

WROTE an even better article than ever, on indigestion as a determining factor in national *moral*. Pointed out how important it is, if we are to think coolly, that we should eat discreetly. Sufficiently, of course, but with thought.

At the Tribunal all the afternoon, busily combing out.

To the Hippodrome in the evening. A most diverting show.

NORTHCLIFFE is becoming impossible and I must find another paper. Several of my best commas cut out of to-day's article. All reference to the necessity for immediately beheading ASQUITH omitted yesterday. Was comforted by lunch at the Carlton with DORIS KEANE, GERTIE MILLAR and SCATTERS. We had some good jokes.

The news of my resignation from *The Times* has set my telephone ringing all the morning with congratulations, requests for interviews and offers of employment. Also some attractive invitations to dinner and week-ends. The War for the moment seems to be forgotten. Wonderful, the power of the printed word!

My first article in *The Morning Post*, distributing blame and praise with my usual deadly accuracy. Wonder what poor NORTHCLIFFE is doing without me.

Received long letter from HAIG asking for instructions, which I sent by return.

Lunched at the Carlton with some charming musical-comedy actresses. To the Tribunal after. Dined at the National Sporting Club and saw a good fight.

A visit from an Italian personage of consequence, who told me that my articles are the talk of Italy. If writing could win wars, he said, my pen would have done it.

L. G. came up to Carryon Hall heavily masked. I gave him an excellent dinner and some equally good advice, and he left much heartened.

Dined at Lady RANDOLPH's. A merry crowd there. Every one very gay and amusing; but we forgot that WINSTON was our hostess's son and castigated him badly. Lady JULIET said that with some people, no matter what they begin to talk about, even with Cabinet Ministers, it all comes back to food.

Wrote a careful article pointing out that we must have at least one hundred more divisions in the West before next Friday.

I was gratified to learn to-day that in consequence of my articles *The Morning Post* has doubled its circulation, while *The Times* hardly sells a copy.

Lunched with MASSINGHAM of *The Nation*, who eats more sensibly than he writes.

In Paris. Saw CLEMENCEAU at the War Ministry. His table was littered with papers and reports, amongst which he pointed out laughingly one of my articles. I can't think why he laughed. Lunched at Voisin's.

Left for rapid tour of inspection to British H.Q. Found much to put right. Issued an Order of the Day to soldiers of all ranks. The Germans, hearing of my presence, made desperate attempts to bomb me, but failed. Food at the Front not very alluring.

Yesterday's article, I learn, put the wind up the War Cabinet, and great things may result. All my pleasure spoilt, however, by breaking a tooth on a pellet in a Ritz grouse.

Visited the French H.Q. and was pleased with FOCH, whom I asked to run over to Carryon when he was ever in any doubt. Sent home a powerful article which, when it is reproduced in all the French papers, as it will be, should encourage him and improve his position.

Dined at Lady RIDLEY's. A very cheery party and much chaff. Mrs. ASQUITH said that she was writing her reminiscences. I made no mention of my diary, but if I don't get it out in book form before hers I'm not the Colonel of the Nuts.

To-day's article should bring things to a head very shortly. Shall be very glad when it is over and I can rest a little. Took some bicarbonate of soda.

Armistice signed. Spent the day in a kind of triumphal procession from restaurant to restaurant, at each of which I was hailed with applause.

Reached Versailles and let the news be known. A visible quickening up already to be noted.

Sent for President WILSON, but something must have prevented his coming. Lunched at Paillard's and dined at Larue's. Saw an amusing Palais Royal farce.

June 28th, 1920.—Treaty of Peace, for which I have worked so long, signed at last. Now I can utter my *Nunc Dimittis*, having accomplished the two ends I had in view—to bring the first world War to a more or less satisfactory finish and to make it dangerous for any but the deaf and dumb to dine out.

E. V. L.

THE LATE WORM

(Being a correction of "A Ballad of the Early Worm," "Punch," October 6th).

Oh ye whose hearts were rent with pain

A few short weeks ago,
Is it unkind to harp again
Upon that tale of woe?

You know the tale—in *Punch*, I mean—
Pathetic every word;
Three wormlets fought to stand between
Pa and the Early Bird.

You sorrowed for their non-success
(By use of triple strength
They saved their father's life—ah yes—
But not his total length).

You thought, of course—I know you did—

That Father left his hole,
A briskly virtuous annelid,
To take an early stroll.

Well, now just go and read a book
Called *Vegetable Mould*
And *Earthworms* (DARWIN); if you look
You'll find that you've been sold.

It's not my own, it's DARWIN's firm
Authority I cite:
There never is an early worm;
Pa had been out all right.

He swaggered forth at eventide
And stayed till dawn next day;
For I will not attempt to hide
That worms behave that way.

So pious folk like you and me
Should not be filled with woe
At thought of Father's tragedy;
His morals were so low.

Our Courtly Contemporaries.

"The Earl of Athlone walked away on foot, as is the simple way of our Royal Family."
Sunday Paper.

"High-backed chair of Tudor period, about 1660."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

We don't question its genuineness, but infer that it has been subjected to Restoration.

"Furnished House, consisting of dining, drawing, eight breakfast rooms, etc."
Sunday Paper.

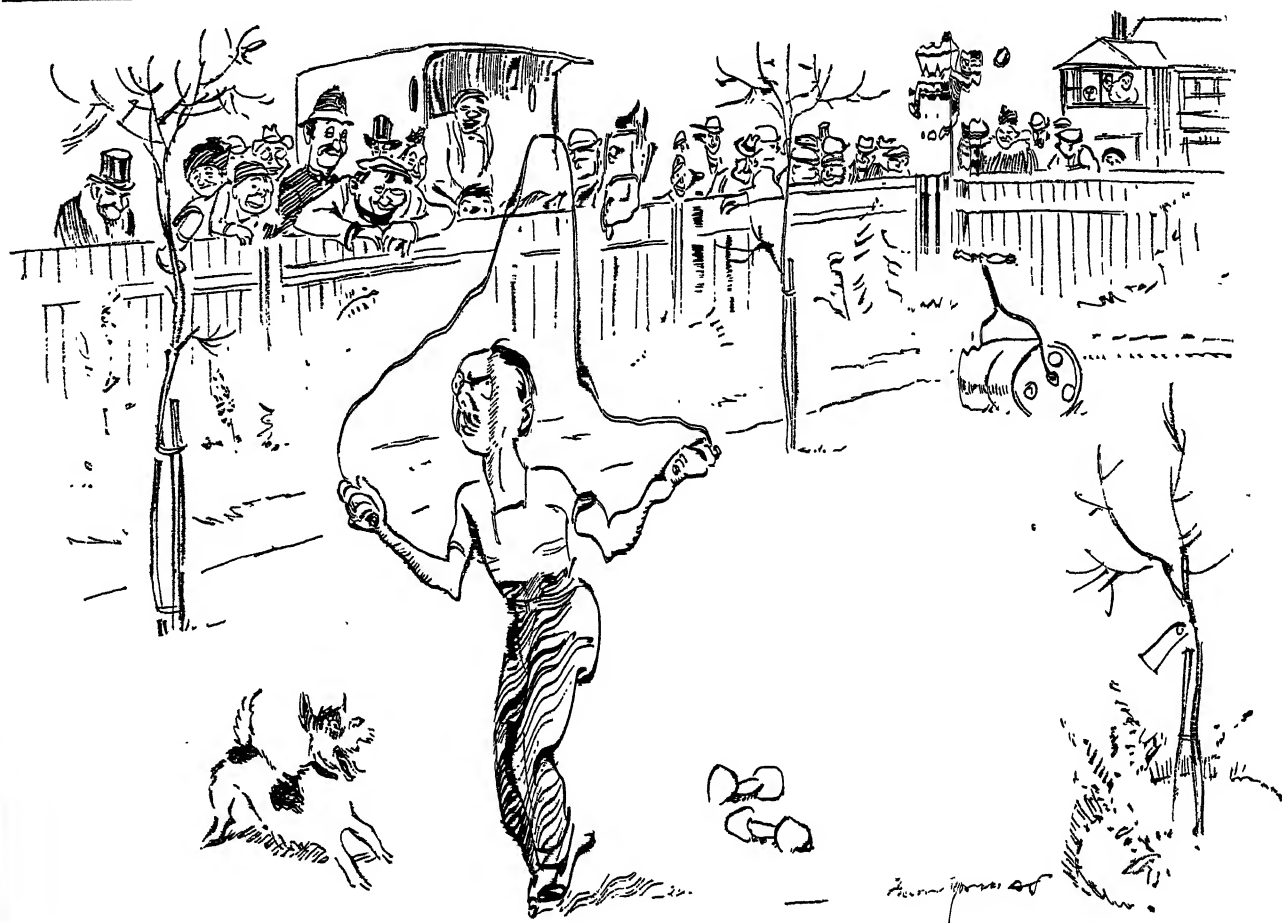
Would suit a large family inclined to be short-tempered in the morning.



A TOO-FREE COUNTRY.

ALIEN RIOTER. "DOWN WITH EVERYBODY!"

P.C. JOHN BULL. "WELL, WE'LL MAKE A START WITH YOU."



PEOPLE WE ADMIRE.

THE HERO WHO KEEPS UP HIS ARMY EXERCISES, STRIKE OR NO STRIKE.

A LETTER TO THE BACK-BLOCKS.

DEAR GINGER,—So you have bought a very promising little gold-mine from a rollicking Irish nobleman called Patrick Terence O'Ryan, who is retiring on Mayo to take up the paternal estates. H-m!—have you? And you think you yourself will be retiring home presently on the proceeds of the said mine? H-m! again. There is a certain familiarity in your description of the gentleman. Tell me, has this Hibernian philanthropist a slight squint, a broken nose and a tendency to lisp in moments of excitement?

I think I see you nod.

Ginger, I once bought a mine from that man. His name was Algernon Maddox Cholmondely *then*, and he was homeward bound to assume the ancestral acres in Flint. He escorted me down the hole and displayed visible gold sparkling all along the reef. A week after he had gone I found that he had put it there with a shot-gun—an old "salter's" trick, but new to me at the time. You are not likely to be seeing Patrick Algernon Terence Mad-

dox O'Ryan-Cholmondely again, but, if you should, remember me to him, please—with the business end of a pick-axe. Always delighted to keep in touch with old friends.

Ginger, *you never can tell*. This is not an original remark. One of our brainy boys—George Bernard, unless I err—thought of it before I did; went away into the wilderness, wrapped his grey-matter in wet Jaeger bandages, subsisted on a diet of premasticated grape-nuts and produced this aphorism. And there's a world of truth in it, my son. You certainly never can.

One fine morning last August (yes, there was one), I stepped out of my diggings in an obscure Cornish fishing-village to find a gentleman busily engaged strangling a lady on the cliff side. He had her by the throat and was gradually forcing her over the edge. Once in Bristol I interposed in a slogging contest between husband and wife and was very properly chastised for my interference, not only by the happy pair but by the entire street, who had valuable bet-shed on the event. That, you say, should have been a lesson

to me. But you know me, Ginger, impetuous, chivalrous, brave; I simply could not stand there and watch a defenceless woman—moreover a good-looking woman—foully done to death like that. I flung myself upon the villain—that is to say I spoke to him about it.

"Collar it, old bean," I said, "draw it mild!"

Somebody shouted something behind me, but I didn't catch its purport for the most important reason that at that moment, the long-suffering cliff gave way and we all went overboard, all three of us, he, she and it—me.

Fortunately the drop wasn't terrific—not more than four feet or so—and the tide happened to be in at the time, which was very decent of it. My first thought as I came to the surface—or, at any rate, one of my first thoughts—was "What of the woman?" I struck out for the poor creature. At the same moment she struck out for me, and, what is more, she got me too, clean between the eyes—a straight left-hand shot.

"Out of my way, fathead!" she hissed

and went on for the shore under her own steam at about forty knots an hour. I was washed up myself, along with a quantity of other jetsam, a few minutes later, to be met by a small furious man with a heliotrope complexion and white spats who wagged bunches of typescript under my nose and informed me that I had absolutely ruined about twenty million feet of the Flickerscope Company's five-reel paralysar, "The Smuggler's Bride."

Of course you say that you saw what was coming all along. Of course you did. But wait a moment.

Yesterday afternoon I was strolling down a certain fashionable street when a loud explosion occurred in a near-by shop and a cloud of acrid grey smoke came rolling out. Being by nature as inquisitive as a chipmunk I was on the point of shoving my head round the door-jamb to see what was up when caution prompted me to turn round. Yes, there they were, of course, a tall, thin youth winding away at a cine-camera like an Italian at a barrel-organ, and beside him a heavy-weight Israelite, dancing a war-dance, waving bunches of typescript and howling at me to stand clear. I had very near ruined a further mile or two of film.

I sprang out of range, and then, wishing to atone for my previous blunders and prove that I really had no malevolent intentions towards a struggling industry, I went round and assisted the caracoling producer in stemming the crowd. Among others I stemmed a pushful policeman. I didn't notice he was a policeman until he was biting the dust, with my stick between his legs. However an instantaneous application of palm-oil made it all right between us, and he squatted half-stunned on the kerb, nursing his brow with one hand, my five bob with the other and took no further interest in the proceedings. And very interesting they were, too.

Three masked men dashed out of the shop laden with booty and were pursued by a fourth, whom they knocked on the head and left lying for dead on the pavement. Most realistic. The crowd, led by me, cheered like mad. Then the thieves jumped into a waiting car and were whirled away. That done, the photographer and his step-dancing friend leapt into a second car and were whirled away also. Once more we cheered. I made a short speech to the effect that everything was all right with the British Cinema business and, after leading a few more cheers for myself, came home.

"Well," you say, "all very jolly and so on, but what about it?"

There's this about it, old companion, just this, that I am very probably



Mistress. "WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO OUT THIS AFTERNOON, MABEL?"
Mabel. "I AM GOING OUT."

spending a meditative winter in gaol. The charge is that I did aid and abet a peculiarly ingenious gang of desperadoes to blow a jeweller's safe, knock the jeweller on the head and get safely away with the stuff. I am even accused of obstructing the police. An inspector has been round to see me this morning and he tells me there is practically no hope. He advises me, as between friends, to make a clean breast of it, return the boodle, betray my accomplices, plead mental deficiency and trust to the clemency of the Court. It's pretty rough, after making all arrangements for spending a cheerful Christmas in Algiers, to have it changed to cold porridge in Parkhurst or Princetown. Of the two I hope it'll be Parkhurst, for Princetown, so *habitués* tell me, is no place for a growing lad when the wintry winds do blow.

Thine, *de profundis* PATLANDER.

Rhymes of Unrest.

There was a young miner of Ayr
Who gave himself up to despair;
For he said, "If we're paid
On our 'get,' I'm afraid
That I canna ca' canny no mair."

"Strike while the iron is hot,"
Said the wise old saw of old;
But the miners say, "What rot!
Strike while the weather's cold."

"The art of decoration is alien to painting in this—that you must mix your colours with your brains."—*Daily Paper*.

We await a reply from the intellectuals of Chelsea.

"There is one building now being erected, within a few miles of Manchester as the cock crows."—*Provincial Paper*.

We are unfamiliar with this method of mensuration.

ABOUT CONFERENCES.

WE may not have coal, but we can have conferences. A conference is the most typically English thing that there is. The old Anglo-Saxons had them and called them moots. Why they called them a silly name like that, when "conferences" would have done just as well, one can't imagine; but they had their notions and stuck to them. They would have called Parliament a moot; in fact they did. They called it a moot of wise men. Sarcastic beggars, these Anglo-Saxons!

The advantages of having a conference about everything are almost too numerous to explain. For one thing, suppose Smith is coming to see you at 2.30 P.M. "It's no use his waiting now," you say. "I've got a conference at 3. Tell him to come back at 5.30." And when he comes back at 5.30 of course the conference is still going on, so you don't have to see him at all.

There is nothing again that makes you feel so deliciously important as being at a conference. You may be a leader of quite an insignificant body of workers, like the Nutcracker-Teeth Makers' Union, but you rub shoulders at a conference with men whose names are a household word throughout the whole of Great Britain, amongst those who have houses. The distinguished and the undistinguished lay their heads together; the spat-wearing get their feet mixed with the non-spat-wearing; though there is rather a fake, mind you, about this spat-wearing business, for it may simply mean that the uppers are very badly worn, or that only that very bright pink pair of socks came home from the wash this week, or even that there are no socks underneath at all.

But anyhow, at a conference, Tom, Dick and Harry hobnob with Bob, James and George, and all are equal, except perhaps the chairman, who has two more pens in front of him and a much larger ash-tray. Mr. BEVIN and Sir ERIC GEDDES smile affably across at each other, and the PRIME MINISTER and Mr. CRAMP find out how much they have in common, such as love of poetry and pelargoniums. The mine-owner offers the miners' representative a cigarette, and the miners' representative says to the mine-owner, "Many thanks, old boy; but I'll have one of my own." And after it is over they all go out and stand arm-in-arm in a long row to be photographed for the papers, and are read next morning from left to right. It is the ambition of every properly constituted Englishman to wake up some morning and find that his portrait is being read from left to right; but how few succeed.

The total output of conferences in this country during one year has never been computed yet, but it is supposed to exceed that of any country in the world, except Red India. If there were to be a strike of conferees or conferees, whatever they are called, in England, it is impossible to say what would happen. But it might be possible to lay down a datum line—a shilling extra for the first million words above two hundred and fifty million per shift, and two shillings more for every million words above that. Fortunately this will never be necessary, for people who confer are so fond of conferences that they will never down chairs.

And no wonder. Only a very strong man can hew coal, and only a very reckless one can make a speech, but almost anyone can confer if he has a large enough ash-tray; and there seems no reason why more people shouldn't confer. Everybody is interested in conferences, whatever they are about, and the British public ought to be admitted to this kind of thing. One is always reading in the paper that the sound commonsense or the traditional sense of fair play of the great British public will support the miners in any just claim; but this claim is not just or just isn't, or something of that sort. But how do they know what the great British public will feel about it? They aren't there, are they? There ought to be representatives of the G.B.P. on all these conferences. They ought to be chosen from a rota, like jurymen. Very likely one of them would have found out what a datum line is, anyway. There's a man who comes up in the train with me in the morning who thinks he knows, but unfortunately he gets out at Croydon so we haven't found out yet.

By having a lot more conferences and having a lot of representatives from the public on them all, and paying them well for it, one could practically settle the unemployment problem for the winter. If the Government can only be brought to see that this is the only statesmanlike course, and the sole course consistent with the Anglo-Saxon sense of justice, and capable of leading to a satisfactory Exploration of Avenues, Finding of Bridges and Discovery of Ways Out, we may all achieve our life's ambition some day and open the morning paper to find that we are being read at last from left to right. "Mr. ROBERT WILLIAMS, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Mr. J. H. THOMAS, Lord RIDDELL," and so on and so on, till you come at last to "J. Smith, Esq., R.B.P.," smiling the widest of all. R.B.P.'s, I think, should wear a distinguishing mark—a single spat perhaps.

EVON.

MORE SECRET HISTORY.

[According to a report in a daily paper, at the recent Peace Conference held at Spa, where the delegates were royally entertained in the matter of hotel accommodation, meals, etc., the cigar bill (which has been sent in to the League of Nations and sent out again) amounted to three thousand two hundred pounds. What the delegates could not smoke they seem to have taken away with them.]

'Tis sweet in darkish times like these
to see a

Rent in the veil which keeps the
public blind,
And thus obtain a pretty shrewd idea
Of what goes on behind;

To note how quite an innocent report 'll
Reveal apparent trifles which befall,
Proving that men whom we supposed
immortal
Are human after all.

But here, while I can hardly call you
blameful
For smoking "free" cigars with so
much zest,
Frankly I feel 'twas little short of
shameful
To go and pinch the rest.

I can forgive your huge hotel expenses;
Your beef was rightly of a super-cut;
A modicum of wine does whet the
senses;
But those cigars—tut, tut!

For there's a finer aid to meditation,
Much more appropriate, in my humble
view,
When Nation nestles cheek by jowl
with Nation,
And far, far cheaper too.

So, if you'd really slay Bellona's bow-
wows,
Might I suggest your vicious ways
should cease,
And that in future you conduct your
pow-wows
Over the pipe of peace.

An Affectionate Diminutive.

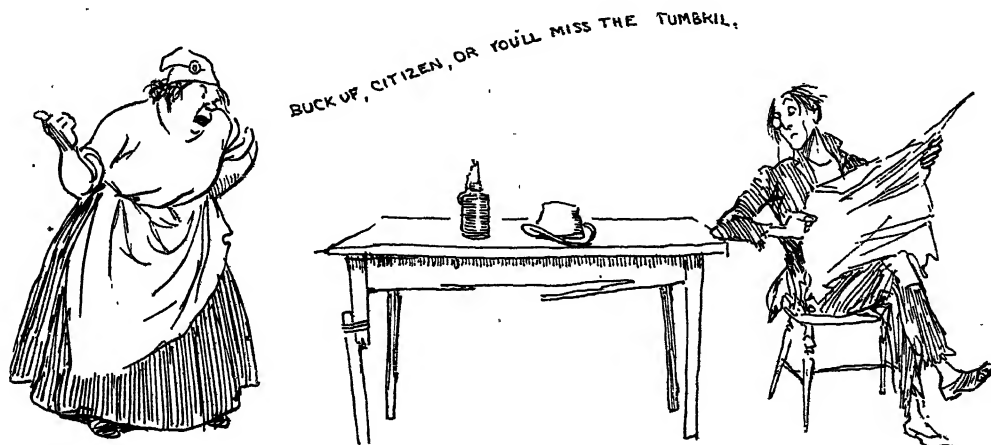
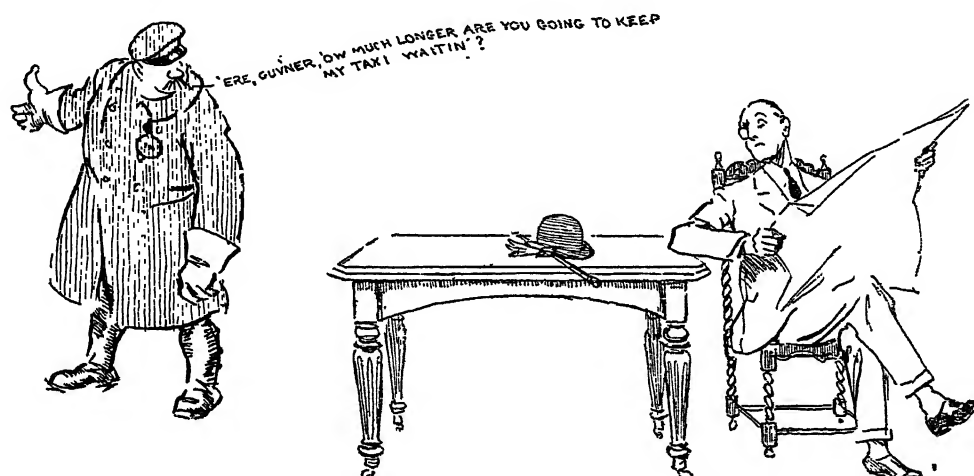
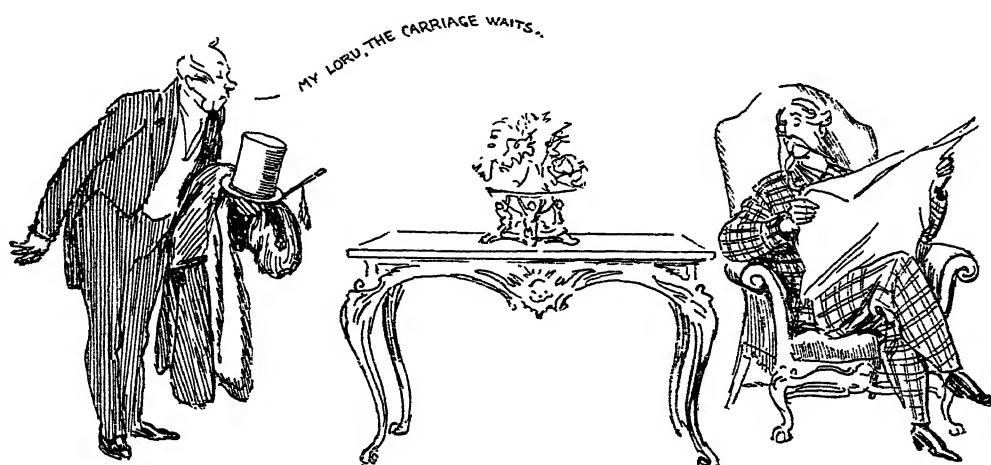
"Lord Buxton, who retired this summer from the post of High Commissioner and Governor-General of South Africa, has been made an early."—*Daily Paper*.

A correspondent, referring to Mr. Punch's quotation (from an Australian paper) of the title of a song, "It was a Lover and His Last," suggests "Ne suitor *ultra crepidam*."

On the coal strike:—

"We look to the Government to keep all doors open. We look to the public to keep cool."—*Westminster Gazette*.

The public should have no difficulty in doing its part if the Government do theirs.



Frank Reynolds

TRANSPORT: PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

V.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Let me remind you that the Bolshevik conspirator has to stir up conflagrations in other countries without leaving his own. Passports and things are put in to make it more difficult when he comes to getting his inflammable material and directions for use over the frontier. So he has to invent a way over the obstacles.

The first prize is awarded to the following: Secret instructions are printed in Arabic and the pages containing them are bound up in a five hundred page book in that language. The courier, an Oriental, carries this book openly in his hand when he presents himself at the frontier. It is ten to one that an innocent-looking book, thus carried, will not be suspected; a hundred to one against there being an official capable of reading it; five hundred to three against that official trying one of the guilty pages, if he is there and duly suspicious. Yet, with a hundred and sixty-six thousand chances against it, our Little Man got hold of those instructions.

The Sherlock Holmes of fiction is a gaunt figure, with a hatchet face, spare of flesh. Our Little Man is a chubby lad, standing about four foot ten in his stockinged feet, rubicund and corpulent, and he wears a mackintosh with a very mackintoshy smell in all weathers. He never did a day's work, and he never means to try, but he is a genius at getting it out of others. Some say he is of Swiss origin, some say he is American, and some say that surely he must be Chinese; he was never certain himself until Czecho-Slovak was invented, and he plumped for that. He has the degree of Master of Arts; what arts I don't know; probably the black ones. His inner knowledge of the human species seems to give him plenty to laugh at. He notices everything, forgets nothing, and there is never a weakness in a man but he is on to it. He made up his mind that those secret instructions were passing and set about to find how they passed and what they were. He was too lazy to begin at the beginning, so he began at the end. He called in person, as a commercial traveller, at the suspected office of destination, and in the short time available ascertained that the door-keeper

who turned him out was a patriotic and fervent admirer of the wine of the country.

Our Little Man had no vulgar idea of getting the secret out of him by making him drunk. If there was a secret it wouldn't be in the door-keeper. But he and that door-keeper got to drinking together and the door-keeper did all the paying; the drinking and the paying went on by progressive degrees till the door-keeper had no money

him a safe. Our Little Man then divulged that he was in reality a commercial traveller in safes; if the door-keeper would get his employer to buy one of his safes the Little Man would forgive him his debt by way of commission. He felt sure that the Head of the Office had a weakness for precautions. The door-keeper, now enthusiastic, said he should just think he had! The Little Man felt he was getting warm. The door-keeper put the deal

through and prevailed upon his master to instal a really safe safe in the office, instead of the old one. You had only to look at it to see it was impregnable by fire, water or the King's Enemies. But one set of keys stayed with the Little Man.

The drinking (by both) and the paying (by the door-keeper) were resumed. When the debt was again large enough the Little Man imposed new terms. This time he wanted to see the Head of the Office himself, to put further deals through. The door-keeper thought deeply, but could see no harm in this. The Little Man was thus introduced into the presence, and startled it by pointing to the safe and offering to do burglar on it any night of the week. The Head was manifestly concerned.

"We have here," said the Little Man, producing two formidable slabs of steel hinged together and leaving room between them when locked for a wad of papers only—"we have here a special strong box exactly suited for the storage of your bank-notes. Put them in this box, and the box in the safe, and then you really are ahead of your enemies."

The Head bought. He gave the Little Man less money than he had spent on the strong box, and the Little Man gave him less keys than he was entitled to.

The drinking and the debt were resumed, and, when it came to a question of settlement for the third time, the Little Man pointed out to the door-keeper that, if he hadn't the money to repay, then he must steal it. He now divulged that he was not really a broker, but a breaker of safes and strong boxes. He handed the door-keeper a key of his employer's safe. In the safe would be found the strong box. In the strong box would be found some notes of high value, unless he was very much mistaken.

So the door-keeper went and opened the safe and returned. And the Little Man opened the strong box, and he was



Giles. "I DIDN'T 'ARDLY AGREE W' THE VICAR IN WOT 'E SAID ABOUT THEM EARLY MARTYRS BEIN' THROWN TO THE LIONS AN' BURN'T AT THE STAKE AN' LIVIN' ON FOR EVER."

Curate. "WHY NOT?"

Giles. "WELL, ZUR, NO CONSTITOOTION COULD STAND IT."

and only a still almighty thirst left. The Little Man left him with his thirst for a few days, until it became intolerable, and the door-keeper insisted that something simply must be done about it. The Little Man regretted that he could not give the necessary money to finance further orgies, but he would gladly advance it. Four nights got the door-keeper well in his debt, and our Little Man then began to talk about repayment. The door-keeper said he had no money; the Little Man said he must get it. Off whom? His employer.

How was the door-keeper to get his employer's money off him? By selling



CONCENTRATION.

very much mistaken. There was never a note there; just half-a-dozen pages torn out of a book printed in Arabic.

He was so angry that he gave the strong box one on the lid for itself, with the result that he couldn't lock it again. However, he said he had a friend who could lock or unlock anything, and he left the doorkeeper drinking, for the first time at the Little Man's expense, while he took off the box to be repaired by his friend. The latter happened to be in the next room with a camera. The pages were photographed; the Little Man returned to the door-keeper with the strong box, now capable of being re-locked; the door-keeper returned to the office and put back the strong box, locked, into the safe, which he also locked, and was wiping the sweat off his forehead and congratulating himself that no one was the worse, when he was startled to find a policeman had been watching him all the time.

But he proved to be a very amenable policeman. He said he would take no action before he and the door-keeper had had time to talk it over next day. By the time that talk came the photographs had been developed, printed and

translated. But the policeman did not wish to bore the door-keeper with the tiresome details. To put it quite shortly the policeman thought it was a most excellent crime, worthy of repetition at intervals.

Yours ever, HENRY.
(To be continued.)

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE —.

I NEVER know why it should be
So rude to talk about the —.
What funny folk we are!
I think we've got the jealous hump
Because we see we'll never jump
So skilfully and far.
For, if one's nibbled by a gnat
Or harvest-bugs or things like that,
One seldom keeps it dark;
One may enlarge upon the tale
If one is gobbled by a whale
Or swallowed by a shark;
But if you speak about the bite
Of this abandoned parasite
You're very, very rash;
So sure is it to raise a frown
I dare not even write it down;
I simply put a —.

None but an entomologist
Will quite admit the things exist,
And generally they insist
On using other names;
For, when at night Professors leap
Out of their scientific sleep
Because these little devils keep
Playing their usual games,
They never shout, "It seems to be
A something, something, something
—!"

(The word is never used, you see,
Except by artisans);
No, as they fling the bedclothes high
They give a wild but cultured cry,
"Confound it! Botheration! Hi!
A *Pulex irritans*!" A. P. H.

Our Ruthless Motorists.

"Triumph 1920 4 h.p. Model H, also Baby,
both brand new; sacrifice, £5 off each."
Motor Journal.

"It was intended to hold mock trials in
order to familiarise women with court procedure and 'legal shibboleths'."

When I saw her to-day, Miss — said that
'techniaclities' would have been a better
word."—*Evening Paper.*

We hate to contradict a lady, but we
cannot agree.



Aggrieved Profiteeress (studying photographs of the Peerage). "WELL, I DON'T SEE AS THEY'VE ANY CALL TO LOOK THAT 'AUGHTY. LIKE AS NOT ME AN' YOU'D BE WEARIN' CORONETS THIS MINUTE IF ALL OUR ANCESTORS 'ADN'T A-BEEN CUT OFF IN THE WARS OF THE ROSES, OR SOMETHINK."

WORKING FOR PEACE.

(Extracts from the Diary of Mr. John Robert Boffkins, Trade Union Leader.)

Monday.—Rose with a heart overflowing with love towards my fellow-men. Industrial strife must cease. Strikes are a barbarous and futile method of redressing wrong. Rather think that an increase in wages of two shillings a day would appeal to our members. Must inquire.

Tuesday.—Have confirmed my opinion that a two-shillings' increase would appeal to our members. They all seem enthusiastic over the suggestion. They appear to be under the impression that the idea is their own. It is not. It is mine. If it materialises I shall be most popular. But I am all for peace. A strike is out of the question. I shall spare no effort to prevent one.

Wednesday.—Presented formal demand to employers to-day. Told our members they must be firm to the bitter end. The two-shillings' increase is their strict due, and, if we present a united front, the grasping capitalist will be brought to his knees. Am working night and day for peace.

Thursday.—Pointed out to the employers that a strike is inevitable unless

they give way. We can make no concession. My whole energies are concentrated on preventing a strike. Told our members that unless they remain firm the employers will crush them. A strike would be a national calamity and might spell ruin to the country.

Friday.—The possibility of a strike looms larger. Can nothing be done to prevent it? Informed the employers that we declined to abate one iota of our claim. "All or nothing" is our motto. Also refused to go to arbitration. Warned the employers that a strike means starvation for women and children. The prospect appals me.

Saturday.—The employers, who seem to be determined on a strike, have offered the men two shillings if they will consider the question of working five days a week instead of four. We refused their offer and demanded that our claim should be conceded unconditionally by noon, failing which our members would cease work.

Later.—The strike has commenced. Heaven knows that I did everything to prevent it which human being could do. The capitalists seem to have made up their minds to force civil war and all its horrors upon the country. The spectacle of little children starving causes me acute distress.

A GUIDE TO GREATNESS.

[Mr. JACOB EPSTEIN maintains in *The Daily Mail* that a man to be a creative genius must lead an orderly domesticated life.]

I COURTED the Muse as a stripling,
Immured in a Bloomsbury flat,
And yearned for the kudos of KIPLING
For fees that were frequent and fat;

But editors, far from discerning
The worth of the pearls that I placed
At their feet, had a way of returning
The same with indelicate haste.

But, espousing, a year or two later,
The sweetest and neatest of wives,
I found, after peeling a tater
Or imparting a polish to knives,
I could scribble with frenzy and passion,
That the breaking of coal would inspire,

In a truly remarkable fashion,
My soul with celestial fire.

Serenity reigns in the household;
I've cancelled my grudge against
Fate;

My lyrical efforts are now sold
At a simply phenomenal rate;
And, whether I'm laying the lino
Or bathing the babes, I regard
The job as a cushy one: I know
The way to succeed as a bard.



THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.

SIR ROBERT HORNE. "I WANT TO KEEP THE BALANCE. NOW THEN, BOTH TOGETHER."
THE MINER. "NO. YOU BEGIN—AND THEN PERHAPS I'LL THINK ABOUT IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, October 19th.—A start was made with half a hundred Questions, and, considering that most of them had been in cold storage since before the Recess, it was surprising how fresh they remained. Persia and Mesopotamia—not to mention Ireland—are still unsettled; the Turkish Treaty is not yet ratified; the cost of living continues to rise, and the ratio of unemployment has alarmingly advanced, especially in the case of ex-service men.

These last are to be found work in the building trades, with, it is hoped, the assistance of the trade unions, but, if that hope is disappointed, then without it. The country requires half-a-million houses built.

"Here are men who could assist," said the PRIME MINISTER, "and we propose that they should be allowed to assist."

Over a prospect already sufficiently bleak there broods the shadow of the coal-strike. Sir ROBERT HORNE, in presenting the case for the Government, was admirably clear but, perhaps naturally, a little cold. Only when the new lighting arrangement had flooded the House with artificial sunshine did the Minister warm up a little and hint that a way of peace might yet be found.

I wonder if it was by accident or artifice that Mr. BRACE began his plea for the miners with the admission that they had only dropped the demand for the reduction of fourteen shillings and twopence in the price of domestic coal when they discovered that "the money was not there." Anyhow the laughter that ensued served to put Members into a good temper and to cause them to lend a friendly ear to his suggestion that the two shillings advance, though in his view only "dust in the balance," should be "temporarily" conceded, pending the establishment of a tribunal which should permanently settle the conditions of the mining industry. The increase of output which everyone desired would then be brought about.

Most of the speakers who followed seemed to think that Mr. BRACE had sown the seed of a settlement. It was left to the PRIME MINISTER, who evi-

dently did not relish the task, to awaken the House from its beautiful dream. He pointed out that to accept the proposal would be to give the miners what they had originally claimed, without any guarantee that the greater output would be forthcoming. If it were not forthcoming and the two shillings were taken away, what would happen? "A strike," cried someone. "Precisely," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE; only it would have been provoked by the Government instead of by the miners. He was not prepared to do business on those lines.

And so the debate came to an end rather than a conclusion.

Wednesday, October 20th.—The Peers plunged into the morasses of the Irish

but they were not prepared to set up a public inquiry such as Lord CREWE had demanded. It would only substitute "a competition in perjury" for the present "competition in murder"—a somewhat infelicitous phrase by which, as he subsequently explained, he did not mean to imply, as Lord PARMOOR suggested, that police and rebels were engaged in a murderous rivalry.

Simultaneously the House of Commons was engaged upon an identically similar debate. Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON was as lugubrious as Lord CREWE in presenting the indictment and distinctly less adroit in selecting his facts. His theory was that the Government had provoked the Sinn Fein outrages

by its treatment of the people. Why, women had been prevented from taking their eggs to market!

Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD spoke from the same brief as Lord CURZON, but threw far more passion and vigour into its recital. There had been some reprisals, he admitted, but they were as nothing compared to the horrors that had provoked them; and he protested against the notion that "the heroes of yesterday"—the R.I.C. is mainly recruited from ex-service men—had turned into murderers. As for the creameries, he had never seen a tittle of evidence that they

had been destroyed by servants of the Crown, and he warned the House not to believe the stories put out by the propaganda bureau of the Irish Republican Army. He was still a convinced Home Ruler—an Ulster hot-gospeller had accused him of being a Sinn Feiner with a Papist wife!—but the first thing to do was to break the reign of terror and end the rule of the assassin. That they were doing, and there was no case for Mr. HENDERSON'S "insulting resolution."

The Opposition for the moment seemed stunned by the CHIEF SECRETARY'S sledge-hammer speech. No one rose from the Front Bench and Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY had to overcome his modesty and step into the breach. Later on, Lord ROBERT CECIL, on the strength of information supplied by an American journalist, supported the demand for an inquiry.



P.C. GREENWOOD. "ARRAH! GET OUT WID YEZ AND LET THE LADY PASS."

Question. Lord CREWE asked for an official inquiry into the alleged "reprisals" and particularly instanced the attacks upon the creameries. Rather than that Ireland should be "pacified" by such methods as these he would see her engaged in civil war, "fairly conducted on both sides." From these words it may be gathered that his lordship's knowledge of civil war is happily not extensive.

Furnished with a voluminous brief from the Irish Office, Lord CURZON made a long reply, the purport of which was that many of the reprisals were bogus, many were actions undertaken in self-defence, while the rest were generally due to men "seeing red" after their comrades had been brutally murdered. The Government did not palliate such cases, and had instituted inquiries and taken disciplinary action against the offenders, when known;



Harassed Secretary. "I SAY, YOU NEEDN'T MAKE BUNKERS, YOU KNOW."

So did Mr. ASQUITH, on the ground that it would be in the interests of the Government of Ireland itself; but this argument was obviously weakened by Mr. BONAR LAW's reminder that in 1913 and 1914 Mr. ASQUITH himself had deprecated inquiries in somewhat similar circumstances. The Government had a very good division, 346 to 79; but there were many abstentions.

Thursday, October 21st.—It was, no doubt, by way of brightening an unutterably gloomy week that Mr. L'ESTRANGE MALONE, who has not hitherto been known as a humourist, invited the Government to intercede at Washington for the release of the notorious JAMES LARKIN, now languishing in an American gaol. Inasmuch as LARKIN had been convicted for having advocated the overthrow of the United States by violence, Mr. HARMSWORTH did not think H.M. Government were called upon to intervene. Mr. MALONE understood from this that the Government had no sympathy with British subjects in foreign lands, and so he got another laugh.

Commander BELLAIRS thought it would be a good idea if the League of Nations, pending the discharge of its more important functions, were to offer rewards for world-benefiting discoveries such as a prophylactic against potato-blight. Sir JOHN REES saw his chance and took it. "Does the League," he inquired, "declare to win on Phosphates,

Peace or Potatoes?"—thus supplying proof positive that he owes his precise pronunciation to past practice with "prunes and prisms."

It was rather impudent of Mr. ADAMSON, who has just been instrumental in throwing out of work some hundreds of thousands of his fellow-citizens, to initiate a debate on unemployment. Most of the speakers endeavoured to throw the blame on "the other fellow"—the Government on the trade unions, the trade unionists on the employers, and the employers on the Government. A welcome exception was Mr. HOPKINSON, who boldly blamed the short-sighted selfishness of some of his own class. Employés would not work their hardest to "make the boss a millionaire." As a fitting finale to an inconclusive debate the PRIME MINISTER announced that in order to force a settlement of the coal-strike the railwaymen—Mr. THOMAS, apparently, dissenting—had threatened to join the unemployed.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Willard was game and well trained, and in stature he was Goliath to the Daniel of Dempsey."—*Evening Paper*.

A DAVID come to judgment!

"The rate plague has developed to an alarming extent in Thanet, and considerable anxiety is felt, especially as there appears to be no effective preparation of poison to exterminate them."—*Evening Paper*.

And Thanet is not the only place.

THE TYPE-SLINGER.

BITING and keen as any razor
The fluent pen of LOVAT FRASER;
And swift as arrows, thick as hail,
His outbursts in *The Daily Mail*,
Exposing in impassioned phrase
The PREMIER's wild and wicked ways.
And yet the PREMIER doesn't squirm,
No, not a bit—the pachyderm!
But goes about with cheerful mien,
As if such things had never been.

So LOVAT FRASER grows emphatic
In efforts to be more dogmatic,
And down the column, once a week,
His shrill italics fairly shriek.
But does the PREMIER bow his back
And go and give himself the sack?
Not he. Indeed, for all he troubles,
His critic might be blowing bubbles.

It's up to LOVAT FRASER now
To make an even bigger row;
I'd like to see the sturdy fellow
Write articles that simply bellow.
I think the PREMIER might perhaps
Shiver and possibly collapse
If LOVAT GOT TO WORK IN "CAPS."

The Black Swan of Avon.

"A NATIVE DRAMA
Entitled

'Inu vere ki pani'

(Popularly known as Merchant of Venice, but beautified and enlarged to local taste), interspersed with Popular Dialogues, latest Songs, etc. Will (D.V.) be rendered by the — Guild."—*West African Poster*.

THE REVIVAL OF OLLENDORFF.

FROM the memories of my mid-Victorian childhood, before the instruction of a governess had reached a point at which the plunge was made into a preparatory school, three names emerge with remarkable distinctness. "Little Arthur," from whom I derived my earliest knowledge of the History of England; "Henry," by whom I was grounded in the rudiments of the dead Latin tongue (but who must be carefully distinguished from JAMES HENRY, the Virgilian, who in turn had nothing whatever to do with HENRY JAMES the novelist), and OLLENDORFF, the illustrious author of a series of manuals for the teaching of living foreign languages.

OLLENDORFF, I fear, is not even the shadow of a name to the present generation. There is no mention of him in *The Encyclopædia Britannica* or in *Chambers*. Even in his own country he seems to have lapsed into obscurity, and in MENDEL'S voluminous *Conversations-Lexikon* there is only a brief reference to the Ollendorffian method, but no account of the man or his history.

Yet he must have existed; OLLENDORFF cannot have been a mere symbol. And as students of SHAKESPEARE have endeavoured to reconstruct the man from his plays so I feel sure that the character of OLLENDORFF, his interests and politics, might very well be reconstructed from a study of his dialogues. One must admit that his Teutonic patronymic is an obstacle to his revival, but that difficulty can be surmounted by the adoption of an *alias*. For example, by the omission of one of the "f's" and the transposition of one other letter his name, read backwards, becomes Frondello, which is at once euphonious and void of all racial offence.

The Ollendorffian method, it may be noted for the benefit of the ignorant, did not merely depend on the employment of question and answer; it aimed at conveying information drawn from the homely affairs of daily life and the relations between persons belonging to different trades and occupations. "Have you," OLLENDORFF would ask, "the hat of the gardener's son?" And when this had been duly and correctly translated into German or French the pupil proceeded to the answer, "No, but I have the boots of the grocer's brother-in-law."

I think OLLENDORFF built better than he knew; or perhaps he did know. A strong vein of Socialism runs through all his examples, which seem to show a lively appreciation of the Communistic principle. To him there was nothing wrong or dangerous in this mutual interchange and enjoyment of property.



WHAT OUR BOHEMIANS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

Shabbily-dressed person. "I'VE LOST THE TICKET, BUT I LEFT A HAT. THAT'S IT OVER THERE."

Attendant. "I MUST ASK YOU TO FIND THE TICKET, SIR, PLEASE. THE HAT THAT YOU INDICATE IS QUITE NEW."

He drew no hard-and-fast lines between *meum* and *truum*. We cannot help thinking that, at a time when so much depends on the fusion of classes, a new edition of these immortal dialogues, brought up to date so as to meet the exigencies of the new poor, the new rich, the old aristocracy and the new plutocracy, would be fraught with the most salutary results.

The following are some crude suggestions of the lines on which the revision might be carried out:—

"Have you the leathern waistcoat

of the taxi-driver?"—"No, but I have the reach-me-down trousers of an inferior quality to those worn by the village postman."

"Have you the smooth-running automobile of the prosperous grocer?"—"No, but I have the loan of the push-bicycle of my former under-gardener's uncle."

"Are you going to marry the beautiful daughter of the shoemaker?"—"Yes, and her brother has just become engaged to the widow of my cousin the marquis."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE ROMANTIC AGE."

I HOPE that Mr. ALAN MILNE is a good enough critic to agree with me in thinking that this is the best play he has so far given us. Not that the idea of it is as new as that of his *Mr. Pim* or his *Wurzel-Flummery*, but because, without sacrificing his lightness of touch and his sense of fun, he has, for the first time, produced a serious scheme.

People will tell you that his Second Act was the weak spot in the play; that the others were brilliant, but that this one, for its first half, was tedious and delayed the action. They will say this because they are familiar with A. A. M.'s humour, but not with his sentiment. Yet it was in this middle Act that he gave us the best passage of all, in presenting the philosophy of his pedlar, which had in it something of the dewy freshness of the early morning scene in the wood ("morning 's at seven," as *Pippa*—not *Mr. Pim*—said *en passant*). There was no real delay in the action here, for the pedlar was providing the hero with the argument without which he could never have persuaded the lady to yield; could never have made her understand that Romance is not confined to the trunk-and-hose period, or any age, so named, of chivalry, but is to be found wherever there is a true companionship of hearts. Unfortunately the effect of this passage was a little spoilt by what had just gone before—a rather slow and superfluous scene with the village idiot—and some of the audience imagined that the author was still marking time.

Mr. MILNE has an individual manner so distinct that he can well afford to acknowledge his debt to Sir JAMES BARRIE. As in *Mary Rose*, so here (though there are no supernatural forces at work) we have the sharp contrast between commonplace life, as lived by the rest, and the life of Fairyland, as coming within the vision of one only. And we were reminded too of the Midsummer-madness that overtook the company in *Dear Brutus*. I won't say that it wasn't natural enough for *Melisande*, under the fascination of a moonlit Midsummer Eve, to imagine, when she chanced upon a gentleman in fancy dress of the right period, that at last she had realised her dream of a hero of romance; but she was stark Midsummer-mad to suppose, when she met him early next morning with his costume unchanged, that he would keep it on till he came to tea with the family, and then, still wearing it, wait her off to Faerie.

But not even BARRIE has ever made a better scene than that which showed

us the disillusionment of the visionary when she is confronted with her blue-and-gold hero of romance now transformed into a plain Stock Exchange man, his air of banality enhanced by the last word in golf suitings. The humour of this scene, in which she made conventional conversation without any real effort to conceal her sense of the bathos of the situation, was very perfect. The relatively simple humour of the match-making mother—not so simple, all the same, as its spontaneity made it appear—had the distinction which one expects of Mr. MILNE; but this was far the funniest feature in the play.



Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER (to himself). "WELL, I DON'T THINK MUCH OF YOUR TASTE IN CLOTHES."

It would have been an easy matter to make cheap fun, as MARK TWAIN did in *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*, out of the popular view of the Age of Romance, but A.A.M. avoided that obvious lure. Indeed, in his natural anxiety not to be taken too seriously in his first attempt to be serious, he rather tended to make light of his own theory of modern romance, laying a little too much stress at the end on the culinary aspect of conjugal felicity.

I am not sure that Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER (to whom my best wishes for his new managership) quite realised, in his doublet and long hose, my idea of a figure of mediæval romance. In fact I am free to confess that I disagreed with *Melisande* and preferred him in his golf-clothes. But perhaps that was part of the idea, and Mr.

MILNE meant me to feel like that. Miss BARBARA HOFFE's *Melisande*—a difficult part, because she was the only other-worldly person in the play and the only one in desperate earnest—was very cleverly handled. In her most exalted moments of poetic rapture she was never too precious, and when called upon for a touch of corrective humour was quick to respond.

Miss LOTTIE VENNE laid herself out in her inimitable way for a broad interpretation of the visionary's very earthly mother; indeed once or twice she almost laid herself out of the picture; but she still remained irresistible. As a pair of light-hearted young lovers Miss DOROTHY TETLEY and Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS played really well in parts that were not nearly so easy as they looked. And there was the dry humour of Mr. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, as the father (I fear he must have missed the romance of twin souls) and the open-air charm of Mr. NICHOLSON's performance as *Gentleman Susan*, the pedlar. In a word, my grateful compliments embrace as good a cast as ever caught—and held—the spirit of an author.

"PRISCILLA AND THE PROFLIGATE."

When you have been jilted by *Cynthia* at the church-door and, two days afterwards, in a fit of pique marry *Priscilla* at sight (of course you can't always get a *Priscilla* to consent to this arrangement; but Mr. *Bensley Stuart Gore* had a young ward at school who wanted her freedom; so that was all right), you may think to persuade the Faithless One that you have given solid proof of your indifference to her. But you mustn't dash off to Africa an hour after your wedding with the declared intention of being eaten by wild men or wilder beasts, because, if you do that, you give your scheme away and *Cynthia* will have the satisfaction of knowing that she has driven you to desperate courses. Yet that is what Mr. *Bensley Stuart Gore* did (he was the "Profligate" of the title, though he never gave any noticeable sign of profligacy).

After this strain on my credulity I felt prepared for anything, and was not in the least surprised to find him, six years older and still intact, on the terrace of the Hotel Casa Bellini, by the dear old shores of Lake Maggiore, which, as the programme advised me, is in Italy. It seemed, too, the most natural thing in the world that the author, Miss LAURA WILDG, should have collected *Priscilla* and *Cynthia* (the latter in tow of a third-rate millionaire husband whom she loathed) at the same address.

It was at this juncture that Mr.



Diner. "I SAY, WAITER, I'VE ASKED THREE TIMES FOR POTATOES."

Waiter (still under the influence of military discipline). "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I'M TOLD OFF TO CONCENTRATE ON THE CABBAGE."

Bensley Stuart Gore was inspired with a Great Thought. In order to set *Priscilla* free (I ought to say that he hadn't recognised her) he would elope with *Cynthia*. How *Priscilla* set out to frustrate this noble sacrifice and secure her husband for herself; how she bribed the caretaker to lock him up with her in the "Bloody Turret" of an adjacent ruin; how subsequently, at 2 A.M., in the public lounge of the hotel, she tried to work upon his emotions by appearing in a black night-dress (surely this rather vulgar form of allurements is *démodé* by now even in the suburbs, or, anyhow, is not so freshly daring as she seemed to think it), I will leave you to imagine. Even Miss *Iris Hoey's* nice soft voice and pleasant *calineries* could not quite carry off this rather machine-made trifle. If anything saved it, it was the acting of Mr. *FRANK DENTON* as *Jimmy Forde*. Starting as *Bensley's* "best man," he missed the wedding ceremony through going to the wrong church, but after that he stuck close to his friend for the remainder of the plot, and greatly endeared himself to the audience by the excellent way in which he played the silly ass.

As for *Bensley* himself, you might have thought that he had a sufficiently chequered career, yet Mr. *CYRIL RAY-*

MOND got very little colour out of the part. For the rest, Mr. *H. DE LANGE*, as the millionaire, got a certain amount out of the subject of his wife's indigestion, which was a sort of *leit-motif* with him; but most of the colour seemed to have gone into the scenery, admirably designed and painted by Mr. *MCCLEERY* and Mr. *WALTER HANN*.

O. S.

"LOGS TO BURN."

*"Logs to burn; logs to burn;
Logs to save the coal a turn."*

HERE'S a word to make you wise
When you hear the wood-man's cries;
Never heed his usual tale
That he has splendid logs for sale,
But read these lines and really learn
The proper kinds of logs to burn.

Oak logs will warm you well

If they're old and dry;

Larch logs of pine woods smell,

But the sparks will fly.

Beech logs for Christmas-time,

Yew logs heat well;

"Scotch" logs it is a crime

For anyone to sell.

Birch logs will burn too fast,

Chestnut scarce at all;

Hawthorn logs are good to last

If cut in the Fall.

Holly logs will burn like wax,

You should burn them green;

Elm logs like smouldering flax,

No flame to be seen.

Pear logs and apple logs,

They will scent your room;

Cherry logs across the dogs

Smell like flowers in bloom.

But Ash logs, all smooth and grey,

Burn them green or old;

Buy up all that come your way,

They're worth their weight in gold.

"GIRL EYE-MAKER."

Picture-title in Daily Paper.

Perhaps we ought to mention that the eyes she makes are artificial, not "glad."

Our Discreet Press.

"Mystery surrounds the Russo-Polish peace negotiations at Riga. According to a Central News message from Warsaw Marshal Pilsudski has had a conference with ?????????, the Premier, as to whether demobilisation should take place shortly."—*Evening Paper*.

"When he [Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree] was prepared to play *Martin Chuzzlewit* he wrote to me (and doubtless explained to others) that he was going to present Mr. Micawber as 'a sort of fairy.'"—*Sunday Paper*.

We suppose if Sir HERBERT had staged *David Copperfield* he would have cast himself for the husband of Mrs. Harris.

THE PRIVATE FILM.

My attention has been drawn to the most recent and perhaps the most terrible development of the Cinema by an advertisement, from which I take the following extracts:—

"HAVE YOUR OWN FILM TAKEN.

THE MOST MODERN METHOD OF GAINING PUBLICITY.

To Members of Parliament, Mayors, Lecturers and other Public Men and Women.

"The Cinema has become the cheapest, the surest and most rapid road to publicity. It is estimated that a third of the population attend the Cinema once a week. Messrs. Mump and Gump have therefore fitted up a special studio for film work, in which you can now have your own film taken, representing you in any action you may desire. This method of publicity is specially recommended to Members of Parliament. For instance one can be filmed writing a letter, which can be closed down and handed to a messenger, which action can be followed by the letter itself being thrown on the screen. . . Think what this means to a prospective Candidate when he goes to a constituency where he is unknown. He takes with him twenty or more films. Your constituents must see and know you before you can hope for their vote. The Cinema introduces your personality and your policy.

"Your film will cost you—

First reel Three guineas.

Each extra reel. One guinea."

The more I see of business-men the less they seem to me to know about business. I never read an advertisement without thinking, "How much better I (or even you) could have done that!" Yet they will tell you that it is their advertisements which make the money. It only shows . . . However. Messrs. Mump and Gump, for instance, have scarcely skimmed the surface possibilities of their brilliant notion. This invention is going to make politics tolerable at last. No man minds being in the House of Commons; it is being in his constituency which is so dreadful. And now he need never go there.

For instance, when the constituency is tired of the letter-film, he can be filmed making a speech, which can be taken down and handed to a typist, which action can be followed by the speech itself being thrown on the screen—in instalments. The constituency will enjoy this, because it will take much less time to read it than it would to listen to it, and they can argue out loud about the meaning of Early English phrases like Datum-line and Functional

Representation. In fact they can go on arguing during the *Whips of Sin* which will follow.

As for the public man, it won't take him two minutes to be filmed making the speech, unless, of course, he has any very complicated gestures; and it won't take him any time at all to compose it, because the private secretary will do that; and the private secretary will be able to make sure that his joke about JEROBOAM is not turned into a joke about JEHOSEPHAT at the last minute, or simply shelved in favour of a peroration on rainbows. After the speech the M.P. can be filmed opening a flower-show and, if necessary, writing a cheque to the local hortiphilist society, which cheque can be thrown on the screen amid loud applause, but need not, of course, go any further.

There is one other point, but it is rather a delicate matter: Messrs. Mump and Gump say to the prospective Candidate, "Your constituents must see and know you before you can hope for their vote." Are they quite right? I have seen a good many Candidates in my time, and I can think of some to whom I should have said, "Your constituents must never see you if you hope for a single vote." I mean, when one looks round the present House of Commons, one really marvels how . . . But perhaps I had better not go on with that. The point is that a Candidate of that kind never need be seen by his constituents now. A handsome young private secretary, uniformed and be-ribboned, and the film does the rest.

Then I rather resent the assumption that Members of Parliament, Mayors, Lecturers and Actors are the only people who require publicity. I should have thought that those who spend their time writing things in the public Press, which are read by the public (if anybody), might have had at least the courtesy title of Public Man. Anyhow, I am going to have three guineas' worth. The only question is, what sort of picture will most thoroughly "get" my personality before a third of the population once a week? The moment when I am most characteristic is when I am lying in a hot bath, and to-morrow is Sunday; but I doubt if even a sixth of the population would be really keen on that. I don't mind writing a letter or two, only, if it meant an extra reel every time I decided to write it to-morrow instead, it would be rather a costly advertisement.

Really, I suppose, one ought to be done *At Work in His Study*; but even that would require a good deal of faking. Ought one, for instance, to remove the golf-balls and the cocoa-cup (and the rhyming dictionary) from The

Desk? Then I always write with a decayed pencil, and that would look so bad. Messrs. Mump and Gump would have to throw in a quill-pen. And I have no Study. I work in the drawing-room, when the children are not playing in it. To go into The Study I simply walk over to my table and put up a large notice: "THE STUDY. DO NOT SPEAK TO ME. I AM THINKING." Do you think that had better be in the film?

Or I wonder if a Comic would be more effective—a Shaving reel or a Dressing reel? It is the small incidents of every-day life that one should look to for the key to the character of a Public Man; and once a whole third of the population had seen for themselves what pain it gives me to put links and studs and all those things in a clean shirt, they would understand the strange note of melancholy which runs through this article.

But of course an author should have several different reels corresponding to the different kinds of work which he wants to publicitise. (That is a new word which I have just invented, but you will find it in common use in a month or two.) People like Mr. BELLOC will probably require the full politician's ration of twenty or more, but the ordinary writer might rub along with four or five.

When his *Pug, Wog and Pussy* is on the market there will be a Family reel, in which he is pretending to be a tree and the children are climbing it. And when he has just published *The Cruise of the Cow; or, Seven Hours at Sea*, he will be seen with an intense expression tying a bowline on a bight or madly hauling on the throat-halyard—at Messrs. Mump and Gump's specially-equipped ponds. And for his passionate romance, *The Borrowed Bride*—But I don't know what he will do then.

And even now we have not exhausted the list of Public Men. There are clergymen. Don't you feel that some of those sermons might be thrown on the screen—and left there? A. P. H.

The Merry Bishop.

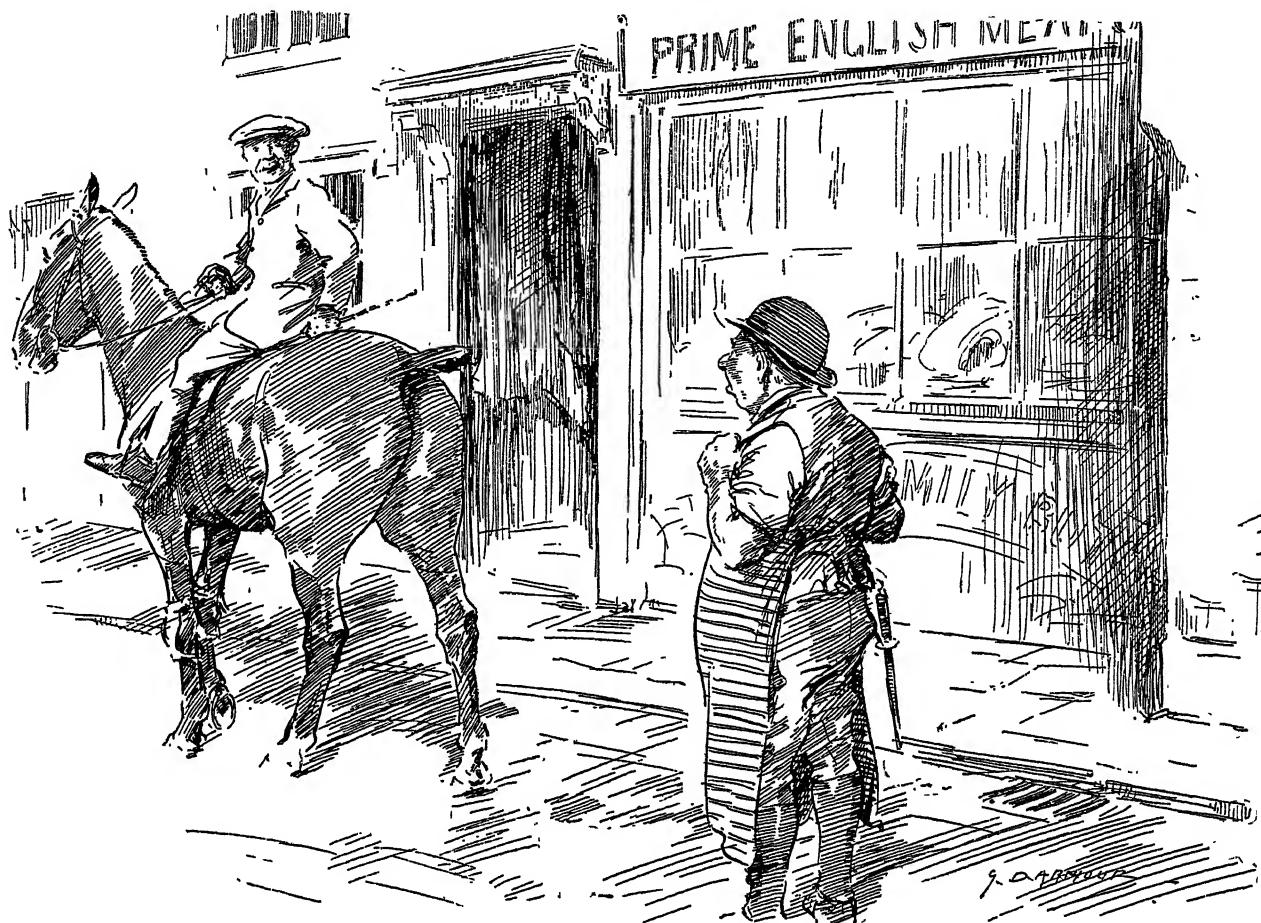
The Dean of CAPE TOWN with a critical frown

To the jests of St. Albans' gay Bishop demurs;

But the Bishop denies the offence and implies

'Tis the way of all asses to nibble at FURSE.

"Harvest Festival celebrations took place at St. John's Church on Sunday evening, when the choir rendered the anthem 'Praise the young ladies of the choir.'"—*Yorkshire Paper*. And we have no doubt they deserved it.



Butcher (at conclusion of scathing criticism of horse). "WELL, THAT'S MY OPINION, ANYWAY. AND I OUGHT TO KNOW SOMETHING BY NOW ABOUT A BIT OF 'ORSEFLESH WHEN I SEES IT."

Groom. "YES—AND SO OUGHT YOUR CUSTOMERS TOO."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

How you regard Miss MAY SINCLAIR's latest story, *The Romantic* (COLLINS), will entirely depend upon your attitude towards the long-veiled question of the permissible in art. If you hold that all life (which in this association generally means something disagreeable) is its legitimate province and that genius can transmute an ugly study of morbid pathology into a romance, you will admire the force of this vivid little book; otherwise, I warn you frankly, you are like to be repelled by the whole business. The title, to begin with, is an irony as grim as anything that follows, in what sense you will find as the story reveals itself. *The Romantic* is a picture—what do I say? a vivisection—of cowardice, seen through the horrified eyes of a woman who loved the subject of it. The scene is the Belgian battlefields, to which John Conway, being unfitted for active service, had taken out a motor-ambulance, with Charlotte Redhead as one of his drivers. All the background of this part of the tale is wonderfully realised, a thing of actual and unforgettable experience. Here gradually the first tragedy of Conway is made clear, though shielded and ignored as long as possible by the loyalty of fellow-workers and the obstinate disbelief of the girl. Perhaps you think I am making too much of it all; treacherous nerves were the lot of many spiritually noble men in that hell. But little by little conviction of a deeper, less understandable,

horror creeps upon the reader, only to be explained and confirmed on the last page. To be honest, *The Romantic* is an ugly, a detestably ugly book, but of its cleverness there can be no question.

It would appear that Mr. A. E. W. MASON is another of those who hold that the day of war-novels is not yet done. Anyhow, *The Summons* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) shows him dealing out all the old familiar cards, spies and counter-spies, submarines and petrol bases and secret ink. It must be admitted that the result is unexpectedly archaic. Perhaps also Mr. MASON hardly gives himself a fair chance. The "summons" to his hero (who, being familiar with the Spanish coast, is required when War breaks out to use this knowledge for submarine-thwarting) is too long delayed, and all the non-active service part of the tale suffers from a very dull love-interest and some even more dreary racing humour. Archaic or not, however, *Hillyard's* anti-spy adventures, in an exquisite setting that the author evidently knows as well as his hero, are good fun enough. But the home scenes had (for me at least) a lack of grip and conviction by no means to be looked for from a writer of Mr. MASON's experience. His big thrill, the suicide of the lady who first sends by car to the local paper the story of her end and then waits to confirm this by telephone before making it true, left me incredulous. I'm afraid *The Summons* can hardly be said to have found Mr. MASON in his customary form.

"To write another person's life-history in the first person, and yet give to it the verisimilitude of a genuine autobiography, would under ordinary circumstances be a difficult if not impossible undertaking." So Mr. C. E. GOULDSBURY tells us in a note to *Reminiscences of a Stowaway* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), and most of us will cordially agree with him. But, after reading this volume of reminiscences, I think you will also agree that Mr. GOULDSBURY has acquitted himself admirably of a most difficult task. The man into whose skin, if I may so express it, he has temporarily tried to fit himself was Mr. ALEXANDER DOUGLAS LARYMORE, who started his adventurous career as a stowaway in an "old iron tub," and eventually became Inspector-General of Jails in India. For nearly forty years Mr. GOULDSBURY was Mr. LARYMORE's intimate friend, and has had sufficient data at his disposal to do justice to what was a remarkably full and interesting life. Possibly those of us who retain a tender spot in our hearts for stowaways may regret that Mr. LARYMORE grew tired of the sea; but his adventures were as numerous and amusing on land as on water, and they are also valuable for the strong light they throw on the India of some years ago. Mr. GOULDSBURY has at once provided a lasting tribute to the memory of his friend and written a book which both in style and matter would be hard to beat.

Are you a victim to the *Tarzan* habit? Perhaps your eye may have been caught by the word on bookstalls as the generic title of an increasing pile of volumes; but knowing, like myself, that all things explain themselves in time, you may have been content to

leave it at that. Meanwhile, however, the thing has continued to spread, till on the wrapper of *Tarzan the Untamed* (METHUEN), which now at last finds me out, its publishers are able to number its devotees in millions. Well, of course the outstanding fact about such popularity is that in face of it any affectation of superiority becomes simply silly. One has got to accept this creation of Mr. EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS as among the definite literary phenomena of our time. In the immediate spasm before me *Tarzan* (who is, if you need telling, a kind of horribly exaggerated *Mowgli* after a diet of the Food of the Gods) is represented as placing himself at the disposal of the British forces in East Africa, and attacking the Germans with man-eating lions. The rather chastening feature of which was my own unexpected enjoyment of the idea. Even, for one disconcerting moment, like the persons in the admonitory anecdotes who taste opium "just for fun," I began to feel that perhaps . . . However it passed, and the temptation has not returned. Meanwhile the real nature of *Tarzanism*, whether some sinister possession or simply the age-long appetite for the monstrous, just now a little out of hand, remains as far from solution as ever.

Mr. HORACE BLEACKLEY, whose last excursion into poli-

tical fiction was a description of an opéra-bouffe Labour Government in action, addresses himself, in *The Monster* (HEINEMANN), to a more serious theme. His monster is the factory system, and if I say that this witty novel will provide the ignorant and comfortable with instruction as well as entertainment I hope I shan't have done him any harm. The author, while making his points against the system, notes truly enough that the risen ranker, the one who had been through the dreadful mill, with its ninety-hour working week for children, became the hardest master during that wonderful period of the Manchesterising of England which laid the train for the explosions of our present discontents. He reminds us also of that admirable speech, made about every ten years for the last hundred or so in the House with the same fervour and conviction, to the effect that any change in conditions or wages would surely mean the complete ruin of the country. A comforting speech, that! Perhaps Mr. BLEACKLEY, presenting three generations from Peterloo to the Jubilee of QUEEN VICTORIA, covers too much

ground for full effect, but he has pleasantly gilded a wholesome pill for pleasant people. Good luck to him.

I did not take the publishers' statement that *Pengard Awake* (METHUEN) was "entirely unlike Mr. STRAUS's previous stories" as a recommendation, however alluring it was intended to be, for he has good and enjoyable work to his credit. I doubt, indeed, if he has yet written a book more acceptable to the novel-reading public than this tale of "action, mystery and wonderful adventures" (again I quote from the paper wrapper). Pos-

sibly in a so-called mystery book the author ought to have his readers guessing all the time, but if I was not perpetually engaged in this rather exhausting pursuit I was, at any rate, intrigued. *Pengard*, who is also *Sylvester*, and yet is neither the one nor the other, may be too much for your saner moments of credulity. But Mr. STRAUS tells his queer story so plausibly and with so light a touch that even though you may affect to scoff at his dashing improbabilities you cannot escape their attraction. Indeed Mr. STRAUS's adventure into fields hitherto strange to him has been so successful that I am inclined to ask him to continue cultivating them.

Life's Little Contradictions.

"Now mind, you know, if I kill you it's nothing, but if you kill me, by Jingo, it's murder." This remark was put by JOHN LEECH into the lips of a small Special Constable, represented as menacing a gigantic ruffian, and was not, as you might think, addressed by a Sinn Féin to a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son.

Mr. Punch wishes to offer the most sincere congratulations to his old friends on the occasion of the centenary of their firm.



The King. "LOOK HERE—THIS THRONE WON'T DO; IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO LOOK DIGNIFIED IN IT."

The Artificer. "I'M SORRY, YOUR MAJESTY. THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE. I GOT IT IN MY 'EAD THAT YOUR MAJESTY ORDERED A LOUNGE THRONE."

CHARIVARIA.

"AFTER all," asks a writer, "why shouldn't Ireland have a Parliament, like England?" Quite frankly we do not like this idea of retaliation while more humane methods are still unexplored.

"The miners' strike," says a music-hall journal, "has given one song-writer the idea for a ragtime song." It is only fair to say that Mr. SMILLIE had no idea that his innocent little manœuvre would lead to this.

The Admiralty does not propose to publish an official account of the Battle of Jutland. Indeed the impression is gaining ground that this battle will have to be cancelled.

We are asked to deny that, following upon the publication of *Mirrors of Downing Street*, by "A Gentleman with a Duster," Lord KENYON is about to dedicate to Sir CLAUDE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY a book entitled *A Peer with a Knuckle-Duster*.

"Mr. Lloyd George seems to have had his hair 'bobbed' recently," says a gossip-writer in a Sunday paper. Mr. HODGES still sticks to the impression that it was really two-bobbed.

"Cigars discovered in the possession of Edward Fischer, in New York," says a news item, "were found to contain only tobacco." Very rarely do we come across a case like that in England.

"Water," says a member of the L.C.C., "is being sold at a loss." But not in our whisky, we regret to say.

What is claimed to be the largest shell ever made has been turned out by the Hecla Works, Sheffield. It may shortly be measured for a war to fit it.

A taxi-driver who knocked a man down in Gracechurch Street has summoned him for using abusive language. It seems a pity that pedestrians cannot be knocked down without showing their temper like this.

After months of experiment at Thames Ditton the question of an artificial limb of light metal has been solved. It is said to be just the thing for Tube-travellers to carry as a spare.

In connection with Mr. PRINGLE'S recent visit to Ireland we are asked to say that he was not sent there as a reprisal.

Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY recently told a Poplar audience why he went to Australia many years ago. No explanation was offered of his return.

A coal-porter summoned for income-tax at West Ham Police Court said that his wages averaged eight hundred pounds a year. We think it only fair to say that there must be labouring men here and there who earn even less than that.

"The thief," says a weekly paper report, "entered the house by way of

A reduction in prices is what every housewife in the land is looking for, says *The Daily Express*. It is not known how our contemporary got hold of this idea.

There is no truth in the report that *The Daily Mail* has offered a prize of a hundred pounds to the first person who can prove that it has been talking through its prize hat.

"What should *The Daily Mail* hat be worn with?" asks an enthusiast. "Characteristic modesty" is the right answer.

Emigrants to Canada, it is stated, now include an increasingly large proportion of skilled workers. Fortunately, thanks to the high wages they earn at home, we are not losing the services of our skilled loafers.

A burglar who was recently sentenced in the Glasgow Police Court was captured while in the act of lowering a chest of drawers out of a window with a rope. The old method of taking the house home and extracting the furniture at leisure is still considered the safest by conservative house-breakers.

Found under a bed in a strange house at Grimsby, a man told the police who arrested him that he was looking for work. It was pointed out to him that the usual place for men looking for work is in bed, not under it.

In a recent case a Hull bargee gave his name as ALFAINA SWASH. Nevertheless the Court did not decide to hear the rest of his evidence *in camera*.

A cyclist who stopped to watch a stag-hunt near Tivington Cross, in Somerset, was tossed into the hedge by the stag. On behalf of the beast it is claimed that the cyclist was off-side.

"The Czecho-Slovaks will shortly be able to see the successful play, 'The Right to Stroke.'"—*Evening Paper*.

Good news for the local pussies.

"The first annual dinner of the — Club was held in the Club Rooms on Saturday evening, a large number sitting down to an excellent coal collation."—*Local Paper*. Surely a little extravagant in these times.



"SHE DON'T 'ARF SWANK SINCE 'ER FARTHER WAS KNOCKED OVER BY A ROLLS-ROYCE."

the front-door." We can only suppose that the burglars' entrance was locked at the time.

A small boy, born in a Turkish harem, is said to have forty-eight step-mothers living. Our office-boy, however, is still undefeated in the matter of recently defunct grandmothers.

The number of accidental deaths in France is attaining alarming proportions. It is certainly time that a stop was put to the quaint custom of duelling.

A rat that looks like a kangaroo and barks like a prairie dog is reported in Texas, says *The Columbia Record*. We can only say that, when we last heard that one, it was an elephant with white trunk and pink eyes.

"Why do leaders of the Bar wear such ill-fitting clothes?" asks a contemporary. A sly dig, we presume, at their brief bags.

THE POET LAUREATE AND HIS GERMAN FRIENDS.

"Prisoners to a foe inhuman, Oh, but our hearts rebel;
Defenceless victims ye are, in claws of spite a prey."

Nor trouble we just Heaven that quick revenge be done
On Satan's chamberlains highseated in Berlin;
Their reek floats round the world on all lands neath the sun:
Tho' in craven Germany was no man found, not one
With spirit enough to cry Shame!—Nay but on such sin
Follows Perdition eternal . . . and it has begun."

The POET LAUREATE, in "The Times," November 4th, 1918.

"The letter [of reconciliation from Oxford Professors, etc., 'to their fellows in Germany'] is written . . . with the recognition that we have both of us been provoked to 'animosities' which we desire to put aside . . . The commonest objection was that the action was 'premature'—my own feeling being that of shame for having vainly waited so long in deference to political complications, and that shame was intolerably increasing . . . It is undiscerning not to see that at a critical moment of extreme tension they [the German Professors] allowed their passion to get the better of them."

The POET LAUREATE, in "The Times," October 27th, 1920.

[The author of the following lines fears that he has failed to do full justice to the metrical purity of the Master's craftsmanship.]

SUCH people as lacked the leisure to peruse
My scripture, one-and-a-quarter columns long
In *The Times*, may like me, as having the gift of song,
To prosodise succinctly my private views.

Did I cry Shame! in November, 1918,
On those who never cried Shame! on the lords of hell?
Rather the shame is mine who delayed to clean
My soul of a wrong that grew intolerable.
What if our German colleagues, our brothers-in-love,
Preached and approved for years the vilest of deeds?
Yet is there every excuse when the hot blood speeds;
We too were vexed and wanted our fellows' gore,
Saying rude things in a moment of extreme tension
Which in our calmer hours we should never mention.

Dons in their academic ignorance blind,
With passions like to our own as pea to pea,
Shall we await in them a change of mind?
Shall we require a repentant apology?
Or in a generous spasm anticipate
The regrets unspoken that, under the heavy stress
Of labour involved in planning new frightfulness,
They have been too busy, poor dears, to formulate?

Once I remarked that on German crimes would follow
"Perdition eternal"; Heaven would make this its care,
Nor need to be hustled, with plenty of time to spare.
Those words of mine I have a desire to swallow,
Finding, on further thought, which admits my offence,
That a few brief years of Coventry, of denied
Communion with Culture—used in the Oxford sense—
Are ample for getting our difference rectified.

What is a Laureate paid for, I ask *The Times*,
If not to recant in prose his patriot rhymes?
I stamp my foot on my wrath's last smouldering ember,
And for my motto I take "*Lest we remember.*" O. S.

THE SUPERFECTION LAUNDRY.

I LET myself into my flat to find a young woman sitting on one of those comfortless chairs designed by upholsterers for persons of second quality who are bidden to wait in the hall.

"You want to see me?" I inquired. "Yes; what is it?"

"I have called, Madam, to ask if you are satisfied with your laundry."

"Far from it," I said. "It is kind of you to ask, but why?"

"Because I wish to solicit your custom for the laundry I represent."

"What faults do you specialise in?" I inquired.

"I beg your pardon, Madam?"

"Will you send home my husband's collars with an edge like a dissipated saw?"

The young woman's face brightened with comprehension.

"Oh, no, Madam," she replied. "We exercise the greatest care with gentlemen's stand-up collars."

"Will you shrink my combinations to the size of a doll's?"

An expression of horror invaded her countenance. "The utmost precaution," she asserted, "is taken to prevent the shrinkage of woollens."

"Is it your custom to send back towels reduced to two hems connected by a few stray rags in the middle?"

The young woman was aghast. "All towels are handled as gently as possible to avoid tearing," she replied.

"How about handkerchiefs?" I asked. "I dislike to find myself grasping my bare nose through a hole in the centre."

The suggestion made my visitor laugh.

"Are you in the habit of sewing nasty bits of red thread, impossible to extricate, into conspicuous parts of one's clothing?"

"Oh, no, Madam," she asseverated; "no linen is allowed to leave our establishment with any disfiguring marks."

"You never, I suppose, return clothing dirtier than when it reached you?" I proceeded.

Suppressed scorn that I could believe in such a possibility flashed momentarily from her eyes before she uttered an emphatic denial.

"Nor do you ever perhaps send home garments belonging to other people while one's own are missing?"

"Never, I can assure you, Madam."

"Does the man who delivers the washing habitually turn the basket upside down so that the heavy things below crush all the delicate frilly things that ought to be on top?"

She seemed incapable of conceiving that such perverted creatures could exist.

"Do they never whistle in an objectionable manner while waiting for the soiled clothes?"

"Whistling on duty is strictly forbidden, Madam."

"Well, all these things I have mentioned my laundry does to me, and even more, and when I write to complain they disregard my letters."

"We rarely have complaints, Madam, and all such receive prompt attention. I can give references in this street—in this block of flats even."

"Well," said I, "if you like to give me a card I am willing to let you have a trial."

The young woman opened her bag with alacrity and handed me a card.

"The Superfection Laundry," I read with amazement. "Surely there must be some mistake?"

"Are you not Mrs. Fulton?" asked the young woman.

"No, you have come a floor too high. Mrs. Fulton lives in the flat below me."

"I must apologise for my call, then; I was sent to see Mrs. Fulton. But all the same may we not add you to the list of our customers?"

"Impossible," I said.

"May I ask your reasons, Madam?"

"Because the laundry I employ at present is the Superfection."

The Church Militant in the Near East.

"Resht was bombed by Red aeroplanes on September 28 and 30; one of the machines was forced to descend on the latter date some 6 miles to the north of the town. The pilot and observer were taken by the Cassocks."—*Evening Paper.*



OUR VILLAGE SIGN.



The Guest (exasperated with waiting). "I've a good mind to drive off, but I'm afraid of hitting that idiot in front."
The Hostess. "Hit him where you like, dear—it's my husband."

PROOF POSITIVE.

THIS kind of thing had been going on morning after morning until I was quite tired.

They. You ought to get hold of a good dog.

It is extraordinary how many things one ought to get hold of in the country. Sometimes it is a wood-chopper and sometimes a couple of hundred cabbages, and sometimes a cartload of manure, and sometimes a few good hens. I find this very exhausting to the grip.

I. What for?

They. To watch your house.

I. I do not wish to inflict pain on a good dog. What kind of a dog ought it to be?

They. Well, a mastiff.

I. Isn't that rather a smooth kind of dog? If I have to get hold of a dog, I should like one with rather a rougher surface.

They. Try an Irish terrier.

I. I have. They fight.

They. Not unless they're provoked.

I. Nobody fights unless he is provoked. But more things provoke an Irish terrier than one might imagine.

The postman provoked my old one so much that it bit the letters out of his hand and ate them.

They. Well, you didn't get any bills, then.

I. Yes, I did. Bills always came when the dog was away for the week-end. He was a great week-ender, and he always came back from week-ends with more and more pieces out of his ears until at last they were all gone, and he couldn't hear us when we called him.

They. Well, there are plenty of other sorts. You might have a Chow or an Airedale or a boar-hound.

I. Thank you, I do not hunt boars. Besides, all the dogs you mention are very expensive nowadays. In the War it was quite different. You could collect dogs for practically nothing then. My company used to have more than a dozen dogs parading with it every day. They had never seen so many men so willing to go for so many long walks before. They thought the Millennium had come. A proposal was made that they should be taught to form fours and march in the rear. But, like all great strategical plans, it was stifled by red tape. After that—

They. You are getting away from the point. If you really want a good cheap dog—

I. Ah, I thought you were coming to that. You know of a good cheap dog?

They. The gardener of my sister-in-law's aunt has an extremely good cheap dog.

I. And would it watch my house?

They. Most intently.

That is how Trotsky came to us. Nobody but a reckless propagandist would say that he is either a mastiff or a boar-hound, though he once stopped when we came to a pig. I do not mind that. What I do mind is their saying, now that they have palmed him off on me, "I saw you out with your whatever-it-is yesterday," or "I did not know you had taken to sheep-breeding," or "What is that thing you have tied up to the kennel at the back?" There seems to be something about the animal's tail that does not go with its back, or about its legs that does not go with its nose, or about its eyes that does not go with its fur. If it is fur, that is to say. And the eyes are a different colour and seem to squint a little. They say that one of them is a wall-eye. I think that is the one he watches the

house with. Personally I consider that they are very handsome eyes in their own different lines, and my opinion is that he is a Mull-terrier; or possibly a Rum. Anyhow he is a good dog to get hold of, for he is very curly.

The village policeman came round to the house the other day. I think he really came to talk to the cook, but I fell into conversation with him.

"You ought to be getting a licence for that dog of yours," he said.

"What dog?" I asked.

"Why, you've got a dog tied up at the back there, haven't you?" he said.

"Have I?" said I.

And we went out and looked at it together. Trotsky looked at me with one eye and at the policeman with the other, and he wagged his tail. At least I am not sure that he wagged it; "shook" would be a better word.

"Where did you get it?" he inquired.

"Oh, I just got hold of it," I said airily. "It's rather good, don't you think?"

He stood for some time in doubt.

"It's a dog," he said at last.

I shook him warmly by the hand.

"You have taken a great load off my mind," I told him. "I will get a licence at once."

This will score off them pretty badly.

After all you can't go behind a Government certificate, can you? *EVON.*

THE CRY OF THE ADULT AUTHOR.

[The "Diarist" of *The Westminster Gazette*, in the issue of October 25th, utters a poignant *cri de cœur* over what he regards as one of the great tragedies of the time—the crowding-out of the "genuine craftsmen" of journalism and letters by Cabinet Ministers, notoriety-mongers and, above all, by sloppy infant prodigies.]

Oh, bitter are the insults

And bitter is the shame

Heaped on deserving authors

Of high and strenuous aim,

When all the best booksellers

Their shelves and windows cram

With novels from the nursery

And poems from the pram.

In recent Autumn seasons

Writers of age mature

(From eighteen up to thirty)

Of sympathy were sure;

Now publishers their portals

On everybody slam

Save novelists from the nursery

And poets from the pram.

Unfairly WINSTON CHURCHILL

Invades the Sunday sheets;

Unfairly Mrs. ASQUITH

With serious scribes competes;

But these are minor evils—

What makes me cuss and damn

Are novels from the nursery

And poems from the pram.



Caller. "Is Mrs. JONES at home?"

Cook-General. "SHE IS, BUT SHE AIN'T 'ARDLY IN A FIT STATE TO SEE ANYBODY. SHE'S JUST BIN GIVIN' ME NOTICE."

When on the concert platform
The prodigy appears
I do not grudge his welcome,
The clappings and the cheers;
But I can't forgive the people
Who down our throats would cram
The novelists from the nursery,
The poets from the pram.

I met a (once) best seller,
And I took him by the hand,
And asked, "How's OPAL WHITELEY
And how does DAISY stand?"

He answered, "I can only
See sloppiness and sham
In novels from the nursery
And poems from the pram."

If I were only despot,
To end this painful feud . . .
I'd banish straight to Mesopotamia
The scribbling infant brood,

And bar the importation,
By that hustler, Uncle Sam,
Of novels from the nursery
And poems from the pram.

From an account of Sir J. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S *début* :—

"It was interesting to remember that in the audience on that occasion were Dante, Gabriel, Rossetti and Algernon Charles Swinburne."—*Provincial Paper*.

The archangel was a great catch.

"When the Royal Cream horses were dispersed from the royal stables, one or two golf clubs made an endeavour to get one of these fine animals, and Ranelagh and Sandy Lodge were fortunate to secure them. The horses look fine on the course behind the mower."
Evening Paper.

Shoving, we suppose, for all they are worth.

EUCLID IN REAL LIFE.

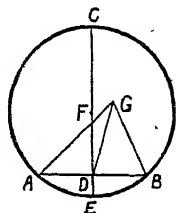
IF it was not for the paper-shortage I should at once re-write EUCLID, or those parts of him which I understand. The trouble about old EUCLID was that he had no soul, and few of his books have that emotional appeal for which we look in these days. My aim would be to bring home his discoveries to the young by clothing them with human interest; and I should at the same time demonstrate to the adult how often they might be made practically useful in everyday life. When one thinks of the times one draws a straight line at right angles to another straight line, and how seldom one does it EUCLID's way . . . every time one writes a T . . .

Well, let us take, for example—

BOOK III., PROPOSITION 1.

PROBLEM.—*To find the centre of a given circle.*

Let ABC be that horrible round bed where you had the geraniums last year. This year, I gather, the idea is to have it nothing but rose-trees, with a great big fellow in the middle. The question is, where is the middle? I mean, if you plant it in a hurry on your own judgment, everyone who comes near the house will point out that the bed is all cock-eye. Besides, you can see it from the dining-room and it will annoy you at breakfast.



CONSTRUCTION.—Well, this is how we go about it. First, you draw any chord AB in the given bed ABC. You can do that with one of those long strings the gardener keeps in his shed, with pegs at the end.

Bisect AB at D.

Now don't look so stupid. We've done that already in Book I., Prop. 10, you remember, when we bisected the stick of nougat. That's right.

Now from D draw DC at right angles to AB, and meeting the lawn at C. You can do that with a hoe.

Produce CD to meet the lawn again at E.

Now we do some more of that bisecting; this time we bisect EC at F.

Then F shall be the middle of the bed; and that's where your rose-tree is going.

PROOF???—Well, I mean, if F be not the centre let some point G, outside

the line CE, be the centre and put the confounded tree *there*. And, what's more, you can jolly well join GA, GD and GB, and see what that looks like.

Just cast your eye over the two triangles GDA and GDB.

Don't you see that DA is equal to DB (unless, of course, you've bisected that chord all wrong), and DG is common, and GA is equal to GB—at least according to your absurd theory about G it is, since they must be both *radii*.

Radii indeed! Look at them. Ha, ha! Therefore, you fool, the angle GDA is equal to the angle GDB.

Therefore they are both right angles.

Therefore the angle GDA is a right angle. (I know you think I'm repeating myself, but you'll see what I'm getting at in a minute.)

Therefore—and this is the cream of the joke—therefore—really, I can't help laughing—therefore *the angle CDA is equal to the angle GDA*! That is, the part is equal to the whole—which is ridiculous.

I mean, it's too *laughable*.

So, you see, your rose-tree is not in the middle at all.

In the same way you can go on planting the old tree all over the bed—anywhere you like. In every case you'll get those right angles in the same ridiculous position—why, it makes me laugh *now* to think of it—and you'll be brought back to dear old CE.

And, of course, any point in CE *except* F would divide CE unequally, which I notice now is just what you've done yourself; so F is wrong too.

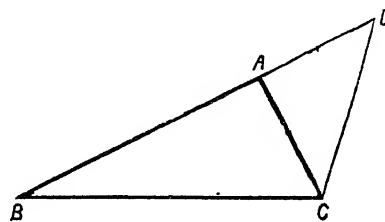
But you see the idea?

What a mess you've made of the bed!

BOOK I., PROPOSITION 20.

THEOREM.—*Any two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third side.*

Let ABC be a triangle.



CONSTRUCTION.—You know the eleventh hole? Well, let B be the tee, and let C be the green, and let BC be my drive. Yes, *mine*. Is it dead? Yes.

Now let BA be *your* drive. I'm afraid you've pulled it a bit and gone into the road by the farm.

You can't get on to the green by the direct route AG because you're under the wall. You'll have to play further

up the road till you get opposite that gap at D. It's a pity, because you'll have to play about the same distance, only in the wrong direction.

Take your niblick, then, and play your second, making AD equal to AC. Now join CD.

I mean, put your third on the green. You can do that, *surely*? Good.

PROOF.—There, I'm down in two. But we won't rub it in. Do you notice anything odd about these triangles? No? Well, the fact is that AD is equal to AC, and the result of that is that the angle ACD is equal to the angle ADC. That's Prop. 5. Anyhow, it's obvious, isn't it?

But steady on. The angle BCD is greater than its part, the angle ACD—you must admit that? (Look out, there's a fellow going to drive.)

And therefore the angle BCD—Oh, well, I can't go into it all now or it will mean we shall have to let these people through; but if you carry on on those lines you'll find that BD is greater than BC.

I mean you've only got to go back to where you played your third and you'll see that it *must* be so, won't you? Very well, then, don't argue.

But BD is equal to BA and AC, for AD is equal to AC; it *had* to be, you remember.

Therefore—now follow this closely—the two sides BA and AC are together greater than the third side BC.

That means, you see, that by pulling your drive out to the left there you gave yourself a lot of extra distance to cover.

You'd never have guessed that, would you? But old EUCLID did.

Come along, then; they're putting. You must be more careful at this hole.

I think it's that right shoulder of yours . . . A. P. H.

Our Candid Candidates.

From an election address:—

"Should I get returned as your representative you will have no cause for regret when my term of office expires."—*Provincial Paper*.

"The strike of the mechanical staff of the 'Karachi Daily Gazette' has ended."

Evening Paper.

We wondered why everybody looked so pleased in London that day.

"Since her treatment with the monkey gland Miss Ediss has received enough complimentary nuts to stock a market garden. An ornate basket of monkey nuts fills a prominent place in her room, and two cocoanuts tied up with coloured ribbon strike the eye of the visitor."—*Sunday Paper*.

In that case we shall postpone our intended visit until Miss Ediss is herself again.



MANNERS AND MODES.

NOW THAT MEN'S ATTIRE IS SO COSTLY WHY NOT TAKE A LEAF FROM THE LADIES' BOOK OF FASHION AND LET THE TAILORS HAVE DRESS PARADES OF THE LATEST DESIGNS?

THE CONSPIRATORS.

VI.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I was talking to the Editor the other day about this correspondence of ours which we are conducting in the public Press, thus saving the twopenny stamps and avoiding the increased cost of living which is hitting everyone else so hard.

"This ought to be put a stop to," said he.

"That is just what I have been saying since 1918," I replied; "but the question is what to do about it? When you get down to it, the word 'Bolshevist' is but the Russian for 'advanced Socialist,' and there is nothing to prevent Socialists, whether they be advanced or retarded. How then are you going to put a stop to Bolshevism?"

"I was thinking of the correspondence," the Editor replied.

So I stopped talking to him and sat down to write my last letter to you on the subject.

To resume: In the summer of 1918 the German War Lords began to have their doubts of a Pax Germanica and saw signs rather of a Wash-out Germanicum. Things looked ill with them, so they consulted their doctor, a certain person who called himself "Dr. Help-us" by way of a jest. He proved more successful as a business man, however, than he was as a humourist. He advised that the "War of World Conquest" was not likely to produce a dividend, because its name was against it. Cut out "Imperialism"; substitute another word, with just as many syllables and no less an imposing sound, "Proletariat"; call the thing "Class Warfare"; advertise it thoroughly and attract to it all the political egoists of disappointed ambition in the various countries of the enemy, and the German War Lords would find it no longer necessary to crush all existing nations, since all existing nations would then set about to crush themselves.

The idea was voted excellent, and the trial run in Russia gave complete satisfaction.

But not all countries were so immediately susceptible to the idea of a World Revolution. Victory hath its charms and does not predispose a people to complain; so where the Masses (invested with a capital "M" to flatter their

vanity and secure their goodwill) were victorious and content they were to be made to believe by advertisement that with a little trouble they could become even more victorious and more content. The KAISER and Imperialism had been disposed of; it only remained to get rid of Capitalism and Charles. The subterranean campaign was developed, and that is what our conspirators have since been so brisk and busy about.

That was the programme; but it is

turned up they were always just on their way to England; either they had a poor sense of direction or, being bad sailors, were afraid of the crossing. There was never any knowing in what corner of the earth they would next be appearing; in fact the only country which those Chinese Bonds seemed to have successfully avoided was China.

The first time we heard of them, I will admit that we were thrilled. They gave a touch of reality to an otherwise

over-hairy and unconvincing narrative of conspiracy. The second time we were told of them we were pleasurably moved. So it was true, after all, about those Chinese Bonds?

The third time we heard of them we were satisfied; the fourth time we heard of them we were indifferent; the fifth time bored, the sixth time irritated, the seventh time infuriated, and the eighth time we said to our informant, "Now look you here. We appreciate the excitement of your mysterious presence and the soothing effects of your hushed voice, and as long as you care to go on revealing your secrets we will listen. You may speak of finance and you may even touch upon British bank-notes forged by the Soviets; you may go so far as to divulge some new forms of script involved, getting as near as even, say, Japanese Debentures; but if you so much as mention China or its Bonds to us again we will wrap you up in a parcel and post you to Moscow with a personal note of warning to LENIN as to your inner knowledge and the dangerous publicity you are giving it."

For ourselves we wrote many a learned treatise on the subject and sent many a thousand memos home to those authorities near to whose hearts the

welfare of those Bonds should be. And after many months of this correspondence someone in the what-d'you-call-it office suddenly sat up and took notice and wrote to us as follows: "His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Thingummy has the honour to inform you that rumours have reached his ears concerning the existence of certain bonds, alleged to be Chinese, in the hands of Bolshevik agitators coming or intending to come to this country. You are requested to ascertain and report what, if anything, is known of these Chinese Bonds."

I could have made a story for you of



THE CULT OF FACE-READING.

'Erb (a cinema habitué). "SEE WOT 'E'S SAYING, EM'LY? 'E'S STILL AT THE OFFICE AND WON'T BE ABLE TO GET 'OME TO DINNER."

a programme which required money. And so at last to the Chinese Bonds.

Oh, those Chinese Bonds! How some people abroad have learned to curse the very mention of them these last many months! I don't know where that tiresome man, LITVINOFF, first got them from, but my poor friends, whose business all this is, were running after them at least ten months ago. Sometimes they were in Russia, sometimes they showed up in Denmark, sometimes they got scent of them in Germany, and I am told it is the merest fluke that the Bonds did not come to Switzerland for the winter sports. And wherever they



Nervous Party. "ARE YOU SURE THAT LOBSTER'S ALL RIGHT?"

Fishmonger (on his dignity). "QUITE RIGHT, SIR. IF IT ISN'T WE SHALL BE HERE TO-MORROW."

Nervous Party. "YES—BUT SHALL I BE HERE TO-MORROW?"

the uses to which the Bonds were put in other countries and newspapers as well as your own. But that painfully honest journal, *The Daily Herald*, has anticipated me. And anything more you want to know about the conspiracies or the conspirators you may now, as I judge from reading your Press, experience for yourself. So upon that these letters may end. I would like to have concluded by a protestation that, in making these frank statements as to the working of, and against, the Conspirators, I personally draw no pecuniary benefit of any sort, not a sovereign, not a bob, not a half-penny stamp. It is perhaps better, however, to anticipate discovery by owning up to the fact that my frankness is being paid for at so many pence per line.

Yours ever, HENRY.
(Concluded.)

EPITAPH FOR A PROFESSOR OF TANGO:

"Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit."

THE CAGE.

He stood in the packed building, a small lonely figure, pathetic in the isolation that shut him off from the warm humanity of the watching crowd.

He felt weak, ill, but he struggled to bear himself bravely. He could not move his eyes from the stern white face that seemed to fill all the space in front of him. About that cold minatory figure, which was speaking to him in such passionless even tones, clung an atmosphere of awe; the traditional robes of office lent it a majesty that crushed his will.

He knew he was being addressed, and he strove to listen. His brain was a torrent of thoughts. And so his life had come to this. It was indeed the final catastrophe. That was surely what the voice meant—that voice which went on and on in an even stream of sound without meaning. Why had he come to this—in the flower of his life to lose its chiefest gift, Liberty?

Up and down the spaces of his brain thought sped like fire. The people behind—did they care? A few perhaps pitied him. The others were indifferent. To them it was merely a spectacle.

Suddenly into his mind crept the consciousness of a vast silence. The voice had stopped. The abrupt cessation of sound whipped his quivering nerves. It was like the holding of a great breath.

He gathered his forces. He knew that the huge concourse waited. A question had been put to him. It seemed as if the world stood still to listen.

He moistened his lips. He knew what he had meant to say, but his tongue was a traitor to his desire. What use now to plead? The soundlessness grew intolerable. He thought he should cry aloud.

And then—

"I will," he said, and, looking sideways, caught the swift shy glance of his bride.



G. L. Staunton.
The Master Plumber. "I'VE NEVER SEED A BLOKE TAKE SO LONG OVER A JOB IN ALL ME LIFE. THAT LAD 'LL GO FAR."

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE SPONGE.

THE sponge is not, as you suppose,
A funny kind of weed ;
He lives below the deep blue sea,
An animal, like you and me,
Though not so good a breed.
And when the sponges go to sleep
The fearless diver dives ;
He prongs them with a cruel prong,
And, what I think is rather wrong,
He also prongs their wives.
For I expect they love their wives
And sing them little songs,
And though, of course, they have no heart
It hurts them when they're forced to part—
Especially with prongs.
I know you'd rather not believe
Such dreadful things are done ;
Alas, alas, it is the case ;
And every time you wash your face
You use a skeleton.
And that round hole in which you put
Your finger and your thumb,
And tear the nice new sponge in two,
As I have told you *not* to do,
Was once his *osculum*.

So that is why I seldom wash,
However black I am,
But use my flannel if I must,
Though even that, to be quite just,
Was once a little lamb. A. P. H.

HOW TO MISS THE MISSING LINK.

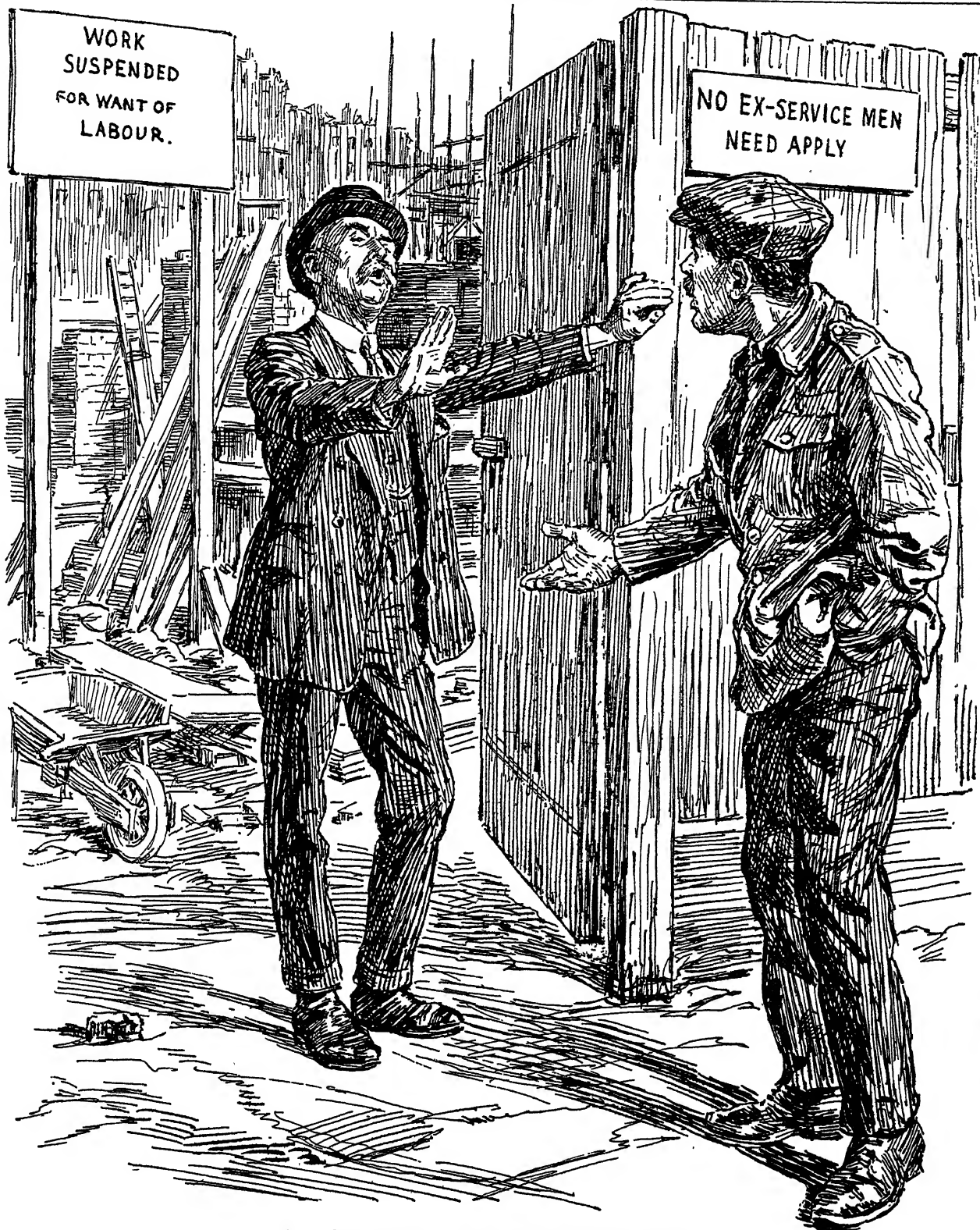
WE understand that an expedition will shortly leave the United States for Central Asia in search of the Missing Link. "Aeroplanes, motor cars, camels, mules and all means of locomotion found suitable will be used by the anthropologists, archæologists and other scientists" taking part.

We predict that an enterprise so opposed to all the traditions of exploration is doomed to failure. We cannot doubt that the Missing Link possesses a sense of smell keen enough to detect a camel or a Ford car while yet afar off. His regrettable elusiveness is more likely to be established than overcome when he beholds mules and anthropologists, attended by aeroplanes and motor-cars, and possibly whippet-tanks, motor-scooters and phrenologists. Even if there are only nine or ten of each variety it will be enough to ensure that the adventurers miss the Link after all.

Another aspect of the expedition should be borne in mind. The progress through the jungle of such vehicles and personnel would cause something like consternation among the larger fauna, whose limited intelligence might reasonably fail to distinguish the procession from a travelling menagerie. In these days of unrest is it right, is it expedient, thus to stir up species hatred? It would be indeed deplorable if the present quest were to be followed by a search party got up to trace the missing Missing Link expedition.

Surely the old methods of the explorer are still the best. Simply equipped with an elephant-rifle and a pith helmet, let him plunge into the bush and be lost to sight for a few years. Whereas the Missing Link may be relied on to remain resolutely beneath his rock at the sight of a sort of a Lord Mayor's Show wandering among the vegetation, the spectacle of a simple-looking traveller in the midst of the lonely forest would rather encourage the creature to emerge from its place of retreat.

Then nothing would remain but for the explorer to advance with out-stretched hand (preferably the left), and exclaim, "The Missing Link, I presume?"



A CLOSE CORPORATION.

EX-SERVICE MAN (*unemployed*). "IF YOU'RE SO SHORT OF LABOUR, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME ON?"

TRADE UNION OFFICIAL. "MY GOOD FELLOW, BRICKLAYING REQUIRES YEARS AND YEARS OF APPRENTICESHIP."

EX-SERVICE MAN. "SO DOES SOLDIERING; BUT THEY WEREN'T SO PARTICULAR WHEN THERE WAS WORK TO BE DONE AT THE FRONT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, October 25th.—Sir PHILIP LLOYD-GREAME, the newest recruit on the Treasury Bench, already answers Questions with all the assurance of the other LLOYD G. His readiness in referring the inquisitive to other Departments and in declining to go beyond his brief—witness his modest refusal to discuss in reply to a Supplementary Question the possibility of imposing a tariff in this country—suggests that somewhere behind the SPEAKER's chair there must be a school for Under-Secretaries where the callow back-bencher is instructed in the arts and crafts required in the seats of the mighty.

For this purpose I can imagine no better instructor than the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who combines scrupulous politeness with an icy precision of language. Take, for example, his treatment of Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING's defiant inquiry if it would now be "compatible with the dignity of the Government" to say that there had never been any intention to bring the War-criminals to trial. "No," replied Sir GORDON HEWART in his most pedagogic manner,



A GOVERNMENT RECRUIT.

Sir PHILIP LLOYD-GREAME.

Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade.

"it cannot be compatible with anyone's dignity to make a statement which is manifestly untrue."

This week was to have been devoted, *de die in diem*, to getting on with the Government of Ireland Bill. But the malignant sprite that has hitherto foiled every effort to pacify Ireland again intervened, and the House found itself called upon to discuss the Emergency Powers Bill. The measure is a peacetime successor to D.O.R.A. (who in the opinion of the Government is getting a little *passée*) and, perhaps naturally, met with little approval. Mr. ASQUITH,

while admitting that something of the kind might be required, took exception to the vagueness of its drafting. "What is 'substantial'?" he inquired. "Ask



SOMETHING "SUBSTANTIAL."

Mr. WILL THORNE.

them another!" Mr. WILL THORNE joyfully interjected. "What is 'substantial'?" repeated the EX-PREMIER; whereupon the Coalition with one voice replied, "WILL THORNE."

With consummate skill the PRIME MINISTER managed to get the House out of its hostile mood and to satisfy the majority, at any rate, that the measure was neither provocative nor inopportune, but a necessary precaution against the possibility that "direct action" on the part of extra-Parliamentary bodies might confront the country with the alternatives of starvation or surrender.

Tuesday, October 26th.—In these troublous times the House gladly seizes the smallest occasion for merriment. There was great laughter when Colonel YATE, the politest of men, inadvertently referred to Sir ARCHIBALD WILLIAMSON as "the right honourable gent," and it broke forth again when, in his anxiety to make no further slip, he addressed him *tout court* as "the right honourable."

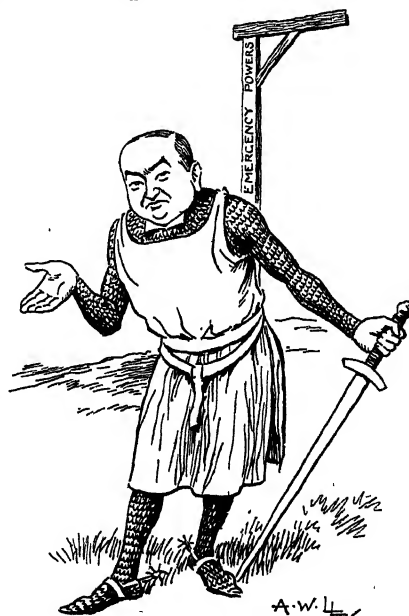
There are some fifty thousand British soldiers in Ireland, costing over a million pounds a month. But Mr. CHURCHILL took the cheery view that after all they had to be somewhere, and would cost nearly as much even in Great Britain.

They would cost a good deal more in Mesopotamia, where we have a hundred thousand troops (British and Indian), and the cost is two and a half millions a month. Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS could not understand why

we should spend all this money "merely to hand the country back to the rebels." Mr. CHURCHILL said he had heard nothing about handing the country back to the rebels; from which it may be inferred either that he is not admitted into all the secrets of the Cabinet or that he draws a distinction between "rebels" and "persons who object to British rule."

The Press campaign in favour of a nickel three-halfpenny coin has not succeeded. In Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's opinion it would not be a coin of vantage. Among his objections to it may be the extreme probability that the present Administration would promptly be nicknamed (I will not say nickel-named) "the Three-half-penny Government."

Owing to a number of concessions announced by the HOME SECRETARY the Emergency Powers Bill had a fairly smooth passage through Committee. Objections were still raised to making an Emergency Act permanent—it *does* sound rather like a contradiction in terms—but the ATTORNEY-GENERAL skilfully countered them by pointing out that it was only the framework of the machinery, not the regulations, that would be permanent. One can imagine the bold bad baron who set up a gallows to overawe his villains comforting objectors with the remark that after all it was merely a framework—quite useless without a rope.



THE BOLD BAD BARON.

Sir GORDON HEWART. "MERELY A FRAMEWORK—QUITE USELESS WITHOUT A ROPE."

Wednesday, October 27th.—Much pother in the Lords because the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS had set up a Committee to advise him with regard to the preservation of ancient

monuments, including cathedrals and churches, without first consulting the ecclesiastical authorities. Lord PARMOOR moved a condemnatory resolution, and His Grace of CANTERBURY, after renouncing Sir ALFRED MOND and all his works, declared that, so far as religious edifices were concerned, the proposed Committee was a superfluity of naughtiness with which he personally would have nothing to do. Lord LYTTON, with that delightful free-and-easiness which characterises the attitude of our present Ministers towards their colleagues, observed that he could have sympathised with the objectors if it were really intended to place cathedrals under Sir ALFRED'S care; but it wasn't; so why all this fuss? Lord CRAWFORD, while sharing the Opposition's dislike of restorers, from VIOLET-LE-DUC to the late Lord GRIMTHORPE, could not admit that in this matter the Office of Works had been guilty of anything worse than a want of tact. Lord PARMOOR insisted on going to a division, and carried his motion by 27 to 17. Despite this shattering blow the Government is said to be going on as well as can be expected.

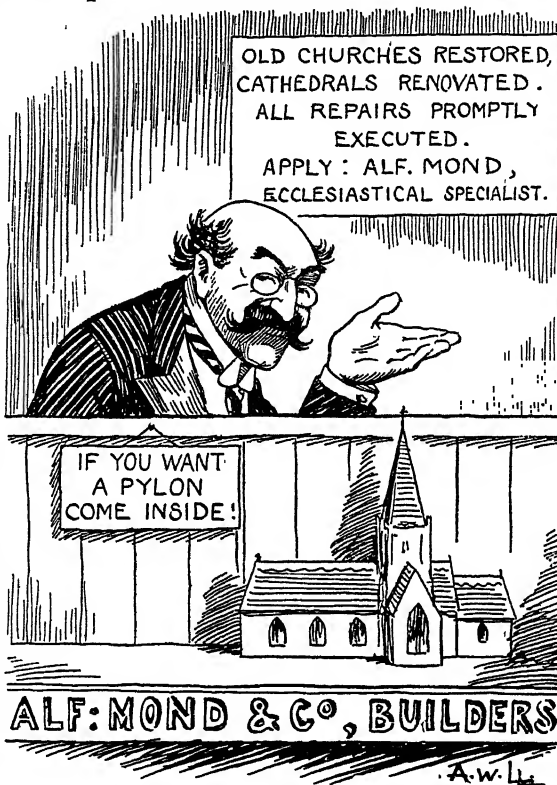
What happened at Jutland? After four years' cogitation the Admiralty does not appear to have emerged from the state of uncertainty into which it was plunged by the first news of the battle. In February last Mr. LONG announced that the official report would be published "shortly," but then the German sailors began to publish *their* stories, and these not very unnaturally differed from the British accounts. So now My Lords have decided to leave Sir JULIAN CORBETT'S *Naval History of the War* to unravel the tangle and inform Lords JELlicoe and BEATTY (who, according to Sir JAMES CRAIG, are quite agreeable to the proposal) exactly what they and their gallant seamen really did on that famous occasion.

Thursday, October 28th.—There being no Labour Party in the House of Lords the Emergency Powers Bill passed through all its stages in a single sitting. Even Lord CREWE did not challenge its necessity in these troublous times, but Lord ASKWITH was a little alarmed at the possibility that "an unreasoning Home Secretary"—as if there could ever be such a monster!—might be overhasty to issue Orders in Council, and so exacerbate an industrial dispute.

A long list of "reprisal" Questions—mercifully curtailed by the time-limit—was chiefly remarkable for Sir HAMAR

GREENWOOD'S emphatic declaration that he was not going to accept the statements even of English newspaper correspondents against the reports of officials "for whom I am responsible and in whom I have confidence."

Assuming that the House of Commons is, as it ought to be, a microcosm of the population, it will be some time before this country goes "dry." Members of all parties pressed upon the PRIME MINISTER the necessity of relaxing the regulations of the Liquor Control Board. His suggestion that an informal Committee should be set up to make recommendations to the



A PILLAR OF THE CHURCH.

Government was received with cheers, and there was much amusement when Mr. BOTTOMLEY and Lady ASTOR, who do not, I gather, quite see eye to eye on this subject, promptly nominated themselves for membership.

As the PRIME MINISTER is popularly supposed to be not averse from appearing in the limelight, especially when there is good news to impart, it is pleasant to record that he left to Sir ROBERT HORNE the congenial task of announcing that an agreement had been reached with the Miners' Federation, and that the coal-strike was on the high road to settlement. The terms, as stated, seemed to be satisfactory to all parties, and the only mystery is why the negotiators should have required the stimulus of a strike before they could arrive at them.

THE DOWNING OF THE PEN.

A LITTLE difference of opinion on the moral aspect of strikes which has been ventilated in *The Daily News* has caused one correspondent to write: "Let us suppose that Mr. SILAS HOCKING regards the serial rights of one of his novels as worth £250. Suppose I offer him £100. What does he do? He withholds his labour; and quite right too!"

But does this analogy go far enough? It would be a simple matter, for which we might easily console ourselves, if the author in question merely withheld his own labour. But if he followed modern strike tactics he would do more.

Calling in aid the services of his brother JOSEPH, he would endeavour by peaceful persuasion to induce Mrs. ASQUITH, Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, Mrs. ELINOR GLYN, Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE and others to withhold their labour also. Picketing would follow, and London would be stirred to its depths by the news that Sir HALL CAINE was on duty outside the establishment of *The Sunday Pictorial*, and that Miss ETHEL M. DELL was in charge of the squad on the doorstep of the Amalgamated Press.

Sympathetic strikes would develop. The newspaper-vendors would rise and demand that *The Daily Mirror* feuilleton be suppressed, thus plunging the country into an agony of suspense, and railwaymen would cease work at the sight of any passenger immersed in the most recent instalment of the *Home Bits* serial story.

Mr. W. W. JACOBS would address mass meetings at the Docks, and Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC would embark on a resolute thirst-strike.

At the same time daily newspapers would compete in offering solutions of the problem. One would say, "For goodness' sake give him the extra paltry one hundred and fifty pounds and let the country get on with its work;" and another would suggest a compromise at one hundred-and-fifty guineas, conditional upon the author's output.

Far from the simple withholding of his labour by a single novelist, such a turmoil would ensue as would not only shake our intellectual life to its foundations, but would keep the PRIME MINISTER engaged in the exploration of interminable vistas of avenue.

Mixed Education.

"Formerly a student at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, her husband is a Fellow of Balliol College."—*Local Paper*.



Prospective Sitter (with unconventional past). "I ALWAYS THINK YOU GET SUCH WONDERFUL CHARACTER INTO YOUR PORTRAITS." Artist. "GLAD TO HEAR THAT. I ALWAYS TRY TO MAKE MY SUBJECTS' PORTRAITS A MIRROR OF THEIR PAST LIVES."

THE SUBSTITUTE.

[Sweets are replacing alcohol.—*Vide Papers passim.*]

As more and more the god of wine
Grows faint from want of tipping,
Nor round his path the roses shine,
Nor purple streams are rippling;
As usquebaugh and malt and hops
No longer much entice us,
We crown anew with lollipops,
With peppermints, with acid drops,
The nobler Dionysus.

Bright coloured as his orient car,
Piled high with autumn splendours,
The pageants of the sweetstuffs are
At all the pastry-vendors;
From earliest flush of dawn till eight
The Mænad nymphs in masses,
With lions' help upbear the freight
Of marzipan and chocolate
And stickjaw and molasses.

The poet from whose lips of flame
Wine drew the songs, the full sighs,
Performs the business just the same
When masticating bull's-eyes;
The knight who bids a fond "Farewell,
Love's large, but honour's larger!"
Shares with the Lady Amabel
One last delicious caramel
And leaps upon his charger.

The rake inured to card-room traps,
Yet making fearful faces
Because his foes, perfidious chaps,
Have always all the aces—
"Ruined! the old place mortgaged! laugh!"
(The guttering candles quiver)—
Instead of draining brandy raw
Clenches a jujube in his jaw
And strolls towards the river.

O happier time that soothes the brain
And rids us of our glum fits
(Eliminating dry champagne)
With candy and with comfits!
The oak reflects the firelight's beam,
In song the moments fly by,
Till the old squire, his face agleam,
Sucking the last assorted cream,
Toddles away to bye-bye.

EVOE.

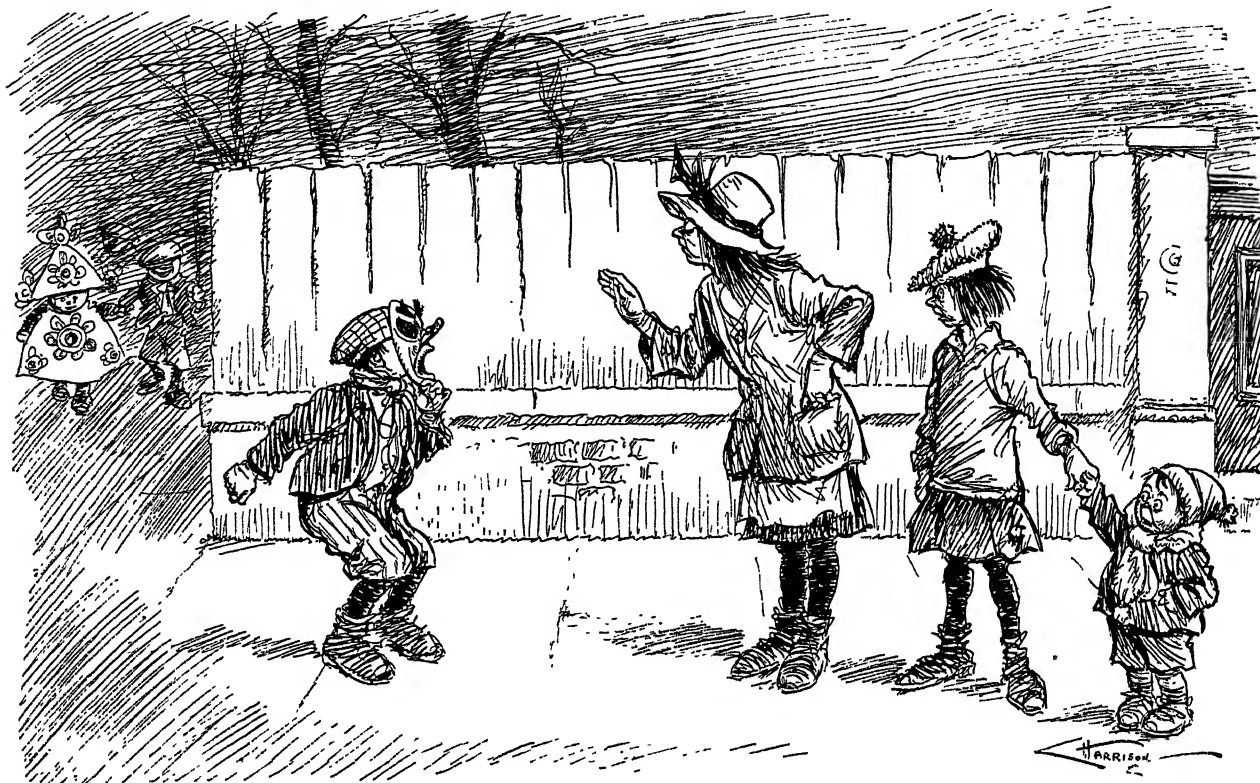
From a P.S.A. notice:—

"Subject: 'A RENEWED WORLD—No Sorrow. No Pain.
No Death.' No Collection."—*Local Paper.*

The last item sounds almost too good to be true.

"The proposed changes were discussed with the captain of the England side and one or two prominent cricketers who had visited Australia."—*Expensive Daily Paper.*

Hitherto it had been supposed that these cheerful little creatures only sought the kind of "ashes" that you get on the domestic hearth.



"WE AIN'T A BIT AFRAID, ALFY 'IGGINS. YER OWN FICE IS A LUMP UGLIER."

A STRIKE IN FAIRYLAND.

THE fairies were holding a meeting.

"They grumble when we send the rain," said a Rain-fairy, "and they grumble when we don't."

"And we get no thanks," sighed a Flower-fairy. "The time we spend getting the flowers ready and washing their faces and folding them up every night!"

"As for the stars," said a Star-fairy, "we might just as well leave them unlit for all the gratitude we get, and it's such a rush sometimes to get all over the sky in time. They don't even believe in us. We wouldn't mind *anything* if they believed in us."

"No," agreed a Rainbow-fairy, "that's true. I take such a lot of trouble to get just the right colours, and it has to be done so quickly. But I wouldn't mind if they believed in us."

"I wonder what *they'd* do," said the Queen, "if no one believed in them?"

"They'd go on strike," said the Brown Owl (he was head of the Ministry of Wisdom). "They always go on strike if they don't like anything."

"Then we'll go on strike," said the Queen with great determination.

They all cheered, except the Flower-fairies.

"But the flowers," they said, "they'll get so dusty with no one to wash them, and so tired with no one to fold them up at nights."

"I hadn't thought of that," said the Queen. "When *they* go on strike," she said to the Brown Owl, "how do things get done?"

The Brown Owl considered for a moment and everyone waited in silence.

"Of course there are sometimes blacklegs," he began.

"I don't know what blacklegs are," said the Queen cheerfully, "but we'll appoint some." And she did.

"Is that all?" said the Queen.

"Someone ought to have a sympathetic strike with us," said the Brown Owl. "*They* always do that."

So a fairy was sent off to the Court of the Birds to request a sympathetic strike.

"Is *that* all?" said the Queen.

"You ought to *talk* more," said the Brown Owl. "*They* talk ever so much."

"Yes, but they can't help it, can they?" said the Queen kindly.

And so the strike began that evening.

None of the birds sang except one little blackleg Robin, who sang so hard in his efforts to make up for the rest that he was as hoarse as a crow the next morning. The blackleg fairies had a hard time too. They hadn't a minute to gossip with the flowers, as they usually did when they flew round with their acorn-cups of dew and thistledown sponges and washed their faces and folded up their petals and kissed them good-night.

"But what's the matter?" said the flowers sleepily.

"We're on strike," said one of the other fairies importantly; "not for ourselves, but for posterity."

The Brown Owl had heard *them* say that.

Meanwhile the rest of the fairies sat silent and rather mournful, awaiting developments.

Then a Thought-fairy flew in. Thought-fairies can see into your heart and know just what you think. They get terrible shocks sometimes.

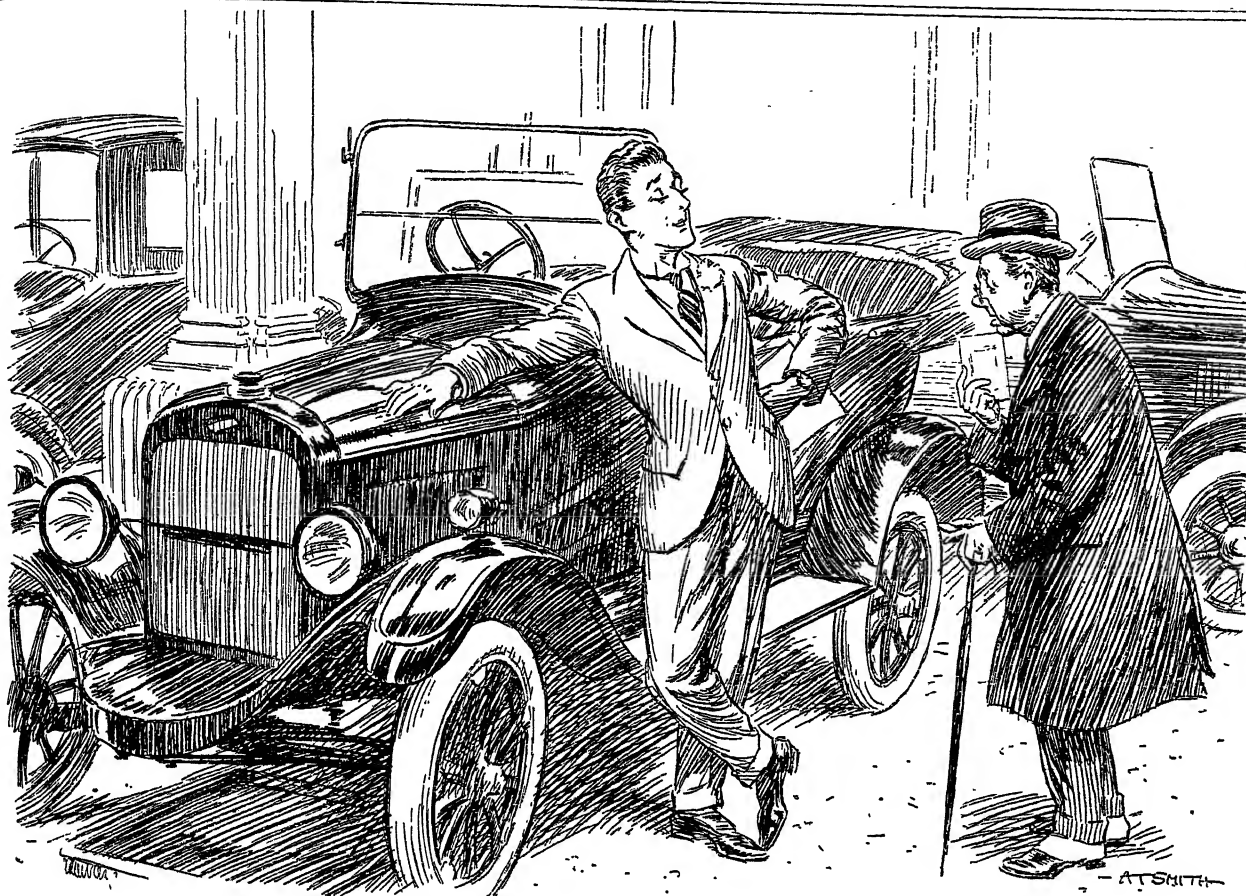
"I've been all over the world," she said breathlessly, "and it's much better than you think. *All* little girls believe in us and——" She paused dramatically.

"Yes?" they said eagerly.

"All fathers of little girls believe in us."

The Queen shook her head.

"They only pretend," she said.



Salesman. "IT IS POSSIBLE THAT IT MAY INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT OUR CAR WAS DRIVEN UP ALL THE FLIGHTS OF STEPS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE."

Inquiring Visitor. "WELL—ER—NOT MUCH. YOU SEE, I LIVE IN A BUNGALOW."

"No, that's just it," said the Thought-fairy. "They pretend to pretend. They never tell anyone, but they really believe."

"Then we'll end the strike," said the Queen.

Here the Brown Owl bustled in, carrying a little notebook.

"I've found out lots more," he said excitedly. "We must have an executive and delegates and a ballot and a union and a Sankey Commission report and a scale of the cost of living and a datum line and——"

"But the strike's over," said the Queen. "It was a misunderstanding."

"Of course," he said huffily. "All strikes are that, but it's correct to carry them on as long as possible."

"And the blacklegs are to have a special reward."

"That's illogical," muttered the Brown Owl.

He was right, of course, but things are illogical in Fairyland. That's the nicest part of it.

THE OPENING RUN.

THE rain-sodden grass in the ditches is dying;
The berries are red to the crest of the thorn;
Coronet-deep where the beech-leaves are lying
The hunters stand tense to the twang of the horn;
Where rides are refilled with the green of the mosses,
All foam-flecked and fretful their long line is strung;
You can see the white gleam as a starred forehead tosses,
You can hear the low chink as a bit-bar is flung.

The world's full of music. Hounds rustle the rover
Through brushwood and fern to a glad "Gone away!"
With a "Come along, Pilot!"—one spur-touch and over—
The huntsman is clear on his galloping grey;
Before him the pack's running straight on the stubble—
"Toot-toot-too-too-too-oot!" "Tow-row-ow-ow-ow!"

The leaders are clambering up through the double
And glittering away on the brown of the plough.

The front rank, hands down, have the big fence's measure;
The faint-hearts are craning to left and to right;
The Master goes through with a crash on "The Treasure;"
The grey takes the lot like a gull in his flight;
There's a brown crumpled up, lying still as a dead one;
There's a roan mare refusing, as stubborn as sin;
While the breaker flogs up on a green underbred one
And smashes the far-away rail with a grin.

The chase carries on over hilltop and hollow,
The life of Old England, the pluck and the fun;
And who would ask more than a stiff line to follow
With hounds running hard in the Opening Run? W.H.O.

"Fears are entertained that the chalice, which is of silver-gilt, may have been broken up and investments profaned."—*Daily Herald*.

We should have thought that our Communistic contemporary was the last paper that would have considered investments sacred.

"K. T. B.— and T. W. H.—, both of Liverpool, who were in company with Mr. L.— in the car, agreed that the speed was about fifty-one miles an hour. On the gradient and at the turn it was not safe to travel faster."—*Provincial Pacer*.

One of those examples of "Safety First" which we are always pleased to chronicle.

IN PRAISE OF THE PELICANS.

THE pelicans in St. James's Park
On every day from dawn to dark
Pursue, inscrutable of mien,
A fixed unvarying routine.
Whatever be the wind or weather
They spend their time in peace together,
And plainly nothing can upset
The harmony of their quartet.

Most punctually by the clock
They roost upon or quit their rock,
Or swim ashore and hold their levée,
Lords of the mixed lacustrine bevy;
Or with their slow unwieldy gait
Their green domain perambulate,
Or with prodigious flaps and prances
Indulge in their peculiar dances,
Returning to their feeding-ground
What time the keeper goes his round
With fish and scraps for their nutrition
After laborious deglutition.

Calm, self-sufficing, self-possessed,
They never mingle with the rest,
Watching with not unfriendly eye
The antics of the lesser fry,
Save when bold sparrows draw too near
Their mighty beaks—and disappear.

Outlandish birds, at times grotesque,
And yet superbly picturesque,
Although resignedly we mourn
A Park dismantled and forlorn,
Long may it be ere you forsake
Your quarters on the minished Lake;
For there, with splendid plumes and
hues

And ways that startle and amuse,
You constantly refresh the eye
And cheer the heart of passers-by,
Untouched by years of shock and strain,
Undeviatingly urbane,
And lending London's commonplace
A touch of true heraldic grace.

RING IN THE OLD.

THERE is a shabby-looking man who (I read it in *The Times*) rings the bell of London hospitals, asks to see the secretary, presumes (as is always a safe thing to do) that the establishment is grievously in need of funds, and without any further parley hands to the startled but gratified official bank-notes to the tune of five hundred pounds. He then vanishes without giving name or address. This unknown benefactor is dressed in top-boots, riding breeches of honourable antiquity, a black coat green with age and a "Cup Final" cap. At the same time (this too on *The Times*' authority) there is an oddly and obsolescently attired lady going about who also makes London hospitals her hobby. She begins by asking the secretary if she may take off her boots, and, receiving permission, takes them off, places

her feet on an adjacent chair and hands him two thousand pounds.

The result of the activities of these angelic visitants is that all the other hospital porters have had instructions from their eager and hopeful secretaries to be careful to be polite to any and every person, even though he or she should be in rags, who expresses the faintest desire to enter on business; more than polite—solicitous, welcoming, cordial; while all the secretaries are at this moment polishing up their smiles and practising an easy manner with ladies in last century costumes who put sudden and unexpected requests.

The Times, in limiting the effect of these curious occurrences entirely to hospital servants, seems to me to lose a great opportunity. Surely the consequences will be more wide-reaching than that? To my mind we may even go so far as to hail the dawn of the golden age for old clothes; for in the fear that shabbiness may be merely a whimsical disguise or the mark of a millionaire's eccentricity the whole world (which is very imitative and very hard up) will begin to fawn upon it, and then at last many of us will enter the earthly paradise.

But the gentleman who puts ease before elegance and the lady who prefers comfort to convention have got to work a little harder yet. They must not fold their hands at the moment under the impression that their labours are done. The support of hospitals is humane and only too necessary, and all honour to them for their generosity; but other spheres of action await exploration.

I had hoped that the War was going to reform ideas on dress and make things more simple for those whose trouser-knees go baggy so soon and remain thus for so long; but, like too many of the expectations which we used to foster, this also has failed. It is therefore the benign couple who must carry on the good work. Let them, if they really love their fellow-creatures, go to a wedding or two (having previously given a present of sufficient value to ensure respect) and display their careless garb among the guests, and then in a little while old garments would at these exacting functions become as fashionable as new and we should all be happier.

I was asked to a wedding last week, and should have accepted but for the great Smart Clothes tradition. If *The Times*' hero and heroine were to become imaginatively busy as I suggest, I could go to all the weddings in the world. (Heaven forbid!) Receptions, formal lunches, the laying of stones, the unveiling of monuments, private

views—these ceremonies, now so full of terrors for any but the dressy, could be made endurable if only the gentleman in the black coat green with age and the lady with the elastic sides would show themselves prominently and receive conspicuous attentions.

And then, if any more statues were needed for the police to keep their waterproofs on, one of them should be that of an unknown philanthropical gentleman who wears venerable top-boots, and another that of a philanthropical lady who would rather be without any boots at all, and the inscription on the pedestals would state that their glorious achievement was this: They made old clothes the thing.

E. V. L.

THE OLD BEER FLAGON.

(Many old English flagons are adorned inside with grotesque figures of animals.)

WITHIN my foaming flagon

There crawls on countless legs

A lazy grinning dragon

That wallows in the dregs;

Of old I saw him nightly

Look up with friendly leer,

As if to hint politely,

"I share your taste in beer!"

Through merry nights unnumbered

(From Boxing Day to Yule)

He'd greet me, ere I slumbered,

From out his amber pool;

But now he is beginning

To look a trifle strange;

His smile, once wide and winning,

Has undergone a change.

No more, as pints diminish

(I wish the price grew less)

He hails me at the finish

With wonted cheeriness;

For, as I drain my mellow

Allowances of ale,

He seems to sigh, "Old fellow,

Will Pussfoot prevail?"

Commercial Candour.

"Cleaning and pressing suites, \$3. Dyeing and pressing suits, \$6. Clothes returned looking like now."

Advt. in "Standard" (Buenos Aires).

From an election address:—

"As a woman and a ratepayer, I realise the importance of eliminating all unavoidable expenditure in Municipal undertakings."

Local Paper.

We trust she will be elected and show how it's done.

"After an interval of seven years, the 'Beasts' Ball, a pre-war popular annual event in aid of the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is to be held at the Guildhall, on Wednesday, November 10. Tickets can be obtained from Mrs. Bushe-Fox and from Mrs. Wolf."—*Cambridge Review*.
It sounds just like *Uncle Remus*.



ECHOES OF THE COAL STRIKE.

"WHAT'S THE KID SHOUTING ABOUT? THERE AIN'T NO RACING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"Two households, both alike in dignity. . . ." I ask you, could the novel, of which this quotation is the text, have been written by anyone but Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY? Actually indeed the disputants belong to two branches of the same family, that grim tribe of *Forsytes*, whom you remember in *The Man of Property*, and of whose collective history the present book is a further instalment (not, I fancy, the last). I should certainly advise anyone not already familiar with the former work to get up his *Forsytes* therein before attacking this; otherwise he may risk some discouragement from the plunge into so numerous a clan, known for the most part only by Christian names, with their complex relationships and the mass of bygone happenings that unites or separates them. This stage of the tribal history is called *In Chancery* (HEINEMANN), chiefly from the state of suspended animation experienced by the now middle-aged *Soames* ("Man of Property") with regard to his never-divorced runaway wife *Irene*. Following the ruling *Forsyte* instinct, *Soames* wants a son who will keep together and even increase his great possessions, while continuing his personality. The expiring generation, represented by *James*, is urgent upon this duty to the family. You may imagine what Mr. GALSWORTHY makes of it all. These possessive persons, with their wealth, their hatred and affections and their various strongholds in the more

eminently desirable parts of residential London, affect one like portions of some monstrous stone-fronted edifice, impressive but repellent. I have some curiosity to see, with Mr. GALSWORTHY's help, how the *Forsyte* castle stands the disintegration of 1914-18.

What with the scientists who explain things on the assumption that we know nearly as much as they do and those who explain things on the assumption that we know nothing, it is very difficult for you and me to persevere in our original determination to learn *something*. But I have always felt that Sir RAY LANKESTER is one of the very few who do understand us, and I feel it still more strongly now that I have read his *Secrets of Earth and Sea* (METHUEN). He is instructive but human; he does not take it for granted that we know what miscegenation means, but he does credit us with a little intelligence. And he realises how many arguments we have had about questions like "Why does the sea look blue?" Personally I rushed at that chapter, though I must say that I was a little disappointed to find that the gist of his answer was "Because water *is* blue." You see, if you had a tooth-glass fifteen feet high and filled it with water— But you must find out for yourself. Then I went on to the chapter on Coal, and discovered that "it is fairly certain that the blacker coal which we find in strata of great geological age was so produced by the action of special kinds of bacteria upon peat-like masses of vegetable refuse." I wonder if Mr. SMILLIE

knows that. It might help him to a sense of proportion. The author is constantly setting up a surprising but stimulating relation between the naturalist's researches and the problems of human life, as when he observes that "the 'colour bar' is not merely the invention of human prejudice, but already exists in wild plants and animals," and in his remarks on mongrels and the regrettable subjection of the males of many species. There are chapters on Wheel Animalcules, Vesuvius, Prehistoric Art—everything—and all are admirably illustrated. A fascinating book.

The Diary of a Journalist (MURRAY) is a volume of which the title is its own sufficient description, save that it leaves unsuggested the interest that such briskly written and comprehensive comments as these of our old friend, Sir HENRY LUCY, must command. His book differs from most of those in the flood of recollections that has lately broken upon us in being a selection from "impressions of the moment written without knowledge of the ultimate result."

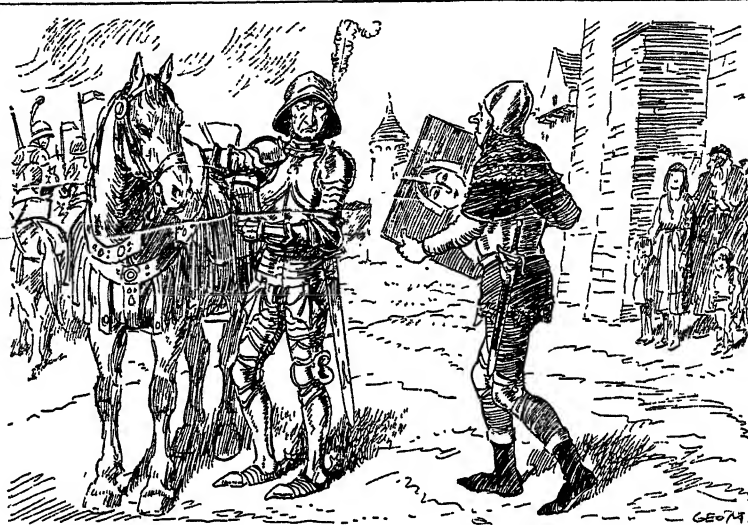
In these stray moments between the years 1885 and 1917 I find at least two examples in which this ignorance of the final event adds much to the interest of the immediate record—the startling forecast of the EX-KAISER'S destiny, entered in the Diary under November '98; and the mention, long before the actual illness of KING EDWARD declared itself, of the growing belief in certain circles that his coronation would never take place. It is at once obvious that not even "TOBY'S" three previous volumes have by any means exhausted his fund of good stories, the scenes of which range from Westminster to Bouverie Street, and round half the stately (or, at least, interesting) homes of England. Of them all—not forgetting DISRAELI and the peacocks and a new W. S. GILBERT—my personal choice would be for the mystery of the Unknown Guest, who not only took a place, but was persuaded to speak, at a private dinner given by Sir JOHN HARE at the Garrick Club, without anyone ever knowing who he was or how he came there. A genial lucky-bag book, which (despite unusually full chapter headings) would be improved by an index to its many prizes.

Mr. JAMES HILTON is very young and very clever. If, as he grows older, he learns to be clever about more interesting things he ought to write some very good novels. *Catherine Herself* (UNWIN) has red hair, but then she has a rather more red-haired disposition than most red-haired heroines have to justify it, so this is not my real objection to the book. My quarrel is that, though I cannot call it an ugly story without giving a false impression, it is certainly a quite unbeautiful one, and at the end of its three hundred and more pages it has achieved nothing but a full-length portrait of an utterly selfish woman. Mr. HILTON has dissected her most brilliantly; but I don't think she is

worth it. Catherine, whether they marry or are given in marriage, or do anything else, are really stationary; and, since the persons of a story, if it is to be worth telling, must move in some direction, Mr. HILTON will be well advised in future to choose a different type of heroine. I want to say too that I don't believe that it is either so easy or so profitable to become a well-known pianist "not in the front rank" as he seems to imagine it is. I wish I could think that no one else would believe him.

It seems rather a bright idea of C. NINA BOYLE to dedicate "to Thea and Irene, whose lives have lain in sheltered ways," a seven-shilling shocker about ways that are anything but sheltered. Perhaps the sheltered in general, and THEA and IRENE in particular, will take it from me that the villainies of *Out of the Frying Pan* are much larger than life or, at any rate, much more concentrated, and that pseudo-orphans like *Maisie* usually have a better chance of getting out of frying-pans into something cool than

the author allows her heroine. I also submit that there was nothing in *Maisie's* equipment to suggest that she would have been quite so slow in separating goats from sheep. But let me say that THEA and IRENE have had dedicated to them an exciting and amusing *fritto misto* of crooks, demi-mondaines, blackmailers, gamblers, roués, murderers, receivers and decent congenitalidiots of all sorts. The characterisation is adroitly done and the workmanship avoids that slovenliness which makes nineteen out of twenty books of this kind a weariness of spirit to the perceptive. I wonder if *Maisie* with



Knight (to his henchman). "EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, PERKINS? YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ANYTHING? WHAT'S THAT?"

Henchman. "IT'S THE PORTRAIT OF YOUR LADY, SIR, THAT YOU PROMISED TO TAKE INTO BATTLE WITH YOU, SIR."

Knight. "DID I? WELL, I MUST E'EN KEEP MY WORD. FASTEN IT ON MY BACK. ONE NEVER KNOWS—IT MAY BE USEFUL IN CASE OF A REVERSE."

such a father and mother would have been such a darling. Perhaps Professor KARL PEARSON will explain.

The Hon. William Toppys (pronounced "Tops"), brother of Lord Topsham, left Devonshire and retired to an island in the Torres Straits. There he married a Melanesian woman and became the father of a frizzy-haired and coffee-coloured son. It is a little strange to me, who think of Mr. BENNET COPPLESTONE as Devonian to the tip of his pen-finger, that the Hon. William is not rebuked for so shamelessly deserting his native county. Instead he is almost applauded for his wisdom, and this despite the fact that he quite spoils the look of the family tree with his exotic graft. For in the course of time his son, insularly known as Willatopy, inherited the title and became twenty-eighth (no less) Baron of Topsham. Mr. COPPLESTONE does not realise the vast difference between light comedy and broad farce, but apart from this substantial reservation I can vouch that his yarn of *Madame Gilbert's Cannibal* (MURRAY) is deftly spun. Should you decide to follow the famous *Madame Gilbert* when she visits the island where the twenty-eighth baron lived you will witness a lively and unusual entertainment.

CHARIVARIA.

Now that the Presidential elections are over it is hoped that any Irish-Americans who joined the Sinn Fein murder-gang for electioneering purposes will go home again.

Owing to pressure on space, due among other things to the American election, the net sale controversy in one of our contemporaries was held over on Wednesday last. We are quite sure that neither Senator HARDING nor Mr. Cox was aware of his responsibility in the matter.

Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN says, "I would rather trust a crossing-sweeper with an appreciation of music than a man who comes from a public school." We agree. The former is much more likely to have been a professional musician in his time.

The mystery of the Scottish golf club that was recently inundated with applications for membership is now explained. It appears that a caddy refused a tip of sixpence offered him by one of the less affluent members, and the story somehow leaked out.

At one Hallowe'en dinner held in London the haggis was ten minutes late. It is said that it had had trouble with a dog on the way and had come off second best.

The man who was heard last week to say that he had no idea that Mrs. ASQUITH had published a book of memoirs has now, on the advice of his friends, consented to see a doctor.

The clergy of Grays, in Essex, are advocating the abolition of Sunday funerals. It is said that quite a number of strict Sabbatarians have a rooted objection to being buried on the Sabbath.

According to an evening paper hawthorn buds have been plucked at Hornsey. We don't care.

A Liberal Independent writes to ask if the Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who has been elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, is the well-known Prime Minister of that name.

A firm of music publishers have pro-

duced what they describe as a three-quarter one-step. It will soon be impossible to go to a dance without being accompanied by a professional arithmetician.

It seems that high prices have even put an end to the chicken that used to cross the road.

"Only through poverty," says Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, "will England thrive." As a result of this statement we understand that several profiteers have decided to get down to it once again.

A Japanese arrested at Hull was found to have seven revolvers and two

eral college professors of America quite readily admit that they never thought of that one.

A correspondent writes to a contemporary to say that he wears a hat exactly like *The Daily Mail* hat, and that he purchased it long before *The Daily Mail* was started. The audacity of some people in thinking that anything happened before *The Daily Mail* started is simply appalling.

Three stars have recently been discovered by an American. No, no; not those stars, but stars in the heavens.

"Whilst returning to camp one night I walked right into a herd of elephants,"

states a well-known explorer in his memoirs. We have always maintained that all wild animals above the size of a rabbit should carry two head-lights and one rear-light whilst travelling after dark.

A small island was advertised for sale last week. Just the sort of thing for a bad sailor to take with him when crossing the Channel on a rough day.

"Everyone knows," a writer in *The Daily Mail* declares, "that electric light in the poultry-house results in more eggs." There may be more of them but they never have the real actinic taste of the natural egg.

An American inventor has devised a scheme for lassoing enemy submarines. This is a decided improvement on the method of just sticking a pin into them as they whizz by.

Since the talk of Prohibition in Scotland, we are informed that one concert singer began the chorus of the famous Scottish ballad by singing "O ye'll tak the dry road."

From an article on "Bullies at the Bar":—

"He who had read his 'Pickwick'—and who has not?—will never forget the trial scene where poor, innocent Mr. Pickwick is as wax in the hands of the cross-examiner."

Provincial Paper.

We regret to say that, in our edition, Mr. Serjeant Snubbin omitted to put his client in the witness-box, and consequently Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz never had a chance of showing what he could do with him.



Mrs. Jones. "YOU'D SEE IN THE PAPERS, JOHN, ABOUT THE AGITATION IN FAVOUR OF THE WIFE GOVERNING THE HOME."

Mr. Jones. "WELL, CARRY ON, DEAR."

thousand rounds of ammunition on him. It was pointed out to him that the War was over long ago.

A contemporary refers to a romance which ended in marriage. Alas! how often this happens.

The United States Government has decided to recognise the present Mexican Government. Mexican bandits say they had better take a good look at them while there is yet time.

A Prohibitionist asserts that Scotland will be dry in five years. Our own feeling is that these end-of-the-world prognostications should be prohibited by law.

An Oxford professor has made himself the subject of a series of experiments on the effects of alcohol. Sev-

BEFORE THE CENOTAPH.

NOVEMBER 11TH, 1920.

Not with dark pomp of death we keep their day,
 Theirs who have passed beyond the sight of men,
 O'er whom the autumn strews its gold again,
 And the grey sky bends to an earth as grey;
 But we who live are silent even as they.

While the world's heart marks one deep throb; and
 then,

Touched by the gleam of suns beyond our ken,
 The Stone of Honour crowns the trodden way.

Above the people whom they died to save
 Their shrine of sleep is set; abideth there
 No dust corruptible, nought that death may have;

But from remembrance of the days that were
 Rises proud sorrow in a resistless wave
 That breaks upon the empty sepulchre. D. M. S.

OUR INVINCIBLE NAVY.

PRIZE-MONEY.

THE really intriguing thing about Naval prize-money is the fact that no one knows exactly where it comes from. You don't win it by any definite act of superlative daring—I mean to say, you don't have to creep out under cover of darkness and return in the morning with an enemy battleship in tow to qualify for a modicum of this mysterious treasure. You just proceed serenely on your lawful occasions, confident in the knowledge that incredible sums of prize-money are piling themselves up for your ultimate benefit. I suppose the authorities understand all about it; nobody else does. One just lets it pile. It is a most gratifying thought.

During the more or less stormy times of the First Great War, we of the Navy were always able to buttress our resolution with golden hopes of a future opulence denied to our less fortunate comrades in the trenches. Whenever the struggle was going particularly badly for us—when, for instance, a well-earned shore-leave had been unexpectedly jammed or a tin of condensed milk had overturned into somebody's sea-boot—we used to console each other with cheerful reminders of this accumulating fruit of our endeavours. "Think of the prize-money, my boy," we used to exclaim; "meditate upon the jingling millions that will be yours when the dreary vigil is ended;" and as by magic the unseemly mutterings of wrath would give place to purrs of pleasurable anticipation. Even we of the R.N.V.R., mere temporary face-fringes, as it were, which the razor of peace was soon to remove from the war-time visage of the Service—even we fell under the spell. "Fourteen million pounds!" we would gurggle, hugging ourselves with joy in the darkness of the night-watches.

In the months immediately following demobilisation I was frequently stimulated by glittering visions of vast wealth presently to be showered upon me from the swelling coffers of a grateful Admiralty. During periods of more or less temporary financial embarrassment I would mention these expectations to my tailor and other restless tradespeople of my acquaintance. "Fourteen millions—prize-money, you know," I would say confidentially; "may come in at any time now." I found this had a soothing effect upon them.

As the seasons rolled by, however; as summer and winter ran their appointed courses and again the primrose pranked the lea unaccompanied by any signs of vernal activity on the part of the Paymaster-in-Chief, these visions of mine became less insistent. I was at length obliged to confess that another youthful illusion was fading; prize-money

began to take its place in my mind along with the sea-serpent and similar figures of marine mythology. I was frankly hurt; I ceased even to raise my hat when passing the Admiralty Offices on the top of a bus.

That was a month or two ago; everything is all right again now. I once more experience the old pleasing thrill of emotion when riding down Whitehall. I have come to see how ungracious my recent attitude was.

A chance meeting with Bunbury, late sub-Loot R.N.V.R. and a sometime shipmate of mine—Bunbury and I had squandered our valour recklessly together aboard the Tyne drifters in the great days when Bellona wore bell-bottoms—sufficed to bring me head-to-wind.

In the course of conversation I referred to the non-fulfilment of our early dreams; I spoke rather bitterly.

"And there are fourteen millions somewhere belonging to us," I concluded mutinously.

Bunbury regarded me with pained surprise. "Really, old sea-dog," he said, "this won't do. Never let the engine-oil of discontent leak into the rum-cask of loyal memories, you know. Now listen to me. Two years ago you and I wore the wavy gold braid of a valiant life; we surged along irresistibly in the wake of NELSON; we kept the watch assigned. Does not your bosom very nearly burst with pride to call those days to mind? It does. What then? Has it never once occurred to you that the last remaining link between us and the stirring past is this very prize-money you are so eager to soil with the grimy clutch of avarice? Don't you realize that this alone exists to keep our memory green in the minds of our old leaders at Whitehall? Picture the scene as it is. Someone mentions the word 'prize-money.' Immediately the Lords of the Admiralty reach for their record files and begin turning over the pages. They come upon the names of John Augustus Plimsoll—yourself—and Horatio Bunbury—me. 'Ah,' they exclaim fondly, 'two of our old gun-room veterans—when shall we look upon their like again?' Then they get up and go out to lunch.

"A month or so later the same thing occurs; once more our names leap out from the type-written page. 'Brave boys,' they murmur, 'gallant lads! What should we have done without them in the dark days? They shall have their prize-money this very—why, bless my soul, if it isn't one o'clock!'

"Surely," pursued Bunbury earnestly, "you appreciate the fine sentimental value of this one last tie? As long as our prize-money is in the keeping of the Service we can still think of it with intimate regard; we can still call ourselves BEATTY'S boys and hide our blushes when the people sing 'Rule, Britannia.' You must see that this is the only large-hearted way of looking at the matter."

"Bunbury, old sailor," I said, swallowing a lump in my throat, "you have done me good; you have made me feel ashamed of myself."

* * * * *

There can be no doubt that Bunbury is right. I am so convinced of it that when next my tailor inquires anxiously what steps are being taken for the distribution of prize-money I shall put the matter to him just as Bunbury put it to me. He is certain to understand.

Commercial Candour.

"The newest fashions are now being displayed in —'s new dress salons, so that it is an easy matter to select an entire winter outfit with the minimum of ease."—*Evening Paper*.

"Sir Harry Johnston's 'The Gay Donkeys' has passed its fifth edition in London."—*Australian Magazine*.
 A clear case for the S.P.C.A. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Authors).



ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRIES.

LORD ROBERT CECIL. "I TRUST THAT AFTER ALL WE MAY SECURE AT LEAST YOUR QUALIFIED SUPPORT FOR OUR LEAGUE OF NATIONS?"

U.S.A. PRESIDENT-ELECT: "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OURS?"



Stout Gentleman (overhearing political discussion). "LOOK HERE, MY GOOD FELLOW—I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO YOUR ARGUMENTS; AND LET ME TELL YOU WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT."

Politician. "LUMME, GUV'NOR, YOU'D BETTER COME IN THE MIDDLE OF IT THEN."

UNAUTHENTIC IMPRESSIONS.

I THINK the time has come for me to follow the example of so many other people and offer to the world a few pen pictures of prominent statesmen of the day. I shall not call them "Shaving Papers from Downing Street," nor adopt the pseudonym of "The Man with the Hot Water (or the Morning Tea)," nor shall I roundly assert that I have been the private secretary, the doctor, the dentist or the washerwoman of the great men of whom I speak. Nevertheless I have sources of information which I do not mean to disclose, except to say that heavy persons who sit down carelessly on sofas may unknowingly inflict considerable pain, through the sharp ends of broken springs, on those beneath.

I shall begin naturally with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

There is probably no statesman of whom such widely different estimates have been formed as the present Prime Minister of Great Britain. I have heard him compared with THEMISTOCLES, with MACCHIAVELLI, with MIRABEAU (I think it was MIRABEAU, but it may have been

one of those other people beginning with "M" in French history. Almost everybody in French history began with an "M," like the things that were drawn by the three little girls in the well), and even with the younger PITT. I have heard him spoken of as a charlatan, as a chameleon, as a chatterbox, and, by a man who had hoped that the KAISER would be hanged in Piccadilly Circus, as a chouser. Almost all of these estimates are thoroughly fallacious. Let us take, for instance, MACCHIAVELLI. It was the declared opinion of MACCHIAVELLI that for the establishment and maintenance of authority all means may be resorted to and that the worst and most treacherous acts of the ruler, however unlawful in themselves, are justified by the wickedness and treachery of the governed. Has Mr. LLOYD GEORGE ever said this? He may have thought it, of course, but has he ever said it? No. When one considers that besides this dictum MACCHIAVELLI wrote seven books on the art of war, a highly improper comedy, a life of CASTRUCCIO CASTRACANI (unfinished, and can you wonder?), and was very naturally put to the torture in 1513, it

will be seen how hopelessly the parallel with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE breaks down.

Let us turn then to the younger PITT. I have read somewhere of the younger PITT that he cared more for power than for measures, and was ready to sacrifice great causes with which he had sincerely sympathised rather than raise an opposition that might imperil his ascendancy. That is just the kind of nasty and long-winded thing that anybody might say about anybody. It was by disregarding this kind of criticism that the younger PITT kept on being younger. But apart from this, does Mr. LLOYD GEORGE quote HORACE in the House? Never, thank goodness. How many times did WILLIAM PITT cross the English Channel? Only once in his whole life. That settles it.

The predominant note—I may almost say the keynote—of the PRIME MINISTER'S character is rather a personal magnetism such as has never been exercised by any statesman before or after. When he rises to speak in the House all eyes are riveted on him as though with a vice until he has finished speaking. Even when he has

finished they sometimes have to be removed by the Serjeant-at-Arms with a chisel. His speeches have the moral fervour and intensity of one of the Minor Prophets—NAHUM or AMOS, in the opinion of some critics, though I personally incline to MALACHI or HABAKKUK. This personal magnetism which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE radiates in the House he radiates no less in 10, Downing Street, where a special radiatorium has been added to the breakfast-room to radiate it. Imagine an April morning, a kingfisher on a woody stream, poplar-leaves in the wind, a shower of sugar shaken suddenly from a sifter, and you have the man.

It has been said that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has quarrelled with some of his nearest friends; but this again is a thing that might happen to anybody. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE may have had certain slight differences of opinion with Lord NORTHCLIFFE, but what about HENRY VIII. and WOLSEY? and HENRY V. and *Falstaff*? and HENRY II. and THOMAS À BECKET?

Talking of THOMAS À BECKET, rather a curious story has been told to me, which I give for what it is worth. It is stated that some time ago Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was so enraged by attacks in a certain section of the Press that he shouted suddenly, after breakfast one morning in Downing Street, "Will no one rid me of this turbulent scribe?" Whereupon four knights in his secretarial retinue drew their swords and set out immediately for Printing House Square. Fortunately there happened to be a breakdown on the Metropolitan Railway that day, so that nothing untoward occurred.

I sometimes think that if one can imagine the eloquence of SAVONAROLA blended with the wiliness of ULYSSES and grafted on to the strength and firmness of OLIVER CROMWELL, we have the best historical parallel for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. It ought to be remembered that the grandfather of OLIVER CROMWELL came from Wales and that the PROTECTOR is somewhere described as "Oliver Cromwell *alias* Williams." Something of that old power of dispensing with stupid Parliamentary opinion seems to have descended to our present PRIME MINISTER. There is one difference, however. OLIVER CROMWELL's famous advice to his followers was to trust in Divine Providence "and keep your powder dry." Mr. LLOYD GEORGE puts his powder in jam. K.

Our Patient Fishermen.

"Mr. —, jun., had another salmon on the Finavon Water. This is the second he has secured since the flood."—*Scotch Paper*.



"DON'T TURN YOUR 'EAD AWAY, MY LORD. WHY, DURIN' THE WAR IT WAS ALL 'MA, MA, 'AVE YOU ANY MATCHES?'"

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE WHALE.

AIR.—"The Tarpaulin Jacket."

THE whale has a beautiful figure,
Which he makes every effort to spoil,
For he knows if he gets a bit bigger
He increases the output of oil.
That is why he insists upon swathing
His person with layers of fat.
You have seen a financier bathing?
Well, the whale is a little like that.
At heart he's as mild as a pigeon
And extremely attached to his wife,
But getting mixed up with religion
Has ruined the animal's life.
For in spite of his tact and discretion
There is fixed in the popular mind
A wholly mistaken impression
That the whale is abrupt and unkind.

And it's simply because of the prophet
Who got into a ship for Tarshish
But was thrown (very properly) off it
And swallowed alive by "a fish."

Now I should not, of course, have contested

The material truth of the tale
If the prophet himself had suggested
That the creature at fault was a whale.

But the prophet had no such suspicion,

And that is convincing because
He was constantly in a position
To see what the miscreant was.

And this is what punctures the bubble,
As JONAH, no doubt, was aware:

"A fish" was the cause of the trouble,
But the whale is a mammal. So there!

A. P. H.

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC.

"DANCERS are born, not made," said John.

"Some are born dancers," corrected Cecilia, "others achieve dancing."

"Well, I'm not going to have it thrust on me anyway," retorted John. "I never have liked dancing and I never shall. I haven't danced for years and years and I don't intend to. I don't know any of these new-fangled dances and I don't want to."

"Don't be so obstinate," said Cecilia. "What you want doesn't matter. You've got to learn, so you may as well give way decently. Come along now, I'll play for you, and Margery will show you the steps."

"If Margery attempts to show me the steps I shall show her the door. I won't be bullied in my own house. Why don't you make your brother dance, if somebody must?" said John, waving his arm at me.

"Come on, Alan," said Margery; "we can't waste our time on him. Come and show him how it's done."

"My dear little sister," I said sweetly, "I should simply love it, but the fact is—I can't."

"Can't," echoed Margery. "Why not?"

"I hate to mention these things," I explained, "but the fact is I took part in a war that has been on recently, and I have a bad hip, honourable legacy of same."

"Oh, Alan," said Margery, "how can you? Your hip's absolutely fit, you know it is. You haven't mentioned it for months."

"My dear Margery," I said, drawing myself up, "I hope your brother knows how to suffer in silence. But if you suppose that because I don't complain—Great heavens, child, sometimes in the long silent watches of the night—"

"Well, how about tennis, then?" said Margery. "You've been playing all this summer, you know you have."

"All what summer?" I asked.

"That's a good one," said John; "I bet she can't answer that."

"Don't quibble," said Margery.

"Don't squabble," said Cecilia.

"Yes, stop squibbling," said John.

"I'm not quabbling," said I.

John and I leaned against each other and laughed helplessly.

"When you have finished," said Cecilia with a cold eye, "perhaps you will decide which of you is going to have the first lesson."

"Good heavens," said John tragically, "haven't they forgotten the dancing yet?"

"We may as well give way, John,"

I said; "we shall get no peace until we do."

"I suppose not," said John dismally. "Very well, then, you're her brother; you shall have first go."

He waved me politely to Margery.

"Not at all," I said quickly. "Brothers-in-law first in our family—always."

"Could we both come together?" asked John.

"No, you can't," said Margery.

"Then we must toss for it," said John, producing a coin.

"Tails," I called.

"Tails it is," said John, walking across the room to Margery.

And the lesson commenced.

* * * * *

"*Chassée* to the right, *chassée* to the left, two steps forward, two steps backward, twinkle each way—"

"Five shillings on Twinkle, please," I interrupted.

Margery stopped and looked at me.

"You keep quiet, Alan," shouted Cecilia, cheerfully banging the piano.

"I shall never learn," said John miserably from the middle of the room, "not in a thousand years."

"Yes, you will," encouraged Margery.

"Just listen. *Chassée* to the right, *chassée* to the left, two steps forward, two steps back, twinkle each way—"

"Take away the number you first thought of," I suggested, "and the answer's the Louisiana Glide."

"To finish up," said Margery, "we grasp each other firmly, prance round, two bars . . ."

"That sounds a bit better," said John.

" . . . then waltz four bars," continued Margery, "and that's all. Come on, now."

They came on . . .

"Good," said Margery as they finished up; "he's doing it splendidly, Cecilia." John beamed complacently.

"I got through that last bit rather well," he said; "'pon my word, there's more in this dancing than I thought. I quite enjoyed that twinkling business."

"Have another one," I suggested.

"Don't mind if I do," said John. "May I have the pleasure?" with a courtly bow to Margery.

They re-commenced.

"That's right," said Margery; "now two forward."

"I must have a natural genius for dancing," said John, conversing easily; "I seem to . . . Do we twinkle next?"

"Yes," said Margery.

"I seem to fall into it naturally."

"Look out!" shrieked Margery.

I don't know exactly what happened; I rather think John got his gears mixed up in the twinkling business. At any rate, one of his feet shot up in the air,

he made a wild grab at nothing and tripped heavily backwards into the hearth. The piano was drowned in general uproar.

John arose with difficulty from the ashes and addressed himself haughtily to Cecilia.

"I can understand that these two," he said, waving a black but contemptuous hand at Margery and myself, "should scream with delight. Their whole conception of humour is bound up with banana-skins and orange-peel. But may I ask why you should have hysterics because your husband has fallen into the fireplace?"

"You seemed to fall into it so naturally," I quoted in a shaky voice.

"Darling," sobbed Cecilia, "I am trying—please—if only you would take that piece of soot off your nose—" She dabbed her eyes and wept helplessly.

John rubbed his nose quickly and walked to the door.

"If you want my opinion of dancing," he said bitterly, "I think it's a low pagan habit."

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star," sang Margery.

"Bah!" said John, and banged the door.

THE NEW UTOPIA.

[Suggested by Mr. J. H. THOMAS's book, just out, with a Red Flag on the wrapper.]

O ENGLAND, with what joy I hail
The master-hand that calms and cools
In THOMAS's entrancing tale,
When Labour Rules.

There will be no more serfs and slaves;
There will be no more feudal fools;
The KING may stay, if he behaves,
When Labour rules.

Workers, in Downing Street installed,
Will never think of downing tools;
Strikes clearly never will be called
When Labour rules.

The hand of brotherhood that knits
At present Tom and Dick with Jules
Will be extended to good Fritz,
When Labour rules.

The vile capitalistic crew
Of human vampires, sharks and
ghouls
Will vanish in the boundless blue
When Labour rules.

Our children will be standardized
In psycho-analytic schools,
And brains completely equalized
When Labour rules.

O Paradise! O frabjous day!
When 'neath the flag of flaming gules
Labour shall hold unchallenged sway—
When THOMAS rules.



FOLLOWING THE ENORMOUS SUCCESS
OF THE DAILY MAIL HAT—



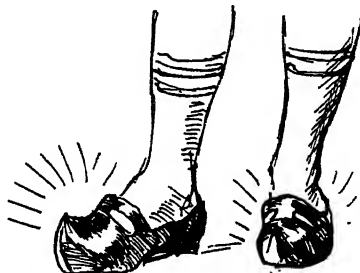
—WE LOOK FORWARD ANXIOUSLY
TO THE TIMES CRAVAT—



—THE TELEGRAPH COAT—



—THE CHRONICLE QUILTED BAGS—



—THE HERALD PATENT SABOTS.



STUDY OF AN IMPARTIAL READER.

Frank
Reynolds

GENF AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

"Genf," like "Genève," is the Swiss for "Geneva." It was selected, nearly two years ago, as the seat of the League of Nations. In a few days the League arrives; and I doubt if any person, firm, company, corporation or league, having provided itself with a seat, ever waited so long before it came and sat upon it.

You will remember a learned treatise of mine in these pages on the subject of Lucerne, written in August last, when our PRIME MINISTER came and sat there. I make my living by writing up the towns of Switzerland as one by one they get sat on. As there are not more than half-a-dozen eligible towns in Switzerland, and as we shall have exhausted two of them in less than half a year, the living I make is a precarious one; in other words I shall soon be dead. Well, well! A short life and a merry one, say I. You must admit a touch of subtle merriment in that word "Genf."

To get to Geneva you provide yourself with a passport, a book of rail and steamer tickets, a ticket for a seat in the Pullman car, a ticket for a berth in the sleeping-car and a ticket for the registration of your luggage. In short, by the time you are in France you will

have had pass through your hands one passport and eleven tickets; and the first thing you will do upon settling down into the French train is to compete and intrigue to get a twelfth ticket for your lunch. You will find that this useless ticket will follow you all the way to Geneva and will always assert itself when you are accosted by a ticket inspector. I even know a traveller who arrived eventually at the Swiss frontier with no other paper of identity or justification; for a passport which should have given his name, address, motive for travelling, shape of mouth, size of nose and any other peculiarities, he could only tender documentary evidence of his having eaten the nineteenth lunch of the first series of the day before.

Two things catch the eye about Geneva. In the first place it is on a lake, and in the second place it is

always brimful of International Unions, Leagues, Congresses and Conferences. The lake is navigated in the season by a fleet of sizeable steamers, and one of these, a two-hundred tonner, used to call every morning of the season at the little pier outside my house to take me to business, and brought me back again every evening. By the pier rests an old, old man whose only duty in life it is to catch the hawser as it is thrown from the incoming liner. Twice a day for four months that hawser was thrown for the old man to catch, and twice a day for four months he missed it. I spoke to him about this on the last day, and he showed a fine courage

do in similar circumstances. Stepping out of the station exit it will hurry off to its hotel. But when Leagues go to hotels they buy the darned things outright. I don't know what they do about notices on the walls; alter some and remove others, no doubt. The international delegates will be requested to ring once for the political expert, twice for the military expert and three times for the naval expert. If my old man gets the last-named job they will have to ring rather more than three times if they want him to come up *at once* and discuss schemes for readjusting the various oceans.

As to the other usual decorations of hotel bedroom walls, the notice will be removed which informs all concerned that the management will not be held responsible for valuables, unless these be deposited in the office safe, though this will not be intended to indicate that the new management has doubts as to the safety even of its own safe.

The "Hôtel National," which is the hotel in question, was in process of complete reconstruction when the purchase took place. A bathroom has been annexed to every room. Presumably every international delegate will have a suite allotted to his nation. The question



The Profiteer's Wife. "HEAVENS! MARGARET HAS ELOPED WITH THE CHAUFFEUR IN THE CAR."

The Profiteer. "WHAT! NOT THE NEW ROLLS-ROYCE?"

which nothing can depress. Next season he means to try again. As he will be out of a job in the interval I am plotting to secure for him the post of naval expert to the League.

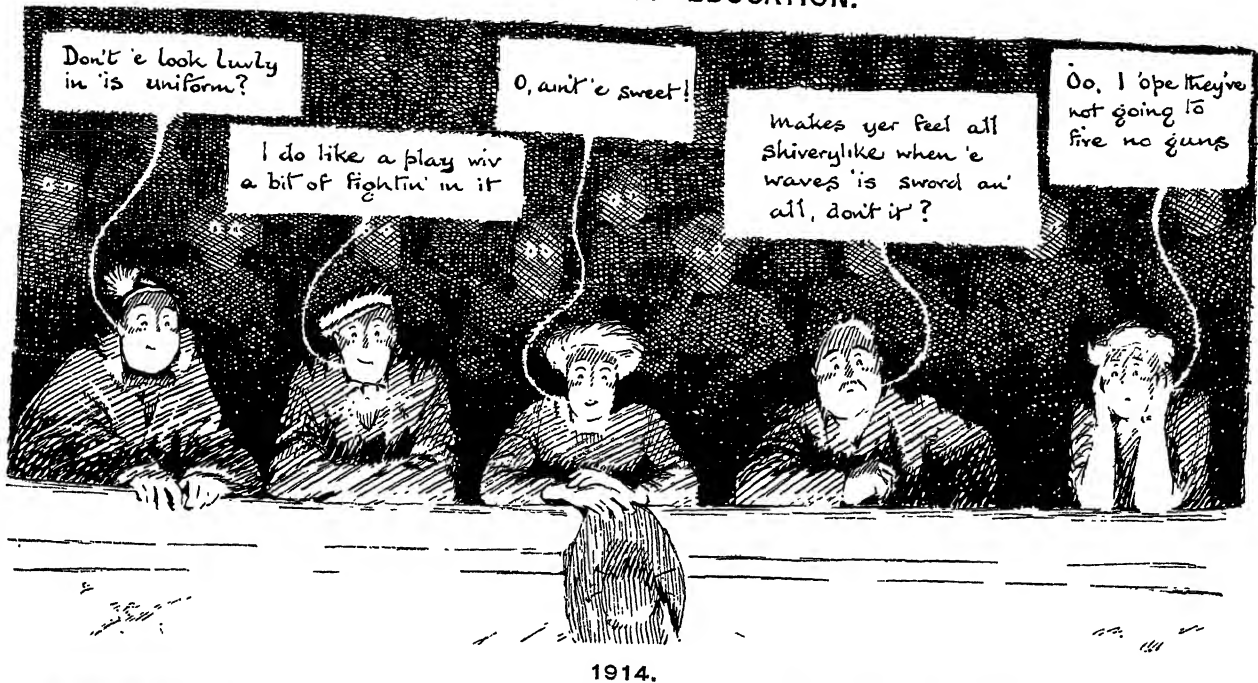
Turning from the lake to the international delegates, who abound in Geneva, it is to be noted that the last lot here were the International Congress of Leagues of Women. Their main agenda was to pronounce their complete independence of men. One of these delegates went for a row on the lake and fell in. She was pulled out again by a man.

You will find that Geneva was nominated as the seat of the League in the Peace Treaty of Versailles. Ever since, the people of Geneva have been busy conjecturing what the League of Nations will do upon its arrival in Geneva. It will do exactly what you and I would

I ask myself is this, Will he put himself in the room and his secretaries in the bathroom, or himself in the bathroom and the secretaries in the room? And the answer I make to myself is as follows: The delegate will appoint the room to be his room and the bathroom to be his bathroom and will leave his secretaries to make the best of things out in the corridor. The suggestion you will probably make is that there are more suites of rooms than nations; that I must leave you to work out for yourself. The number of suites of rooms is ascertainable, but no one seems able to inform me how many nations there are. Personally every time I pick up a newspaper I seem to discover a new one. However that may be, the nations are now all formed into their League, and may the best one win the Cup Final, say I!

F. O. L.

THE SPREAD OF EDUCATION.



FOR THE CHILDREN.

Mr. Punch comes once more, hat in hand, to beg for help in a good cause. This time he asks the generous aid of his readers on behalf of the Victoria Home at Margate, of which Her Majesty the QUEEN is Patroness. This Home cares for invalid children, from very little ones of only a few months old, to boys of twelve years and girls of fifteen. There is room for between fifty and sixty of them and they stay, on an average, for the best part of a year, during which they receive careful medical attention, and have all their needs tended, body and mind. Many of them have lost a leg or an arm and nearly all have some bandaged

limb, yet, with these disabilities, they contrive to learn the duties of a loyal Scout and are very proud of their uniform.

The cost of drugs, of surgical dressings and all house-keeping necessities has risen enormously and the Home is compelled to plead for further help. Mr. Punch invites his readers to send for a report and see for themselves the very touching pictures which it gives, in an admirable set of photographs, of the life of these children in their happy surroundings.

All communications and gifts should be addressed to the Secretary of the Victoria Home for Invalid Children, at 75, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.



Minister's Wife. "ARE YOU ALWAYS AS FEEBLE AS THIS, MR. MACPHERSON? DO YOU NEVER FEEL STRONGER?"

Macpherson. "AH WEEEL, ME'M, AS THE MEENISTER WAD TELL YE HIMSEL', ANY SMA' MEASURE O' HEALTH THAT AH HAE IS JUST ABOUT MEALTIMES."

"The Unknown Warrior."

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, NOVEMBER 11TH, 1920.

HERE lies a warrior, he alone
Nameless among the named and known;
None nobler, though by word and deed
Nobly they served their country's need,
And won their rest by right of worth
Within this storied plot of earth.
Great gifts to her they gave, but he—
He gave his life to keep her free.

O. S.

THE NEW JOURNALISM.

["In New York Mr. Harding leads by a figure something like the circulation of *The Daily Mail*. Pennsylvania gives him a majority which appears equal to the circulation of *The Evening News*. It is phenomenal."—*The Evening News*.]

THE method which is being used just now by some of Mr. Punch's contemporaries to draw attention to their circulations does not, it will be seen, tend to numerical nicety, though doubtless it has its advantages from the advertising point of view. The following items of news are intelligently anticipated.

* * *

The licences cancelled in one district in Scotland, as a result of the recent local veto poll, total exactly half the

number of quires of "returns" of last week's *Pawkiesheils Gazette*. It is insignificant.

* * *

An analysis of the miners' votes in the Lancashire coalfield proves that there were as many men in favour of rejecting the Government proposals as would have provided ten readers for each copy sold (not merely printed) of the last issue of *The Chowbent and Chequerbent Chronicle*. It is magnificent.

* * *

It is estimated that, if three more distinguished statesmen and another woman of letters can be prevailed upon to write piquant reviews of Mrs. Asquith's autobiography, the sale of the work will probably greatly exceed the numbers of copies of the latest Blue Book issued by H.M. Stationery Office. It is unthinkable.

* * *

It is confidently expected that, if the protests against a certain cinema plot can be sustained for a few days longer, there are feet in the film—without counting those who will sneak round for a free view of "The Stage Door of the Diadem Theatre." It is good business.

"An ex-Army officer was charged with stealing cooks valued at 51/- from Messrs. —'s."—*Sunday Paper*.
At that price they must have been very plain cooks.



THE SHRINE OF HONOUR.

"WHO GOES THERE?"

"I HAVE NO NAME. I DIED FOR MY COUNTRY."

"PASS, UNKNOWN WARRIOR."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 1st.—In response to a renewed demand for the Admiralty's account of the Battle of Jutland the PRIME MINISTER made the remarkable statement that it was very difficult to get "an official and impartial account," but he added that the Government were willing to publish all the reports and despatches on the subject and leave the public to judge.

Who shall decide, when Admirals disagree? Why, JULIAN CORBETT, or the great B.P.

Owing to the unexpectedly rapid passage through Committee of the Government of Ireland Bill last Friday, the way was cleared for a number of British measures. Although dealing with the most diverse subjects they were alike in one respect—without exception they incurred the hostility of Sir F. BANBURY. Whether it was a proposal to reduce the dangers of employing women in lead processes or to give married women in Scotland the same privileges as their English sisters (including the duty of supporting an indigent husband), or to hold an Empire Exhibition, or to set up Juvenile Courts, the hon. baronet found reason for opposing them all.

Once or twice he secured the support of Sir JOHN REES, but for the most part he was *Athanasius contra mundum*, maintaining his equanimity even when Mr. HOCCE advised him to "marry a



"ATHANASIUS CONTRA MUNDUM."
SIR FREDERICK BANBURY.

Scotswoman," or Lady ASTOR expressed her regret that he had not women, instead of bankers, for his constituents.

The Government had no reason to

complain of his activity, which may indeed have prevented the intrusion of more dangerous critics; for despite his efforts every Bill went through.

Tuesday, November 2nd.—The most striking thing in Lord LOREBURN's speech upon Irish affairs seemed to me to be his uncompromising declaration



"No supporter of Mr. ASQUITH."
LORD LOREBURN.

that he was "no supporter of Mr. ASQUITH." He endorsed, however, his former chief's demand for an independent inquiry into the reprisals, but his motion was defeated by 44 to 13.

Ever since Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS defeated Mr. CHURCHILL at Manchester he has felt it his duty to keep on his track. Convinced that our policy in Mesopotamia is due to the WAR MINISTER's megalomania he is most anxious to bring him to book. The prospect of a Supplementary Estimate for the Army seemed likely to furnish the desired occasion. But when he pressed Mr. CHURCHILL on the subject the alleged spendthrift airily replied that there was no hurry; "I do not immediately require money."

The gloom of the daily Irish catechism was a little brightened by an interchange of pleasantries between Mr. STANTON and Mr. JACK JONES. On this occasion the latter had rather the best of it. "Golliwog!" he shouted in allusion to his opponent's luxuriant *chevelure*. Mr. STANTON could think of no better retort than the stereotyped "Bolshie!" and when Mr. JONES rejoined with "You ought to be put into Madame Tussaud's" Mr. STANTON was reduced to silence. But is it not a scandal that these entertaining comedians should only get four hundred a year?

On the Agriculture Bill Sir A. GRIF-

FITH-BOSCAWEN was faced with an urgent demand for a separate Wages Board for Wales. First he wouldn't; it would be "an exceedingly inconvenient and expensive arrangement." But the Welshmen were so insistent that he changed his mind, and when the vigilant Sir FREDERICK BANBURY challenged the new clause on the ground that it would impose a fresh charge on the Exchequer Sir ARTHUR was able to convince the SPEAKER that, though there would be "additional expenditure," there would be no "fresh charge." Such are the nice distinctions of our Parliamentary system.

Wednesday, November 3rd.—When Mr. CHURCHILL, some sixteen years ago, crossed the floor of the House, his manoeuvre was regarded as a portent, and men talked of "a sinking ship." It cannot be said that Lord HENRY BENTINCK's sudden appearance among the Labour Members created anything like the same sensation, even though he was joined a little later by Mr. OSWALD MOSLEY. Lord HENRY has always derived his political opinions rather from his heart than his head, and has lately developed a habit of firing explosive Questions at Ministers from his eyrie behind their backs. They will probably find his frontal attacks less disconcerting.



"OLD GOLLIWOG."
MR. C. B. STANTON
(As viewed by Mr. JACK JONES).

While Lord HENRY was in the House, off and on, for thirty-four years before discovering that he was on the wrong side, Mr. MOSLEY has made the same dis-

covery after an experience of barely as many weeks. From his new perch he inquired this afternoon if Government cement was being sent abroad, to the detriment of British builders. Dr. ADDISON contented himself with professing ignorance of any such transaction. A less serious Minister might have replied that the Government needed all their cement to mend the cracks in the Coalition.

News that the coal-strike was over reached the House during the evening. Mr. BRIDGEMAN, always cautious, "understood" that the men had been "recommended" to go back to work. Mr. ADAMSON, fresh from the Conference, was much more downright. "The strike," he said, "has been declared off, and the men return to work." So that's that.

Thursday, November 4th. — Lord SALISBURY's complaint that the Government's policy in Egypt was shrouded in more than Egyptian darkness brought a spirited reply from Lord CURZON, who declared that every stage in the negotiations had been fully revealed in the Press. If no definite decision as to the future government of the country had been published that was simply because the Cabinet had not yet had time to make up its collective mind. Judging by Lord MILLNER's subsequent account of his Mission, it would appear that the process will be long and stormy. The Mission went to Cairo to sound the feeling of the Nationalists, but for all practical purposes they might as well have stopped in London, where they ultimately interviewed ZAGHELUL PASHA and his colleagues, and obtained information which materially altered and softened their previous views. The best Nationalists were not anti-British, but simply pro-Egyptian. Lord MILLNER's final appeal, that his piece should not be hissed off the stage before it had been heard, sounded a little ominous.

Mr. L'ESTRANGE MALONE is not very popular in the House of Commons just now. When he rose to address a "Supplementary" to the WAR MINISTER he was so persistently "boo-ed" that the SPEAKER had to intervene to secure him a hearing. Mr. LOWTHER probably repented his kindness when it appeared

that Mr. MALONE had nothing more urgent to say than that Mr. CHURCHILL would be better employed in looking after the troops in Ireland than in reviewing books for *The Daily Mail*.

For the third day in succession Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR essayed to move the adjournment in order to call attention to what he called "the policy of frightfulness" in Ireland. This time the SPEAKER accepted the motion, but the ensuing debate was of the usual inconclusive kind. Mr. DEVLIN gave another exhibition of stage-fury. He objected to the word "reprisals" being used for the "infamies" going on in Ireland, declared that the Government were responsible for all the murders and prophesied that the present CHIEF SECRE-

STUTTFIELD AND THE REDS.

Stuttfield was nothing of a NERO. He would never have fiddled while Rome burned. He would have been more likely to imagine that Rome was burning when there was really nothing more going on than a bonfire. He is one more example of the pernicious influence of sensational literature upon a nervous temperament.

It all began through Stuttfield finding a copy of *The Daily Blast* in a railway carriage last June. This journal is printed on white paper, but the tendency of its contents is ruddy—that is to say, it has "Red" leanings. It was a revelation to Stuttfield.

"Are people *allowed* to say such things?" he asked me in horror.

"My dear fellow, no one takes it seriously," I said. "Don't you worry."

But Stuttfield did worry. *The Daily Blast* had the same effect upon him as a snake has upon a rabbit; it terrified him, yet he could not run away from it. In fact he became a regular subscriber and continued so despite some rumours that it was supported financially by the Rougetanians—rumours which required, and received, a great deal of explanation.

Then, through the offices of his man-servant, he obtained a copy of *The Volcano*.

The Volcano appears to be in advance of *The Daily Blast* in its ideals, and immensely so in their expression. But here again I assured Stuttfield that no one took them seriously. "I don't suppose they take themselves seriously," I assured him. "They want to sell *The Volcano*, that's all."

"Yes," said Stuttfield, "but they do sell it, and people read it."

"I expect the circulation's about two thousand a week," I said consolingly. But Stuttfield, as I could see, was not consoled.

I met him at intervals after that, and on each occasion he seemed to be more obsessed with the notion that the "Reds" would overwhelm us all shortly.

"Russia is Red," he whispered; he always whispers now for fear of being overheard by a Red agent, though



"Old Mother Goose was delighted when she saw what a fine bird her son had provided her with."

WALES AND SIR A. GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN.

TARY, "with all his outward appearance of great masculinity," would fail, as BALFOUR and CROMWELL—the House enjoyed this concatenation—had failed before him.

In points of detail Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD conceded a little more to his critics than on some former occasions. He undertook to consider whether the Government should compensate the owners of creameries or other property wrongfully destroyed; and he admitted that some constables had exceeded their duty, nine of them being actually under arrest on various charges. But on the main point he was adamant. Quoting the remark of a police-sergeant at Tralee, "They have declared war upon us and I suppose war it must be," the CHIEF SECRETARY said in his most emphatic tones, "War it will be until assassination stops."

there was not very much risk of that in St. James's Street. "And what about India and China?"

"Red, black and yellow—the Zingari colours," I said ribaldly, and Stuttfield left me in disgust.

Then I heard from a friend that he had sold his cottage at Redhill. This was a bad sign, and I went to see him. I found him much worse.

"You've taken an overdose of *The Volcano*," I said.

He seized my arm with trembling fingers.

"The Red Revolution is upon us," he hissed.

I laughed. "Don't you worry about the Red Revolution. You come out to lunch."

He would hardly be persuaded. Clubs and restaurants would be attacked first, he thought. If we lunched together it had better be in an eating-house in Bermondsey. "I have a disguise," he said, and disclosed a complete proletarian outfit.

"Well, I haven't," I said. "Not that these clothes of mine will lead anyone to mistake me for a capitalist. But, so far as lunch goes, hadn't we better be killed by a Red bomb at the Fitz than by tripe in Bermondsey?"

Stuttfield could not but admit the sense of this, so we started out.

It is widely recognised that Flag Days, however admirable their objects, have been a little overdone. But it was sheer bad luck that brought Stuttfield face to face with a flag-seller just as we were entering the Fitz. She came at him with a determined aspect and began "The Red Cr—"

It was enough. Poor Stuttfield was across the pavement and into a taxi before I could stop him. There was nothing for me to do but follow him.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Waterloo," he answered through blanched lips. I could get nothing more from him.

At Waterloo he sprang out, leaving me to pay the cab, and disappeared into the station. I followed as quickly as I could, but he was nowhere to be seen.

"Where would he go to hide from the Reds?" I asked myself. Suddenly I had an idea about his destination.

I was right. In the foremost carriage I found him. I tried to persuade him to come out, but he clung to the rack. So I left him. I have not seen him since.

I hope he feels safe in the Isle of Wight.

"You can burn your slack cook in oven in our — Grate."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

But now that the coal strike is over we shall try to put up with our cook a little longer.



Our Reverend Spoonerist (calling at the Deanery). "IS THE BEAN DIZZY?"

"WALLASEY'S LOW FIGURE.

POPULATION JUMP—FROM 21,192 TO 99,493
IN 28 DAYS."

Liverpool Paper.

We do not know why this should be described as a "low figure." To us it seems remarkably good going.

"The weather forecast for Sheffield and district for the next twenty-four years is as follows:—

Wind southerly, light, freshening later; cloudy or overcast; probably some rain later; visibility indifferent to fair; mild."

Yorkshire Paper.

It is hoped however that some improvement may be shown in 1945.

Puck's Record Eclipsed.

"For five minutes I was in the Mercantile Marine and the Navy. During these five minutes I made a complete circuit of the globe."—*Letter in Welsh Paper.*

"The pruning-fork is being applied in order to bring the staff within the capacity of the accommodation."—*Provincial Paper.*

After which harmony will be restored by means of the tuning-knife.

"It did one good, on entering the Queen's Hall last night, to find every seat in the building, even to those at the back of the rostrum, occupied by the London Symphony Orchestra."—*Evening Paper.*

An audience is often so distracting.



*Fortune-Teller (to client). "A DARK MAN HAS BEEN HOVERING ABOUT YOUR PATH FOR THE LAST MONTH."
Client. "OH, THAT MUST BE THE AGENT WHO'S BEEN WORRYING ME TO INSURE MY LIFE."*

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW MYSTERY.

In a provincial paper I find the following passage:—

"Counsel stated that the prisoner's mother was in court. Later he informed the Judge that he had made a mistake; it was the prisoner's mother-in-law. A general laugh throughout the court followed this 'correction.'"

We have here in a nutshell the case for traditional communal humour, and once again we are set to wondering why—except possibly to allay some whimsical twinges of self-respect—dramatists ever try to invent new jokes at all. Even more are we set to wondering why this particular joke never fails.

In the present case the injustice done to an honourable class of women—that is to say, those who provide lovers with their loves (for that is how these relationships begin)—was the greater because no doubt, when the laughter had subsided a little, every eye sought for the lady in question. Normally we have not the opportunity of visualising the butt at all. It is enough that she should be mentioned. Nor would any grotesque details in her costume or physiognomy make the joke appreciably better. It requires no such assistance; it is rich enough without them; to possess a married daughter is all that is necessary to cause gusts of joyful mirth.

That it is not the lady herself who is funny could—no matter how Gothic her figure—be proved in a moment by placing her in the witness-box and asking her to state her relationship to the prisoner's wife. She would say, "I am her mother," and nothing would happen. But if the question were, "What is your relationship to the prisoner?" and she replied, "I am his mother-in-law," sides would split. Similarly one can imagine that if the husband's reply to the counsel's question, "Who was with you?" had been, "My wife was with me," there would have been no risible reaction whatever; but if the reply had been, "My wife's mother was with me," the place would have been convulsed. Of course the true artist in effect would never say, "My wife's mother," but "My mother-in-law." It is the "in-law" that is so exquisitely amusing and irresistible.

But both would be the same person: the gravest thing on earth, it might be, in every other respect—even sad and dignified—but ludicrous because her daughter happened to have found a husband.

To inquire why the bare mention of the mother of a man's wife should excite merriment is to find oneself instantly deep in sociology—and in some of its seamiest strata too. While exploring them one would make the odd

discovery that, whereas the humour that surrounds and saturates the idea of a wife possessing a maternal relative is inexhaustible, there is nothing laughable about the mother of a husband. A wife can talk of her husband's mother all day and never have the reputation of a wit, whereas her husband has but to mention her mother and he is the rival of the Robeys.

As for fathers-in-law, low comedians would starve if they had to depend on the help that fathers-in-law give them. Fathers-in-law do not exist. Nor do brothers-in-law or sisters-in-law, except as facts; but the joke is that they can be far more interfering (interference being at the root of the matter, I take it) than anyone in the world. It is the brother-in-law who knows of absolutely safe gilt-edged investments (which rarely succeed), and has to be helped while waiting for something to turn up; it is the sister-in-law who is so firmly convinced that dear Clara (her brother's wife) is spoiling the children. But both escape; while many really charming old ladies, to whom their sons-in-law are devoted, continue to be riddled by the world's satirical bullets.

What is to be done about it? Nothing. Only the destruction of the institution of marriage could affect it. E. V. L.

MY APOLOGIA.

(Lines accidentally omitted from a notorious volume of Memoirs.)

If life is dull and day by day
I see that wittier, wiser
England where I was wont to play
(Being as bold as I was gay)
Keep passing rapidly away
All through the German KAISER;
If "Souls" are not the things they were,
If caste declines and Vandals
Go practically everywhere
From Cavendish to Berkeley Square,
And dowdy frumps without the "air"
Monopolise the scandals;
There is but one thing left to do—
And what's a sporting flutter worth
Unless one takes a risk or two?—
"I'll shock the world," I thought,
"anew,"
And (ultimately) did so through
The firm of THORNTON BUTTER-
WORTH.
Two worlds indeed. The mighty West
Poured out her untold money
To gaze upon my palimpsest;
I think that Codex A was best,
But parts of this have been suppressed;
Publishers are so funny.
And now my fame through London
rings
In well-bred speech and *argot*;
At mild suburban tea-makings
The postman knocks, and poor dear
things
Tear wildly at the parcel-strings
When MUDIE gives them MARGOT.
Pressmen have tried to make a lot
Out of a certain instance
Of mild misstatement as to what
Happened in 1914. Rot!
All I can say is that my plot
Has much more *verve* than WINSTON'S.
Well, never mind. The work is done;
People who do not need it—
The wit, the fire, the force, the fun,
The pathos—let them simply shun
This frightful book, shout "Shame!"
and run;
Nobody's forced to read it.

EVOE.

NOMEN, OMEN.

(By our Medical Correspondent.)

No one who is interested in the possibilities of psycho-therapy can view without serious misgiving recent tendencies in artistic nomenclature. Some of us are old enough to remember when the trend was in the direction of Italianisation; when FOLEY became Signor FOLI; CAMPBELL, CAMPOBELLO, and an American from Brooklyn was transformed into BROCCOLINI. The vogue of alien aliases has passed, but it may return, and it is to guard against

the formidable and deleterious results of its recrudescence that the following suggestions are propounded, not merely in the interests of Gongorism or of an intensive cultivation of syncretic euphuism, but in accordance with the most approved conclusions of psycho-analytic research.

It may be urged—and the objection is natural—that there can be little danger of a relapse in view of the heroic and patriotic adhesion of some of our most distinguished artists to their homely patronymics. No doubt the noble example of CLARA BUTT and CARRIE TUBB is fortifying and reassuring, and there are also clamant proofs that denationalisation is no passport to eminence. But it would be foolish

to overlook the existence of powerful influences operating in an antipodal direction. I confess to a feeling approaching to dismay when I study the advertisement columns of the daily papers and note the recurrence, in the announcements of impending concerts, of names of a strangely outlandish and exotic form. In a single issue I have encountered KRISH, ARRAT, KOUNS and DINH GILLY. The Christian names of some of these eminent performers are equally momentous and perturbing, e.g., JASCHA, KOFZA and UTT.

My grounds for perturbation are not imaginary or based on the hallucinations of a hypersensitive mind. They are prompted and justified by the notorious facts, established by the



Dentist (after preliminary inspection). "EXTRAORDINARY THING—THERE'S ONE OF YOUR TEETH ONLY HALF STOPPED."

Patient. "AH, THAT WERE T'OOTHER DENTIST. T' LAAD 'URT ME, SO AH GAVE 'IM A GOOD LICK IN T' JAW."

leading psycho-analysts, that, just as mellifluous and melodious names exercise a mollifying influence on the activities of the sub-conscious self, so the possession or choice of strange or ferocious appellations incites the bearer, if I may be permitted to use so commonplace a term, to live up to his label.

It is therefore with all the force at my command that I entreat and implore singers, players and dancers to think, not once but twice or thrice, before they yield to the fascination of the unfamiliar and adopt artistic pseudonyms calculated to intensify the "urges" of their primitive instincts. It is not too much to say that a singer who deliberately assumes the name of Pongo, Og or Botuloffsky runs a serious risk, in virtue of the inherent magic of names, of developing qualities wholly unfitted for the atmosphere of a well-conducted concert-hall.

I believe that the question of establishing a censorship of artists' names has been seriously considered by Dr. ADDISON, in view of its bearing on public hygiene, and that he estimates the cost of staffing the new department as not likely to exceed seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year. Still, in these days when State economy is so needful, it would be better if the desired effect were attained by the pressure of enlightened public opinion rather than by the operations of even so inexpensive a department as that contemplated by the MINISTER OF HEALTH.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

THESE famous verses, which originally appeared in *Punch*, December 8th, 1915, being the work of a Canadian officer, Lieut.-Colonel McCRAE, who fell in the War, have been subjected to so many perversions—the latest in a letter to *The Times* from a Minister of the Crown, where the closing lines are misquoted as follows:

"If ye break faith with those of us who died,
We shall not sleep, though poppies bloom in
fields of France"—

that Mr. Punch thinks it would be well to reproduce them in their correct form:—

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

AT THE PLAY.

"FÉDORA."

IT may or may not be well that the War has modified our estimate of the value of life; but it is a bad thing for the legitimate drama. And in the case of *Fedora* the bloody régime of LENIN has so paled our memory of the terrors of Nihilism that SARDOU's play seems almost further away from us than the tragedy of *Agamemnon*. In our callous incapacity to be thrilled by the ancient horrors of forty years ago we fall back on the satisfaction to be got out of the author's dexterity in the mechanics of his craft.

And here the critic's judgment is also apt to be more cold-blooded. He recognises the crude improbability of certain details which are essential to the tragic development of the play. The death of *Count Vladimir* (accented on the first or second syllable according to the temporary emotion of the speaker) was due to the discovery of a letter in an unlocked drawer where it could never possibly have been thrown, being an extremely private letter of assignation. The death of *Fedora*, again, was the direct result of a letter which she despatched to Petersburg denouncing a man who proved, in the light of fresh facts learned a few minutes later, to be the last (or last but one) that she would wish to injure. It is incredible that she should not have hastened to send a second letter withdrawing her charge; "instead of which" she goes casually off on a honeymoon with his brother, and apparently never gives another thought to the matter till it is fatally too late.

However, I am not really concerned at this time of day with the improbabilities of so well-established a tragedy, but only with the most recent interpretation of it. And let me say at once that, for the best of reasons, I do not propose to compete with the erudition of my fellow-critics in the matter of previous interpreters, for I bring a virgin mind to my consideration of the merits of the present cast.

Fedora is the most exhausting test to which Miss MARIE LÖHR has yet put her talent. The heroine's emotions are worked at top-pressure almost throughout the play. At the very start she is torn with passionate grief for the death of her lover and a still more passionate desire to take vengeance on the man who killed him. When she learns the unworthiness of the one and the justification of the other those emotions are instantly exchanged for a passionate worship of the late object of her vengeance, to be followed by bitter remorse for the harm she has done him and terror of the consequences when he

comes to know the truth. And so to suicide.

I will confess that I was astonished at the power with which Miss LÖHR met these exigent demands upon her emotional forces. It was indeed a remarkable performance. My only reservation is that in one passage she was too anxious to convey to the audience the intensity of her remorse, when it was a first necessity that she should conceal it from the other actor on the stage. It was nice and loyal of Mr. BASIL RATHBONE to behave as if he didn't notice anything unusual, but it must have been as patent to him as to us.

Of his *Loris* I cannot say too much in admiration. At first Mr. RATHBONE seemed a little stiff in his admirably-fitting dress-clothes, but in the last scene he moved through those swift changes of emotion—from joy to grief, from rage to pity and the final anguish and horror—with extraordinary imagination and resource.

Of the others, Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH, as *Jean de Sirex*, played in a quiet and assured undertone that served to correct the rather expansive methods of Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS, whose humour, always delightful, afforded a little more relief than was perhaps consistent with the author's designs and her own dignity as a great lady in the person of the *Countess Olga*.

O. S.

A Matinée in aid of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children will be given at the Garrick Theatre on Wednesday, November 17th, at 2.30, when a comedy by Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER will be presented, entitled, *Pomander Walk* (period 1805).

It is hoped that at the Alhambra Matinée on November 16th one thousand pounds will be raised to complete the special pension fund for actors, which is to be a tribute of affection to the memory of Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE, who, in the words of Mr. McKINNEL, "did more for the rank and file of the theatrical profession than any actor, living or dead."

"The Dog it was who Died."

"At Dovey Board of Conservators at Barmouth it was decided to ask Major Dd. Davies to hunt the district with his otter hounds, and failing this the water bailiffs themselves should attempt to stamp them out."—*Welsh Paper*.

Major Dd. DAVIES' answer is not known to us, but we assume that he said, "Well, I'm Dd."

"Royal Surrey Theatre. Grand Opera. To-night, 8, Cav. and Pag."—*Daily Paper*.
More evidence of the paper-shortage.



Affluent Sportsman (after a long blank draw). "Now I BET YOU WE'LL FIND AS SOON AS I LIGHT ONE OF MY HALF-DOLLAR CIGARS." *Friend.* "DON'T YOU THINK WE MIGHT MAKE A CERTAINTY OF IT IF I LIT ONE TOO?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I do not think that even the most phlegmatic of Englishmen could read *Francis and Riversdale Grenfell: a Memoir* (NELSON) without a quickening of the pulses. This is not to suggest that Mr. JOHN BUCHAN has sought to make an emotional appeal—indeed he has told the tale of these devoted brothers with a simplicity beyond praise—but it is a tale so fine that it must fill the heart, even of those who were strangers to them, with joy and pride. I beg you to read the memoir for yourselves, and see how and why it was that these twin brothers, from Eton onwards, radiated cheerfulness and a happy keenness wherever they went. "Neither," Mr. BUCHAN writes, "could be angry for long, and neither was capable of harshness or rancour. Their endearing grace of manner made a pleasant warmth in any society which they entered; and since this gentleness was joined to a perpetual glow of enthusiasm the effect was triumphant. One's recollection was of something lithe, alert, eager, like a finely-bred greyhound." Those of us who were not personally acquainted with FRANCIS and RIVERSDALE GRENFELL will, after reading this Memoir and the Preface by their uncle, Field-Marshal Lord GRENFELL, seem to know them intimately. FRANCIS won the first V.C. gained in the War, but when he read the announcement of it in *The Gazette* his brother was already killed and his joy of life was quenched. "I feel," he wrote to his uncle, "that I know so many who have done and are doing so much more than I have been able to do for England. I also feel very strongly that any honour

belongs to my regiment and not to me." In that spirit he met his death a few months later. In work and sport, in war or peace, the twins were ardent, generous and brave, and their deaths were as glorious as their lives were gracious and radiant. The profits of Mr. BUCHAN's book are to be devoted to the funds of the Invalid Children's Aid Association, in which the brothers were deeply interested.

There are certain tasks which, like virtue, carry their reward with them. No doubt Miss ELEANOR SINCLAIR ROHDE would be gratified if her book, *A Garden of Herbs* (LEE WARNER), were to pass into several editions—as I trust it will—and receive commendation on every hand—as it surely must—but such results would be irrelevancies. She has already, I am convinced, tasted so much delight in the making of this, the most fragrant book that I ever read, in her delving and selecting, that nothing else matters. Not only is the book fragrant from cover to cover, but it is practical too. It tells us how our ancestors of not so many generations ago—in Stuart times chiefly—went to the herb garden as we go to the chemist's and the perfumer's and the spice-box, and gave that part of the demesne much of the honour which we reserve for the rock-garden, the herbaceous borders and the pergola. And no wonder, when from the herbs that grow there you can make so many of the lenitives of life—from elecampane a sovran tonic, and from purslane an assured appetiser, and from marjoram a pungent tea, and from wood-sorrel a wholesome water-gruel, and from gillyflowers "a comfortable cordial to cheer the heart," and from thyme an eye-lotion that will "enable one to see the fairies." Miss ROHDE tells us all, inter-

mingling her information with mottoes from old writers and new. Sometimes she even tells too much, for, though she says nothing as to how lovage got its pretty name, we are told that "lovage should be sown in March in any good garden soil." Did we need to be told that? Is it not a rule of life? "In the Spring a young man's fancy . . ."

To my mind, amongst the least forgettable books of the present year will be that to which Mr. SETON GORDON, F.Z.S., has given the title of *The Land of the Hills and the Glens* (CASSELL). Mr. GORDON has already a considerable reputation as a chronicler of the birds and beasts (especially the less approachable birds) of his native Highlands. The present volume is chiefly the result of spare-moment activities during his service as coast-watcher among the Hebrides. Despite its unpropitious title, I must describe it without hyperbole as a production of wonder and delight. Of its forty-eight photographic illustrations not one is short of amazing. We are become used to fine achievement in this kind, but I am inclined to think Mr. GORDON goes one better, both in the "atmosphere" of his mountain pictures and in his studies of birds at home upon their nests. To judge, indeed, by the unruffled domesticity of these latter, one would suppose Mr. GORDON to have been regarded less as the prying ornithologist than as the trusted family photographer. I except the golden eagle, last of European autocrats, whose greeting appears always as a super-imperial scowl. Chiefly these happy results seem to have been due to a triumph of patient camouflage, concerning which the author suggests the interesting theory that birds do not count beyond

unity, i.e., if two stalkers enter an ambush and one subsequently emerges, the vigilance of the feathered watchers is immediately relaxed. Should this be true, I can only hope that Mr. GORDON will get in another book before the spread of higher education increases his difficulties.

I should be inclined to call Mr. NORMAN DOUGLAS our only example of the romantic satirist, though, unless you have some previous knowledge of his work, I almost despair of condensing the significance of this into a paragraph. For one thing the mere exuberance of his imagination is a rare refreshment in this restricted age. His latest book, with the stimulating title of *They Went* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), is an admirable example of this. Certainly no one else could have created this exotic city with its painted palaces and copper-encrusted towers, a vision of sea-mists and rainbows; or peopled it with so iridescent a company—the strange princess; the queen, her mother; the senile king who should have been (but wasn't) her father; *Theophilus*, the Greek artist; the philosophic old Druidess, and the dwarfs who "chanted squeaky hymns amid sacrifices of mushrooms and gold-dust." Perhaps this random quotation may hint at the fantastic nature of the tale; it can give no idea of the intelligence that directs it, mocking,

iconoclastic, almost violently individual. Plot, I fancy, seldom troubles Mr. DOUGLAS greatly; it happens, or it does not. Meanwhile he is far more concerned in fitting a double meaning (at least) to the most simple-sounding phrase. To sum up, *They Went* is perhaps not for idle, certainly not for unintelligent, reading; for those who can appreciate quality in a strange guise it will provide a feast of unfamiliar flavours that may well create an appetite for more.

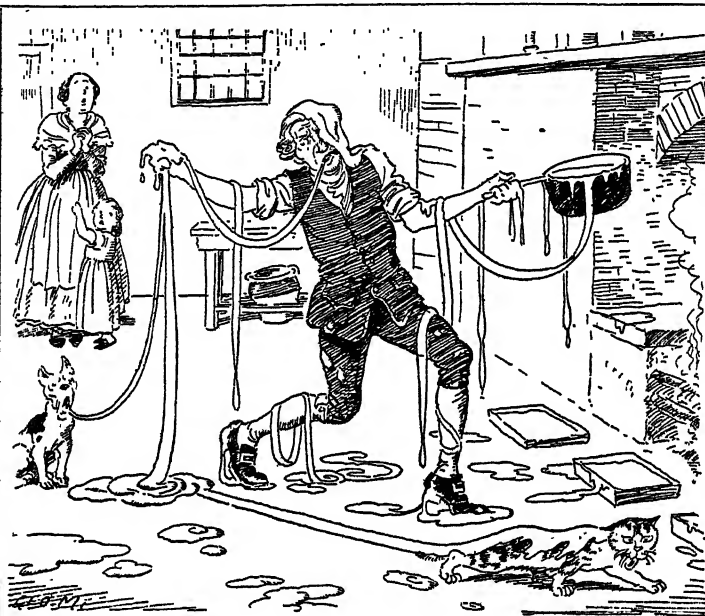
That clever writer, Mr. A. P. HERBERT, would lightly describe his story, *The House by the River* (METHUEN), as a "shocker." But there are ways and ways of shocking. He might wish to show us the embarrassments of a fairly respectable member of the intellectual classes, living in a highly respectable environment, when he finds that he has committed homicide; and he might make the details as gruesome as he liked. But there was no need to shock the sensitive when he made his choice of the circumstances in which the poet, *Stephen Byrne*, inadvertently throttles his housemaid. It is a fault, too, that his scheme only interests him so far as it concerns *Stephen* and his society, and that the horror of the tragedy from what one may loosely call the victim's point of view does not seem to affect him at all. Otherwise, even for the sake of brevity, he could not so flipantly refer to the body, sewn in a sack and thrown into the river, as just "Eliza." He may argue that he never thought of the corpse as a real one and that the whole thing was merely an experiment in imaginative art; but his details are too well realised for that, and so is his admirable picture of the society of Ham-merton Chase, W., a thin

disguise for a riverside neighbourhood easy to recognise. I could never get myself quite to believe that *Stephen's* friend, *Egerton*, accessory after the fact, would so long and so tamely have borne the suspicion of it; but for the rest Mr. HERBERT's study of his milieu shows a very intimate observation. If his *Stephen*, in whom the highest poetic talents are found tainted with a touch of coarseness, may not always be credible, the passion for self-expression which leads him on to versify his own experience in the form of a mediæval idyll, and so give himself away, is true to life. But my final impression of Mr. HERBERT's book—he will perhaps think I am taking him too seriously—is that his many gifts and notably his humour, whose gaiety I prefer to its grimness, are here exercised on a rather unworthy theme.

Fashions for Proxy-Fathers.

"The bride entered the church on the arm of Mr. T. —, of Happy Valley (who acted in loco parentis and was charmingly attired in crepe-de-chine)."—*South African Paper*.

"Is there anyone amongst the thousands of men who will benefit who will be some an (please let the word remain, Mr. Editor) as not to show his appreciation in the same way?"—*Educational Paper*. Personally we think the Editor was a little too complaisant.



MARTYRS OF SCIENCE:—THE INVENTOR OF TOFFEE.

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that a gentleman who purchased a miniature two-seater car at the Motor Show last week arrived home one night to find the cat playing with it on the mat. *

It appears that nothing definite has yet been decided as to whether *The Daily Mail* will publish a Continental edition of the Sandringham Hat. *

The matter having passed out of the hands of D.O.R.A., the Westminster City Council recommend the abolition of the practice of whistling for cabs at night. Nothing is said about the custom of making a noise like a five-shilling tip. *

We shall not be surprised if Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN becomes the Viceroy of India, says a gossip-writer. We warn our contemporaries against being elated, for it is almost certain that another Chancellor of the Exchequer would be appointed in his place. *

During the Lord Mayor's Show last week we understand that the LORD MAYOR's coachman was accompanied by the LORD MAYOR. *

The licensee of a West Ham public-house has just purchased a parrot which is trained to imitate the bagpipes. The bird's life will of course be insured. *

Ireland will have to be careful or she will be made safe for democracy, like the other countries. *

Upon hearing that Mr. WILLIAM BRACE had accepted a Government appointment several members of the Labour Party said that this only confirmed their contention that his moustache would get him into trouble one day. *

Mrs. STACKPOOL O'DELL warns girls against marrying a man whose head is flat at the back. The best course is to get one with a round head; after marriage it can be flattened to taste. *

A man who persistently refused to give any information about himself was remanded at the Guildhall last week.

He is thought to be a British taxpayer going about *incognito*. *

The cackle of a hen when she lays an egg, says a scientist, is akin to laughter. And with some of the eggs we have met we can easily guess what the hen was laughing at. *

The National Collection of Microbes at the Lister Institute now contains eight hundred different specimens. Visitors are requested not to tease the germs or go too near their cages. *

A large spot on the sun has been seen by the meteorological experts at Greenwich Observatory. We understand that it will be allowed to remain. *

With reference to the complaint that a City man made about his telephone, we are pleased to say that a great improvement is reported. The instrument was taken away the other day. *

Discussing the remuneration of Cabinet Ministers a contemporary doubts whether they get what they deserve. This only goes to prove that we are a humane race. *

Hatters say that the price of rabbit skins is likely to ruin the trade. Meanwhile the mere act of getting the skins is apt to ruin the rabbit. *

"Mine," says General TOWNSEND, "was a mission which NAPOLEON would have refused." We doubt, however, if Lord NORTHCLIFFE is to be drawn like that. *

Dr. E. HALFORD ROSS, of Piccadilly, is of the opinion that coal contains remarkable healing powers. Quite a number of people contemplate buying some of the stuff. *

"What does milk usually contain?" asks a weekly paper. We can only say it wouldn't be fair for us to reply, as we know the answer. *

An Indomitable Spirit.

"Mr. —'s tank held only — Spirit during the whole climb and not satisfied with climbing *up* Snowdon Mr. — then drove down again."

Motoring Paper.

"WHY I DIDN'T GO TO THE BAR.

By Horatio Bottomley."

"*John Bull*" Poster.

Perhaps it was after hours.

"This upset Mr. Chesterton, a patriotic, beer-eating Englishman."—*Sunday Paper.*

We deplore the modern tendency to pry into the details of an author's dietary.

"What the word 'Democracy' was intended to mean was that every man should have to be *trToOshrdluesthafaodfabadoifgarfai*."

Local Paper.

We have long suspected this..

"MILWAUKEE.—Fourteen cases of whiskey, a large quantity of brandies, gin and wines were found stored in a bathhouse. It will be presented to the federal grand jury for action."

Canadian Paper.

Not the obvious form of "direct action," we trust.



Small Boy at Tailor's (to father, who seems to be impressed with "Jazz" tweed). "I SAY, DAD, GO SLOW. REMEMBER WHO'S GOT TO WEAR IT AFTER YOU'VE FINISHED WITH IT."

Mr. RAYMOND FORSDIK, of Chicago, states that twelve times more murders are committed in Chicago than in London. But, under Prohibition, Satan is bound to find mischief for idle hands. *

Canon F. J. MEYRICK, of Norwich, is reported to have caught a pike weighing twenty-five pounds. In view of the angler's profession we suppose we must believe this one. *

A curate of Bedford Park has had his bicycle stolen from the church, and as there were a number of people in the congregation it is difficult to know whom to blame. *

"Shall Onkie Live?" asks a *Daily Mail* headline. We don't know who he is, but he certainly has our permission. We cannot, however, answer for Mr. BOB WILLIAMS.

HOW TO VITALISE THE DRAMA.

A hint of what might be done by following the example of the Press.

["More than one actor-manager during the past few months has been searching round frantically in his efforts to find a new play." *The Times.*]

Oh, have you marked upon the breeze
The wail of hunger which occurs
When starved theatrical lessees
Commune with hollow managers?
"Where is Dramatic Art?" they say;
"Can no one, *no one*, write a play?"

I cannot think why this should be,
This bitter plaint of sudden dearth;
To write a play would seem to me
Almost the easiest thing on earth.
Sometimes I feel that even I
Could do it if I chose to try.

What! can this Art be in its grave
Whose form was lately so rotund,
Whose strength was as a bull's and gave
No sign of being moribund?
I'm sure my facts are right, or how
Do you account for *Chu Chin Chow*?

As for the gods, their judgment shows
No loss of *flair* for grace or wit;
We see the comic's ruby nose
Reduce to pulp the nightly pit,
Whose patrons, sound in head and heart,
Still love the loftiest type of Art.

Nor should the playwright fail for lack
Of matter, if with curious eyes
He follows in our Pressmen's track,
Who find the source of their supplies
In Life, that ever-flowing font,
And "give the public what they want."

If authors, moving with the times,
Would only feed us, like the Press,
On squalid "mysteries," ugly crimes,
Scandals and all that carrion mess,
I see no solid reason why
Dramatic Art should ever die. O. S.

UNAUTHENTIC IMPRESSIONS.

II.—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

If it be urged that a few trifling inaccuracies have crept into the sketch which is here given of a great statesman's personality I can only say, "*Humanum est errare*," and "*Homo sum: humani nihil alienum a me puto*." These two Latin sentences, I find, invariably soothe all angry passions; you have only to try their effect the next time you stamp on the foot of a stout man when alighting from an Underground train.

Of all the present-day politicians, and indeed there are not a few, upon whose mantelpieces the bust of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE is displayed, MR. WINSTON

CHURCHILL is probably the most assiduous worshipper at the great Corsican's shrine. How often has he not entered his sanctum at the War Office, peering forward with that purposeful dominating look on his face, and discovered a few specks of dust upon his favourite effigy. With a quick characteristic motion of the thumb resembling a stab he rings the bell. A flunkey instantly appears. "Bust that dust," says the WAR MINISTER. And then, correcting himself instantly, with a genial smile, "I should say, Dust that bust."

BUT NAPOLEON'S is not the only head that adorns MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S room. On a bookshelf opposite is a model of his own head, such as one may sometimes see in the shop windows of hatters, and close beside is a small private hat-making plant, together with an adequate supply of the hair of the rabbit, the beaver, the vicuña and similar rodents, and a quantity of shellac. Few days pass in which the WAR MINISTER does not spend an hour or two at his charming hobby, for, contrary to the general opinion, he is far from satisfied with the headgear by which he is so well known, or even with the Sandringham hat of *The Daily Mail*, and lives always in hopes of modelling the ideal hat which is destined to immortalise him and be worn by others for centuries to come. The work of a great statesman lives frequently in the mindful brain of posterity, less frequently upon it.

Other mementos which adorn this remarkable room at the War Office are a porcelain pot containing a preserve of Blenheim oranges, a framed photograph of the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, a map of Mesopotamia with the outpost lines and sentry groups of the original Garden of Eden, marked by paper flags, and a number of lion-skin rugs of which the original occupants were stalked and killed by their owner on his famous African tour. In his more playful moments the WAR MINISTER has been known to clothe himself completely in one of these skins and growl ferociously from behind a palm at an unwelcome intruder.

Of the man himself perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic is dynamic energy. Whether other people's energy is ever dynamic I do not know, but undoubtedly MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S is; he dominates, he quells. He is like one of those people in the papers with zig-zags sticking out all over them because they have been careful to wear an electric belt. He exudes force. Sometimes one can almost hear him crackle.

As a politician it is true he has not yet tried every office; he has not, for instance, been Chancellor of the Exchequer, though his unbounded success

in the Duchy of Lancaster amply shows what his capabilities as a Chancellor are. But as a soldier, a pig-sticker and a polo-player he is rapidly gaining pre-eminence, and as an author and journalist his voice is already like a swan's amongst screech-owls. (I admit that that last bit ought to have been in Latin, but I cannot remember what the Latin for a screech-owl is. I have an idea that it increases in the genitive, but quite possibly I may be thinking of dormice.)

Anyhow, to return to MR. CHURCHILL'S room: whilst the floor is littered with volumes that have been sent to him for review, his desk is equally littered with proofs of essays, sermons, leaders and leaderettes for the secular and Sunday Press. As a novelist he has scarcely fulfilled his early promise, but it is on record that he was once introduced to a stranger from the backwoods, who asked ignorantly, "Am I speaking to the statesman or the author?"

"Not *or*, but *and*," replied the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, with a simple dignity like that of ST. AUGUSTINE.

To poetry he is not greatly attached, preferring to leave this field of letters to his staff. When asked for his favourite passage of English verse he has indeed been known to cite a single line from MR. HILAIRE BELLOC'S *Modern Traveller*—

"That marsh, that admirable marsh!"

which is far from being MR. BELLOC'S most mellifluous effort.

We feel bound to ask what is most likely to be the next outlet for MR. CHURCHILL'S ebullient activity. Remembering that bust upon his mantelpiece it is hard to say. There are some who consider that, prevented by the sluggishness of our times from the chance of commanding an army in the field, he may turn his strategic mind at last to the position of Postmaster-General. If he does there can be no man better fitted than he to make our telephones hum. K.

"A.—Comme vous voudrai.—P."

Agony Column in Daily Paper.

Taking advantage of "P.'s" kindness we may say that we prefer "*voudrez*."

"A TRUE FISHING STORY."

Lady — is surprising everyone with her skill as an angler and a shot. Last Friday, I am told, she caught two trout weighing 2½lb. and 3½lb. And on the same afternoon she got a right and a left hit at a roebuck with a small four-bore gun!"—*Daily Paper.*

Not caring to believe that she mistook a roebuck for an elephant, we are glad to note that the epithet "true" is only applied to the "fishing" part of the story.



THE ABYSMALISTS.

BRITISH EXTREMIST. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?"

VOICE OF RUSSIAN BOLSHEVIST FROM BELOW. "DIGGING A GRAVE FOR THE BOURGEOISIE."

BRITISH EXTREMIST. "THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO DO; BUT HOW DO YOU GET OUT?"

VOICE FROM BELOW. "YOU DON'T."



French Visitor (inspecting artificial silk stockings). "SOIE?"

Shopman (formerly of the B.E.F., resourcefully). "WELL, SCARCELY, MADAM; SHALL WE SAY 'SOI-DISANT'?"

CONTEMPORARY FOLK-SONGS.

"THE GRAVE OF THE BOORZH-WAW-ZE."

[The following folk-song is believed to be a local (and adult) version of the ballad which, according to *The Times*, is now being sung by Communist children in the Glasgow Proletarian Schools, with the refrain:—

"Class-conscious we are singing,
Class-conscious all are we,
For Labour now is digging
The grave of the Boorzh-waw-ze."

The metre is a bit jumpy, and so are the ideas, but you know what folk-songs are.]

Look, we are digging a large round hole,
With a Hey and a Ho and a Hee-haw-hee!

To put the abominable tyrant in—
The Minister, the Master, the Mandarin;

And never a bloom above shall blow
But scarlet-runners in a row to show
That this is the grave of the Boorzh-waw-ze,

With a Hi-ti-tiddle-i! . . . Honk,
honk!

Who do we put in the large round hole,
With a Hey and a Ho and a Hee-haw-hee?

The blackcoat, the parasite, the keeper
of the laws,

Who works with his head instead of
with his paws;

The doctor, the parson, the pressman,
the mayor,
The poet and the barrister, they'll all
be there,

Snug in the grave of the Boorzh-waw-ze,
With a Hi-ti-tiddle-i! . . . Honk,
honk!

Dig, dig, dig, it will have to be big,
With a Hey and a Ho and a Hee-haw-hee!

One great cavity, and then one more
For the bones of the SECRET'RY OF
STATE FOR WAR;

The editor, the clerk and, of course,
old THOMAS,
We wring their necks and we fling them
from us

Into the grave of the Boorzh-waw-ze,
With a Hi-ti-tiddle-i! . . . Honk,
honk!

Peace and Brotherhood, that's our
line,

With a Hey and a Ho and a Hee-haw-hee!

But nobody, of course, can co-exist
In the same small planet with a Com-
munist;

Man is a brotherhood, that we know,
And the whole damn family has got
to go

Plomp in the grave of the Boorzh-
waw-ze,
With a Hi-ti-tiddle-i! . . . Honk,
honk!

Too many people are alive to-day,
With a Hey and a Ho and a Hee-
haw-hee!

Red already is the Red, Red Sea
With the blood of the brutal Boorzh-
waw-ze,
And that's what the rest of the globe
will be—

Believe me!

We'll stand at last with the Red Flag
furled*

In a perfectly void vermilion world
With the citizens (if any) who have
not been hurled

Into the grave of the Boorzh-waw-ze,
With a Hi-ti-tiddle-i! . . . Honk,
honk!

A. P. H.

* NOTE.—In the Somerset version the word is "unfurled," which makes better sense but scans even worse than the rest of the song. I have therefore followed the Gloucestershire tradition.

SOURCES OF LAUGHTER.

"It will have to be a great deal funnier than that before it's funny," said George.

This represented the general opinion, though Edna, who has a good heart, professed to find it diverting already. Unfortunately she has no sense of humour.

Jerry, the writer, claimed exemption on the ground of being the writer, though he did not see why his article should not remove gravity (as they say in *The Wallet of Kai Lung*) from other people quite as effectually as the silly tosh of A. and B. and C., naming some brilliant and successful humorists.

The company then resolved itself into a Voluntary Aid Detachment.

When they met again at tea Edna made the suggestion of a sprinkling of puns.

"We've got rather beyond that, I think," said the victim with dignity.

"I'm not so sure," said George cruelly, "that you can afford to neglect any means. Some people laugh at them even now, in this twentieth century, in this beautiful England of ours."

"And I can tell you why," broke in Raymond eagerly. He took from his pocket a well-known Manual of Psychology and whirled over the pages.

"Meanwhile," said George learnedly, "BERGSON may be of some assistance to you. He knows all about laughter. He analysed it."

"Why couldn't he leave it alone?" said Allegra uneasily.

"He defines laughter," said George, "as 'a kind of social gesture.'"

"It isn't," said Allegra rashly. "At least," she added, "that sort of thing isn't going to help Jerry. Do give it up."

"Well, then, here's something more practical," said George. "Listen. 'A situation is always comical when it belongs at one and the same time to two series of absolutely independent events, and can at the same time be interpreted in two different ways.'"

"I should think," said Edna brightly, "that might be very amusing."

She remarked later that it made it all seem very clear, but even she showed signs of relief when Raymond interrupted, having found his place.

"Here we are!" he exclaimed. "The book says that the reason a pun amuses you——"

"It doesn't amuse me," said most of the company.

"But it does—it must amuse you. It's all down here in black and white. Listen. The reason a pun amuses you is as follows: 'It impels the mind to identify objects quite disconnected.



The Fisherman. "I SUPPOSE THIS RAIN WILL DO A LOT OF GOOD, PAT?"

Pat. "YE MAY WELL SAY THAT, SOBB. AN HOUR OF UT NOW WILL DO MORE GOOD IN FIVE MINUTES THAN A MONTH OF UT WOULD DO IN A WEEK AT ANNY OTHER TIME."

This obstructs the flow of thought; but this is too transient to give rise to pain, and the relief which comes with insight into the true state of the case may be a source of keen pleasure. Mental activity suddenly obstructed and so heightened is at once set free, and is so much greater than the occasion demands that——"

"And is that why we laugh at things?" said Allegra sadly.

The heavy silence which followed was broken by the voice of Mrs. Purkis, the charlady, who "comes in to oblige," and was now taking a short cut to the front gate, under Cook's escort, by way of the parsley bed. This brought her

within earshot of the party, who were taking tea on the lawn.

When Mrs. Purkis could contain her mirth so as to make herself understood, her words were these: "I dunno why, but when I see 'im stand like that, staring like a stuck pig, I thought I'd died a-larf'n. I dunno why, but it made me larf——"

She passed, like *Pippa*.

"Listen to her," said Allegra in bitter envy. "She doesn't know why."

And Allegra burst into tears.

What's in a Name?

"'A Recital' will be given by Miss H. E. Stutter (the well-known Elocutionist)."

Local Paper.

AT THE BLOATER SHOW.

THE last time I was at Olympia—as everybody says at the door—it was a Horse Show. But this time it is much the same. There they stand in their stalls, the dear, magnificent, patient creatures, with their glossy coats and their beautiful curves, their sensitive radiators sniffing for something over the velvet ropes. Panting, I know they are, to be out in the open again; and yet I fancy they enjoy it all in a way. It would be ungrateful if they did not; for, after all, the whole thing has been arranged for them. The whole idea of the Show is to let the motors inspect the bloaters—and not what you think. (You don't know what bloaters are? Well, I can't explain without being rude.)

All the year round they can study *ad nauseam* their own individual bloaters; but this is the only occasion on which they have the whole world of bloaters paraded in front of them for inspection. Now only can they compare notes and exchange grievances.

And how closely they study the parade! Here is a pretty limousine, a blonde; see how she watches the two huge exhibits in front of her. They are very new bloaters, and one of them—oh, horror!—one of them is going to buy. He has never bought before; she knows his sort. He will drive her to death; he may even drive her himself; he will stroke her lovely coat in a familiar, proprietary fashion; he will show her off unceasingly to other bloaters till she is hot all over and the water boils in her radiator. He will hold forth with a horrible intimacy and a yet more horrible ignorance on the most private secrets of her inner life. Not one throb of her young cylinders will be sacred, yet never will he understand her as she would like to be understood. He will mess her with his muddy boots; he will scratch her paint; he will drop tobacco-ash all over her cushions—not from pipes; cigars only. . . .

There—he has bought her. It is a tragedy. Let us move on.

Here is a little *coupé*—a smart young creature with a nice blue coat, fond of town, I should say, but quite at home in the country. She also is inspecting two bloaters. But these two are very shy. In fact they are not really bloaters at all; they are rather a pair of nice-mannered fresh herrings, not long mated. The male had something to do with that war, I should think; the *coupé* would help him a good deal. The lady likes her because she is dark-blue. The other one likes her because of something to do with her works; but he is very reverent and tactful about it. He seems to know that he is being scrutinised,

for he is nervous, and scarcely dares to speak about her to the groom in the top-hat. He will drive her himself; he will look after her himself; he will know all about her, all about her moods and fancies and secret failings; he will humour and coax her, and she will serve him very nobly.

Already, you see, they have given her a name—"Jane," I think they said; they will creep off into the country with her when the summer comes, all by themselves; they will plunge into the middle of thick forests and sit down happily in the shade at midday and look at her; and she will love them.

But the question is—Ah, they are shaking their heads; they are edging away. She is too much. They look back sadly as they go. Another tragedy. . . .

Now I am going to be a bloater myself. Here is a jolly one, though her stable-name is much too long. She is a Saloon-de-Luxe, and she only costs £2,125 (why 5, I wonder—why not 6?) I can run to that, *surely*. At any rate I can climb up and sit down on her cushions; none of the grooms is looking. Dark-blue, I see, like Jane. That is the sort of car I love. I am like the lady herring; I don't approve of all this talk about the *insides* of things; it seems to me to be rather indecent—unless, of course, you do it very nicely, like that young herring. When you go and look at a horse you don't ask how its sweetbread is arranged, or what is the principle of its liver. Then why should you. . . .?

Well, here we are, and very comfortable too. But why does none of these cars have any means of communication between the owner and the man next to the chauffeur? There is always a telephone to the chauffeur, but none to the overflow guest on the box. So that when the host sees an old manor-house which he thinks the guest hasn't noticed he has to hammer on the glass and do semaphore; and the guest thinks he is being asked if he is warm enough.

Otherwise, though, this is a nice car. It is very cosy in here. Dark and quiet and warm. I could go to sleep in here.

* * * * *

What? What's that? No, I don't really want to buy it, thank you. I just wanted to see if it was a good sleeping-car. As a matter of fact I think it is. But I don't like the colour. And what I really want is a *cabriolet*. Good afternoon. Thank you. . . .

A pleasant gentleman, that. I wish I could have bought the Saloon. She would have liked me. So would he, I expect.

Well, we had better go home. I shan't buy any more cars to-day. And we won't go up to the gallery; there is

nothing but oleo-plugs and graphite-grease up there. That sort of thing spoils the romance.

Ah, here is dear Jane again! What a pity it was—Hullo, they have come back—the two nice herrings. They are bargaining—they are beating him down. No, he is beating them up. Go on—go on. Yes, you can run to that—*of course* you can. Sell those oil shares. Look at her—*look* at her! You can't leave her here for one of the bloaters. He wavers; he consults. "Such a lovely colour." Ah, that's done it! He has decided. He has bought. She has bought. They have bought. Hurrah! A. P. H.

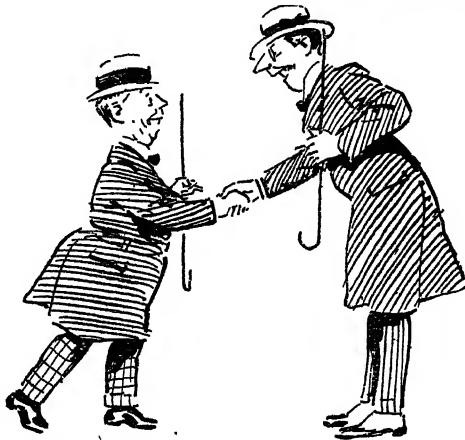
THE PREMIER'S METAPHORS.

SOME time ago the PREMIER beheld the sunrise upon the mountains, and now he has plunged his thermometer into the lava to discover that the stream is cooling—indicating comfort, let us hope, to any who may be buried beneath it. Only by an oversight, we understand, did he omit to mention in his speech at the Guildhall that the chamois is once more browsing happily among the blooming edelweiss.

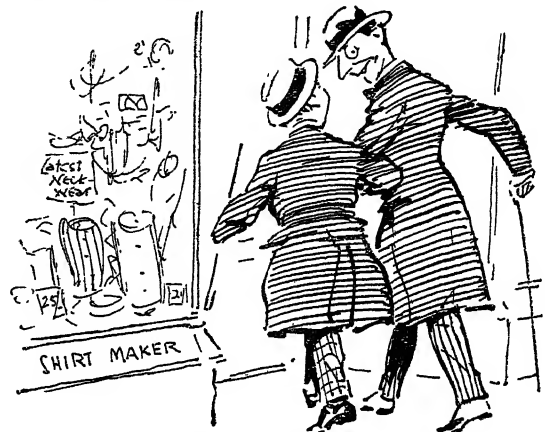
But in continuing his lofty metaphors Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will find himself confronted by no small difficulty when dealing with the glacier. What can he say that the glacier is doing? It must do something. A glacier is of no rhetorical value if it merely stays where it is. One may take in hand the ice-axe of resolution and the alpenstock of enterprise and pull over one's boots the socks of Coalition, but the glacier remains practically unchanged by these preparations. It would be of little use to declare that its uneven surface is being levelled by the steam-roller of progress and its crevasses filled in by the cement of human kindness, because the Opposition Press would soon get scientists, engineers and statisticians to establish the absurdity of such a claim. And to announce that the glacier is getting warmer would create no end of a panic among the homesteads in the valley. Unless he is very, very careful Mr. LLOYD GEORGE may make a grave slip in negotiating the glacier.

Then the "awful avalanche" has not yet been dealt with. A few helpful words on the direction this is likely to take and the safest rock to make for when it begins to move might be welcomed by the PREMIER's followers. He may argue that it is folly to meet trouble half-way, but on the other hand, if he does not speak on this subject soon, the opportunity may disappear. Let him avoid the glacier if he chooses; he cannot (so we are informed) escape the avalanche.

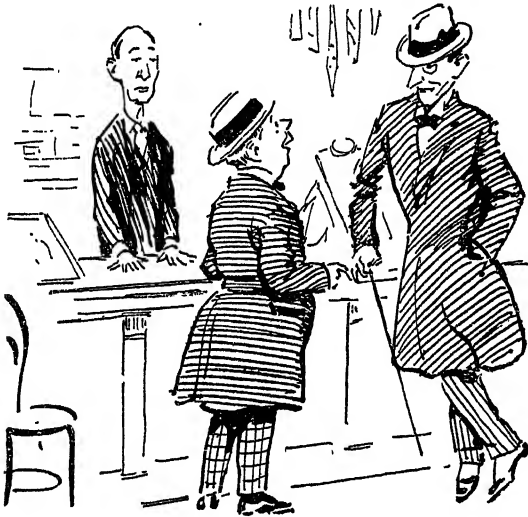
TREATING UNDER PROHIBITION.



"HELLO, OLD FRIGHT—HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR AGES!"



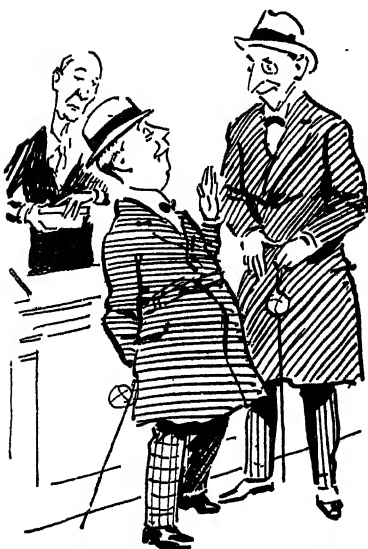
"WE MUST HAVE ONE."



"WHAT'S YOURS?"
"THINK I'LL HAVE A COLLAR."



"TWO COLLARS, PLEASE—SEVENTEENS."
"CHEERIO!"



"NOW YOU MUST HAVE ONE WITH ME.
WHAT ABOUT AN EVENING SHIRT?"
"NO, NO—IT'S TOO EARLY."
"THE SAME AGAIN, THEN?"
"WELL, PERHAPS A SOFT ONE THIS TIME."



"SAME AGAIN, PLEASE—ONLY SOFT."



"BYE-BYE! SEE YOU AGAIN SOON."

G. L. STAMPA.
1920

THE SAYINGS OF BARBARA.

THE man who sets out to expose popular fallacies or to confound time-honoured legends is bound to make enemies.

The latest legend I have been privileged to explore is not the product of superstition and slow time, but a deliberately manufactured growth of comparatively recent origin. It is concerned with Barbara, not the impersonal lady who figures in the old logic-book doggerel, but an extremely live and highly illogical person to whom for half a decade I have had the honour to be father. It is also concerned with Barbara's Aunt Julia and, in a lesser degree, with Barbara's mother.

From the time (just over three years ago) when Barbara first attempted articulate speech I have been bombarded with reports of the wonderful things my daughter has said. In the earlier years these diverting stories, for which Julia was nearly always cited as authority, reached me through the medium of the Field Post-Office, and, being still fairly new to fatherhood, I used proudly to retail them in Mess, until an addition was made to the rule relating to offences punishable by a round of drinks.

On my brief visits home I would wait expectantly for the brilliant flashes of humour or of uncanny intelligence to issue from Barbara's lips, and her failure during these periods to sustain her reputation I was content to explain on the assumption that I came within the category of casual visitors. But I have now lived in my own home for over a year, and Barbara and I have become very well acquainted. She talks to me without restraint, and at times most engagingly, but seldom, if ever, does she give utterance in my hearing to a *jeu d'esprit* that I feel called upon to repeat to others. Nevertheless until a few days ago I was still constantly being informed—chiefly by Barbara's aunt and less frequently by her mother—of the "killing" things that child had been saying. I grew privately sceptical, but had no proof, and it was only by accident that I was at last enabled to prick the bubble.

Julia (who besides being Barbara's aunt is Suzanne's sister) had come to

tea and was chatting in the drawing-room with Suzanne (who besides being Julia's sister is Barbara's mother and my wife) and Barbara (whose relationship all round has been sufficiently indicated). The drawing-room door was open, and so was that of my study on the opposite side of the passage, where I was coquetting with a trifle of work. The conversation, which I could not help overhearing, was confined for the most part to Julia and Barbara, and ran more or less on the following lines:—

Julia. Where's Father, Babs?

Barbara. In the library.

Julia. Working hard, I suppose?

Barbara. Yes.

Julia. Or do you think he's sleeping? (No answer.) Don't you think

"You ought to hear what your daughter has been saying about you," said Julia.

"Oh, and what does Barbara say?" I asked.

"She says that when Father sits in that stuffy little room of his he usually writes in his sleep. She really does take the most amazing notice of things, and the way she expresses herself is quite weird."

"So Barbara says I write in my sleep?"

"Yes, you heard her, didn't you, Suzie? Oh, and did I tell you that the other day, during that heavy thunderstorm, she said that the angels and the devils must be having a big battle and that she supposed the angels would soon be going over the top?"

"Come here, Barbara," I said.

Barbara, who at her too fond aunt's request had been granted the privilege of taking tea in the drawing-room, stuffed the better half of a jam sandwich into her mouth and came.

"Do you see those rich-looking pink cakes?" I asked her. "You shall have one as soon as we've had a little talk."

"The biggest and pinkiest one?" demanded Barbara.

"Yes. Now tell me—don't you think that people ought always to speak the truth, and to be especially careful not

to distort the remarks of others?"

"Yes. Can I have the one with the greeny thing on it?"

"Certainly, in a minute. And don't you think that women are much more careless of the truth than men?"

"Yes. Can I—"

"Do you love your Aunt Julia?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

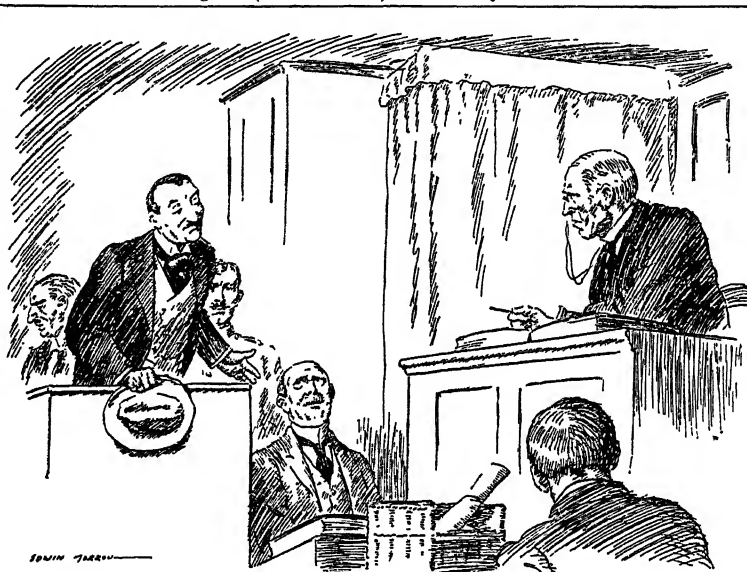
"Cos she always has got choc'lates in her bag."

"But don't you think it's much more important to have the truth in your heart than chocolates in your bag?"

"Yes. Now can I have my pink cake?"

I released and rewarded her, and Julia prepared to speak her mind. Fortunately, however, just at that moment my brother Tom, who is Barbara's godfather, came in.

"Why, what a big girl we're get-



Magistrate. "BUT, MR. GOLDSTEIN, WHY DO YOU HAVE YOUR HOUSE AND YOUR BUSINESS IN YOUR WIFE'S NAME?"

Mr. Goldstein. "WELL, YOU SEE, I'M NOT A BEESNESS MAN."

father's probably asleep half the time he's supposed to be working?

Barbara. Probly. What you got in that bag?

Julia. I expect that big armchair he sits in is just a weeny bit too comfy for real work.

Barbara. I've eated up all those choc'lates you did bring me.

Julia. Perhaps we'll find some more presently. Do you think Father writes in his sleep?

Barbara. Yes, I fink he does.

Julia. Listen to her, Suzie. I expect really he only dreams he's working. Don't you, Babs?

At this point I thought it advisable, for the sake of preserving the remnants of my parental authority, to come in to tea. Julia was handing Barbara a packet of chocolate, and greeted me with an arch inquiry as to whether I had been busy writing. I replied with a hearty affirmative.



AN INCENTIVE TO VIRTUE.

Small Boy (much impressed). "THE TICKET-COLLECTOR SAID 'GOOD EVENING' TO DAD."

Mother. "YES, DEAR, HE ALWAYS DOES. AND PERHAPS, IF YOU'RE GOOD, HE'LL SAY THE SAME TO YOU—WHEN YOU'VE TRAVELLED ON THIS LINE FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS."

ting!" he observed to Barbara in his best godfatherly manner. "I suppose we shall soon be going to school?"

"Oh, no, not yet awhile," I interposed. "The fact is she's already far too forward, and we think it a good thing to keep her back a bit. You'd never believe the amazing remarks she makes. Just now, for instance, we happened to be discussing the comparative love of truth inherent in men and women, and Barbara chipped in and told me she thought women were far more careless of the truth than men."

"Good heavens!" said Tom, who is a bachelor by conviction. "She certainly hit the nail on the head there."

"Yes, and she added that she herself prized truth above chocolates."

"It sounds almost incredible," gasped Tom.

"Doesn't it? But ask Julia; she heard it all. And Julia will also tell

you what Barbara remarked about my work."

But Julia, who was already gathering her furs about her, followed up an unusual silence by a sudden departure.

From what Suzanne has since refrained from saying I am confident that I've broken the back of one more legend, and saved Barbara from the fate of having to pass the rest of her childhood living up (or down) to a spurious halo of precocity.

Another Impending Apology.

"DEPARTURE OF THE LIEUT.-GOVERNOR.

ENTHUSIASTIC SCENES."

Channel Islands Paper.

"Indeed, it is simple to understand why the Canadian portion of the audience almost rise from their seats when Fergus Wimbus, the 'Man,' says, 'Canada is the land of big things, big thoughts, big hopes.'—*Provincial Paper.*

Not forgetting the "Byng Boys" either.

MUSICAL CARETAKERS.

["A LADY is willing to give a thoroughly-good HOME to a GRAND PIANO (German make preferred), also a COTTAGE, for anyone going abroad."—*Morning Paper.*]

A GRAMOPHONE of small to medium age can be received as p.g. in select RESIDENTIAL HOTEL. Young, bright, musical society. Separate tables.

WILL any LADY or GENTLEMAN offer hospitality on the Cornish Riviera for the winter months to an EX-SERVICE CORNET suffering from chronic asthma (slight)?

BAG-PIPES (sisters) in reduced circumstances owing to the War, seek sit. as COMPANIONS or MOTHER'S HELPS, town or country.

From a list of forthcoming productions:—

"THEATRE ROYAL, —. Boo Early."



Old Lady. "AND HOW IS YOUR DEAR MOTHER, TO-DAY?"

Child of the Period. "OH, SHE'S ROTTEN."

YARNS.

WHEN the docks are all deserted and the derricks all are still,
And the wind across the anchorage comes singing sad and shrill,
And the lighted lanthorns gleaming where the ships at anchor ride
Cast their quivering long reflections down the ripple of the tide,

Then the ships they start a-yarning, just the same as sailors do

In a hundred docks and harbours from Port Talbot to Chefoo,
Just the same as deep-sea sailormen a-meeting up and down
In the bars and boarding-houses and the streets of Sailortown.

Just the same old sort of ship-talk sailors always like to hear—

Just the same old harbour gossip gathered in from far and near,
In the same salt-water lingo sailors use the wide world round,
From the shores of London river to the wharves of Puget Sound,

With a gruff and knowing chuckle at a spicy yarn or so,
And a sigh for some old shipmate gone the way that all men go,
And there's little need to wonder at a grumble now and then,
For the ships must have their growl out, just the same as sailormen.

And they yarn along together just as jolly as you please,
Lordly liner, dingy freighter rusty-red from all the seas,
Of their cargoes and their charters and their harbours East and West,
And the coal-hulk at her moorings, she is yarning with the best,

Telling all the same tales over many and many a time she's told,

In a voice that's something creaky now because she's got so old,

Like some old broken sailorman when drink has loosed his tongue

And his ancient heart keeps turning to the days when he was young.

Is it but the chuckling mutter of the tide along the buoys,
But the creak of straining cables, but the night wind's mournful noise,

Sighing with a rising murmur in among the ropes and spars,
Setting every shroud and backstay singing shanties to the stars?

No, the ships they all are yarning, just the same as sailors do,
Just the same as deep-sea sailors from Port Talbot to Chefoo,
Yarning through the hours of darkness till the daylight comes again,

But oh! the things they speak of no one knows but sailormen.

C. F. S.



WORTH A TRIAL.

ULSTERMAN. "HERE COMES A GIFT-HORSE FOR THE TWO OF US. WE'D BEST NOT LOOK HIM TOO CLOSE IN THE MOUTH."

SOUTHERN IRISHMAN. "I'LL NOT LOOK AT HIM AT ALL."

ULSTERMAN. "OH, YOU'LL THINK MORE OF HIM WHEN YOU SEE THE WAY HE MOVES WITH ME ON HIS BACK."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 8th.—To allay the apprehensions of Sir JOHN REES the PRIME MINISTER informed him that the League of Nations can do nothing except by a unanimous decision of the Council. As the League already includes thirty-seven nations, it is not expected that its decisions will be hastily reached. Now, perhaps, the United States may think better of its refusal to join a body which has secured the allegiance of Liberia and of all the American Republics save Mexico.

The daily demand for an impartial inquiry into Irish "reprisals" met with its daily refusal. The PRIME MINISTER referred to "unfortunate incidents that always happen in war"—the first time that he has used this word to describe the situation in Ireland—and was confident that the sufferers were, with few exceptions (Mr. DEVLIN, who complained that his office had been raided, being one of them), "men engaged in a murderous conspiracy." He declined to hamper the authorities who were putting it down. Taking his cue from his chief, Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD excused his lack of information about recent occurrences

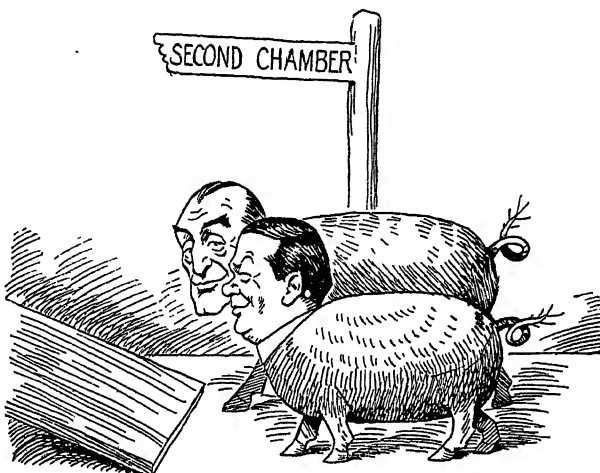
were "just like the German Reichstag during the War." "Were you there?" smartly interjected General CROFT.

The Government of Ireland Bill having been recommitted, Sir WORTHINGTON EVANS explained the Government's

sponsible for the Irish Office, and consequently "they were always compelled to accept official answers." A strictly official answer was all he got from Lord CRAWFORD, who declared that the arrest had been made under the authority of D.O.R.A., and gave their Lordships the surely otiose reminder that "conditions were not quite simple or normal in Ireland just now."

Mr. SHORTT has formed his style on the model of one of his predecessors in office, who used to be described as the Quite-at-Home Secretary, and he declined to share Colonel BURN'S alarm at the prevalence of revolutionary speeches. Hyde Park, he reminded him, had always been regarded as a safety-valve for discontented people. Even Mr. L'ESTRANGE MALONE'S recent reference to Ministers and lamp-posts did not at that moment disturb him.

The new Ministry of Health Bill had a rather rough passage, and, if the voting had been in accordance with the speeches, it would hardly have secured a second reading. Particular objection was raised to the proposal to put the hospitals on the rates. Mr. MYERS, however, was sarcastic at the expense of people who thought that "rates and



"TWO BY TWO."

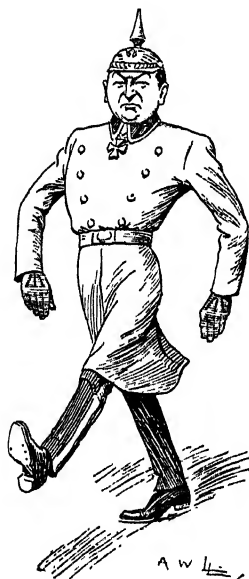
SIR E. CARSON AND MR. DEVLIN.

expedient for providing the new Irish Parliaments with Second Chambers. Frankly admitting that the Cabinet had been unable to evolve a workable scheme—an elected Senate would fail to protect the minority and a nominated Senate would be "undemocratic"—he proposed that the Council of Ireland should be entrusted with the task.

Having regard to the probable composition of the Council—half Sinn Feiners and half Orangemen—Colonel GUINNESS feared there was no chance of its agreeing unless most of them were laid up with broken heads or some other malady. Sir EDWARD CARSON, however, in an unusually optimistic vein, expressed the hope that once the North was assured of not being put under the South and the South was relieved of British dictation they would "shake hands for the good of Ireland." The clause was carried by 175 to 31.

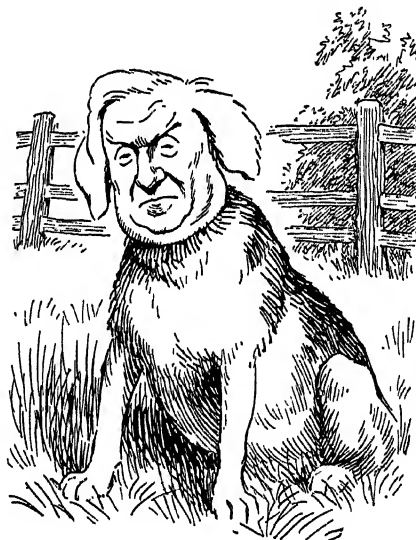
On another new clause, providing for the administration of Southern Ireland in the event of a Parliament not being set up, Mr. ASQUITH declared that "this musty remainder biscuit" had reduced him to "rhetorical poverty." Perhaps that was why he could get no more than ten Members to follow him into the Lobby against it.

Tuesday, November 9th.—In supporting Lord PARMOOR'S protest against the arrest, at Holyhead, of an English lady by order of the Irish Executive, Lord BUCKMASTER regretted that there was no one in the House of Lords re-



OBERLEUTNANT KENNWÜRDIG INSPECTS THE REICHSTAG (IN THE IMAGINATION OF GENERAL CROFT).

with the remark that "an officer cannot draw up reports while he is chasing assassins." Tragedy gave way to comedy when Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY observed that the proceedings



THE OLD SHEEP-DOG.

Mr. ASQUITH. "TUT-TUT! TO THINK THAT I COULD ONLY ROUND UP TEN OF 'EM!"

taxes must be saved though the people perished," and declared that there was plenty of war wealth to be drawn upon.

Lieut.-Colonel HURST objected to the term "working-class" in the Bill. It

would encourage the Socialistic fallacy that the people of England were divided into two classes—the leisured class and the working class; whereas everybody knew that most of the “leisured class” had no leisure and many of the “working-class” did no work.

Wednesday, November 10th.—The Peers welcomed Lord Buxton on his advancement to an earldom, and then proceeded to discuss the rights of the inhabitants of Heligoland. Having been handed over to Germany against their will in 1890, they hoped that the Treaty of Versailles would restore them to British nationality. On the contrary the Treaty has resulted in the island being swamped by German workmen employed in destroying the fortifications. Lord CRAWFORD considered that the new electoral law requiring three years' residence would safeguard the islanders from being politically submerged, and wisely did not enter into the question of how long the island itself would remain after the fortifications had disappeared.

In the Commons the INDIAN SECRETARY underwent his usual Wednesday cross-examination. He did not display quite his customary urbanity. When an hon. Member, whose long and distinguished Indian service began in the year in which Mr. MONTAGU was born, ventured to suggest that

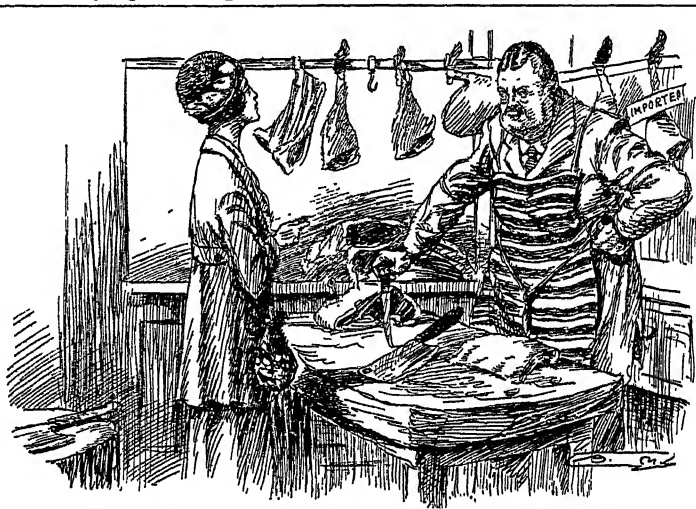
he should check Mr. GANDHI's appeals to ignorance and fanaticism, he tartly replied that ignorance and fanaticism were very dangerous things, “whether in India or on the benches of this House.”

Mr. STEWART expressed anxiety lest under the new arrangements with Egypt the Sudan water-supply should be subjected to Egyptian interference. Mr. HARMSWORTH was of opinion that for geographical reasons the Sudan would always be able to look after its own water-supply; *vide* the leading case of *Wolf v. Lamb*.

Thursday, November 11th.—The PRIME MINISTER was in a more aggressive mood than usual. Mr. DEVLIN, who was noisily incredulous as to the existence of a Sinn Féin conspiracy with Germany in 1918, was advised to wait for the documents about to be published. To make things even, an ultra-Conservative Member, who urged the

suspension of Mr. FISHER's new Act, was informed that the PRIME MINISTER could conceive nothing more serious than that the nation should decide that it could not afford to give children a good education.

Any doubts as to the suitability of Armistice Day for the Third Reading of the Government of Ireland Bill were removed by the tone of the debate. The possibility that the “Unknown Warrior” might have been an Irishman softened the feeling on both sides, and though Mr. ADAMSON feared that the Bill would bring Ireland not peace but a sword, and Mr. ASQUITH appealed to the Government to substitute a measure more generous to Irish aspirations, there was no sting in either of their speeches. The PRIME MINISTER,



“Now, seriously, Mr. Wiggins, can you recommend the lamb this week?”

“Well, Ma'am, it all depends what you want it for. If you were thinkin' of eatin' it, speakin' as man to man, I should say 'No.'”

while defending his scheme as the best that could be granted in the present temper of Southern Ireland, did not bang the door against further negotiations; and Sir EDWARD CARSON said that Ulstermen were beginning to realize that the Parliament thrust upon them might be a blessing in disguise, and expressed the hope that in working it they would set an example of tolerance and justice to all classes. Barely a third of the House took part in the division, and no Irish Member voted for the Third Reading, which was carried by 183 votes to 52; but, having regard to the influence of the unexpected in Irish affairs, this apparent apathy may be a good sign. After thirty-five years of acute strife, Home Rule for Ireland is, at any rate, no longer a party question.

Jones minor wants to know if the letter “T,” used to designate the new super-bus, stands for “TARQUINIUS.”

THE GREAT IDEA.

Perkins has got hold of a brilliant idea. He explained it to me in the Tube yesterday.

“Our little world,” he said, “is turned topsy-turvy.”

“Knocked absolutely sideways,” I replied.

“Those who were rich in the old days,” said Perkins, “haven't two sixpences to rub together, and the world's workers are rolling in Royces and having iced meringues with every meal. What follows?”

“Indigestion,” I said promptly.

“Everybody,” he said, ignoring my *jeu d'esprit*, “feels like a fish out of water, and discontent is rife. The newly-poor man wishes he had in him the stuff

of which millionaires are made, and the profiteer sighs for a few pints of the true ultramarine Norman blood, as it would be so helpful when dealing with valets, gamekeepers and the other haughty vassals of his new entourage. And that is where my scheme comes in. There are oceans of blue blood surging about in the veins and arteries of dukes and other persons who have absolutely no further use for such a commodity, and I'm sure lots of it could be had at almost less than the present price of milk. So what is to prevent the successful hosier from having the real stuff coursing

through the auricles and ventricles of his palpitating heart, since transfusion is such a simple stunt nowadays?”

“And I suppose,” I said, “that you would bleed him first so as to make room for the new blood?”

“There you touch the real beauty of my idea,” said Perkins. “The plebeian sighs for aristocratic blood to enable him to hold his own in his novel surroundings; the aristocrat could do with a little bright red fluid to help him to turn an honest penny. So it is merely a case of cross-transfusion; no waste, no suffering, no weakness from loss of blood on either side.”

I gasped at the magnitude of the idea.

“I'm drawing up plans,” Perkins continued, “for a journal devoted to the matter, in which the interested parties can advertise their blood-stock for disposal, a sort of ‘Blood Exchange and Mart.’ The advertisements alone would pay, I expect, for the cost of production.”

See," he said, handing me a slip of paper, "these are the sort of ads. we should get."

This is what I read:—

"Peer, ruined by the War, would sell one-third of arterial contents for cash, or would exchange blood-outfits with successful woollen manufacturer.—5016 Kensington Gore, W.

"To War Profiteers. Several quarts of the real cerulean for disposal. Been in same family for generations. Pedigree can be inspected at office of advertiser's solicitor. Cross-transfusion not objected to. Address in first instance, BART., 204, Bleeding Heart Yard, E.C.

"Public School and University Man of Plantagenet extraction would like to correspond with healthy Coal Miner with view to cross-transfusion. Would sell soul for two shillings.—A. VANE-BLUDYER, 135, Down (and Out) Street, West Kensington, W."

"Makes your blood run cold," I said, handing back the paper.

"Not it," he said, detaching himself from the strap as the train drew into King's Cross; "not if the operation's properly performed."

A TRAGEDY IN BIRDLAND.

I.

Percy is a partridge bold
Who in Autumn, so I'm told,
Dwells among the turnip roots
And assists at frequent shoots,
Really I have seldom heard
Of a more precocious bird;
Possibly his landlord's not
What you'd call a first-rate shot,
And his pals, though jolly chaps,
Are not quite so good perhaps;
Still, he thinks their aim so trashy
That, I fear, he's getting rash. He
Even perches on the end
Of the gun my poor old friend
Bill employs for killing game.
True he's very blind and lame,
And he's well beyond the span
Meted out to mortal man,
And his gout is getting worse
(Meaning Bill, of course, not Percy);
Still, if he won't mend his ways,
One of these fine Autumn days
I'm afraid there's bound to be
Quite an awful tragedy.
He'll be shot—I'm sure he will
(Meaning Percy now, not Bill).

II.

Weep, ye lowering rain-swept skies!
In the dust our hero lies.
Weeping-willow, bow thy head!
Our precocious fowl is dead.
Sigh, thou bitter North Wind, for
Perce the Partridge is no more!

Now, as long as he was ready
Just to sit, sedate and steady,



New Landlord. "GEORGE, BILLIARDS WILL BE EIGHTEENPENCE A HUNDRED."

Potman. "THAT'S MORE'N THEY PAID BEFORE, SIR."

New Landlord. "WHAT DID THEY PAY?"

Potman. "WELL, IT WAS A BOB, BUT THEY MOSTLY SNEAKED OUT THROUGH THAT DOOR."

On the barrel of the gun
Little mischief could be done;
But on that sad morn a whim
Suddenly seized hold of him;
'Twas the lunatic desire
To observe how shot-guns fire;
So he boldly took his stand
Where the barrel ended, and,
All agog to solve the puzzle,
Poked his napper up the muzzle.

Well, the weapon at the minute
Chanced to have a cartridge in it,
And it happened that my friend
Bill was at the other end,
Who with calm unfurried aim
Failed (at last) to miss the game.

With the tragic tale of Percy's
Death I meant to close these verses,
But we see quite clearly there, too,
Other ills that Bird is heir to.

He has also lost, you see,
Individuality;
Perce the Partridge, named and
known,
With an ego all his own,
Disappears; and in his place
There remains but "half-a-brace."

Situations to Suit all Ages.

"Lady-Typist (aged 1920) required for in-voicing department of West End wholesale firm."—*Daily Paper.*

"Wanted, capable Person, about 3 years of age, to undertake all household duties, country residence."—*Scottish Paper.*

"DICK WHITTINGTON, 1920.

And, last of all, here is Dick WPhittington, otherwise known as Alderman Roll, Lord Mayor of London."—*Evening Paper.*

But for the headline we should never have recognised him.



The Beginner. "I HOPE TO HEAVEN I'VE GOT THE LABELS ON THE RIGHT STICKS, OR I'M DONE!"

BEAU BRIMACOMBE.

"WELL, Uncle Tom," I said, leaning over the gate, "and what did you think of London?"

On Monday morning Uncle Tom Brimacombe had driven off in his trap with his wife to the nearest station, five miles away, and had gone up to London for the first time in his life, "to see about a legacy."

"Lunnon! mai laife. It's a vaine plaace. Ai used 'think Awkeyampton was a big town, but ai'm barm'd if Lunnon dawn't beat un."

"As you know, Zur, us 'ad to get up and gaw off 'bout three in th' morn'n, and us got upalong Lunnon 'bout tain. Well, the waife knew 'er waay 'bout, laike; 'er's bin to Plymouth 'fore now. Zo when us gets out of the traain us gaws inzaide a sort er caage what taakes us down a 'awl in the ground. Ai was frightened out 'me laife. 'Yer,' ai sez, 'wur be us gwaine then?'

"'Dawn'ee ax no questions, me dyur,' sez the waife, 'or ai'll vorget ahl what the guard in the traain tawld us.'

"Well, baimbai the caage stops gwaine down and us gets out, and ai'm blawed if us wadn't in a staation ahl below the ground! Then a traain comes out of anither 'awl, and befwer us 'ad zat down proper inzaide un, 'er was off agaain, 'thout waitin' vur watter nor noth'n'. Well, we zat us down and thur was

tu little maids a-vaacin' us what 'adn' mwer'n lef' school a yer'tu, and naw zinner do they zet eyes on me than one of 'n whispers zimmat to tither and they bawth starts gazin' at my 'at and laaf'n'.

"Well, ai stid it vur some taim'e and at laast ai cuden' a-bear it naw longer, so ai says to the waife, 'Fur whai they'm laaf'n' then? What's wrong wi' my 'at?'

"'Dawn'ee taake naw nawtice of they,' ersays. 'The little 'uzzies ought to be at 'awm look'n' aafter the chicken, 'staid of gallivantin' about ahl bai thur-salves. Yure 'at's all raight.'

"Ai was wear'n' me awld squeer brown bawlerat what ai wears to Laan-son market on Zat'dys.

"Well, zune us gets out, though ai caan't tall'ee whur tu 'twas, and ai caan't tall'ee what us did nither, vur me 'aid was gwaine round an' round and aachin' vit to burst. But us vound the plaace us was aafter and saigned ahl the paapers wur the man tawld us tu. Then, when us gets outside, the waife, 'er says, 'Look'ee, me dyur, thur's a bit of graass and some trees; us 'll gawn zit down awver there and eat our paasties.'

"Maighy pwer graass 'twas tu, but thur was seats, so us ait our paasties thur, and us bawth started crai'n when us bit into un. They zort 'er taasted of 'awm, laike.

"Then ahl't once the waife, 'er says,

'Pon mai word, thur's a man taak'n our vottygraff.' And thur 'e was, tu, with a black tarpaulin awver 'is 'aid! 'Come away, me dyur,' says she; 'ai'm not gwaine to paay vur naw vottygraffs. Ai 'ad one done at Laan-son 'oss shaw when ai was a gal, and it faaded clean away insaide a twelve-month.' Zo us gaws back along the staation agaain and comes 'awm just in taim'e to get the cows in.

"Well, next evenin' ai went down along 'The Duke' to tall 'em ahl 'bout Lunnon, but when ai gets insaide they ahl starts shout'n' and bangin' thur mugs and waav'n the paaper at me. 'What's come awver yu?' ai axes un; 'yume ahl gone silly then?'

"'They bin and put yure vottygraff in the paaper, Uncle,' says John Tonkin, and 'awlds un out vur me to look. And thur, sure 'nuff, 'twas, with the waife in tu! So ai gets un to let me cut'n out and keep'n. Yur 'tis if 'eed laike to see un."

Uncle Tom fumbled in his pocket, drew out a cutting and handed it to me. There surely enough was a photo of him and "the waife," sitting on a public garden-seat eating pasties and underneath the legend—

"SUITS YOUNG AND OLD ALIKE. An old couple snapped in Hyde Park. The gentleman, smart though elderly, is seen wearing a brown model of *The Daily Mail* hat."

THE CYNOSURE.

AMONG the passengers on the boat was a tall dark man with a black moustache and well-cut clothes who spent most of his time walking the deck or reading alone in his chair. Every ship has such recluses, who often, however, are on the fringe of several sets, although members of none. But this man remained apart and, being so determined and solitary, he was naturally the subject of comment and inquiry, even more of conjecture. His name was easy to discover from the plan of the table, but we knew no more until little Mrs. King, who is the best scout in the world, brought the tidings.

"I can't tell you much," she began breathlessly; "but there's something frightfully interesting. Colonel Swift knows all about him. He met him once in Poona and they have mutual friends. And how do you think he described him? He says he's the worst liver in India."

There is no need to describe the sensation created by this piece of information. If the man had set us guessing before, he now excited a frenzy of curiosity. The glad news traversed the ship like wind, brightening every eye; at any rate every female eye. For, though the good may have their reward elsewhere, it is beyond doubt that, if public interest is any guerdon, the bad get it on earth.

Show me a really bad man—dark-complexioned, with well-cut clothes and a black moustache—and I will show you a hero; a hero a little distorted, it is true, but not much the less heroic for that. Show me a notorious breaker of male hearts and laws—and so long as she is still in business—I will show you a heroine; again a little distorted, but with more than the magnetism of the virtuous variety.

For the rest of the voyage the lonely passenger was lonely only because he preferred to be, or was unaware of the agitation which he caused. People walked for hours longer than they liked or even intended in order to have a chance of passing him in his chair and scrutinising again the features that masked such depravity. For that they masked it cannot be denied. A physiognomist looking at him would have conceded a certain gloom, a trend towards introspection, possibly a hypertrophied love of self, but no more. Physiognomists, however, can retire from the case, for they are as often wrong as hand-writing experts. And if any Lavater had been on board and had advanced such a theory he would have been as unpopular as JONAH, for the man's wickedness was not only a joy to us but a sup-



AFTER THE BALL.

"The Spirit of Jazz." "TAXI!"

Taxi-Driver. "SORRY, SIR—OLE NICK 'AS JUST COPPED ME."

port. Without it the voyage would have been interminable.

What, we all wondered, had he done? Had he murdered as well as destroyed so many happy homes? Was he crooked at cards? Our minds became acutely active, but we could discover no more because the old Colonel, the source of knowledge, had fallen ill and was invisible.

Meanwhile the screw revolved, sweepstakes were lost and won, deck sports flourished, fancy-dress dances were held, concerts were endured, a Colonial Bishop addressed us on Sunday mornings and the tall dark man with the black moustache and different suits of well-cut clothes sat in his chair and passed serenely from one OPPENHEIM to another as though no living person were within leagues.

It was not until we were actually in port that the Colonel recovered and I came into touch with him. Standing

by the rail we took advantage of the liberty to speak together, which on a ship such propinquity sanctions. After we had exchanged a few remarks about the clumsiness of the disembarking arrangements I referred to the man of mystery and turpitude, and asked for particulars of some of his milder offences.

"Why do you suppose him such a blackguard?" he asked.

"But surely——" I began, a little disconcerted.

"He's a man," the Colonel continued, "that everyone should be sorry for. He's a wreck, and he's going home now probably to receive his death sentence."

This was a promising phrase and I cheered up a little, but only for a moment.

"That poor devil," said the Colonel, "as I told Mrs. King earlier in the voyage, has the worst liver in India."

E. V. L.

A VACILLATING POLICY.

(A Warning against dealing with Disreputable Companies.)

WHEN the Man of Insurance made his rounds
I "covered" my house for a thousand pounds;
Then someone started a fire in the grounds
At the end of a wild carouse.

The building was burnt; I made my claim
And the Man of Insurance duly came.

Said he, "Always

Our Company pays

Without any fuss or grouse;
But your home was rotted from drains to flues;
I therefore offer you as your dues
Seven hundred pounds or, if you choose,
A better and brighter house."

I took the money; I need not say
What abuse I hurled at his head that day;
But, when he began in his artful way

To talk of Insurance (Life),
And asked me to take out a policy for
My conjugal partner, my *cordium cor*,

"No, no," said I,

"If my spouse should die

We should enter again into strife;
You would come and say at the funeral, 'Sir,
Your wife was peevish and plain; for her
I offer six hundred or, if you prefer,
A better and brighter wife.'"

THE HAPPY GARDENER.

(Extracts from a Synthetic Diary à la mode.)

November 11th.—Now is the time to plant salsify, or the vegetable oyster, as it has been aptly named from its crustacean flavour so dear to herbaceous boarders. This may be still further accentuated by planting it in soil containing lime, chalk or other calcareous or sebaceous deposits.

Hedgehogs are now in prime condition for baking, but it is desirable to remove the quills before entrusting the animal to the oven. But the hedgehog cannot be cooked until he is caught, and his capture should not be attempted without strong gloves. Those recently invented by Lord THANET are far the best for the purpose. It is a moot point among culinary artists whether the hedgehog should be served *en casserole* or in *coquilles*; but these are negligible details when you are steeped in the glamour of pale gold from a warm November sun, and mild air currents lag over the level leagues where the water is but slightly crimped and the alighting heron is lost among the neutral tints that envelop him. . . .

Though the sun's rays are not now so fervent as they were in the dog-days, gardening without any headgear is dangerous, especially in view of the constant stooping. For the protection of the *medulla* nothing is better than the admirable hat recently placed on the market by the benevolent enterprise of a great newspaper. But an effective substitute can be improvised out of a square yard of linoleum lined with cabbage-leaves and fastened with a couple of safety-pins.

As the late Sir ANDREW CLARK remarked in a luminous phrase, Nature forgives but she never forgets. The complete gardener should always aim (unlike the successful journalist) at keeping his head cool and his feet warm; and here again the noble enterprise of a newspaper has provided the exact *desideratum* in its happily-named Corkolio detachable soles, which are absolutely invaluable when roads are dark and ways are foul, when the reeds are sere, when

all the flowers have gone and the carrion-crow from the vantage of a pollard utters harsh notes of warning to all the corvine company round about

Shod with Corkolio the happy gardener can defy these sinister visitants and ply the task of "heeling over" broccoli towards the north with perfect impunity.

The ravages of stag-beetles, a notable feature of late seasons, and probably one of the indirect but none the less disastrous results of the Land Valuation policy of the PRIME MINISTER, can be kept down by leaving bowls of caviare mixed with molasses in the places which they most frequent. This compound reduces them speedily to a comatose condition, in which they can be safely exterminated with the aid of the patent hot-air pistolette (price five guineas) recently invented by a director of one of the journals already alluded to.

But *tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe*; and while the kingfisher turns his sapphire back in the sun against the lemon-yellow of the willow leaves, and the smouldering russet of the oak-crowns succeeds to the crimson of the beeches and the gold of the elms, we shall do well to emulate the serene magnanimity of Nature and console ourselves with the reflection that the rural philosopher, if only assured of a sympathetic hearing in an enlightened Press and provided with a suitable equipment by the ingenuity of its directors, may contemplate the vagaries of tyrannical misgovernment with fortitude and even felicity.

A SARTORIAL TRAGEDY.

["To be fashionable one must have the waist so narrow that there is a strain upon the second button when the jacket is fastened."
Note on Men's Dress.]

GARBED in the very height and pink of fashion,

To-day I sallied forth to greet my fair,
Nursing within my ardent heart a passion

I long had had a craving to declare;
Being convinced that never would there fall so

Goodly a chance again, I mused how she
Was good and kind and beautiful, and also
Expecting me to tea.

And after tea I stood before her, feeling

Now was the moment when the maid would melt,
My buttoned jacket helpfully revealing

The graces of a figure trimly svelte,
But, all unworthy to adorn a poet

Who'd bought it for a fabulous amount,
Just as I knelt to put the question, lo, it
Popped on its own account.

The button, dodging my attempts to hide it,
Rolled to her very feet and rested there,

And when I laid my loving heart beside it
She only smiled at that incongruous pair—

Smiled, then in contrite pity for the gloomy
Air that I wore of one whose chance is gone,
Promised that she would be a sister to me
And sew the button on.

A Test of Endurance.

"The dancing will commence at 9 p.m. and conclude at 2 p.m.
Anyone still wanting tickets may procure same at the Victoria."
East African Paper.

For ourselves, after seventeen hours' continuous dancing,
we shall not want any more tickets.

From a parish magazine:—

"A nation will not remain virulent which destroys the barriers
which protect the Sunday."

We are all for protecting the Sunday, but we don't want
to remain virulent. It is a terrible dilemma.



SITUATION: Burglar caught red-handed.

Woman. "THE SORCE O' THIS FELLER! 'E PRETENDED TO BE MY 'USBAND AND CALLED OUT, 'IT'S ALL RIGHT, DARLIN'—IT'S ONLY ME.' IT WAS THE WORD 'DARLIN' WOT GIVE 'IM AWAY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN looking at the title-page of *John Seneschal's Margaret* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) no lover of good stories but will be saddened by the reflection that the superscription, "by AGNES AND EGBERTON CASTLE," is there seen for the last time. The double signature, herald of how much pleasure in the past, is here attached to a cheerfully improbable but well-told tale of the after-war about a returned soldier who was mistaken for his dead fellow-prisoner and hailed as son, heir and *fiancé* by the different members of the welcoming group in the home that wasn't his. The descriptions of this home, by the way—a house whose identification will be easy enough for those who know the beautiful North-Dorset country—are as good as any part of the book. If you protest that the resulting situation is not only wildly improbable but becoming a stock-in-trade of our novelists, I must admit the first charge, but point out that the authors here secure originality by making the deception an unintended one. *John Tempest*, who in the hardships of his escape has lost memory of his own identity, never ceases to protest that he is at least not the other *John* for whom the members of the *Seneschal* family persist in taking him—a twist that makes for piquancy if hardly for added probability. However, the inevitable solution of the problem provides a story entertaining enough, though not, I think, one that will obliterate your memory of others, incomparable, from hands to which we all owe a debt of long enjoyment.

I read *Inisheeny* (METHUEN), as I believe I have read every story by the same hand, at one sitting. Whose was the hand I will ask you to guess. Characters: one Church of Ireland parson, drily humorous, as narrator; one lively heroine with archaeological father, hunting for relics; one schoolboy; one young and over-zealous R.I.C. officer on the look-out for concealed arms; poachers, innkeepers, peasants, etc. Action, mostly amphibious, passes between the mainland of Western Ireland and a small islet off the coast. Will the gentleman who said "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" kindly consider himself entitled to ten nuts? I suppose it was the mention of an islet that finally gave away my simple secret. Mr. "BIRMINGHAM" is one of the too few authors who understand what emotion an island of the proper size and right distance from the coast can raise in the human breast. *Inisheeny* delightfully fulfilled every condition in this respect; not to mention sheltering an illicit still and being the home of Keltic treasure. Precisely in fact the right kind of place, and the sort of story that hardly anyone can put down unfinished. I am bound to add that, perhaps a hundred pages from the actual end, the humour of the affair seems to lose spontaneity and become forced. But till the real climax of the tale, the triumphant return of the various hunters from *Inisheeny*, I can promise that you will find never a dull page.

There were moments in *The Headland* (HEINEMANN) when, with *Roma Lennox*, the "companion" and heroine, I "shivered, feeling that London, compared with the old

house on the Headland and the family inhabiting it, was a clean place with a clear atmosphere and inhabited by robust, sane, straightforward persons. You felt homesick." Cornwall is notoriously inhabited by queer people, and the *Pendragon* family was not merely queer but hereditarily rotten and decadent: the old father, who burns a valuable old book of his own to appease his violent temper; the granddaughter a kleptomaniac; the son of forty addicted to hideous cruelties. Unpleasant but well drawn, all of them. Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott has powerfully suggested the atmosphere of the strange and tragic household, mourning its dead mistress; and she understands the peculiar quality of the Cornish people and the Cornish seas. I have not read her other novels, but, if she will promise to wrestle with one or two rather irritating mannerisms, I will promise to look out for her next one. I have no prejudice against the Wellsian triplet of dots, but really Mrs. Scott does overdo it. And a good deal of her quite penetrating psychoblingummy was spoiled for me by her trick of conveying nearly every impression and reflection of her characters through an impersonal "you" or "one." This means an economy of words and for a short time a certain vividness, but it soon becomes tedious. One knows what a tangle you get into if one starts using "one's" and "you's" in your letters; and you find that the author has been caught once or twice. However, the story is good enough to survive that.

The title of *The Lady of The Lawn* (JENKINS) has "the ornament of alliteration," but beyond that there doesn't seem to be any particular reason why Mr. W. RILEY should have chosen it. Certainly in his story there is an old lady who spends more of the winter on a lawn than any old lady of my acquaintance could be induced to, even with rugs and a summer-house to make up for the comforts of the fireside; but *Miss Barbara* and her site really have not so much to do with the tale as its title seems to imply. The love affairs of a young officer who, while blind from wounds, fell in love with his nurse to the extent of becoming engaged to her and didn't recognise her when they met again, are Mr. RILEY's real concern. *Eric*, who is quite as priggish as his name suggests, falls in love with his sweetheart, as a lady of leisure, all over again, and goes through agonies of remorse on account of his own faithlessness to her as a nurse. *Marion* or *Constance*, for she uses two names to help the confusion, lets him suffer a while for the good of his soul, but the happy ending, the promise of which is breathed from every line of the book, is duly brought about. His publisher asserts that "there is no living author who writes about Yorkshire as does Mr. RILEY." I daresay he is quite right, but at least as far as the present book is concerned I don't think that I should have bothered to mention it.

Those—and I suspect they are many—whose first real

enthusiasm for ABRAHAM LINCOLN was kindled by Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER's romantic morality play can profitably take up Mr. IRVING BACHELLER's *A Man for the Ages* (CONSTABLE) for an engaging account of the early days of the great Democrat. They will forgive a certain flamboyance about the author's preliminaries. Hero-worship, if the hero be worthy, is a very pardonable weakness, and they should certainly admire the skill and humour with which he has patched together, or invented where seemly, the story of lanky ABE, with his axeman's skill, his immense physical strength, his poor head for shopkeeping, his passion for books, his lean purse and "shrinking pants," his wit, courage and resource. A romance of reasonable interest and plausibility is woven round young LINCOLN's story. Perhaps Mr. BACHELLER makes his hero speak a little too sententiously at times, and certainly some of his other folk say queer things, such as, "What so vile as a cheap aristocracy, growing up in idleness, too noble to be restrained, with every brutal passion broad-blown as flush as May?" What indeed! The picture of pioneering America in the thirties is a fresh and interesting one.

To few of those who visit Switzerland, with its incomparable mountains, can it have occurred that, once a man is kept there against his will, it can be a prison as damnable as any other; possibly even more damnable by reason of those same inevitable mountains. British prisoners of war interned there knew that. Mr. R. O. PROWSE, in *A Gift of the Dusk* (COLLINS), speaks with subtle penetration for those other prisoners, interned victims of the dreadful malady. Of

necessity he writes sadly; but yet he writes as a very genial philosopher, permitting himself candidly "just that little cynicism which helps to keep one tolerant." He is of the old and entertaining school of sentimental travellers, but he is far from being old-fashioned. The story running through his observations and modern instances is so frail and delicate a thing that I hesitate to touch it and to risk disturbing its bloom. All readers, save the very young and the very old, will do well to travel with him, from Charing Cross ("I have a childlike fondness for trains. I like to be in them, I like to see them go by") to the peaceful, almost happy end, at the mountain refuge by the valley of the Rhone. They will not regret an inch of the way; and they will derive some very positive enjoyment from the picture of that most melancholy hotel where the story is set.

A New Safety Model.

"Lady's strong cycle, 23-in. frame, 28 wheels."—*Cycling*.

From an account of the M.C.C. team's match at Colombo: "When the unlucky thirteen was reached, Hobbs, who was sleeping finely, fell to a great catch at mid-on by Gunasekera."—*Ceylon Paper*. Happily HOBBS appears to have waked up when he got to Australia.



WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Mounted Gentleman (who has come to grief in a morass). "IF I ESCAPE THIS PERIL I SUPPOSE I SHALL HAVE TO BUILD A CHURCH HERE AS A THANK-OFFERING. AN ILL SITE, I FEAR."

CHARIVARIA.

No sooner had the League of Nations met at Geneva than news came of the pending retirement of Mr. CHARLIE CHAPLIN. We never seem to be able to keep more than one Great Idea going at a time. * *

"Have you read Mrs. Asquith's Book?" asks an evening paper advertisement. "What book?" may we ask. * *

"In our generation," says Dean INGE, "there are no great men." It is said that Sir ERIC GEDDES will not take this lying down. * *

Since the Gloomy Dean's address at Wigmore Hall it is suggested that the world should be sold to defray expenses while there is yet time. * *

"What is wanted to-day," says Mr. H. M. RIODEN, "is a Destruction of Pests Bill." "Jaded Householder" writes to say that when this becomes law anybody can have the name of his rate-collector. * *

"M. RHALLIS, the new Greek Premier," says *The Evening News*, "is a regular reader of *The Daily Mail*." We had felt all along he was one of us. * *

"Dendrology," says a contemporary, "is an admirable pursuit for women." We seem to remember, however, that one of the earliest female arboriculturists made a sad mess of it. * *

According to the U.S.A. Bureau of Standards the pressure of the jaw during mastication is eleven tons to the square inch. If this is propaganda work on behalf of the United States' bacon industry we regard it as particularly crude. * *

A Sioux City millionaire is said to have paid two hundred pounds for a goat. He claims that it is the only thing in Iowa that has whiskers and isn't thirsty. * *

"Mr. Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, has just visited Edinburgh, his birthplace, after an absence of fifty years," says a news item. We can only say that if he invented our telephone he had reason to keep away,

"After all," says an evening paper, "the Coalition is only human." *The Times*, however, is not quite so sure about it. * *

It is said that Mr. BOTTOMLEY is about to make a powerful announcement to the effect that the present year will be nearly all over by Christmas. * *

In connection with the Ministry of Health Bill, we read, not a penny of additional expenditure or expense will fall on the ratepayer or taxpayer. People are now wondering whether the Government thought of that one themselves. * *

Balls made of newspapers soaked in

sixty-seven times. Indeed it is understood that he has only to say "Season" to be admitted to any police-court. * *

"Pussyfoot beaten," announces a headline. We hear, however, that he intends to have another try when the water-rate is not quite so high. * *

A Streatham youth has been fined ten shillings for causing a disturbance by imitating a cat at night. He said everything would have gone off well if somebody had not made a noise like a policeman. * *

"All men are cowards," declares a lady-writer in a weekly journal. Still it should be remembered that one of us married the lady who is now known as "Mrs. Grundy." * *

In describing a storm a local paper recently stated that waves seventy feet high lashed themselves to fury against the rocks. We have always been given to understand that waves never exceed fifteen feet, but we suppose everything has gone up since the War. * *

"When is the Government going to commence operations in connection with the Channel Tunnel?" asks a correspondent in a daily paper. We understand that unless the English homing rabbit,

recently released at Calais, puts in an appearance on this side once again, the idea will be abandoned as impracticable.

High Life Below Stairs.

"Head Laundress wanted, titled lady." *Irish Paper.*

This is what results from washing dirty linen in public.

"L'AMITIÉ FRANCO-ANGLAISE
UN TÉLÉGRAMME DU ROI GEORGE I^{er} A
M. MILLERAND."

Le Figaro.

The attention of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL should be drawn to the unusually long delay in delivery.

"The Rat Catcher then said 'Look behind.' I looked behind, and there on the seat was strapped a larger cake. This contained 145 live rodents."—*Local Paper.*

And now the pie with the four-and-twenty blackbirds must also take a back seat.



"SHALL I DUST THE BRICKY-BRACK, MUM?"

"NOT TO-DAY, NORAH. I DON'T THINK WE CAN AFFORD IT."

oil are said to be a good substitute for coal. It seems as if newspapers are determined to get a good circulation somehow. * *

Cars that run into four figures were to be seen at many stands at the recent Motor Show. In the ordinary way motor-cars run into as many figures as get in their way. * *

It appears that the man who was knocked down in Charing Cross Road by a motor-scooter was one of the middle class, and so could not afford to have it done properly by a motor-car. * *

It is rumoured that a Radical paper is about to offer a prize of one hundred pounds for the best design for a *Daily Mail* halo. * *

A man charged at the Guildhall admitted that he had been convicted

BELLES OF THE BALL.

A FOOTBALL eleven composed of work-girls from a Lancashire factory recently journeyed to Paris to play a team of French female footballers. With women forcing an entry into the ranks of minor professions, such as the Law and Politics, it is doubtful if even the sacred precincts of professional football can now be considered safe, and Mr. Punch wonders if he may soon find himself reading in the Sporting Columns of the Press paragraphs something in the nature of the following:—

Kitty Golightly, who has the reputation of being one of the fastest young women seen in London this season, has now definitely thrown in her lot with the Tottenham Hotstuff. Her forward work is likely to cause something in the nature of a sensation.

The dropping of Hilda Smith from the League team of Newcastle United has been much criticised by football enthusiasts throughout the country. We are, however, in a position to state that there has been trouble between Hilda Smith and the Newcastle Directors for some time past. It appears that Newcastle's brilliant full-back objected to wearing the Newcastle jersey, on the plea that its sombre colour-scheme did not suit her complexion. She pointed out that Fanny Robinson, the Newcastle goal-keeper, wore an all-red jersey and that, as the shade chosen was most becoming to anyone with dark hair, she (Hilda Smith) claimed the right to wear red also. The Newcastle Directors replied that under the laws of the Football Association the goal-keeper is required to wear distinctive colours from the rest of the team. That being so, Hilda Smith would only consent to turn out in future on condition that she should play in goal, and as the club management would not agree to displacing Fanny Robinson the only thing to be done was to leave Hilda Smith out of the side entirely.

What would have been a very serious misfortune to the team chosen to represent England in the forthcoming International against Wales has only just been averted. But for the common-sense and good feeling of all concerned, Dolly Brown, the English captain, might have found herself assisting the Welsh side instead of her own country's eleven. Not long ago this brilliant back became engaged to a Welsh gentleman from Llanfairfechan and the wedding had been fixed for Thursday next. Under the present state of the British Constitution a married woman takes on

the nationality of her husband, and had the marriage been solemnized before the International Match on Saturday Dolly Brown would have been ineligible for England and available for Wales. On this being pointed out to her she at once consented to postpone her marriage, like the patriotic sportswoman she is, and in the meantime legislation is to be rushed through both Houses of Parliament to alter the absurd state of the law and retain for England the services of one of the finest backs that ever fouled a forward.

Mr. Ted Hustler, the popular chairman of the Villa North End Club, has been away from home for some days, rumour being strong in his native city that he has gone to Scotland after Jennie Macgregor. On our representative calling at Mr. Hustler's house this morning to inquire if it really were true that Mr. Hustler has for a long time had his eye on Jennie Macgregor, Mrs. Hustler, the charming wife of the chairman, was understood to reply that she would like to catch him at it.

The regrettable incident at Stamford Bridge on Saturday last, when Gertie Swift was sent off the field by the referee, is to our mind yet another example of the misguided policy of the League management. Gertie Swift was strongly reprimanded by Mr. G. H. Whistler, the official in charge of the match, for an alleged offence. Gertie Swift retorted. Mr. Whistler warned her. Gertie again retorted. Mr. Whistler then ordered Gertie to retire from the game. Whilst we quite agree that a referee must exercise a strong control it is perfectly obvious that no self-respecting woman player is going to allow any mere man to have the last word; and the sooner the Football Association realise this and dispense with the services of all male referees the better for the good of the game.

Our arrangements for a full report of the English Cup Final are now completed. Our fashion experts are to journey to London with both teams, and a detailed description of the hats and travelling costumes worn by the players will appear in an extra special edition of this paper. We understand that the two rival elevens are to turn out in silk jumpers knitted in correct club colours by the players' own fair hands during the more restful periods of their strenuous training.

A Casual Family.

"Small house or flat required; one child (off hand); any district."—*Daily Paper*.

INCREASED OUTPUT.

(A comparative study of incentives to labour.)

THE miner's rôle is not for me;
These manual jobs I always shun;
In the bright realm of Poesy
My thrilling daily task is done.
My songs are wild with beauty. This
is one.

Yet has the miner, not the bard,
A life that runs in pleasant ways;
His labour may be pretty hard,
But, when compared with mine, it
pays.

Scant the reward of my exhausting days.

I bear no grudge. I don't object
To watch his wages soaring high,
If, as I'm told, we may expect
To see him resolutely ply
His task with greater vigour. So must I.

Up, Muse, and get your wings unfurled!

My rhymes at double speed must flow;

Now, from this hour, the astonished world

Must see my output daily grow.
And why? I want some coal—a ton
or so.

Coal is my greatest need, the crest
And pinnacle of my desires;
And as I toil with feverish zest
'Twill be the dream of blazing fires
That spurs me to my labour and inspires.

I wonder if the miner too
Has visions in his dark abyss
Which urge him on to hack and hew
That he may so achieve the bliss
Of buying great and deathless songs
(like this).

Commercial Candour.

Notice in a Canadian book-shop:—

"It often happens that you are unable to obtain just the book you want. We specialise in this branch of book-selling."

"Observing a straw stack on fire opposite her house a woman removed her baby from the bath and poured the bath water on to the flames."—*Evening Paper*.

What we admire is her presence of mind in first removing the baby.

"Mr. and Mrs. John — wish to return grateful thanks to all who so kindly contributed to their late great loss by theft."
Local Paper.

Always be polite to burglars. You never know when they may call again.

We understand that Smith minor, who in an examination paper wrote *margot*, instead of *margo*, as the Latin for "the limit," has been reprimanded severely by his master.



THE LAST STRAW.

THE CAMEL DRIVER. "NOW, WHICH HUMP HAD THIS BETTER GO ON?"

THE CAMEL. "IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME. IT'S BOUND TO BREAK MY BACK ANYHOW."



Old Josh (who has just purchased stamp). "WOULD YER MIND A-STICKIN' OF IT ON FOR ME, MISSIE? OI BAIN'T NO SCHOLARD."

UNAUTHENTIC IMPRESSIONS.

III.—SIR ERIC GEDDES.

WHICH is boyhood's commonest ambition, to run away to sea or to be something on a railway line? And how few, when they are grown up, find that they have realised either of these desires! The present Minister of Transport has freely confessed to his intimates that more than once, when he was floating paper-boats in his bath or climbing a tree in the garden to look out for icebergs from the crow's-nest, he felt in his child's heart that water was the ultimate quest, the adventure, the gleam. And yet for many a long year railways entranced and enslaved him. Often he would sit for hours, forgetful of the griddle cakes rapidly being burnt to a cinder, and gaze at the puffs of steam coming from the spout of the kettle or the quick vibrations of its lid, planning in his mind some greater and better engine that should be known perhaps as The Snorting Eric, and be enshrined in glass on Darlington platform.

Once, when he had bought a small model stationary engine and the methy-
lated spirit lamp had by some accident

set fire to the carpet, he was found after the conflagration had subsided standing serenely amongst the wreckage. When challenged as to its cause, "I cannot tell a lie," he replied calmly, "I did it with my little gadget." A few months later he and the present Ambassador of Great Britain at Washington had constructed a double line of miniature tracks, which connected all the rooms on the ground floor of the house and considerably interfered with the parlourmaid's duties. It was known to the family as the Great Auckland Railway. Another favourite hobby of the young engineer was to lie on his back and watch the spider spin her web, comparing the results with a railway map of Great Britain. It was seldom that he went to bed without having learnt at least a page of *Bradshaw* by heart.

Going from strength to strength this apparently dreamy lad had climbed the giddy rungs of fame until, at the outbreak of war, he stood with the ball at his feet and the title of Deputy General Manager of the N.E.R. It was he who had invented the system whereby the handle of the heating apparatus in railway carriages could be turned either to

OFF or ON without any consequent infiltration of steam, thereby saving passengers from the peril of death by suffocation. It was he who, thumping the table with an iron fist, had insisted vehemently that caged parrots travelling in the rack should, if capable of speech, be compelled to pay the full fare. It was he who effected one of the greatest economies that the line had ever known by using rock-cakes which had served their term of years in the refreshment-room as a substitute for the keys which hold the metals of the permanent way in their chairs.

In the summer of 1914 he was about to adopt a patent device for connecting the official notices in compartments with gramophones concealed under the seats in such a way that when humourists had by dint of much labour made the customary emendations, such as "IT IS DANGEROUS TO LEAP OUT OF THE WINDOWS," "TO STOP THE RAIN PULL DOWN THE CHAIN" and "TO EAT FIVE PERSONS ONLY," a loud and merry peal of laughter should suddenly hail the completed masterpiece.

Armageddon supervened, and the rest of Sir ERIC GEDDES' career is history. When a new and sure hand was needed

at the Admiralty, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was not long in making the only suitable choice. Sir ERIC GEDDES, bluff hearty manner, positively smacking, despite his inland training, of all that a viking ought to smack of, had long marked him out as the ideal ruler of the King's Navy, and his name was soon known and feared wherever the seagull dips its wing. Underneath the breezy exterior lay an iron will, like a precipitate in a tonic for neurasthenia, and scarcely had he boarded the famous building in Whitehall and mounted his quarter-deck (Naval terms are always used at the Admiralty, the windows being called "port-holes" and the stair-cases the "companion") than victory began to crown the arms of the Senior Service.

But peace no less than war finds an outlet for the energies of the old sea-dog, and the veriest hint of a railway strike finds him ready with flotillas of motor lorries in commission and himself in his flag char-à-banc, aptly named the Queen of Eryx, at their head. Lever, marlin-spike or steering wheel, it is all one to the brain which can co-ordinate squadrons as easily as rolling-stock, to the man who is now sometimes known as the Stormy Petrol of the Cabinet. Yet even so the sailor is strongest in him still. It is not generally known that Sir ERIC has already cocked his weather eye at our inland waterways as an auxiliary line of defence in case of need. Experience has taught him that it is even now quicker to travel, let us say, from Boston (Lincs.) to Wolverhampton, by river and canal than by rail, and the future may yet see Thames, Trent and Severn churned to foam by motor barges of incredible rapidity, distributing the nation's food supplies.

This is one of the things that the Ministry of Transport has, so to say, up its sleeve, and is alone a sufficient answer to those who suggest that this Ministry has outlived its hour. There is a grim Norse spirit amongst its officials, inspired perhaps by their chief-tain's name, and already the plans for a first-class Pullman galley are under way. As LONGFELLOW sings:—

"Never saw the wild North Sea
Such a gallant company
Sail its billows blue;
Never, while they cruised and quarrelled,
Old King Gorm or Blue Tooth Harold,
Owned a ship so well appalled,
Boasted such a crew." K.

"Mr. P. G. H. Fender, the Surrey cricket captain who has gone out with the M.C.C. team to Australia, is preparing a book on the tour, for which he has chosen the title of 'Defending the Ashes.'"—*Weekly Paper*.

Quite the proper function for a FENDER.



Tailor (to yokel who has brought suit back). "WHAT'S WRONG? DON'T THEY FIT?"
Yokel. "OH, AY, THEY FIT ALL RIGHT, BUT (pointing to fashion-plates) WOT'S USE
O' THEY PICTURES IF YOU BAIN'T GOIN' TO BIDE BY UN."

ELFIN TENNIS.

ONCE in a fold of the hill I caught
them—

All by my lone was I—
Out on the downs one night in Autumn,
Under a moonlit sky.

There on a smooth little green rectangle
Sparkled the lines of dew;

Over the court with their wings
a-spangle

Four little fairies flew;

Skeleton leaves in their hands for-
racquets

(All in a ring around
Brownies and elves in their bright
green jackets

Watched from the rising ground).

Then, as I crept up close for clearer
Sight of the Fairy Queen,
Oberon, throned on a toadstool near her,
Carolled out "Love fifteen."

Over a net of the fairies' knitting
(Fine-spun gossamer thread)
Smallest of tiny puff-balls flitting
Hither and thither sped.

So for a minute I watched them, shrink-
ing

Low in the gorse-bush shade;
Then, like a mortal fool unthinking,
Shouted aloud, "Well played!"

Right in the midst of an elfin rally
Sudden I stood alone;
Far away over the distant valley
Fairies and elves had flown.

A D'ANNUNZIO DIALOGUE.

[From which will be perceived not only that telephonic communication exists between Fiume and Lucerne, but also that there is an easy way out of the difficulty with Greece if only the League of Nations will utilise the instrument that lies to their hand.]

D'Annunzio (testily). Hello, Lucerne! Hello! Is that the Greek KING?

Confound this buzz! Is that you, TINO?

King Constantine. Speaking.

D'Ann. What do you want? I'm packing up my grip. D'ANNUNZIO speaks. Attend the trumpet's lip. Snatching a few brief moments, CONSTANTINE, Out of my business morning—eight to nine, Composing epic poems; nine to one, Consolidating our position in the sun (Sweet Alexandrine!), breakfast, bath and post, A raid or two on the Dalmatian coast, Speeches, parades and promulgating laws Which, being published to my followers, cause Loud cries of "Author!" and sustained applause; Such is the round of toil that leaves not limp Fiume's favoured Pontifex et Imp.— I thought I'd ring you up.

King Con. Well, well, what is it?

D'Ann. I hear you are proposing to revisit Athens.

King Con. Well, if I am, what's that to you?

D'Ann. This, that, whilst gazing at the local blue The other day, I hit upon the plan Of conquering the Mediterranean, Including the Ægean and the finer Portions, most probably, of Asia Minor, And holding them as provinces beneath Fiume and my own imperial wreath.

King Con. Go on, then, dash you.

D'Ann. I shall soon begin; But I decline to have you butting in. Tyrants there still may be, but not the sort Discarded from a philo-Teuton Court; The tolerant warmth that sheds a kind of lustre Over a stout Ausonian filibuster Does not extend to thoroughly bad hats Like abdicated Hellene autocrats. And, if the Allies feel some slight reserve About resisting your confounded nerve, I, GABRIELE, do not. You may be A kind of subject satrap under me; If not, look out. You shall have cause to know The singing eagles of D'ANNUNZIO.

King Con. I'll think it over.

D'Ann. Do so swiftly then; Meanwhile good morning; I must see some meh—

Also the Muse. She waits upon my pen.

[Rings off.
EVOE.

"How many cocktails are there? 'William,' the mixer at the Royal Automobile lub, who was for eays at the Hotel Cecil, states that he can produce some 70 varieties without repeating himself."

Daily Paper.

And did the author of the above paragraph try them all?

"Towards the conclusion of the meeting Miss Dolly — sang the solo 'The City of Light' in a very able style, and, as Mr. — mentioned in a vote of thanks, which he proposed, seconded and supported, to the Chairman, speaker, accompanist, and soloist, she excelled herself."—*Local Paper.*

We understand that the Gasworkers' Union has remonstrated with the orator on his excessive output.

THE SNIPER.

Brackley is a good fellow, but I loathe him.

How would you like it if you were tied to work and every now and then a man came up to you in your club and said, "Old man, do come away with me to the Pyrenees and shoot jummel," or "Can't you spare a month, old fellow, to come stalking ibex in Montenegro with me?" or "Look here, you're just the chap I want to run over to Alaska with me for a pot at the grizzlies?"

Just a fortnight ago Brackley came and told me of a delightful rough shooting he had rented in an obscure corner of Ireland. According to him it was a congested snipe area. You could not see the pools for wild-duck. The honking of wild-geese kept one awake at night. The drawback to the estate was that you were always tripping over hares.

"You won't be safe there," I said to Brackley.

"I'm safe anywhere," said Brackley. "Work it on system. In Arabia send the mullah a bottle of brandy. On the Continent stand the local mayor a bottle of wine. In Ireland ask the priest up to drink whiskey with you in the evening. So long as the authorities have their thirst relieved there's never trouble. Now just come for a fortnight. There'll be crowds of snipe. I'm told there are woodcock too."

I was adamant.

"Well," sighed Brackley, "I'll send you a card to say how I get on."

When his postcard arrived it ran:—

"To-day—

"Ballinagrub.

Ten brace snipe.

Four landrail.

One brace partridge.

Three wild-duck.

Nine hares.

One woodcock.

"What ho!"

Isn't that an aggravating card to get when you are deep in the most elusive and trying chase of all—the money hunt?

I wrote Brackley a scornful postcard:—

"Go on with your baleful schemes. Wallow in slaughter. Roll in blood. Devastate the district. As an honest hard-working Englishman I regard you with utter contempt."

Three days later Brackley slapped me on the back in our club.

"What are you doing here?" I said. "Don't tell me the snipe have gone on strike."

"All your fault," he grumbled. "About half-an-hour after I got your infernal postcard six outsize Republican soldiers called on me and gave me just ten minutes to get a car and drive to the station. I told them what a silly fool you were and that it was one of your wretched jokes; but you can't expect an Irishman to see a joke. I tried to explain it; I said that you referred to my exploits as a sniper; and they replied that sniping was their department and nobody else's."

"So I decided to come home and arrange for some shooting in a place where there's a bit of peace. I'm thinking of going after the ongdu antelopes in Somaliland. You can't spare three months, can you?"

"Why didn't you face it out?" I said, knowing that Brackley had spent four years and two months of his life shooting Huns.

"Not worth while. I could have had a guard, of course. But you can't expect decent snipe-shooting when there's a lot of promiscuous firing going on in the district. The snipe is a peculiarly nervous bird, you know."



Jugasse

HUMOROUS DRAMA: AN UNREHEARSED DIVERSION.



Porter. "DO YOU WANT TO SIT NEXT TO ONE ANOTHER, OR VICE-VERSA?"

A FOOTNOTE TO THE "BAB BALLADS."

[The Vice-Chairman of No. 1 Committee of the League of Nations, dealing with general organisation, is Mr. WELLINGTON Koo, the distinguished Chinese diplomatist.]

SERENE and Celestial Sage,
How well you revive and renew
The delights of an age when good
"Bab" was the rage—
Eminent WELLINGTON Koo!

For I feel, though I may be a fool,
You were reared in remote Rum-ti-
Foo,
Maybe suffered at school its episcopal
rule—
Tolerant WELLINGTON Koo.

Next I see you adorning the scene
In the city of fair Titipu,
Garbed in green and in gold, very fine
to behold—
Sumptuous WELLINGTON Koo.

Then you probably met *Captain Reece*
And all his affectionate crew,
Who knew no decrease of their com-
fort and peace—
Nautical WELLINGTON Koo.

Clonglocketty Angus McClan
I fear was withheld from your view;
That unfortunate man was not fated
to scan
Fortunate WELLINGTON Koo.

But my reason instinctively tells
It was you who contrived to imbue
With his knowledge of spells *John*
Wellington Wells—
Magical WELLINGTON Koo.

"Morality, heavenly link,"
I'm sure you will never taboo,
Though to it I don't think you'll
"eternally drink"—
Temperate WELLINGTON Koo.

It is rather malicious, I own,
To play with a name that is true,
But I hope you'll condone my irre-
verent tone—
Generous WELLINGTON Koo.

"ROYAL EXILES.

Some archdukes have become clerks, and
many have become governesses and ladies'
maids."—*Tasmanian Paper*.

For these last two posts, their arch-
ness would, we think, be an irresistible
qualification.

"NURSES WANTED.

540 Hours Working Week.

Extra pay at special rates for any time
worked in excess of ordinary working hours."
—*Provincial Paper*.

The generous provision for "overtime"
makes the above offer unusually at-
tractive.

IF THEY WERE AT SCHOOL.

(That is, if the House of Commons
were like our School Debating Society
—as indeed it is—and if its proceedings
were reported with the incisive brevity
of our School Magazine—and why not?)

On Wednesday the Society held its
2,187th meeting. There was some
regrettable rowdiness during Private
Business, and A. MOSELEY (Collegers)
had to be ejected for asking too many
questions. Members must not bring
bags of gooseberries into the debates.

In Public Business the motion was :—
"That in the opinion of this House
Science is better than Sport."

D. LLOYD GEORGE, Proposer (School
House), said that Science had won the
War, and quoted Wireless Telegraphy
and Daylight Saving to prove this. The
most successful Generals had had a
scientific training. His uncle had met
a General who knew algebra and used
it at the Battle of the Marne. Only
two first-class cricketers had ever been
in the Cabinet. Three scientists had.
The earth went round the sun. The
moon went round the earth. Rivers
flowed into the ocean.

An improving speaker, who is in-
clined to be carried away by his en-
thusiasm. Too many metaphors.

H. ASQUITH, Opposer (Collegers), said that the speech of the hon. Proposer was a tissue of fabrications, as ineffective as they were insincere. Never in the whole course of his career had he encountered a subterfuge so transparent, a calumny so shameless as the attempt of the Hon. Prop., he might say the calculated and cynical attempt of the Hon. Prop., to seduce from their faith the tenacious acolytes of Sport by the now threadbare recital of the dubious and, on his own showing, the anæmic enticements of Science. The War had proved that Science was no good.

This speaker is steadily improving, but he has a tendency to a "fatal fluency," and he must beware of high-sounding phrases. Also too many passages in his speech sounded like quotations.

A. BONAR LAW, Seconder (Commoners), said that the War had proved that Sport was no good. Gas had been invented by Science. He pointed out the importance of astronomy in navigation.

A rapidly improving speaker. But he must not mumble.

E. G. PRETYMAN (Hodgeites) said that farming was both a science and a sport. The canal system of Great Britain had been neglected.

Some neat little epigrams.

LESLIE SCOTT (Collegers) said that his father was a lawyer. Science had been used in the Russo-Japanese War.

This speaker was not at his best.

Perhaps it was the gooseberries.

LESLIE WILSON (Hittites) said that his Christian name was the same as the previous speaker's—(Laughter)—but his views were very different. (Loud laughter.) He would like to ask the House which had done most in the War—Tanks or Banks.

The speech of the evening. Witty and well-argued. But he must not fidget with his waistcoat-buttons.

W. S. CHURCHILL (Hivites) said that this was a revolutionary motion. Sport and Science must stand together. True sport was scientific and true scientists were sportsmen. (Applause.) Together they would stand as an imperishable bulwark against the relentless tide of Socialism. Divided they would fall.

A steadily improving speaker, but he must not recite.

H. A. L. FISHER (Collegers) was in favour of Proportional Education.

He must not lecture.

E. GEDDES (Perizzites) said he did not mind what game he played. Rugger, Soccer, Hockey, Cricket, Lacrosse, Rounders—he was equally at home with all of them.

An improving speaker. He must



AN "IMPASSE" AT OUR HOTEL.

OUR ADMIRAL AND GENERAL, WHO ARE NOT ON SPEAKING TERMS, FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO IGNORE ONE ANOTHER WHEN THEY MEET ON THE STAIRS.

not speak at the roof; there is no one there.

F. BANBURY (Sittites) must not go on and on.

A. MOND (Moabites) must not fidget with his feet.

H. D. KING (Hivites) said that sailing was scientific.

He has not been heard before.

R. KENWORTHY (Day-boy) must not be heard again.

R. BRACE (Coalites) must not wheedle.

ADAMSON (Coalites) must not shout.

A. ADDISON (Collegers) was inaudible where we were.

E. CARSON (Jebusites) was inaudible

everywhere. But we gather we did not miss much. He must speak up.

W. BENN (Amalekites) was invisible.

A. BALFOUR (Stalactites) was insensible. But why not sleep in the dormitory?

H. CECIL *mi.* (Parasites) must not preach.

J. DEVLIN (Meteorites) said that Ireland was a nation. But he must not get excited.

R. CECIL *ma.* (Collegers) must not eat while he is speaking. Otherwise a gentlemanly speech.

The President summed up and the Motion was carried by 12 votes to 11.

A. P. H.



THE COLISEUM QUEUE, A.D. 60 OR THEREABOUTS.

"LADIES AND GENTS, I 'OPE YOU WILL LET ME 'AVE YOUR KIND ATTENTION WHILE I GIVE A RENDERING OF 'RULE, BRITANNIA,' THE NATIONAL SONG OF BRITAIN, ACCOMPANYIN' MYSELF ON THE 'ARP, WICH I LEARNED TO PLAY WEN I WAS SERVIN' IN THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION IN THAT REMOTE AND BARBAROUS ISLAND."

A DIFFICULT CASE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—This is one of those social problems which end by asking what A should do, only in this case I want to know what you would do.

It happened on the first day of my leave, just after I had, as is my custom on this day, had my hair cut and otherwise made beautiful at a place in Bond Street. (I am afraid this sounds as if I was a rich man, but really I am a Naval Officer.)

I was wearing—well, that would not interest you, but it really was rather a pleasant suit, with a hat which even *The Daily Mail* could not improve upon. Briefly, I was strolling along in a perfectly contented frame of mind when a horse, drawing a van, chose to fall down right alongside me.

In a moment of rashness and chivalry—have I said that the horse was being driven by a girl?—I promptly sat on the brute's head, an act which I had always been told is the correct thing to do, though, I should imagine, discouraging for the horse.

In my haste I sat down with my back to the van, so was unable to gauge the progress of the refitting work which was going on.

In an effort to convey to the crowd, which had, of course, collected, that I was in no way embarrassed, nay more, that I was well accustomed to sitting on horses' heads in the middle of Bond Street, I lit a cigarette and tried to look *blasé*, no easy thing to do in the circumstances.

Small boys made tactless remarks about my personal appearance and eccentric habits, but I ignored them, feverishly thinking that this adventure would necessitate an early visit to my club. I had just decided what brand of cocktail would best meet the case when I felt a tap on my shoulder and looked up at a vast blue expanse which I realised later was a policeman.

"If you've quite finished with that there 'orse you're sitting on, young man," he said, "the leddy wants to take it 'ome."

The crowd chuckled and I rose hurriedly. Unfortunately, so did the horse, urged on, possibly by the cries and kicks of several willing helpers, or possibly by the sight of his mistress, who had come up, I hoped, to thank me.

Not only did the horse rise, but he rose at full speed and without giving me time to get my foot off the rein on which I was unwittingly standing.

My leg shot into the air and I lost

all sense of direction for a few seconds. Then a slight shock, and I found myself clasp the "leddy" firmly round the neck.

At this juncture my aunt appeared.

My aunt, I should explain, is nothing if not dignified. She is built on the lines of a monitor, bluff in the bow, broad in the beam, slow and majestic of movement. Her lips were moving feebly when I saw her, but she uttered no sound, uncertain, I suppose, whether to intervene or to pretend that I was in no way connected with her.

Paralysed by her arrival, I saw her slowly take in the scene. Her eye wandered from the policeman to me, from me to the unfortunate girl to whom I still clung. I could see her jumping—no, moving ponderously—towards the wrong conclusion.

Mr. Punch, what would you have done?

Yours faithfully, An N.O.

[Your first thought should have been for the girl, whom you had clearly compromised in your aunt's eyes. You should at once have introduced her to that lady as your long-lost *fiancée*. Later in the afternoon you could have called on your relative and told her that you had mislaid the girl again—this time irretrievably.—ED.]



THE FOLLY OF ATHENS.

ATHENA (to her Owl). "SAY 'TINO'!"

THE OWL. "YOU FORGET YOURSELF. I'M NOT A PARROT. I'M THE BIRD OF WISDOM."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 15th.—To induce the House of Lords to accept a measure for the compulsory acquisition of land is analogous to the process of getting butter out of a dog's mouth; and it is not surprising that Lord PEEL essayed the task of getting a second reading for an Acquisition of Lands Bill in rather gingerly fashion. When one remembered a racy correspondence in the newspapers over certain Midlothian farms one could hardly have been surprised if the Laird of DALMENY had reappeared in the arena, flourishing his claymore. But, alas! he still remains in retirement, and it was left to Lord SUMNER to administer some sound legal thwacks and, in his own words, to "dispel the mirage which the noble Viscount raised over the sand of a very arid Bill." He did not oppose the Second Reading, but hinted that if ever it emerged from Committee its own draftsman would not know it.

The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE must regard Monday with rather mixed feelings. That is the day on which Questions addressed to his Department have first place on the Order-paper; and accordingly he has a lively quarter-of-an-hour in coping with the contradictory conundrums of Cobdenites and Chamberlainites. On the whole he treads the fiscal tight-rope with an imperturbability worthy of BLONDIN. A Tariff Reformer, indignant at the increased imports of foreign glass-ware, provoked the query, "Does my hon. friend regard bottles as a key-industry?" And a Wee Free Trader who sarcastically inquired if foreign countries complained of our dumping cement on them at prices much above the cost in this country was promptly told that "that is the very reverse of dumping."

Sir DONALD MACLEAN was rewarded to-night for all his uphill work as leader of the Wee Frees before—and since—Mr. ASQUITH'S reappearance. On the Financial Resolution of the Ministry of Health Bill his eloquent plea for the harassed ratepayers received an almost suspiciously prompt response from Mr.

BONAR LAW, who admitted that it was inconvenient to drive an "omnibus" measure of this kind through an Autumn Session, and intimated that thirteen of its clauses would be jettisoned. An appeal from Lady ASTOR, that the

Tuesday, November 16th.—I don't suppose Lord CREWE and the other noble Lords who enlarged upon the theme "*Persicos odi*" expected to embarrass the FOREIGN SECRETARY by their cross-questioning. Persia is to Lord CURZON

what "de brier-patch" was to *Brer Rabbit*. He has been cultivating it all his life, and knows every twist and turn of its complicated history, ancient and modern. The gist of his illuminating lecture to the Peers was that our one aim had been to maintain Persian independence with due regard to British interests, and that it now rested with the Persians themselves to decide their own destiny.

Hopes of a relaxation of the passport restrictions were a little dashed by Mr. HARMSWORTH'S announcement that the fees received for British visas amounted to some fifty per cent. more than the cost of the staff employed. The Government will naturally be loth to

scrap a Department which actually earns its keep.

The WAR MINISTER was again badgered about the hundred Rolls-Royces that he had ordered for Mesopotamia. Now that we were contemplating withdrawal was it necessary to have them? To this Mr. CHURCHILL replied that the new Arab State would still require our assistance. A mental picture of the sheikhs taking joy-rides in automobiles *de luxe* presented itself to Mr. HOGGE, who gave notice that he should "reduce" the Army Estimates by the price of the chassis. A little later Mr. CHURCHILL came down heavily on an innocent Coalitionist who had proffered suggestions as to the better safeguarding of the troops in Ireland. "Odd as it may seem," he told him, "this aspect of the question has engaged the attention of the military authorities."

In the course of debate on the Agricultural Bill, Mr. ACLAND hinted that Sir F. BANBURY, one of its severest critics, was out of touch with rural affairs. Whereupon Mr. PRETYMAN came to the rescue with the surprising revelation that the junior Member for the City of London, in addition to his vocations as banker, stockbroker and



THE OVERLOADED OMNIBUS.

Conductor ADDISON (to Driver LAW). "WHAT, YOU CAN'T GET 'OME BY CHRISTMAS WITH ALL THEM PASSENGERS ON TOP? WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME BEFORE I TOOK 'EM ON?"

Government should not "economise in health," fell upon deaf ears. Dr. ADDISON not only enumerated the thirteen doomed clauses, but threw in a fourteenth for luck.



BRER RABBIT IN HIS ELEMENT.
LORD CURZON.

railway director, had on one occasion carried out the functions of "shepherd to a lambing flock." The right hon. Baronet, who is known to his intimates as "Peckham," will have Mr. PREYMAN to thank if his *soubriquet* in future is "Little Bo-Peep."

Wednesday, November 17th.—The Lords, having welcomed the Bishop of DURHAM—a notable addition to the oratorical strength of the Episcopal Bench—proceeded to show that even the lay peers had not much to learn in the matter of polite invective. Lord GAINFORD invited them to declare that the Government should forthwith reduce its swollen Departmental staffs and incidentally relieve our open spaces from the eyesores that now disfigure them. Perhaps he laid overmuch stress upon the latter part of his motion, for the Ministerial spokesman rode off on this line—Lord CRAWFORD confessing that his artistic sensibility was outraged by these "horrible hutments"—and said very little about cutting down the staffs. This way of treating the matter dissatisfied the malcontents, who voted down the Ministry.

The Front Opposition Bench in the Commons was almost deserted at Question-time. Presently the appearance of Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY in unusually festive attire furnished an explanation. After forty years of bachelorship and four of fighting, WEDGWOOD BENN is Benedict indeed; and his colleagues were attending his wedding-festivities.

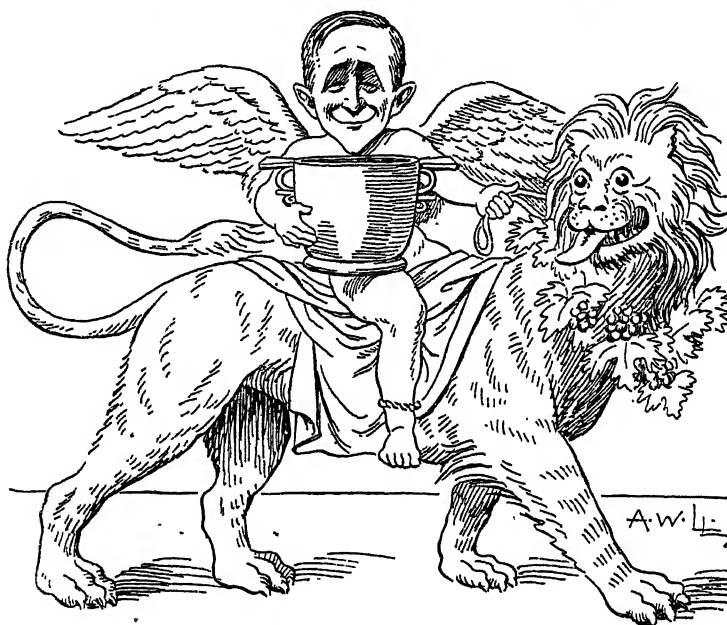
The SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY has not yet attained to the omniscience in Naval affairs that his predecessor acquired in the course of twelve years' continuous occupancy of the post. But Sir JAMES CRAIG can handle an awkward questioner no less deftly than "Dr. Mac." Witness his excuse for not replying to a "Supplementary":—"The hon. and gallant gentleman must understand that I attach so much importance to his questions that I wish to be most punctilious in my answers." Who could persist after that?

Mr. BONAR LAW stated that the treaties by which Great Britain and France were responsible for constitutional government in Greece came to an end in August last. Consequently

the two Powers have "a completely free hand" in regard to the Greek Monarchy. But he begged to be excused from saying in what manner that "free hand" would be used if TINO should think of returning.

Thursday, November 18th.—In the Lords the Acquisition of Land Bill had most of its teeth drawn. Lord SUMNER was the most adroit of the many operators employed, and he used no gas.

The usual dreary duel of Nationalist insinuation and Ministerial denial in regard to Irish happenings was lightened by one or two interludes. Mr. JACK JONES loudly suggested that the Government should send for General Lu-



AMOR TRIUMPHANS.

(After the Pompeii mosaic.)

WITH MR. PUNCH'S BEST WISHES TO CAPTAIN WEDGWOOD BENN.

DENDORFF to show them how to carry out reprisals. "He is no friend of mine," retorted the CHIEF SECRETARY, with subtle emphasis. Later he read a long letter from the C.-in-C. of the Irish Republican Army to his Chief of Staff discussing the possibility of enlisting the germs of typhoid and glanders in their noble fight for freedom. The House listened with rapt attention until Sir HAMAR came to the pious conclusion, "God bless you all." Amid the laughter that followed this anti-climax Mr. DEVLIN was heard to ask, "Was not the whole thing concocted in Dublin Castle?" Well, if so, Dublin Castle must have developed a sense of humour quite foreign to its traditions. Perhaps that is the reason why the PRIME MINISTER, earlier in the Sitting, expressed the opinion that "things in Ireland are getting much better."

THE BOOT MYSTERY.

DRAMATIC SCENES AT BILBURY QUARTER SESSIONS.

COUNSEL FOR PROSECUTION ARRIVES FROM LONDON.

THE PROCEEDINGS.

NOTES ON THE LEADING PERSONALITIES IN THE GREAT DRAMA.

PRISONER ADKINS' AWKWARD ADMISSION.

[NOTE.—The author is surprised, not to say pained, at the conspiracy of silence on the part of the daily Press, as a result of which he is left to write this matter up himself. However . . .]

A SOMBRE court-house of Quarter Sessions, the light with difficulty penetrating the dusty panes of the windows.

On the so-called Bench sits the Bench so-called; in point of fact there are half-a-dozen ripe aldermen sitting on chairs, in the midst of which is an arm-chair, and in it Mr. Augustus Jones, the Recorder of Bilbury.

Born in 1873 of rich but respectable parents; called, with no uncertain voice, to the Bar in 1894; of a weighty corpulence and stormy visage, Mr. Jones now settles himself in his arm-chair to hear and determine all this business about Absalom Adkins and the Boots. How admirably impressive is Mr. Jones's typically English absence of hysteria, his calm, his restfulness. Indeed, give Mr. Jones five minutes to himself and it is even

betting he would be fast asleep.

The Clerk of the Court with awful dignity suggests getting a move on. Mr. Blathwayte who, as well as Clerk of the Court is also Town Clerk of Bilbury, was born in 1850 and, having survived the intervening years, now demands the production of the prisoner from below. Looking at this dignitary one gets the poetic impression of a mass of white hair, white moustache, white whiskers, white beard and white wig, with little bits of bright red face appearing in between. From a crevice in one of these patches come the ominous words, of which we catch but a sample or two: ". . . Prisoner at the bar . . . for that you did . . . steal, take and carry away . . . pairs of boots . . . of our Lord the King, his crown and dignity."

At this moment there arrives in court



Vicar. "I UNDERSTAND FROM THE DOCTOR THAT YOUR HUSBAND IS HEARING BETTER WITH THIS EAR."
 Dearly. "EH, WHAT? WHAT'S 'E SAY, JOAN?"

Joan. "'E SAYS 'E UNDERSTANDS FROM THE DOCTOR THAT YOU'RE 'EARING BETTER WITH THAT THERE."

a sinister figure wearing the wig and gown so much affected by the English

PERSONS IN THE DRAMA (SO FAR).

Mr. Augustus Jones. Recorder. Born in 1873
 Mr. Joseph K. Blaythwayte. Clerk of the Court. Born in 1850.

Absalom Adkins, of uncertain age, supposed boot-fancier.

Our Lord the King, whose peace, crown and dignity are reported to have been rudely disturbed by the alleged activities of Absalom Adkins.

Bar. Plainly a man of character and of moment; obviously selected with great care for this highly difficult and delicate matter. His features are sharp, clean-cut. One feels that they have been sharpened and cut clean this very morning. In his hand he holds the fateful brief, pregnant with damnatory facts. He makes his way into the pen reserved "For Counsel only." The usher locks him in for safety's sake.

Who is this strong silent man, this robed counsellor trusted with the case of the Crown? Who is it? It is I! Born in the year—but if I'm to tell my life story it's a thousand pounds I want. Make it guineas and I will include portraits of self and relations, with place of birth, inset.

The scenario (or do we mean the scene?) is now complete. Leading characters, minor characters, chorus, supernumeraries and I myself are all on the stage. Absalom Adkins, clad in a loose-fitting corduroy lounge suit and his neck encased in a whitish kerchief, rises from his seat. Mr. Jones, the Recorder, does much as he was doing before—nothing in particular. Counsel for the prosecution re-reads his brief, underlines the significant points, forgets that his pencil is a blue one and licks it. On a side-table, impervious to their surroundings and apparently unconcerned with their significance, sit the crucial boots.

"How say you, Absalom Adkins"—such the concluding words of the Clerk, the finish of the prologue which rings up the curtain on this human drama—"how say you? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," says Absalom, and that ends it.

* * * * *
 Later a large and enthusiastic crowd outside (had there been one) might have seen a man with clean and sharp-cut features carrying a bag in one hand and an umbrella in the other, stepping

lightly on to a Bilbury corporation tram, station bound. This is the counsel for the prosecution (still me), his grave responsibilities honourably discharged, hurrying back to the vortex of metropolitan life.

F. O. L.

From a stores catalogue:—

"THE — WRINGER.

Guaranteed for one year—Fair wear and tear excepted."

There is always a catch somewhere.

"A consignment of Rumanian eggs has arrived in this country. This shipment, which is the first to arrive since the war closed this source of supply in 1914, consists of 100 cases, each containing 1914 eggs."—*Scots Paper*.

Referring, we trust, to the number and not the vintage.

"CONTRACTS, TENDERS, &c.
 The Great Northern Railway Company.

Allegro moderato } from String
 Notturmo } Quartet, No. 2, } Borodine.
 in D

STORES CONTRACTS."

• *Daily Paper*.

It is generally supposed that the company entertains the idea of attempting to "soothe the savage breast" of the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT.

THE LETTERS I NEVER POST.

I MET a philosopher the other day—he is not a philosopher by profession, but an architect—who told me that, when annoyed by the anomalies and petty red-tape restrictions of life or irritated by incompetence and incivility, or even when he feels that he can amend somebody else's error or propose an improvement, it is his habit to write a letter expressing his indignation or embodying his suggestions.

After remarking that he must be kept very busy I asked him what kind of replies he got.

"Oh, I don't get any replies," he said, "because, you see, I don't send the letters; I only write them and then I tear them up."

This is how I knew that he was a philosopher.

I propose to take to philosophy myself.

TO A TAXI-DRIVER.

DEAR SIR,—(You must understand, as must all the people that I address in these epistles, that by "dear" I do not necessarily imply any affection. I employ the word because I am too old to care about breaking down harmless conventions; but I might claim in the present connection that it has more than one meaning. That indeed you will see, if you read on, is the main point of this letter.)—Dear Sir, then, you may remember me. I am the fare who hailed you on your rank at the corner of Fulham Road and Drayton Gardens last Tuesday evening at a quarter to six, and told you to drive to the Marble Arch. You put down the flag and then jumped off the box to wind up the starter. It failed, and after several attempts you had to examine the machinery. I suppose that six minutes were occupied in this way, whether because you are a bad mechanic or a careless fellow or because the engine is defective, I cannot say; all I know is that I was in a hurry and that the flag was down, but we were not moving. If you had not put the flag down I should have got out and taken another cab; but I felt that that would be unfair to you. When, however, at the end of the journey I paid you without adding any tip, and you received the money with an offensive grunt, I wished that I had been less considerate.

It is because nothing that I could have said then, in your horrid hostile mood, would have convinced you that there is any injustice to a fare at all in putting down your flag before you are properly started, that I am writing this letter. My hope is that quiet perusal may demonstrate that the fare has, at

any rate, a grain of logic on his side if he looks upon himself as defrauded. We don't, you know, take your cabs for the joy of sitting in them, or for the pleasure of watching you struggling with a crank, but to be conveyed quickly from place to place. It is wrong to ask us to pay for the time spent by you in persuading your engine to behave, and it is indecent to become abusive when we act on that assumption. If I had not been so busy I should have refused to pay at all and forced you to summon me; but who has time for such costly formalities? And I might have had to lose my temper, which I have not done (much) since I read an article by a doctor saying that every such loss means an abbreviation of life. Life in a world made fit for heroes may not be any great catch, but it is better, at any rate, than passing to a region where one is apparently liable to be in constant communication with mediums.

One other thing. I have just returned from Paris, where, amid much that is unsatisfactory and besmirched by Peace, taxis remain trustworthy and plentiful. The price marked on the meter is that which the fare pays, and any number of persons may ride in the cab without extra charge. Nothing exceeds my scorn for the English taxi-driver who demands another ninepence for an additional passenger, even though only a child—nothing except my scorn for the cowardly official who conceded this monstrous imposition.

TO AN ADMINISTRATOR.

DEAR SIR,—May I implore you to authorise the instant removal of the buildings in the St. James's Park lake? During the War we who find on the suspension bridge, looking West, the most beautiful late afternoon view in London, were content to endure the invasion. But we have passed the second Armistice Day, and still the huts remain, and still there is no water, and still the enchanted prospect is denied us. After all, this lake is part of London, and London ratepayers should be entitled to their city's beauties as well as its necessities.

TO A PRETTY GIRL.

MY DEAR,—I want you to be a little more merciful. The other day, when your father, over the eggs and bacon, was reading out the news from Greece, with the defeat of VENIZELOS, you said lightly that exile didn't matter very much because VENIZELOS was a very old man. You then returned to the absorbing occupation of identifying Society people, reading from left to right. Now VENIZELOS is fifty-five years of age, and I cannot allow the

term "very old" to be applied to him without protest; I am too nearly his contemporary. "Getting on," if you like, "mature," "ripe," but not "very old." You must keep that phrase for the people who—well, who *are* very old.

TO A HABERDASHER.

DEAR SIR,—When I came to put on the collar that I bought from you yesterday (I am the tallish customer who takes sixteen and a half by two and was in a hurry to get home to dress) I found that your young man's finger-marks were on it. Why don't you make your assistants wear gloves when they handle collars?

TO A MINISTER OF RELIGION.

YOUR FAR-FROM-SERENE GLOOMINESS,—Won't you one day be a little cheerful, and wrong? Won't you send out a lifeboat to the wreck instead of watching her through your smoked field-glasses as she sinks? What you seem to forget is that most people at times are their own Gloomy Deans: some of us too often; and there can be too much of a good thing. Hopelessness butters no parsnips and it is a mood not to be encouraged or the world would be as bad as we then think it. Gloomy-deaniness, though salutary for brief intervals, should be sparingly indulged in; but you are at it all the time. There is a Chinese proverb which says, "If you can't smile don't open a shop;" and, after all, St. Paul's Cathedral is in a manner of speaking a kind of shop, isn't it?—the goods, at any rate, should be obtainable there. The phrase "there is no health in us" does not constitute the whole liturgy. Down with facile optimists by all means, but, my dear Sir—

E. V. L.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE ERMINE.

THE ermine is not quite as grand as he sounds;
As a rule he is shot if he comes in the grounds;
You have seen him about by the mulberry-tree,
Though I very much doubt if you knew it was he.

He is shot with a gun and hung up by the throat,
For the ermine, my son, is the same as the stoat;
So when Auntie has got just a little more ermine
You can tell her (or not) she is covered with vermin.

A. P. H.

Another Impending Apology.

"Col. — was unable to be present, and altogether the event was highly successful."
Local Paper.



First Pugilist. "YOU'RE STANDING ON MY FOOT."

Second Pugilist. "WELL, WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO ABOUT IT?"

First Pugilist. "I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I'LL DO ABOUT IT—FOR A PURSE OF TEN THOUSAND POUNDS AND THE CINEMA RIGHTS."

MORE NOTES FROM A SYNTHETIC COUNTRY DIARY.

November 20th.—I have been much struck this morning by a remarkable instance of protective mimicry on the part of a grey squirrel, which assumes attitudes and adopts gestures which at a little distance render him almost indistinguishable from a small monkey. WHITE'S *Selborne* throws no light on this strange phenomenon, which I can only explain as a result on the animal world of the now fashionable *Tarzan* cult, which so happily reconciles the old hostility between apes and angels.

Of the habits and customs of the hedgehog mention has already been made in these notes. It may be added that the whistle which these interesting creatures emit from time to time resembles the *timbre* of a muted piccolo, and their employment in a mixed orchestra is well worth the consideration of our younger and more enterprising composers. Another animal which shares with the hedgehog the defensive faculty of rolling itself up in a ball is the "pill millipede," a myriopod with seventeen pairs of legs, but fortunately exempt from the necessity of wearing trousers, which at present prices would impose an exorbitant demand on its resources.

As winter draws on the evolutions of birds great and small are a never-ending source of surprise and delight. Many hooded crows are now to be seen consorting with the rooks in the field and swelling the sable multitude that flies at evensong towards the park trees. And great congregations of plovers, curiously self-sufficing in their ability to dispense with the services of any feathered parson, lend colour and subconscious uplift to marshland scenes, which would otherwise look extremely *triste*.

Small indigenous birds, such as titmice, chipmunks, pipits and squinches, are constantly seen in coveys or even bevvies just now. A party of pipwinks visited my copse yesterday afternoon, and indulged in delicious *morceaux* of melody before the red sun sank starkly below the horizon. . . .

As long as the weather remains open I find it a good plan to plant flowers and shrubs which bloom in the spring. Proticipation is a cardinal asset in the outfit of the judicious gardener, and no time should be lost in completing the spring beds, as the cost of hair-mattresses is going up by leaps and bounds.

The Plague of Dots.

THERE are decimal dots which we can't do without in spite of Lord RANDOLPH'S historical flout; There are dots too, with dashes combined, in the mode Familiar in Morse's beneficent code; While some British parents good reasons advance In favour of "*dots*" as they're managed in France. But as for the writers disdainful of plots Who pepper their pages with plentiful dots, They must not complain if the critics of prose Disapprove of a practice which savours of pose, And, searching around for an adequate *dr*, Proclaim it a sign of a brain that is dotty.

From an article on "Back to Germany":—

"The quiet, old-fashioned restaurants, where in the old days I have seen field-marshal's batons hanging up in the cloak-room, know them no more."—*Daily Paper*.
Nowadays the German Field-Marshal takes his baton into the dining-room to stir his soup.

AT THE PLAY.

"WILL YOU KISS ME?"

EVEN before the era of Prohibition (there were cocktails in this play) strange things must have happened in "God's own country" under the banner of the Bird of Freedom. But never so strange as the effects you get on the stage when very English people play at being Americans. You have to be rather young and unsophisticated if such phrases as "He's putting it over on us," or "I'm not going to stand for that," generously peppered about the dialogue and recited in the purest of English accents, can persuade you to believe that you are getting the real local stuff. At the same time you accept cheerfully the most farcical conditions on the vague assumption that all things may be possible over there.

So, when *John W. Brook*, of Fifth Avenue, millionaire, engaged the services of *Alexander Y. Hedge*, plenipotentiary representative of an Efficiency Company, to introduce economic reforms into his motherless household during his temporary absence, we regarded it as a most reasonable experiment. And for a time it made excellent fun. But after a while it began to wear thin for lack of fresh stimulus, and by the end of the Second Act there was a general feeling in the audience that something would have to be done about it.

The same thought seems to have occurred to Mr. CYRIL HARCOURT, the author, and he started, a little late in the day, to introduce an element of sex-romance into what so far had been an absolutely bloodless proposition. But at first it was with sinister intent that *Brook's* elder daughter made advances to *Alexander Y. Hedge*. As soon as she could induce this monster of inhumanity to become a prey to her charm she would repulse him with scorn, and then he would have to go.

The children's allowances having been cut off on the ground that they did nothing to earn them, she offered her services as his paid secretary. "Propinquity" did its work and she was soon in a position to offer him the privilege of an experimental kiss, thus incidentally justifying the dreadful title of the play.

The first, delivered on the cheek, was a wash-out; but the second, pressed home on the lips, had the desired effect. Then she turned and rent him, telling him exactly what she thought of his treatment of the family. He replied with an eloquent philippic directed at

the vices of a bloated aristocracy (this was the ante-bellum age, before things had been made so much safer for democracy). Almost before the applause of the gallery had died down, the father burst upon the scene, furious at the report that this hired commercial had been making love to his daughter.

Explanations follow which appease his wrath, and he is further mollified by the statement that the Master of Efficiency had cut down the expenses of his *ménage* by some nineteen thousand dollars. But why, when his feats of economy had all the time been the matter of his offence in the children's eyes, the announcement of the total

two excesses—an excess of idle luxury or an excess of efficiency—the former is the one to choose.

Mr. DONALD CALTHROP as *Hedge* bore the burden of the play with a high hand that had a very sure touch. It was extraordinary with what alertness and confidence he commanded every situation—except, of course, the absurd climax which nobody could hope to handle. Mr. C. V. FRANCE, as the English butler (ex-clergyman) who had taken a long time to learn how to disfigure his aspirates (out of deference to the American legend), gave a very fresh and attractive performance. Some of the best things in the dialogue—not always very humorous—were given to little *Alice Brook* (aged 14), one of those precocities for which America has always held the world's record. I don't know, and should not think of asking, Miss ANN TREVOR's age, but she looked to me a little old for the part of this child, however precocious. Miss MARJORIE GORDON played with intelligence as the elder sister, but never for a moment suggested a New York atmosphere. Indeed she adopted just the mincing kind of speech which out there is held to bewray the "Britisher." The only performance that made any real pretence of being American was that of Mr. TURNBULL as the manager of the Efficiency Company.

Still, after all, local colour is no great matter so long as you get some recognisable aspect, though farcically presented, of human nature; but the trouble with this play is that while our sense of the probabilities is never too much outraged so long as the chief character is just a piece of inhuman machinery, the author lapses into the incredible the moment he tries to introduce a little humanity into his scheme. However, I have perhaps taken things too seriously, instead of being properly grateful for some very good entertainment. O. S.

Fashions for Men.

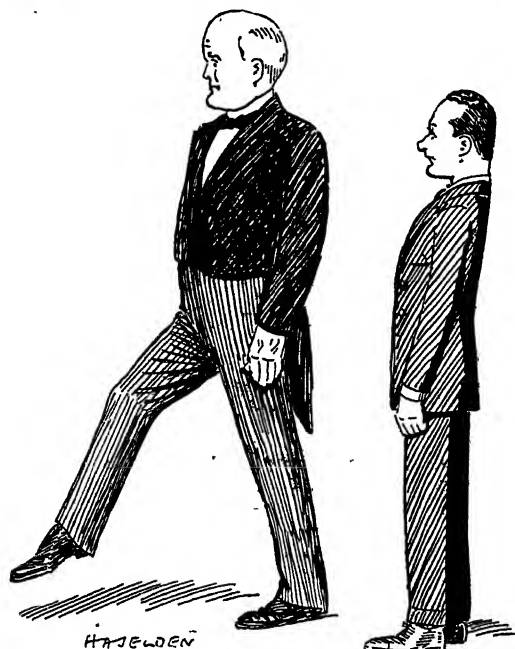
"Miss — takes Orders for Knitted Skirts, Jerseys, and Hats to match. Also, Gent.'s Cardigan Coats and Hand-Painted Blouses." *Scots Paper.*

"The Rev. W. E. — based the subject of his discourse on 'The Foolish Virgins.' A large number were present." *South African Paper.*

We trust they were edified.

"The discovery of Saturn's rings was made by Galileo in 1610 through his little refractory telescope." *Welsh Paper.*

The difficulty with this kind of instrument is to make it shut up.



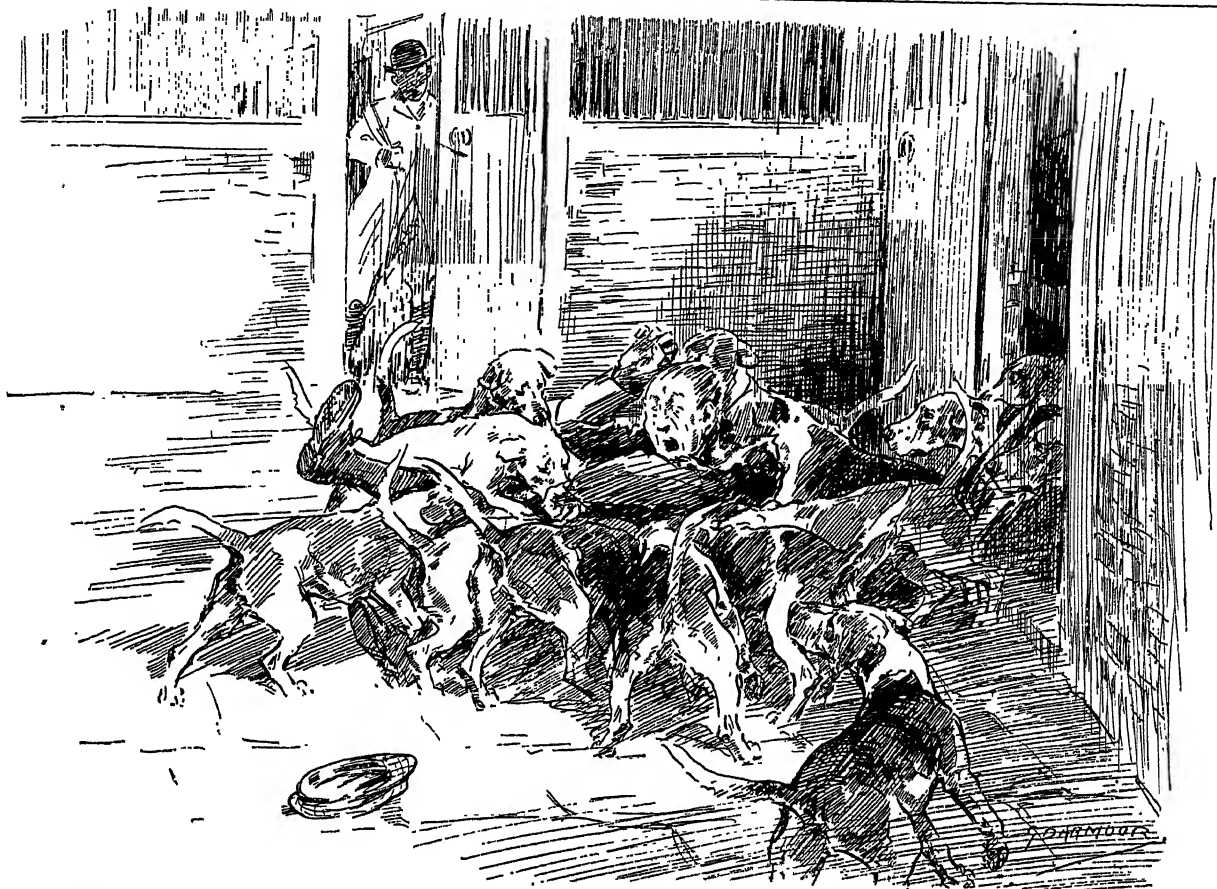
STEPS TOWARD EFFICIENCY.

Horace, the Butler (Mr. C. V. FRANCE) lengthens his stride in obedience to Alexander Y. Hedge (Mr. DONALD CALTHROP).

should have favourably affected the girl's heart I cannot say, and I don't think anybody else can. Yet the fact remains that the next moment she undertakes to marry the object of her previous loathing.

To have arrived naturally at such an end would have meant a couple more Acts, in which the man *Hedge* might have had time to live down the evil effects of his efficiency. But with so much economy in the air the author appears to have caught the infection of it and economised in his processes to save our time. That is the kindest excuse I can find for him.

As for the moral, it would seem to be that, if (as is more than probable) you have no copy of the works of ARISTOTLE in your Fifth Avenue library, and imagine, never having heard of the happy mean, that virtue lies in one of



EXCITING EXPERIENCE OF A NEW M.F.H. WHO HAS BEEN ADVISED BY A FRIEND THAT HE SHOULD ALWAYS, WHEN GOING INTO KENNELS, FILL HIS POCKETS WITH BISCUITS.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

INEVITABLY one's first thought on sighting *A Naval History of the War* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is that he must be a brave skipper indeed who would take out a lone ship, however excellently found, to cruise such controversial waters. But Sir HENRY NEWBOLT is an experienced hand, and, though (so to speak) one finds him at times conscious of Sir JULIAN CORBETT on the sky-line, he brings off his self-appointed task triumphantly. To drop metaphor, here is a temperate and clearly-written history, midway between the technical and the popular, of a kind precisely suited to the plain man who wishes a comprehensive *résumé* of the course of the War at sea. For this purpose its arrangement is admirable, the story being presented first in a general survey under dates, then in special chapters devoted to episodes or aspects, e.g., Coronel and the Falklands (that unmatched drama of disaster and revenge), the submarines and their countering, and finally Jutland. Throughout, as I have said, Sir HENRY, having one of the best stories in the world to tell, is at pains to avoid anything that even remotely approaches fine writing. Only once have I even detected the literary man, when, in describing the strange finish of the *Königsberg*, he permits himself the pleasure of calling it "the sea fight in the forest." For the rest, the "strength and splendour" of England's greatest naval war are left to make their own impression. I shall be astonished if such a book, having figured brilliantly as a present this Christmas, is not treasured for generations as a work of family reference in hundreds of British homes.

The name of Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES on the outside would alone have made me open *From the Vasty Deep* (HUTCHINSON) with a pleasant anticipation of creepiness, even without the generous measure of bogies depicted on the coloured wrapper. Having now read the story, I am bound to add (and I can only hope that Mrs. LOWNDES will take my admission for the compliment that it really is) that the net result has been one of slight disappointment. Briefly, I continue to prefer the writer as a criminal, rather than a psychic, "Fat Boy." After all, once grant your ghost and anyone can conjure it, with appropriate circumstance, at the proper moments. Wyndfell Hall was full enough of ghosts, all ready to appear at the voluntary or involuntary instance of a young lady named *Bubbles*, who was one of the Christmas house-party and the owner of a rather uncomfortable gift of spook-raising. But beyond making themselves an occasional nuisance to the guests I couldn't find that the phantoms did anything practical to help along such plot as there was. Even the quite palpable fact that the host was at least a double murderer came to proof by the ordinary process of law rather than by any supernatural revelation. Before this I have gratefully owed to Mrs. LOWNDES the raising of my remaining hairs like quills upon the fretful porcupine, but the ca'-canny bogies of her present story are too perfunctory to excuse even a shiver in any but the most unsophisticated reader.

It may, I suppose, be accounted for righteousness, to Major-General Sir ARCHIBALD ANSON that in *About Others and Myself* (MURRAY) he is so little of an egotist as to convey scarcely any impression of what manner of man he

is or what he thinks of this or that. Much more clear from her quoted letters is the character of his grandmother, who vainly tried to keep the over-gallant First Gentleman of Europe out of mischief. Our autobiographer gives us a plain, blunt, not to say bald record of what must have been an interesting life. He was at Eton under KEATE; a cadet at Woolwich, where he saw a gunner receive two hundred lashes; a gunnery subaltern in the Crimea, where he saw many queer and unedifying things; a successful administrator in Madagascar, Mauritius and Penang, and finally Governor of the Straits Settlements, with a K.C.M.G. and honourable retirement to follow. But he is a man of action rather than words, and his faculty of observation is but too often exercised upon such slender matters as that "Poor Captain Powlett met with a misfortune on the way to Kedah. His servant laid the dinner things on the deck of the gunboat, then went below for something and, coming up again, accidentally walked into the middle of the crockery and glass, causing considerable destruction." Also, I think he quotes his testimonials—those never very candid and always very dull documents—much too freely. The best of the book is concerned with his administration work in Penang and district, where on the evidence he seems to have kept his end up with skill and no small zeal for good government.

The title of Lady (LAURA) TROUBRIDGE's new novel, *O Perfect Love* (METHUEN), applies to her V.C. hero only; with his wife it is a case of *O Very Imperfect Love*. *Jean Chartres* is a common product of the age, the sort of girl that insists on "having a good time" and "living her life" and "being herself" (how well one knows the jargon!). Less common, let us hope, is the woman who would desert her husband, as *Jean* did, because the injuries he had received in the War prevented him from giving her the kind of life for which she craved. Foolish rather than vicious, she drifts into a relationship which could have had only one conclusion, if her lover, tiring of platonic, had not prematurely pressed his demands. Thoroughly scared by his violence she runs away and finds sanctuary with the "perfect love" of the title. In this happy solution she had better fortune than she deserved. It is not every woman who has the good luck, when rushing blindly out of the House of Peril into the wintry night (in a ball-dress), to find—what had apparently escaped *Jean's* memory for the moment—that her faithful husband's estate is in the immediate neighbourhood. Though Lady TROUBRIDGE's sense of style is not impeccable she can tell a good tale; her dialogue rings true and her characters are well observed. The trouble with most authors of Society novels is that either they know their subject but can't write, or that they can write but know nothing of their subject. Lady TROUBRIDGE is one of the very few writers in this kind who both know their world and how to portray it.

Mr. B. BENNION follows the vogue for confidentially descriptive covers in announcing, as a title to his volume of angling reminiscences, that *The Trout are Rising in England and South Africa* (LANE) and suggesting that here is "a book for slippers ease." One is certainly warned not to expect anything very strenuous in its course, and indeed so placidly flow its waters that few, perhaps, but devotees of the craft will follow it to the end. Not but what there are metaphorical trout in it, too—enticing descriptions of bits of rivers, for instance—but on the whole they are easy-going fish that come to bank without showing very much sporting spirit. Here is no manual of precise information, though even old fishermen may gather a hint or two; nor yet a guide-book to the trout-streams of two continents; not even a collection of good stories, though anyone may

come across some old friends in it. The author's yarns indeed are numerous and, on the whole, as an angler's yarns should be, picturesque. If he does seem to enjoy the rather feeble joke or incident as much as the other sort, that may be natural in a book of ease, whether slipped or not. Indeed one half suspects it is as a book for his own ease that the writer is mainly considering it, yet, taken in the right spirit and especially if you are an enticer of trout, it may be for your ease too. Of course, if you are not an angler and if your spirit is not right, the slipper may not fit.



"I 'EAR SHE'S 'AD A LEGACY O' TWENTY POUNDS LEFT 'ER."
"YES, SHE 'AS. BUT ONE GOOD THING ABOUT 'ER IS, 'ER WEALTH AIN'T SPOILT 'ER."

In the course of a long study of detective fiction I have never met any sleuths with a gift of loquacity like that of Messrs. Corson and Gibbs, who during the first part of *In the Onyx Lobby* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) make futile efforts to trace the murderer of *Sir Herbert Binney*, proprietor of Binney's Buns. *Sir Herbert* had gone to New York to persuade his nephew to become the manager of an American branch of a Binney Bun factory, and, on returning late at night to his apartment-house, was stabbed to death. Fortunately Miss CAROLYN WELLS seems to have grown as tired of them as I did, and they give way to one *Pennington Wise* (whose name did not prepossess me in his favour) and his assistant, *Zizi*. This couple have the authentic sleuth-touch, and their detection of those implicated in the murder is a very ingenious piece of work. There is so much padding in this book that if *Sir Herbert* had worn a tithe of it no stabber could even have scratched him; but with judicious skipping it will wile away two or three idle hours. And, as I said, the solution is a really skilful piece of work.

Extract from an account of the unveiling of the portrait of Mr. —, M.P. :—

"It was a happy idea to unveil the portrait in a darkened room."

Local Paper.

But after the LEVERHULME-JOHN episode we ought to have been told whose was the happy idea, the artist's or the sitter's?

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to *The Evening News*, lambs have already put in an appearance in Dorset. People who expect the POET LAUREATE to rush to the spot will be bitterly disappointed.

"What was a golden eagle doing in Lincolnshire?" asks "L. G. M." in *The Daily Mail*. We never answer these personal questions.

The Public Libraries Committee of West Ham has declined to purchase *The Autobiography of Margot Asquith*. It would just serve them right if the publisher sent them a copy.

Sir R. BADEN-POWELL recently declared that men contemplating matrimony would do well to notice whether their prospective brides gave an inside or an outside tread. We still maintain that the safest course is to remain single and not be trodden on either way.

The report that a British soldier has recently discovered a genuine specimen of a small war, in which Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL had no hand whatever, is now regarded as untrustworthy.

A Scotsman knocked down by a car in New York was given a glass of water and quickly regained consciousness. He is now making inquiries concerning the number of times one has to be knocked down in order to get a drop of spirit.

Sea-gulls have been observed near the Willesden public parks. It is assumed that they didn't know it was Willesden.

A clothing firm advertises suits to fit any figure. It is not known what eventually happened to the man who asked them to supply him with a suit for a figure round about thirty shillings.

An express train recently crashed through the closed gates of a level-crossing in Yorkshire. As the driver did not pull up in order to see what damage he had done, it is supposed that he was originally a motorist.

Another walk from London to Brighton

is being organised. It is hoped that this habit will ultimately bring down the high cost of travelling.

The Hammersmith Council, says a news item, has placed an order for tiles in Belgium. Another shrewd stroke at the Sandringham hat.

"Trade combinations," declares Sir ROBERT HORNE, "are not responsible for the increased cost of living." We agree. The struggle for our last shilling between the dogged-as-does-it-butcher and the grocer who never knows when he is beaten is *à outrance*.

Next year is Census year, and people are kindly requested to be born early

"My lodger," said a complainant at Clerkenwell Police Court, "threatens to tear me up into pieces." It was pointed out to him that this would be a breach of the law.

During a duel on the cliffs near Boulogne one of the combatants deliberately fired his revolver into the sea, whereupon the other immediately fired into the air. There seems to be no end to the dangers which beset submarine-sailors and airmen.

A few days ago an angler at Southend-on-Sea fished up a silver chain purse containing four one-pound notes. His claim that a large leather wallet containing several fivers and a diamond ring broke the line and got away after a terrific struggle is being received with the usual caution.

The many critics of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL should remember that telephones are all right if people would only let them alone.

Our heart goes out to the veteran philosopher who, when caught climbing apple-trees in a farmer's orchard, pleaded that he had been tampering with a thyroid gland.

Five million typhoid germs, the property of Mr. JOHN GIBBON, are said to be at large in Philadelphia, according to *The Daily Express*. One of them is said to have got away disguised as a measles.

According to *The Daily Mail* a panic was recently caused in a Manchester tea-room by a rat which took refuge in the leg of a gentleman's trousers. This may not mean that the need of a new style of rat-proof trouser has attracted the interest of Carmelite House publicity agents, but we have our apprehensions.

"Hard work will kill no one," declares a literary editor. Most people, of course, prefer an occupation with a spice of danger about it.

"Madame —, Dressmaker, Milliner, and Ladies' making paths, tree lifting; planting; would suit nursery."—*Provincial Paper*. But would she do plain sowing?



Son. "MUVER, TELL ME 'OW FARVER GOT TER KNOW YER."
Mother. "ONE DYE I FELL INTO THE WATER AN' 'E JUMPED IN AN' FISHED ME AHT."
Son (thoughtfully). "H'M, THAT'S FUNNY; 'E WON'T LET ME LEARN TER SWIM."

in order to avoid the rush at the last moment.

A new bathing-suit invented by an official of the Royal Army Clothing Department is claimed to make drowning impossible. It is said to fill a long-felt want among young kittens.

Should this bathing-suit fail to save any person from drowning he can call at the office and have his money back.

We are asked to deny the rumour said to be current in Manchester to the effect that the PRIME MINISTER was contemplating publishing a Northern edition of his *New World*.

"To be happy, marry a brown-eyed girl," says *The Daily Graphic*. A correspondent writes to say that he invariably does.

THE STANDARD GOLF-BALL.

I do not want a standard ball,
 So many to the pound;
 Whether its girth is trim and svelte
 Or built to take an out-size belt,
 I hardly seem to care at all
 So long as it is round.

But it appears to my poor wit
 That we might well contrive
 A means by which the merest babe
 Would hold his own with MITCHELL (ABE),
 If we could have a standard *hit*
 (Especially the drive).

I want a limit made to bar
 The unrestricted whack
 (A hundred yards I think should be
 The length on which we might agree),
 And if you pushed the ball too far
 You'd have to bring it back.

And I should love a standard *lie*.
 A ball inside a cup
 Or latent under sand or whin
 Hampers my progress toward the pin;
 It would improve my game if I
 Could lift and tee it up.

But most, when tongues of golfers wag,
 Talking their dreadful shop
 Of rotten luck and stymies laid
 And chip-approaches, TAYLOR-made—
 Oh, then I want a standard *gag*
 To make the blighters stop.

O. S.

THE LANGUAGE FOR LOGIC.

"Very well," I said, "if Jones is laid up I'll go round myself."

Our French visitor chuckled quietly and then shrugged his shoulders by way of apology.

"Pardon," he murmured with the most disarming politeness, "but your English language it is so veray funny, and I 'ave not yet become quite used to it. Is it not that it lack the accuracy, what you call the logic, of the French?"

"Indeed," I said, without the least interest.

But my wife was all enthusiasm. She clapped her hands in delighted agreement. "M. du Val is quite right, Dickie," she said. "We are a frightfully illogical lot, aren't we? I mean, the French are able to say just exactly what they mean."

"Your reinforcement, Madame, it completes my victory," replied the Frenchman with a graceful gesture. "*Voyez, M'sieu*," he added, turning to me, "you 'ave just said zat your friend is laid up, when the unfortunate truth is, zat he is laid down, and because of zat you will encircle, surround, make a tour of your person."

"There, you see," said my wife flatly, "it's all utterly illogical. Think how logical the French are."

"Well, let us work it out," I said in hearty agreement. "As a start I solemnly declare that the French are not so logical as they don't think."

"As they *don't* think?" repeated my wife in surprise.

"Ah!" I retorted, "you are not so observant as you might not be. I was merely giving you a little French idiom, 'logically' and 'accurately' done into English."

"Mister," I next asked our ally, "your visit to England, will she be prolonged?"

"Who's the lady?" interrupted my wife.

"M. du Val's visit, of course, dear," I informed her. "You forget that the French are particularly logical with their genders."

"M'sieu!" murmured the guest, rather puzzled.

"I asked," I went on for M. du Val's edification, "because if you stay long enough you may have the pleasure of meeting the parents of Mistress my wife. They are coming to the house of us next month. His father is extremely anxious to see her daughter, whom he has not seen since his wedding—"

"Whom in the world are you talking about?" muttered my wife.

"Monsieur will readily understand," I said wickedly, "that I allude to my wife and their parents. I hope they will bring his brother with them."

"Her," you should say," my wife put in with the suspicion of a snap. "There's only Johnny and me."

"It was of Johnny I spoke," I assured her. "And, by the way, if you haven't heard the latest gossip it may interest you to hear that the young rascal has formed an attachment, and is very proud of her *fiancée*. She is an awfully pretty girl and quite athletic as well—in fact, his arm is not nearly so small as Johnny's isn't, and his carriage is perfect. Their eyes are lovely, while a poet would rave about his sweet nose, her rosebud mouth and their longs blacks hairs. Their shoes—"

"Oh, stop!" cried my wife. "You're muddling me all up. Are you talking about Johnny or—"

"Name of a pipe, my cabbage," I said, determined to give her logic with swear-words and endearments as well, "where has your reasoning gone to? Any logical Frenchman would tell you at once that I wasn't talking about Johnny, but about her girl. As I was saying, their shoes have each a dinky Gibson bow on her."

"M'sieu," reflected M. du Val in his polite way, "I begin to think zat you are getting ze advantage over me."

"Don't take any notice of him, Mosseer," pleaded my wife indignantly; "he's only pulling your leg."

"Pulling my—?" The Frenchman cogitated for a minute; then he understood and smiled in a superior way again. "All the same," he murmured quietly, "we French 'ave not *all* ze illogicalness, *n'est ce pas*?"

"Not quite all," I cheerfully agreed. "By the way, would you like to come with us this afternoon to the great Review in Hyde Park? Her Majesty the KING will be there, also the QUEEN and very likely His Royal Highness Princess MARY—"

"I come wiz muchness of pleasure," assented our guest very hurriedly. Then, being a thorough little sportsman, he added with a bow:—

"If M'sieu could persuade 'er wife to wear 'is new 'at, so veray charming?"

Another Apology Wanted.

"AN ATTRACTIVE EVENT AT — CHAPEL.

LADY ABSENT FOR FIRST TIME FOR FIFTY YEARS."

Provincial Paper.

"Dogs frequently go straight to destruction in this way, but an official of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Animals told an *Evening News* representative he did not think they had suicidal intentions."—*Evening News*.

If they had there would be less need for the Society.

"Persian Rugs for Sale by gentleman recently returned from Persia; various designs, old and modern; no dealers; preferably after six evenings."—*Daily Paper*.

This gentleman seems to have brought back with him the methods of the Oriental bazaar. Six evenings is about the average time for adjusting a bargain.



BALM FOR THE SICK MAN.

THE TURK (after reading report from Greece). "WELL DID THE INFIDEL SAY, 'WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT HONEST MEN COME BY THEIR OWN'!"



Parent (after tour of inspection of Art school). "YES, I THINK THIS WILL DO. I'LL SEND MY DAUGHTER HERE. YOUR VENTILATION SEEMS GOOD."

UNAUTHENTIC IMPRESSIONS.

IV.—DR. ADDISON.

THE ridiculous tradition of government by K.C.'s has for some time past been broken down, and quite a number of our present Ministers have never taken silk in their lives, except from cocoons in a match-box. There is at least one business man in the Cabinet, and even the LORD CHANCELLOR, great lawyer though he is, is almost equally renowned as a horseman. "He sits the Woolsack," a hard-riding Peer has said of him, "almost as though he were part of it."

Of this tendency to break away from the Bar Dr. Addison is one of the pleasantest examples. We Englishmen surely owe as much to our great physicians as to our great lawyers, and in some cases indeed the fees are even higher. After the Demosthenic periods and Ciceronian verbosity of some of our previous rulers Dr. Addison's bright bedside manner with an ailing or moribund Bill is a refreshing spectacle. The shrewd face under the shock of white hair is too well known to need descrip-

tion. The small black bag and the slight bulge in the top-hat, caused by the stethoscope, are equally familiar. Nor is there wanting in Dr. Addison that touch of firmness which is so necessary to a good practitioner and in his case comes partly, no doubt, from his Lincolnshire origin, for he was born in the county which has already produced such men as Sir ISAAC NEWTON, the late Lord TENNYSON, M. WORTH of Paris, the present Governor of South Australia and HERWARD THE WAKE.

None but the robustest of officials is allowed to direct the affairs of the new Ministry of Health. The patron saint of its Chief is St. Pancreas and his euphoria is reflected in his subordinates. His junior clerks whistle continuously, his liftmen yodel, his typists sing. Of his own official methods I have been privileged to obtain the report of an eye-witness. Let us suppose that, as frequently happens, a deputation of disappointed house-hunters has arrived to see him.

Leader of Deputation. We want houses and we won't wait.

Dr. Addison (tapping his forehead and glancing significantly at his Private Sec-

retary). Tek, tek! That's very serious. Shall we feel the pulse?

[Leader of Deputation puts his hand out. Private Secretary takes out his watch. Sixty seconds elapse.]

Dr. Addison. Do you take much walking exercise?

Leader of Deputation. No.

Dr. Addison. Ah, I thought as much.

"After breakfast walk a mile,
After dinner rest awhile."

What you need is a good sound constitutional every morning. If you see any houses, of course there is no objection to your looking at them. But keep on walking, mind; don't loiter. And come back to me in a month's time and we'll see how you are then.

[Exit Deputation, looking slightly dazed.]

Almost equally successful is Dr. Addison's professional method in dealing with representatives of the Building Trades Unions. A bricklayers' leader, let us say, has expounded at great length the technical difficulties which prevent rapidity of construction.

Dr. Addison (softly and suddenly). Take a deep breath. *(Bricklayer takes*

it.) Say ninety-nine! (*Bricklayer tries hard.*) Where do you feel the pain?

Bricklayer. In the shoulders and arms.

Dr. Addison. Tek, tek, we must go easy. Don't take it too quickly, and we'll have you right again before the year's out. Try three bricks a day and come and see me in a month's time.

These, however, are not the only methods by which Dr. ADDISON has attempted to remedy the crisis. At his suggestion a permanent sub-committee of the Cabinet, called "The Happy Homes for Heroes' Panel," was appointed, and it was during one of its sessions that the bright idea of Housing Bonds was originated, I believe by Sir ALFRED MOND. If the campaign has not met with the success which it deserves, the cause is probably to be found in the slightly unfortunate title whose assonance suggests to the public mind the "House of Bondage" in the Psalms. It would have been better, I think, to adopt Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN's suggestion, which was "The Cosy Cot Combine."

However, things are not as bad as they might seem, and outside one large suburb the other day I observed a gang of bricklayers actually in operation, anxiously hovered over by a clerk from the Ministry, thermometer in hand.

I think I have forgotten to mention in this brief sketch that Dr. ADDISON has a frame of iron. Since I have said it of all the other Cabinet Ministers of whom I have spoken, I ought certainly to say it of Dr. ADDISON too. Like Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, like Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, like Sir ERIC GEDDES, the MINISTER OF HEALTH AND HOUSING has a frame of iron. All that he really needs is the concrete. K.

ELEGIA MACCHERONICA.

[We print as it reaches us this strange incoherent ejaculatory effusion, signed "A Lover of the Old Italian Opera." With the general spirit of this valediction it is possible to feel a certain amount of sympathy, but the author is clearly inaccurate in including amongst the bygone glories of the institution which he deplures places, persons, musical and even culinary features which are by no means obsolete. We confess also to grave misgiving as to the purity of the writer's style, which in some lines seems to smack more of the debased Anglo-Italian of Soho than the crystal-clarity of the Tuscan of Carducci.]

O TEMPI passati!—
PAGANI, FRASCATI,
MASCAGNI, SGAMBATI—
O Asti spumante!
O scena cantante!
Polenta, risotto,
O contra-fagotto!
Sordini, spaghetti,
BELLINI, confetti.
O cioppo dal grillo!



Wealthy Parvenu (showing acquaintance his house, "ancestors," etc.). "AH! AN' THEY 'RE ALL TIP-TOP AN' PRE-WAR, MIND YER."

TARTINI del "trillo,"
Barbiere, "Di tanti,"
O fiaschi di Chianti!
O dolce solfeggio!
O caro arpeggio!
Salsiccia con veggio!
O lingua Toscana!
O bocca Romana!
O voce di petto!
Rigoletto, Masetto,
Stringendo e stretto,
O notte di festa!
E poi mal di testa.
O Caffè di GATTI!
O PASTA! O PATTI!
O PATTI! O PASTA!
O Brava! O Basta!
O danza San VITO!
Clemenza di Tito,

CAMILLO Boïto,
Sarasatro, "Qui sdegno,"
Da capo, dal segno,
ALBANI, ALBONI!
TREBELLII, GARDONI!
O coloratura!
O bella bravura!
O "Salve dimora!"
O Norma, Dinorah!
O lunga cadenza
Senza desinenza,
O tempo rubato!
Strumenti a fiato!
O pingue contralto!
O ponte di Rialto!
O basso profondo!
O fine del mondo!
O "voi che sapete!"—
PER SEMPRE VALETE!

RACING AS A BUSINESS.

[The kind of article which one may confidently look for in the sporting columns of a penny newspaper at this time of the year.]

FROM the very beginning of the season I have insisted that our objective should be "the winter's keep." Those who have stuck to me all along and played my system are on velvet.

During the flat-racing year I have given a hundred-and-fourteen selections. Let me just tabulate the results; I like tabulating, for it fills my column in no time.

Selections.	Won.	Second.	Third.	Unplaced.
114	5	8	1	100

N.B.—Non-starters neglected.

The above is a statement of which I may well be proud. I assert with confidence that few sporting journalists can show anything like this record.

Certain captious correspondents like "O. T." and "Disgusted" have pointed out that my selections during this period show a loss of £104 9s. 11½d. on a flat stake of £1. All I can say is that people who bet increasing stakes are increasing, while people who bet flat stakes are— Well, that disposes of "Disgusted" and "O. T." My readers know that my system is to have the minimum stake on the losers and the maximum stake on the winners. We shall never attain that abstract perfection, but we should keep this ideal before us. I believe in idealism; it pays.

Take yesterday's selections, for instance. Here they are, with results tabulated:—

1.00	Breathing Time .	Unplaced.
1.30	Taddenham . . .	Unplaced.
2.00	Aminta I. . . .	Unplaced.
2.30	Giddy Gertie . .	Non-starter.
3.00	Transformation .	Unplaced.
3.30	Likely Case . . .	Won—20 to 1 on.

That I consider a highly successful day's racing, provided your stakes were proportionally placed; and here again I must insist on my principle of maximum and minimum stakes.

Let us suppose, as naturally most of my readers did, that a backer went to the course with a bookmaker's credit of twenty thousand pounds and a thousand or so spare cash in his pocket. Being a shrewd man he would place £1 on Breathing Time to win. (I daresay even "O. T." and "Disgusted" did me the honour of following me so far.) On Taddenham, true to my principles, our backer would raise his stake to £1 10s. Aminta I. would carry £2, or £2 10s. if he were punting. But I cannot too strongly discourage this habit of making violent increases in stake; it is almost gambling. Much better put on only £2 with a safe bookmaker, such as Mr. Bob Mowbray, of Conduit Street, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in our columns.

To proceed, our backer finds to his relief that Giddy Gertie is a non-starter and retires to the refreshment bar for a bracer. The 2.30 race being run off he returns to the Ring for the serious business of the day. After examining Transformation in the paddock and listening to the comments of the knowing ones—"Too thick in the barrel," "Too long in the pastern," "Too moth-eaten in the coat"—he will exercise caution and, instead of "putting his shirt" on Transformation and plunging to the extent of, say, £5, will put up not more than £3 10s. and await the result with calmness. When Transformation is returned unplaced (or, as "O. T." and "Disgusted" would say, "also ran") our backer is not abashed. Taking full advantage of his credit he places his twenty thousand on Likely Case, together perhaps with the odd thousand or so in his pocket, being careful, however, to ascertain that his return ticket is still safely in his possession.

Our backer is shrewd enough to understand that this is a case for the maximum stake. Strong in his faith in my principle he sees Likely Case win with little surprise.

Returning to Town that evening he records his day's dealings in this manner:

	Lost.			Won.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Breathing Time .	1	0	0	—	—	—
Taddenham . . .	1	10	0	—	—	—
Aminta I. . . .	2	0	0	—	—	—
Giddy Gertie . .	—	—	—	—	—	—
Transformation .	3	10	0	—	—	—
Likely Case . . .	—	—	—	1,000	0	0
Expenses: Return ticket, entrances, three double b. & s., etc. . .	2	0	4	—	—	—
	10	0	4	1,000	0	0
				10	0	4
Balance	£989	19	8			

I may mention that the official s.p. of 20 to 1 on Likely Case is distinctly cramped. On the course it was possible to obtain more generous terms and lay only 19 to 1 on.

Thus one sportsman by careful observance of my principle has stacked up a goodly array of chips towards his winter's keep. All this goes to show that if a man will bet sanely and avoid "going for the gloves" he can make a modest competence on the Turf.

This afternoon the Vale Selling Plate of 300 sovs. is down for decision. To fill my space I cannot do better than give a list of

PROBABLE STARTERS AND JOCKEYS.

	st.	lb.	
MAYANA	9	7	Digby.
AVIGNON	9	3	Harris.
WISE UNCLE . . .	8	7	Holmes (O.)
PERIWIG	7	7	Benny.
BEATUS	7	0	Peters.

In Nurseries, Weight-for-age races

and so on I make it a rule to give only one selection, but in a struggle of this importance I expect to receive a little more latitude. Of these, then, I take Mayana and Periwig to beat the field. At the same time I feel strongly that Wise Uncle's form at Kempton was not correct, and that he will nearly win, if he can beat Beatus, who seems to be let in nicely at 7 st. All the above will be triers, but it is doubtful whether any amount of trying will enable them to beat Avignon, whose chances I am content to support. I conclude by wishing my readers a good time over this race.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE WORM.

THE worms, the worms, the wriggly worms,

They keep on eating earth,
And always in the grossest terms
Complain about their birth;
They have no eyes, they have no eyes,
They cannot read a book;
I wonder if they realise
What dreadful things they look.

The trowel cuts them quite in half,
It is a bitter cup;
They give a sour sardonic laugh
And sew the pieces up;
They sew them up and wind away
With seeming unconcern,
But oh, be careful! one fine day
I hear the worm will turn.

And though I don't know what it means,
I know what reptiles are;
They love to make unpleasant scenes
When people go too far;
However calm he seems to be
When only cut in two,
If you go cutting him in three
I don't know *what* he'd do!

A. P. H.

Effect of the Greek Imbroglia.

"Asked why *The Daily Mail* had been asked to send a representative, Mr. MacSweeney stated that Mr. MacCormack had cancelled an agreement with his agent, which meant the cancellation of a number of provincial engagements."—*Daily Paper*.

"AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARGOT ASQUITH."

POLY. PRICE 25/-

With 43 Illustrations.

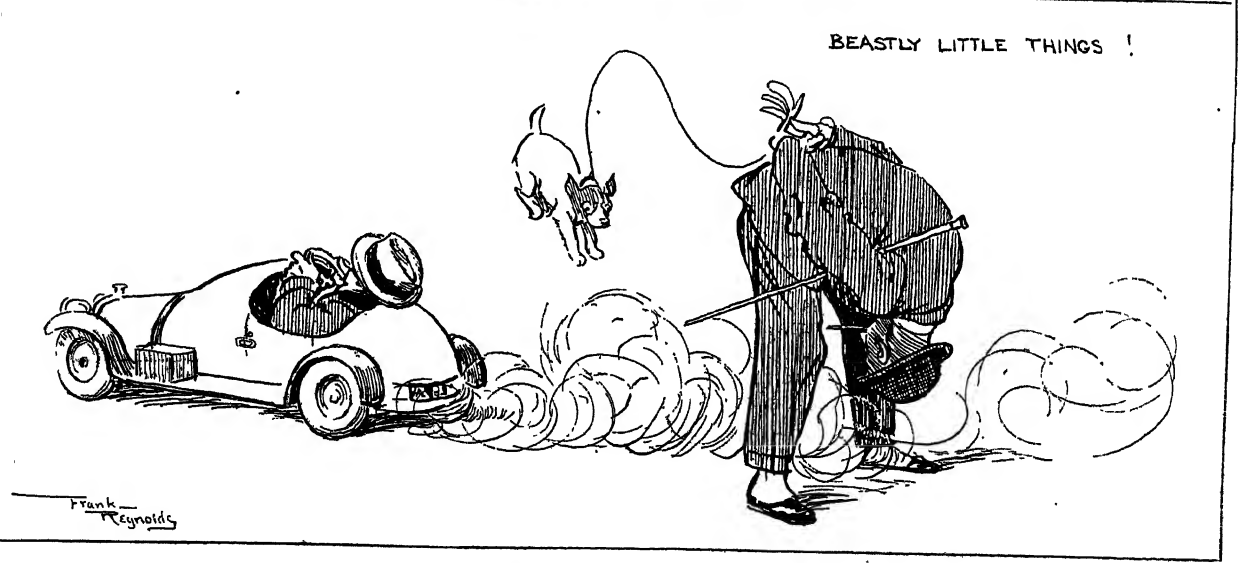
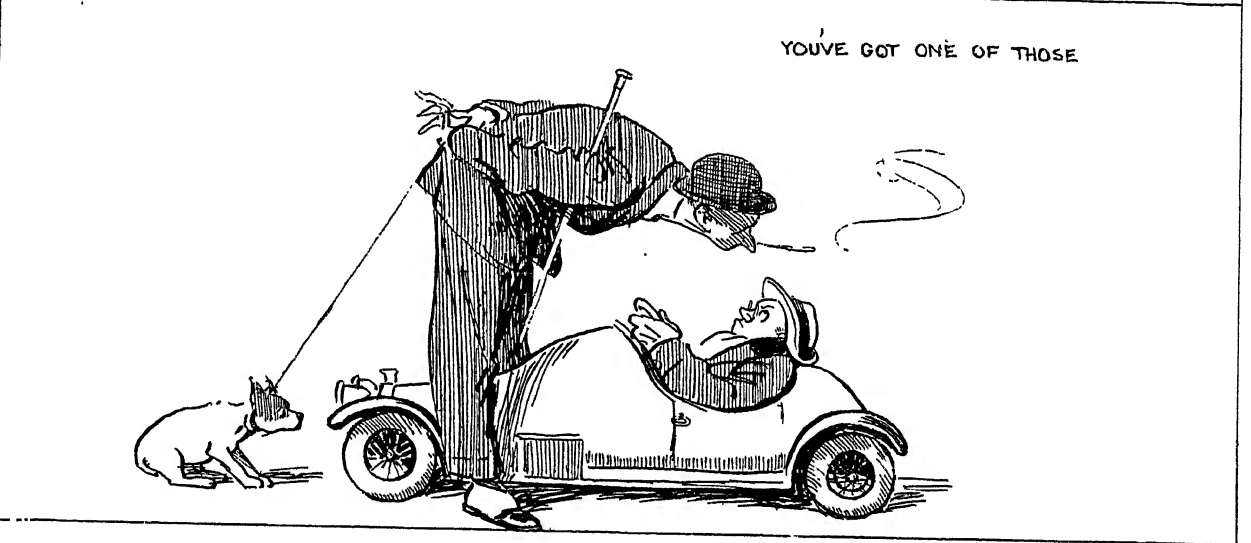
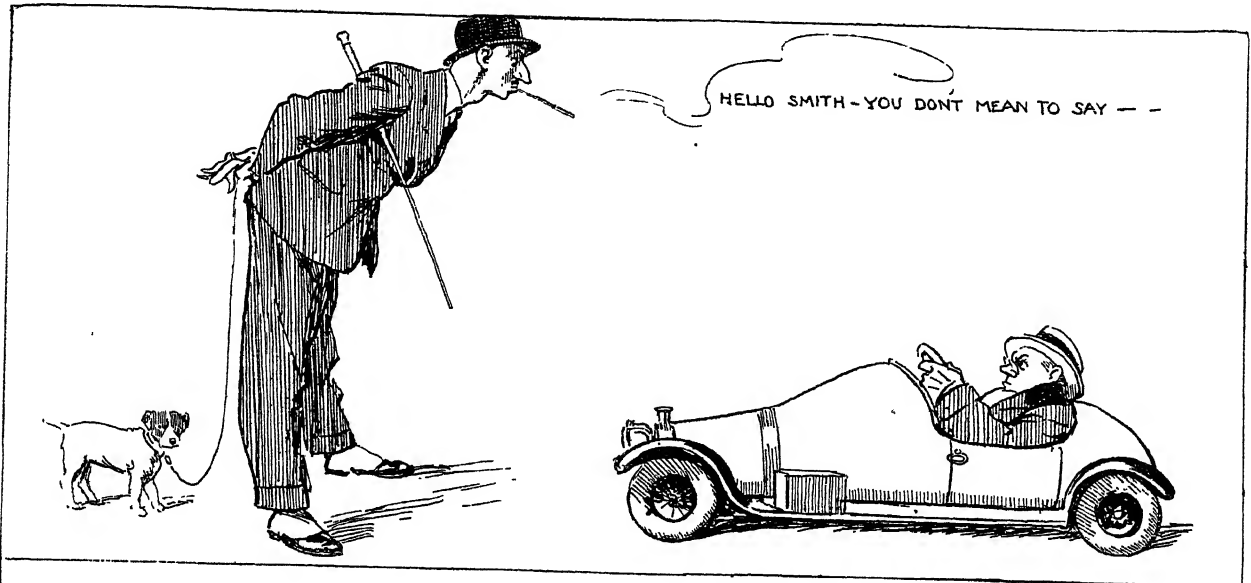
A NOAH'S ARK

With a real educational interest. Education without effort. Containing 25 animals, all perfectly drawn."—*Advt. in Glasgow Paper*.

Not at all a bad description.

"The Oxford University forwards created a very favourable impression against Major Stanley's XV. at Oxford yesterday, and were not to blame for the defeat of the University by 2 placed girls . . ."—*Daily Paper*.

Here's to the maidens of STANLEY'S XV.!



Frank Reynolds

THE HANDY LITTLE CAR.

THE PLACE OF THE TROMBONE IN THE BAND.

WHEN I speak of the place of the trombone in the band I am not referring to his site or locality. That is for the conductor to settle. My purpose is to give an intelligent reply to the oft-quoted query, "Why the trombone?"

Everybody knows that it is not in the band for musical purposes. It is not a musical instrument. The man who could extract music from a trombone could get grapes out of a coal-mine.

No, its *raison d'être* is mostly critical and punitive. It is there to see that the orchestra does its job and to put the fear of a hectic hereafter into the man who is out of step with his fellow-conspirators.

The uninformed have a vague idea that the conductor should do that with his little stick. But I put it to you, what use would a little stick be against a man like the big drum? A meat-axe would have some point, but the difficulties of conducting with a meat-axe will be obvious to even the least musical.

When the French horn, in the throes of a liver attack, sees supplementary spots on the score and plays them with abandon, or when the clarinet (or clarinet), having inadvertently sucked down a fly which in an adventurous mood

has strolled into one of those little holes in the instrument, coughs himself half out of his evening clothes, does the conductor forsake his air of austerity and use language unbefitting a solemn occasion? Does he pick up his music-stand and hurl it at the offender? He does not. It would be a breach of etiquette.

He simply signals to the trombone, who promptly turns the exit part of his instrument on the culprit and gives a bray that makes the unfortunate man's shirt-front crumple up like a concertina. That is discipline.

Then again the trombone is employed as a sort of brake when in a moment of excitement the rest of the orchestra has a tendency to overdo things.

For example, all will remember the throbbing moment at the end of the drama, where the hero and heroine, murmuring "At last!" fall into each other's arms and move slowly off the stage whilst the band starts up MEN-

DELSSOHN'S or GLÜCKSTEIN'S "Wedding March." The effect on an orchestra is immediate and immense. Somewhere behind each of these stiff shirt-fronts beats a heart that thrills at every suggestion of romance. It is well known that, when at intervals during a performance they retire through the man-hole under the stage, it is to imbibe another chapter of ETHEL M. DELL or of "Harried Hannah, the Bloomsbury Bride." And so the lingering embrace of the lovers sets them tingling and they tackle the "Wedding March" at the double. The clarinet (or clarinet) wipes the tears from his eyes and puts a sob in his rendering; the cornet unswallows his mouthpiece and, getting his under-jaw well jutted out, decides

perform the marriage ceremony there and then.

But the trombone introduces the hard practical note, the necessary corrective. His monotonous grunt is used to remind the audience of marriage as it is lived in real life, of the girl at breakfast in unmarcelled hair, of the man dropping cigarette-ash on the best carpet, of double income-tax, of her family, of his, of her bills for frocks, of his wandering off to golf or the club, and a host of other incidentals.

A reaction takes place among the audience. Men who had been a moment before estimating the price of a diamond-ring turn their thoughts to two-stroke motor-bicycles, and girls decide that love in a cottage is an over-rated pastime—especially when you can't get the cottage—and decide to wait a few years till a house or two has been built.

That is the chief function of the trombone—to pursue those who are wandering in the clouds and bring them to earth with a crash.

The Triumphs of Art.

"WOMAN SCULPTOR IN THE KREMLIN.

BOLSHEVIST BUSTS."

"Times" headlines.

"Rhodes bowled Ryder for a duck, and off his very next ball he got Moyes smartly stumped by Dolphin at point."

Irish Paper.

DOLPHIN must have acquired "the long arm of coincidence."

"LET'S CLASH WITH POLES."

Japan Gazette.

No, don't let's.

"Autumn made a lightning spring into winter yesterday."—Daily Paper.

England's seasons seem to be getting hopelessly intermingled.

"—Htl.—S. asp. Magnificently equipped."—Daily Paper.

Patronized by the late QUEEN CLEOPATRA.

"To LET, Furnished Bedroom, beard optional, terms moderate."—Local Paper.

Would suit almost any young shaver.

"A telephone call office has been opened at Mumps Post Office."—Official notice.

SUBSCRIBER.—Can you give me Mumps?

OPERATOR.—No, but I have got a bad cold if that is any use to you.

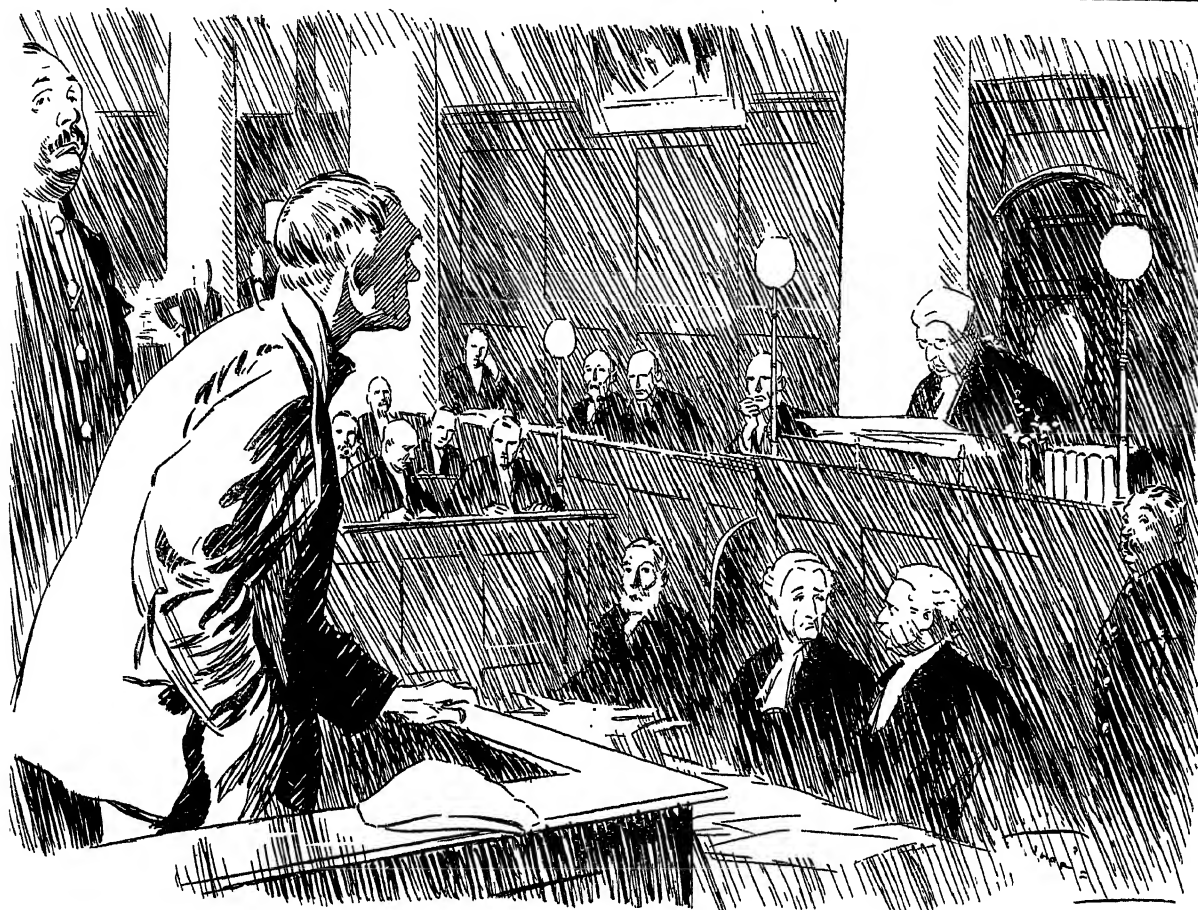


Press Photographer (to perfect stranger while arranging group on departure of popular personage). "HOLD YOUR HAT UP AND CHEER."

to put a jerk in it; the piccolo pickles with furious enthusiasm; the cello puts his instrument in top-gear with his left hand and saws away violently with the other; the triangle, who has fallen perhaps into a Euclidian dream, sits up and gets a move on; the stevedore—no, no, that is the next chapter—the oboe, the French horn, the kettledrum, the euphonium, the proscenium, the timbrel, the hautboy, the sackbut-and-ashes—all get a grip of the ground with both feet and let her go.

They try to depict golden lands of radiant sunshine, where beautiful couples stroll hand-in-hand for ever and the voice of the turtle replaces that of the raucous vendor of the racing edition.

If they were allowed to have their way the effect on the unmarried portion of the audience would be to send them rushing out of the theatres and dragging registrars out of a sick-bed in order to



"WELL, AND WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE AGAIN?"

"FORCE OF 'ABIT."

MY WEATHER-GUIDE.

I WAS admiring Cripstock's barometer.

"Take it," he said.

"My dear Cripstock!" I exclaimed, as I pulled it from the wall.

"My dear fellow!" he replied, in tones more of gratitude than of generosity.

I have fastened it in my hall at the regulation distance from the hat-rack and between the assegais. It will be nice company for the dinner-gong, which it faces. I purposely did not place them side by side, for fear of any error in tapping.

These delicate contrivances do not readily settle down in a new home, and for a week I ignored the barometer. This may have seemed unfriendly to a newcomer, yet surely it was kind not to observe any faults it might display during its novitiate. When on the Saturday morning I scrutinised it for the first time I saw it pointed to "Stormy." I hastened over breakfast in order to get into the garden in time to fix up the starboard fence. After working feverishly for three hours, glancing at the sky at frequent intervals, I heard the

"All clear" signalled from a back window, the needle having swung round to "Set Fair."

There it remained for several days, a marvel of accuracy. My poor umbrella began to wear a look of neglect, but my walking-stick was jubilant. "Set Fair" it was again on the Friday, and again I set out with my happy malacca.

On my return wet through I had another proof of the excellence of my faithful aneroid. Its needle pointed imperatively to "Change." This, in fact, I had already decided to do, but to a less careful man the instruction must have been of inestimable advantage.

OUR "PROMISED" LAND.

(An "explanation" of another of the PREMIER's election "promises.")

My emotion I well can remember
O'er a "promise" that somewhere
I'd seen

One night, away back in December
Anno Domini 1918.

Happy tears in my orbs began wellin'
As I read how the England-to-be
Would become a fit message to dwell in
For heroes like me.

Refreshed by an access of ardour

I returned to my business in town;
But, as life seemed each day to grow
harder,

I despaired of its joy and its crown;
Till, fed up with a "tale" for poor
Tommies,

My temper I finally lost,
And pronounced that oracular "promise"

A palpable frost.

But I've tumbled at last to my error;

For, although I am far from content,
I know that this era of terror

Is just what the Government meant;
When through England so bell-like and
clear rose

That eager, that passionate vow;
Since none but a race of real heroes
Can live in it now.

Commercial Candour.

"SITUATIONS WANTED.

Housemaid, unscrupulously clean."

Melbourne Argus.

"Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., has added
2½ stones to his stature since he left the
nursing home in Leeds."—Daily Mail.
And three cubits to his weight.



MORE HINTS TO SOCIAL CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

THE BROWN LADY.

WE were talking of the sex, the dark and the fair, and "Give me," he said, "a brunette every time. But how seldom one meets them now!"

I expressed surprise at this.

"Yes," he said, "it is so. Plenty of women with dark hair, but not dark skins. The true brunette is very rare."

"I know one," I said; "probably the most perfect brunette in London."

"Young?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Could I—would you take me to see her?" he asked.

"Certainly," I said.

"When?" he asked.

"Now," I said; "this afternoon. But we must hurry. Her servants have orders not to let anyone in after four."

"You're sure she won't mind?" he asked.

"Absolutely," I said. "My friends are hers. I've introduced lots of people to her and she's delighted."

He smiled blissfully.

Having obtained a taxi I gave an address in Regent's Park, but told the

driver to stop at a shop on the way.

"She loves sweets," I explained.

"They all do," he replied, with the sententiousness of gallantry, as though speaking from abysmal depths of knowledge.

"Yes, but she has a more catholic taste than most," I said. "She's the only brunette—or, if it comes to that, the only blonde—I ever knew with a weakness for—well, I'll make you guess."

"Preserved ginger?" he suggested.

"No," I said.

"American pop-corn?"

"Not that I know," I said.

"Tell me," he replied.

"Condensed milk," I said.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed.

"Condensed milk? That's the oddest thing I've ever heard."

"That's what I'm getting," I said; "and it won't injure your chances with her if you take her a pot of honey."

"But I don't know her," he submitted.

"It doesn't matter," I said; "she's the most unconventional creature in the world—just a child of nature."

"Delicious!" he murmured.

"She's a Canadian, you see," I added.

"Oh, a Canadian," he replied, as though that explained everything. "And, by the way, what's her name?"

"She lets me call her Winnie," I said.

"And what do I call her?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "if I were you I'd call her Winnie too. She'd love it."

"This is extraordinarily interesting," he replied. "But you know I'm far too shy to do a thing like that."

When, however, the time came and we were shown into Winnie's drawing-room in Mappin Terrace and the most adorable brown bear in captivity came lumbering towards us, he called her Winnie as naturally as her keeper does or any of the Canadian soldiers whose mascot she was, and he held the honey-pot for her until her tongue had extracted every drop. She then clawed at his pocket for more.

"I told you she'd like you," I said. "Isn't she a pet? And a brunette all right? I didn't deceive you."

"She's perfect," he said. "Absolutely the Queen of She-Bears."

And so say all good Zoologists.

E. V. L.



A GERMAN INVASION.

HERR NOAH (to Frau Noah). "HERE WE ARE AGAIN—JUST AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 22nd.—Fortunately or unfortunately, according to one's point of view, this deponent was not a spectator of the fight in the House of Commons this afternoon, having been himself previously knocked out by a catarrhal microbe possessing, as the sporting journals say, "a remark-



A LECTURE TO THE UPPER SCHOOL.
LORD BIRKENHEAD.

able punch." He therefore gives the fracas an honourable miss.

The Tariff Reformers were horrified to hear from Sir ROBERT HORNE that nearly four hundred thousand pounds' worth of clocks had been imported from Germany this year. They were quite under the impression that when we wound up the Watch on the Rhine clocks were included.

They were still more surprised to learn that without further legislation it is impossible for British parents, when purchasing toys for their children, to be sure that they are not the productions of our late enemies. It would appear that the famous label, "Made in Germany," which did so much to advertise the products of the Fatherland before the War, has now outlived its usefulness; but the goods are coming along just the same.

Tuesday, November 23rd.—Lord BIRKENHEAD's complete recovery from his recent ear-trouble was attested by the ease and mastery of his speech in moving the Second Reading of the Government of Ireland Bill. Some men in this situation might have been a little embarrassed by their past. But Sir EDWARD CARSON's erstwhile "galloper" neither forgot nor apologised for his daring feats of horsemanship, and triumph-

antly produced a letter from his former chief assuring "my dear Lord Chancellor" that "Ulster" had come round to the view that "the best and only solution of the question is to accept the present Bill and to endeavour to work it loyally."

For the rest he minimised the temporary partition of Ireland and laid stress on the ultimate union to be effected by the Council of Ireland; magnified the financial advantages—seven millions is the sum he reckons Southern Ireland will ultimately have to play with—and hinted that they might be further stretched "if peace were offered to us by any body which was qualified to speak for Irish opinion."

For a time little encouragement came from the Irish Peers. Lord DUNRAVEN moved the rejection of the Bill, on the ground that there could never be permanent peace in Ireland until moderate opinion was behind the law, and that moderate opinion would not be satisfied without full financial control. Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE spoke as an unrepentant Unionist, and Lord CLANWILLIAM bluntly declared that the Irish were one of those peoples who were unfit to govern themselves and who had got to be governed.

The Duke of ABERCORN, as an Ulsterman, supported the Bill, and Lord HALDANE gave an elegant exhibition of the military exercise known as "the balance step without advancing." It was not the Bill he would have drafted, and the Government must pass it on their own responsibility. Still he thought it should be given a chance.

In the Commons Sir ARCHIBALD WILLIAMSON gave an account of the remarkable transmigrations of the Egyptian G.H.Q., which within a few weeks was located at the Savoy Hotel, the Abbassiah Barracks and the Eden Hotel. "Each move was made from motives of economy." Sir ALFRED MOND is understood to be most anxious to know how this game is played. He can manage the first moves all right, but never achieves a winning position.

Wednesday, November 24th.—Those who were fortunate enough to hear Viscount GREY's speech on the Government of Ireland Bill speak of it as on a par with that which he delivered as the spokesman of the nation on August 3rd, 1914. To me it did not appear quite so plain and coherent; but who can be plain and coherent about the Irish Question? Lord GREY thinks, for example, that if the Government made a more liberal offer to Nationalist Ireland the pressure of moderate opinion would put an end to murders and outrages. But how would that moderate opinion be able to overcome the ter-

rorism of the secret societies, which, as Lord BRYCE told the Peers, have dogged every Irish patriotic movement since the eighteenth century and which will admit no compromise with the hated invader?

The debate was neatly summarised by Lord RIBBLESDALE, who said, "We are all Home Rulers, but each of us thinks the other fellow's brand is wrong."

The state of Ireland was at that moment being debated in the Commons, when Mr. ASQUITH found himself saddled with the introduction of a motion which, while nominally blaming the Irish Executive, really accused the soldiers and police of attacking the lives and property of innocent people. The awkwardness of the situation was reflected in the terms of his indictment. At one moment the charge was that houses and creameries were destroyed "without discrimination" between innocent and guilty; at the next the House was asked to note "overwhelming evidence of organisation." His only suggestion for a remedy was that we should get into touch with "the real opinion of the great bulk of the Irish people," but he did not indicate how it was to be done or what the opinion would be when you got to it.

Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD is quite clear that you won't get to it until you have crushed the murder-gang which is terrorising the great mass of the Southern Irish people, not excluding "the intellectual leaders of Sinn Féin."



"The balance step without advancing."
LORD HALDANE.

Colonel JOHN WARD cleverly remodelled the resolution into a vote of thanks to the servants of the Crown in Ireland for their courage and devotion, and this was eventually adopted by 303 votes to 83.

Thursday, November 25th.—For the

first time in its history the House of Lords gave a Second Reading to a Home Rule Bill for Ireland. Up to the very last the issue was in doubt, for Lord MIDLETON's motion that the debate should be adjourned for a fortnight, in order that a more generous financial scheme might be produced, attracted two classes of Peers—those who are resigned to Home Rule, but want a better brand, and those who won't have it at any price or in any shape.

On the steps of the Throne sat the PRIME MINISTER, whose humility in going no higher will doubtless receive favourable comment in Welsh pulpits. He was accompanied—I will not say shepherded—by Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD and Sir EDWARD CARSON. What signals, if any, passed between this triumvirate and the Woolsack I cannot say, but the fact remains that, after a brief chat with the LORD CHANCELLOR, Lord CURZON came down heavily against the motion. An adjournment would be useless unless it produced peace. But could Lord MIDLETON guarantee that even the most complete fiscal autonomy would satisfy Sinn Fein? If later on, when the Irish Parliaments were in operation, a demand came from a united Ireland, the Government would give it friendly consideration. Lord MIDLETON's motion having been rejected by eighty-six votes, and Lord DUNRAVEN's by ninety, the Second Reading was agreed to without a division.

In the Commons a final attempt to defeat the Agricultural Bill was made by the Farmers' Party. Mr. COURT-HOPE declared that the Bill would produce only doubt and uncertainty, whereas the farmer needed confidence, a plant of slow growth (as we know on the authority of another statesman), which would not flourish under bureaucratic supervision. Sir F. BANBURY said the measure must end in nationalisation, and he would prefer nationalisation—*cum* proper compensation, of course—straight away. The surprising statement by a Labour Member, that the farmers had subsidised the nation to the extent of forty millions a year by selling at less than world-prices, may have helped to placate their champions, who had not quite realised what generous fellows they were, for only a dozen stalwarts carried their protest into the Division Lobby.

"Learn to be independent of domestics. In four months I undertake to train any young girl of good family, and willing to learn, as a thoroughly competent and economical Plain Cook. Live in as one of family. Three maids kept. Mrs. —."—*Church Times*.
The advertiser seems to fight shy of her own medicine.

IMPROVING "HANSARD."

If *Hansard* would only introduce a little brightness into its bald and unconvincing narrative of Parliamentary procedure it would provide reading-matter which would grip the heart and stir the emotions, winning many new readers from the students of fiction and other light literature. *Hansard* will otherwise never find it worth while to organise sand-castle competitions for the little ones about its certified net sales.

It suffers under the disadvantage of having no sporting expert, no front-rank descriptive writer and no specialist in the humanities (sometimes known as a sob-artist) on its staff. That is why



Lord Curzon. "Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE still remained a magnificent relic of the Old Guard."

it reports a soul-stirring incident in the following terms?—

"Mr. X. struck out, and unintentionally hit an hon. member (Mr. Y.), who was sitting in close proximity. Grave disorder having thus arisen, Mr. Speaker rose and ordered the suspension of the sitting under Standing Order No. 21."

How differently the thing might have been done if put into competent hands. Would not something like the following (though far short of perfection, we admit) have been more acceptable to the general reader?—

Mr. X's erstwhile florid face paled. An ugly look invaded his features of normally classic beauty. Flinging off his braided morning-coat he flew at his opponent. Parrying with his right he brought his left well home

with a middle-and-off jab, tapping the claret—a pretty blow, whose only defect was that it struck the wrong face.

Other honourable Members hastened to join the *mêlée*. Pince-nez flew in every direction, toupées were disarranged, dental plates shook to their very foundations. The opposition pack worked well, displaying brilliant footwork, tackling low and dodging neatly the dangerous cross-kicks of their opponents. The heel-work, while above the average, was too often below the belt.

Meanwhile the only lady Member present sat pale and bright-eyed, a silent spectator. Her mind, working rapidly, sensed an impending catastrophe. What could she do to emphasise the woman's point of view? At the sight of blood she nerved herself with a supreme effort to remain in her place. Then, springing to action, she tore her dainty handkerchief into strips with which to provide the bandages which it seemed would inevitably be needed.

At last silence reigned. The collar-studs were collected from the floor of the House and the few remaining Members breathlessly awaited the resumption of the sitting.

As the hon. Member apologised every throat was dry, but most of the eyes were moist. The gracious acceptance of the apology moved strong men to weep aloud until called to order. And there, in the background, sat she whose woman's wit had shown the better way.

Commercial Menace.

"Taxis for Hire. Bouts and Trains met. Picnic and Wedding Parties promptly attended to and executed with reliability."

"There were only 67 persons enjoying annual incomes of £200,000 or over in 1918, upon whom a tax of about £28,000,000 was levied."—*Daily Paper*.

What are we coming to!

"THE GARDEN.

VIOLINS.—For sale, several second-hand Violins."—*Local Paper*.

They should harmonize well with the violas in the next bed.

"Mr. — (the bride's brother) was at the organ, and played the 'Bridle March' (Lohen-grin)."—*Local Paper*.

While the happy pair were on their way to the halter.

"An advertisement in a morning paper for 20 laborers to do stone work resulted in 400 applicants assembling in front of the Peter-sham P.O., where the advertiser had promised to meet them. To their intense disgust he failed to materialise. The general opinion is that the advertisement was a hoax."

Australian Paper.

A frost anyway.



A SIXPENNY-BIT—PLAIN.



W.BIRD

THE USES OF GESTURE.

ONE PENNY—WITH APLOMB.

"G.B.R.L."

G.B.R.L.'s are an old-established convention in my family. Joan and Pauline ("Porgie" *libentius audit*) are exceptional authorities on the animal world in general; exceptional, at any rate, for their years, which respectively total four-spot-six and two-spot-five. They confound their parents daily with questions relating to the habits of marmots or the language of kiwis. But they never talk about "lions," *tout court*. A lion is, *ex-officio* and *ipso facto*, a Great-Big-Roarin'-Lion—always has been: in short, a G.B.R.L.

It reminds me of a man I know who was made a G.B.E.; but that's another story, and Joan wouldn't see the joke of it anyhow, though I know she would smile politely.

But in this matter of lions, from which I am tending to digress, the old G.B.R. convention has just been weighed in the balance and found wanting. It came about in this wise. Joan's and Porgie's Uncle Barney (his nose is *rétroussé*, if anything, only he had the misfortune to be born on St. Barnabas' Day) departed the other day for Africa's sunny shores—for Algiers, in fact—to nurse a tedious trench legacy. This, of course, was a matter of great concern to his nieces, in whose eyes he is distinctly *persona grata*, owing to his command of persiflage and taste in confectionery.

I went into the nursery on the fateful morning to break the sad news. My

daughters were at breakfast and I was just in time to hear Joan's grace, "Thank God for our b'ekfas'—and *do* make us good." The extremely sanctimonious tone in which this was delivered, combined with the melodramatic scowl which marred the usual serenity of Porgie's countenance, convinced me that the morning had commenced inauspiciously and that it would be well to gild the pill which I had to administer.

"Hallo, stout women," I said cheerfully. Joan looked politely bored but made no reply.

"Not 'tout wimmin," said Porgie heavily and uncompromisingly. Obviously it was too early in the day for any of that sparkling back-chat for which my daughters are so justly famed. So I got down to hard tacks at once.

"Your Uncle Barney," I said, "is going to Algiers to-day."

I explained that Algiers was in Africa, where the black men come from. Joan was mildly intrigued. She opined that her Uncle Barney would follow the local customs (as she understood them) and wear no clothes. I said I doubted if his medical adviser would approve of his carrying international courtesy to such an extreme. Joan was frankly disappointed. So I tried again.

"I expect he'll see some lions in Africa," I suggested.

Joan's interest revived. "Great-big-roarin'-lions," she corrected me. Porgie

expressed herself, as usual, in precisely similar terms.

"Yes," I said feelingly, "great big roarers. I expect they'll eat him up quite soon."

Joan looked deeply concerned at this callous prediction, and the corners of Porgie's mouth drooped ominously.

"I don't like roarin' lions," said Joan.

"Don't nike roarin' nions," said Porgie.

"Are they in cages?" suggested Joan hopefully. This was an excellent idea.

"Of course they are," I said with great heartiness.

Joan was not satisfied. "Will they roar when they see Uncle Barney?" she inquired.

This gave me my chance most unexpectedly. "I should just think they will," I said. "If they see him dressed like your black men, they'll roar till the tears pour down their cheeks."

"I 'spect they'd be laughing at him," said Joan, gracefully helping me out.

"I 'spect so," I replied.

"I see," said Joan comfortably.

"I see," said Porgie.

* * * * *

So G.B.R.L. has come to have a new and a more genial significance, thanks to Uncle Barney.

"Vacant Possession, through sickness.—Capital Chop, with good living accommodation, in best business position."—*Daily Paper*. Purchaser will acquire a steak in the country.



ANOTHER CHILD ACTRESS.

Mrs. Bluff (a popular pauper). "Now, FANNY, WHAT'LL YER SAY WHEN I TAKES YER INTO THE KIND LADY'S DRORIN'-ROOM?"

Fanny (thoroughly proficient). "OH, THAT'S AN EASY ONE. I'LL PUT ON A BEWTFUL LORST LOOK AN' SAY, 'MUVVER, THIS IS 'EAVEN!'"

Mr. Punch's Misquotations.

Of a prima donna who sang in a private drawing-room: "At a party she gave what was meant for mankind." (GOLDSMITH).

"FAR-FETCHED HERRING."

"The steam drifter *Bruces* landed at Buckie to-day the furthest-fetched catch of herrings on record. The herrings were caught on the Yarmouth grounds, over 4000 miles distant." *Scotch Paper.*

The last detail seems as far-fetched as the fish.

"Lost, in Paragon Street or Station, Black Dog with purse, money, eyeglass and papers; name and address inside.—Reward returning same."—*Daily Paper.*

But suppose the finder is an anti-vivisectionist?

There was a young lady named Janet,
Who committed high treason in Thanet;
She dressed up her cat
In a *Daily Mail* hat,
And was promptly fired out of this planet.

ONE TOUCH OF DICKENS.

KNOWING that there was everything in my appearance to command respect, I went into the manager's room with confidence. Lean and brown and middle-aged, in a tweed coat and grey flannel trousers, which, though not new, were well cut, I felt that I looked like one accustomed to put in and take out sums from banks. There was no trying for effect, no effort, no tie-pin. The stick I carried was a plain ash. The pipe, which I removed from my mouth, had no silver mounting. Ah, but it showed the tiny mother-of-pearl star which stamped it as a Bungknoll. There was going to be no difficulty here.

"Good morning," I said. "I regret to trouble a busy man over a small matter, but I wish to cash a cheque for ten pounds."

He was a quiet, capable-looking man with a rather tired expression.

"The cashing of cheques," he said, laying down his pipe, "is one item of our duties."

"Unfortunately," I continued, "I have run short of money. I bought a rather good print in a shop down the road and it has left me without any. I can give a cheque on Bilson's, but the banks in town close to-morrow and it would mean waiting three days, so I hope that you will be able to——"

"You can bring someone to identify you, of course?" he said, reaching for a bell.

"I am sorry to say that I am unknown here. I am all right at the hotel, but I don't like to ask the people for money. I have brought only a small bag, and what with the races and so forth I might expose myself to a disagreeable refusal."

"Yes," he said, "you might. But I'm afraid I can't cash a cheque for you without an identification. I'll send it for collection if you like."

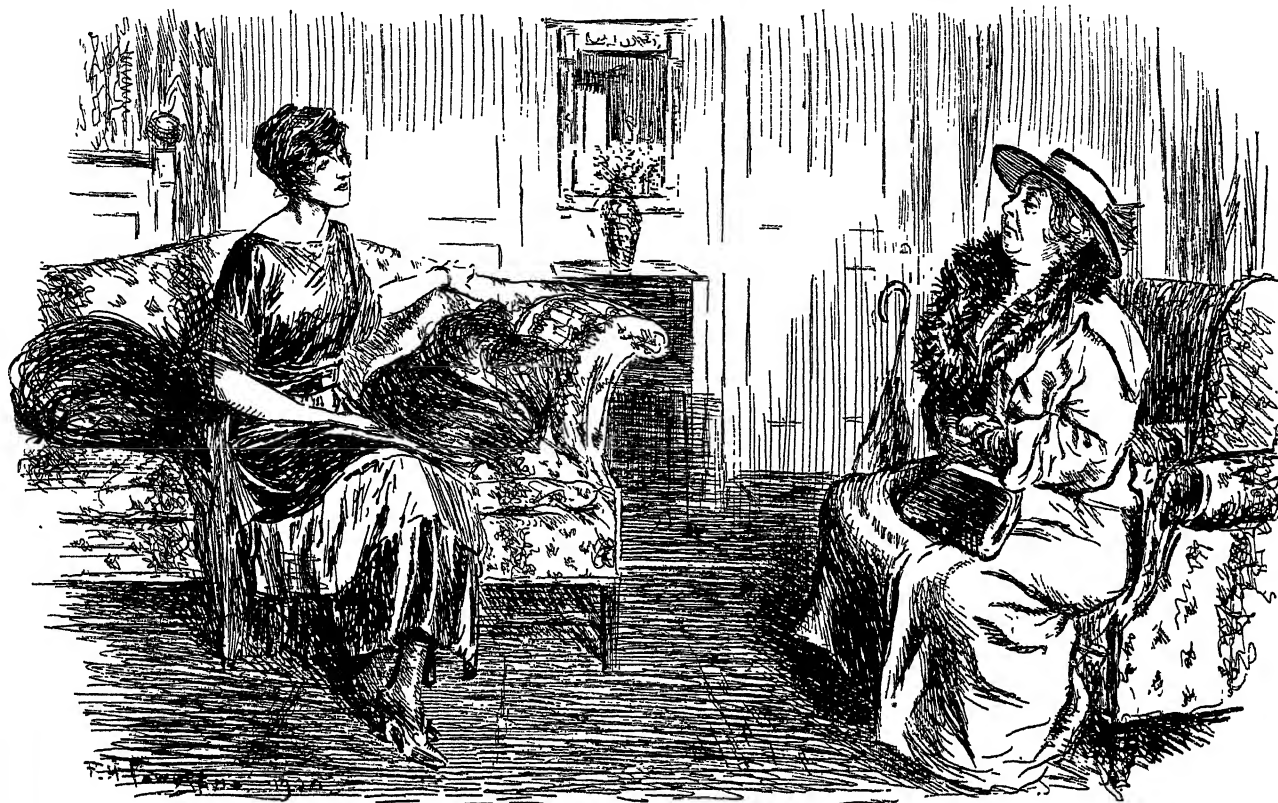
"But that means waiting for days, and I haven't a shilling left. I came here for a week to look at the country about your town—a beautiful little town." I added this diplomatically.

"Do you think so? I consider it a hole. But I don't know much about it as I'm only here for a week. However, I'm sorry I can't help you except in the way I mentioned."

"But look here—do I look like the kind of man who plays tricks? Here is my card and my club address. And letters"—I tore one out of an envelope, but it was the one from Mosbyson's reminding me that they had already applied twice for payment—"but letters are of little use to identify one."

"They are," he agreed.

"The fact is, among other things I



Lady (to applicant for situation as cook). "HAVE YOU BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO HAVE A KITCHEN-MAID UNDER YOU?"
Cook. "IN THESE DAYS WE NEVER SPEAK OF HAVING PEOPLE 'UNDER US.' BUT I HAVE HAD COLLEAGUES."

want to buy another print which I have just caught sight of. It may be snapped up at any moment, like the one I snapped up yesterday."

"Let it go. It's probably a fake."

"Which one?" I said hotly. "The one I bought yesterday or the one I'm going to buy?"

"Both. But I can't cash your cheque."

"But look at the mess I'll be in. Would you have me pawn my watch?"

"I would not; neither would I have you not do so, if you take my meaning."

"I see," I said bitterly. "In plain words you are indifferent to my fate."

He smiled slightly and reached for a match to re-light his pipe.

My blood was up. I would not be defied by this man; at least, not completely. "Very well," I said coldly, "I will leave my cheque for ten pounds with you and take only a couple on account."

"I couldn't do that either."

"Well, a pound will have to do then."

"No."

"Then," I said in despair, "we come to the ridiculously small amount of eighteenpence. Ha, ha!"

"And that," he answered, "would be equally objectionable."

I started. "Come," I said, "you are human after all. You can quote at random from DICKENS. You read him?"

"I do. When not engaged in business pursuits." He looked anxiously at the clock.

"Who was *Mrs. Chickenstalker*?" I asked sternly.

"She kept a shop. In *The Haunted Man*."

"Whom did *Mr. Wopsle* marry?"

"Nobody. But hadn't you better see about your watch?"

"Not yet. How many glasses of punch did *Mr. Pickwick* drink on One Tree Hill?"

"Depends on how you count them. I make it eight."

"Correct. Look here—have you thought about the bagman's story—the first one? He says it is eighty years since the events he relates took place, and that would carry it back to 1747. And yet the traveller damns his straps and whiskers. Why, if he'd worn strapped trousers and whiskers in those days he'd have had a mob after him."

"Yes, and he wouldn't have been driving a gig on Marlborough downs. He'd have been riding with pistols in his holsters, wrapped in a horseman's cloak and wearing a plain bobwig. I've thought of that too."

"I see you have. But there's another—"

"Let me. Can you account for this? *Martin Chuzzlewit* left *Mr. Pecksniff's*

house in the late autumn—say the last of November to be on the safe side. He stays five weeks in London and then goes to America—say another five weeks. Then, after a week in *Major Pawkins'* boarding-house, he goes to a place which is identified as the original site of Cairo, Illinois—say another week. This would land him there at the end of February, when everything is frozen stiff. But they travelled down the river in a heat that blistered everything it touched."

"No," I said jealously, "I have not thought of that. Wonderful, isn't it, how one likes to catch DICKENS in a mistake? Like having a joke on a good old friend."

"Exactly," he said ardently, "I wish I had more time—"

"If you're free this evening come and dine with me at the 'Bull.' At about eight, if you can."

"I'd like to very much. Thanks. I'll come."

"I've thought of two more," I said; "but I'll go now, as you must be busy, so good-bye for the present. A bit before eight."

"I'll be there. I am rather busy just now. Good morning." He rang the bell. "Oh, *Mr. Jounce*," he said to the underling who appeared, "will you please cash this gentleman's cheque?"

AN UNLIKELY STORY.

I AM hoping very much that this story will, as Agony Column advertisements put it, meet the eye of a certain Professor at a certain Academy of Music. Of course I might tell it to him myself, as he happens to be my Professor, at least from 7 to 7.45 on Friday evenings; but it is a story which involves a great deal of explanation and, well—things on the whole get believed better in print.

To be quite frank I did begin telling him at the time, but I saw that the first two words had destroyed his faith in the rest of it. I don't really blame him, for it began with "my cleaner," and I don't suppose that he has the ghost of an idea that, if you teach cooking, as I do, under the London County Council, they kindly keep a charlady to wash up for you and so on, and they call her a "cleaner."

The Professor is a very bad listener. I might have managed to explain to him what a cleaner is, but I never could have made him see why she was having tea with me, so I gave it up.

Really it is so simple. She lives at Cambridge Heath; I live at Croydon, which doesn't sound as countrified but is really so much nicer than no Croydon people who knew Cambridge Heathers could help asking them to tea at least once a year, when the garden was at its best. My cleaner's visit is always very delightful, because she makes the garden seem at least four times its usual size by sheer admiration; but this year, just as she was getting into her stride, it began to rain, and we had to seek refuge by the piano.

We sang "Where the Bee Sucks" and "Annie Laurie" very successfully, and she at last thawed to the extent of remarking that she would give us a "chune," though she "hadn't stood up" to sing by herself "for donkey's ears." Stipulating that someone should help her out if the need arose, she investigated the inside of the piano-stool where the music lives, looking for a suitable song, and made, to her horror, the discovery that among all the odd pages it contained there was not one that had ever adhered to a piece called "The Maxeema," nor yet to a song which asks how someone is "Goin' to keep 'em down on the farm now they've seen gay Paree?"

The painful incident was passed over at the time, "The Long Trail" being discovered at the bottom of the pile and satisfactorily negotiated, and I forgot all about it until the next Friday evening, when, just as I was about to shake the dust of Cambridge Heath off

my shoes, my cleaner, rising from her scrubbing, wiped her hands on her apron, produced two large limp sheets of white paper which resolved themselves into the music I ought to have had and hadn't, and pressed them upon me with all the eagerness of a more than cheerful giver.

A kind of panic seized me, for on Friday evenings I make the Academy of Music as it were a half-way house on my way home. Under the cleaner's kind and beaming glance there was nothing to do but put them into the attaché case in which I carry my music and try to believe that, wonderful man as he is, even my Professor wouldn't be able to see inside it when it was shut, in fact that it only rested with me to be quite sure that in his presence I only took out Chopin and not the gentleman who was interested in farming.

And I managed nicely. I took out the "Nocturnes" and shut the case up again before the cleverest (and nicest) of Professors could have guessed the company they were keeping, and he was graciously pleased to nod, instead of shaking his head, for most of the three-quarters of an hour. He really must have been pleased with me, for at 7.45 he told me that I showed marked improvement, and then kept me till 7.49 while he explained that a *flair* for the best of music such as I exhibited was both uncommon and, from a Professor's point of view, exceedingly enjoyable. At 7.50—he, benign, I blushful—we approached the attaché-case.

"Allow me," said my Professor, reaching for it to replace Chopin; but I snatched it up before he could get it. Like most truly great men he is a little absent-minded, and he didn't seem to notice anything, but just held out his hand in farewell. But when my Professor shakes hands it means more than that; it means benediction, recognition, salutation—lots of things; for it is rumoured at the Academy that he never bestows that honour on any save those whom he regards as kindred spirits, acolytes at the altar of Music, personalities, not pupils.

And then my attaché-case opened itself quietly, after the manner of attaché-cases, and laid "'Ow're you goin' to keep 'em?" and "The Maxeema" right side up, and their names in such large print too, like an offering at his wonderful feet. Trembling at the knees I said:—

"My cleaner gave them to me."

But he looked at me and went on looking, and that is why I hope so very much that he will read this very unlikely story.

MORE PAY FOR M.P.'S.

(A perfectly horrible prospect.)

IF I were a Member of Parliament*
On a most inadequate stipend,
Up in an attic and worn and spent
And wondering how to pay my rent,
And sucking an old clay pipe end,

I'd write to BONAR and Mr. GEORGE,
Or the party Whips that ran 'em,
"Unless you want me to steal or forge
You must make those Treasury blokes
disgorge
A thousand at least per annum.

"Put it at that and make it free
From AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN's taxes,
For the glory withers that used to be
The sole reward of a stout M.P.
As the cost of everything waxes.

"What-not and Coalitionist
Equally crave the shilling
For a pot of beer or an ounce of twist
As they trudge to their homes through
the mire and mist
From the long day's lobby-filling.

"Radical joins Conservative
In a concord wholly hearty,
Wanting to know if the State will give
An adequate wage upon which to live,
And so does the National Party.

"And the boots of the Labour Members
creak
And a terrible ghastly pallor is
On the Wee Free face as it tries to
speak;
But ah! what a change to each sunken
cheek

If you put a bit more on our salaries!

"Shibboleths old to the wind we'd fling
And turn to the task that presses;
Sound reforms would go with a swing
And we might have a chance of length-
ening
Those fearfully short recesses.

"There'd be the chance to show your
tact
In welding the hostile sections;
Sworn and sealed in a mighty pact
We'd put on the books the world's best
Act
Abolishing all elections." EVOE.

* This beautiful opening line is not original. It is borrowed, with due acknowledgments, from a once famous music-hall song.

From an article on "History without Tears":—

"There is no book that gives one a more comprehensive idea of the character of the Byzantine Empire, of the reasons for its decline and its disappearance, than Scott's 'Count Robert of Sicily.'"

Except perhaps Wrongfellow's "King Robert of Paris."



Sportsman (who has mounted boy for his first hunt in Ireland). "WELL, HOW DID YOU GET ON?"

Boy. "FIRST-RATE, THANK YOU. I'LL GO IN A HARD HAT NEXT TIME, THOUGH. A FELLOW CAME UP TO ME AT THE MEET AND SAID, 'CAP, HALF-A-CROWN, PLEASE.'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A NEW novel by ANTHONY HOPE certainly deserves in these days to be considered a literary event of some importance. His *Lucinda* (HUTCHINSON) seems to me both in plot and treatment equal to the best of his work; as dignified and yet as lightly handled as anything he has given us in the past. The plot (which I must not betray) is excellent. From the moment when *Julius*, the narrator, making his leisurely way to the wedding of *Lucinda*, is passed by her alone in a taxicab going in an opposite direction, the interest of the intrigue never slackens. Into an epoch of rather "over-ripe" and messy fiction this essentially clean and well-ordered tale comes with an effect very refreshing and tonic. ANTHONY HOPE's characters as ever are vigorously alive; in *Lucinda* herself he has drawn a heroine as charming as any in that long gallery that now stretches between her and the immortal *Dolly*. In short, those novel-readers who are (shall I say?) beginning to demand the respect due to middle age will enjoy in these pages the threefold reward of present interest, retrospection and a comforting sense that the literary judgment of their generation is here triumphantly vindicated in the eyes of unbelieving youth. What could be more pleasant?

It is a delight to welcome the *Life of Mrs. R. L. Stevenson* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), not only for the exceptional attraction of the environment in which she lived for many years, but because under any circumstances she would have been a remarkable woman. Once, when asked

to write her own life, she refused because it seemed to her like "a dazed rush on a railroad express;" she despaired of recovering "the incidental memories." So it fell to her sister, MRS. VAN DE GRIFT SANCHEZ, to undertake the task. A difficult one, for there was always the fear that the personality of MRS. STEVENSON might seem to be overshadowed by that of her husband. But the author, in giving us many interesting details about ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, has been careful to select for the most part only those in which his wife was closely concerned. "In my sister's character," she writes, "there were many strange contradictions, and I think sometimes this was a part of her attraction, for even after knowing her for years one could always count on some surprise, some unexpected contrast which went far in making up her fascinating personality." Contradictions undoubtedly were to be found in her; thus during her later years MRS. STEVENSON intensely desired quietness and peace, and yet her love for change of scene never seemed to abate; but she was constant in her devotion as a wife and in her staunchness as a friend. Some excellent illustrations are included in this volume, and the only fault I have to find with it is that it lacks an index.

In selecting his hero for *No Defence* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) from the mutineers at the Nore, it may be admitted that SIR GILBERT PARKER displayed a certain originality. With regard to the *clou* of his plot, however, I can hardly say so much. Melodramatic young lovers have (in fiction) gone to prison and worse rather than employ a defence involving distress to the ladies of their choice, from ages untold. *Dyck Calhoon* did it when he was

wrongly indicted for the killing of *Erris Boyne*, who was a traitor in the pay of France and incidentally the father of the heroine *Sheila*; though she knew nothing of this and would have been badly worried if the hazards of a defended murder case had brought it to light. Do you call the motive sufficient? No more do I. However, *Dyck* goes to prison, emerging just in time to join the fleet and became a successful rebel under the Naval soviets established by *RICHARD PARKER*. Subsequently he takes his ship into action on the legitimate side, earns the quasi-pardon of exile on parole in Jamaica, finds a fortune of Spanish treasure, quells a black rising, is cleared of the murder charge (by the wholly preposterous arrival in the island of the now aged lady who had really done the deed—exactly like the *finale* of a *GILBERT and SULLIVAN* opera) and marries the heroine. A breathless plot, by which, however, my own pulse remained unquicken. To be brutally frank, indeed, the telling seemed to me wholly lacking in precisely the qualities of dash and crescendo required to carry off such a tale. Costume romance that halts and looks backward soon loses my following.

Airedales and collies, according to Lieut.-Colonel E. H. *RICHARDSON*, are notable for a truly remarkable and admirable characteristic. They would honestly rather be at work than just playing round. All the same, no one guessed before the War what they, and many other kinds of dogs, were able and willing to do for their country in emergency on guard and sentry duty, and, most of all, as battle-field messengers. Moreover it took the genius of the man who of all the world knows most of their mind to discover it. His book, *British War Dogs*

(*SKEFFINGTON*), is neither very brilliantly written nor particularly well arranged (it contains quite a lot of repetitions and a system of punctuation all its own), but it is of more than average interest. The author details the training of war-dogs—literally “all done by kindness”—and records many thrilling exploits and heroisms of his friends. Further, he states at some length some rather attractive views on dog metaphysics, of which one need say no more than that, if you wish to believe that your four-footed pal has a soul to be saved as well as a body to be patted, here is high authority to support you. I think what one misses all through these pages is the dog's own story. Without it one never seems to get quite to grips with the subject. What were *Major's* thoughts and feelings, for instance, when carrying a message twelve miles in an hour over all obstacles, dodging the shells as he ran? Not even Colonel *RICHARDSON* can find a way to get a personal interview out of him.

All the Scandinavian countries have in the last twenty-five years produced novel-writers of power and distinction, but with the single exception of the Swedish authoress,

SELMA LAGERLÖF, whose great novel, *Gosta Berling*, was awarded the Nobel Prize, and the Norwegian, *KNUT HAMSUN*, whose extremely unpleasant book, *Hunger*, was published in this country a score of years ago, few if any of them have been made accessible to the average English reader. Now the Gyldendal Publishing Company of Copenhagen has undertaken the neglected task of producing English translations of the best Scandinavian fiction, the latest of which is *Guest the One-Eyed*, by the Icelandic novelist, *GUNNAR GUNNARSSON*. It is not a particularly powerful narrative, and is marked by the characteristic inconsequence that tends to convert the Scandinavian novel into a *mélange* of family biographies; yet the author has been successful in weaving into his chapters some of the beauty and magic of his native land, lovely and forbidding by turns, and the charm and simplicity of its people. So

when he makes *Ornarr Orlygsson* fling away the strenuous work of ten years and a promising career as a great violinist to return to a pastoral life on his father's Iceland estates, the step seems neither strange nor unnatural. So with the perfectly villainous *Sera Kethill*, who at the culmination of unparalleled infamies suddenly repents and becomes the far-wandering and well-beloved *Guest*, we do not feel anything strained in the author's assumption that in Iceland, at any rate, such things easily happen. *Guest the One-Eyed* is not a noteworthy novel in the sense that *Gosta Berling* was. Yet one would not have missed reading it.

It is interesting to watch heredity at play. Given the inclination to write, what kind of a first book should we get from the son of one of the most cultured and sensitive classical scholars and translators of this or any day and from the grandson of the painter of the Legend of the Briar Rose? The question is answered by Mr. *DENIS MACKAIL's* *What Next?* (*JOHN MURRAY*), which on examination turns out to be a farcical novel. The story has certain technical weaknesses, but these are forgotten in the excitements of the chase, for the main theme is the tracking down of a coarse capitalist who defrauded the hero of his fortune and did something very low against England. With the assistance of a new character in fiction, a super-valet, justice is done and we are all (except the coarse capitalist and his son) extremely happy. Mr. *MACKAIL* has invented some excellent scenes and he carries them off with gaiety and spirit. In his second book (and for the answer to *What Next?* we shall not, I imagine, have long to wait) he will amend certain little faults, not the least of which is a tendency to give us the most significant events in the form of retrospective narrative instead of letting us see them as they occur.

“Bedroom Suite and a reasonable Piano Wanted.”—*Provincial Paper*. It mustn't be “overstrung.”



LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

CHARIVARIA.

LORD RIDDELL, in giving his impression of President WILSON, says that his trousers and boots were not in keeping with the smartness of his appearance above the table. This is where the trained habits of journalistic observation come in.

In answer to many inquiries we are unable to obtain confirmation of a rumour that Mr. CHARLIE CHAPLIN's contemplated retirement is connected with an invitation from Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY to enter the arena of British politics.

According to an evening paper the lady who has just become Duchess of Westminster has "one son, a boy." On the other hand the DUKE himself has two daughters, both girls.

Over two million Chinese pigtails have been imported into the United States, where they will be used for straining soup, declares a Washington correspondent. The wartime curtailment of the moustache, it appears, has done away with the old custom of straining the soup after it comes to table.

A police magistrate of Louisville, Kentucky, has been called upon to decide whether a man may marry his divorced wife's mother. In our view the real question is whether, with a view to securing the sanctity of the marriage tie, it should not be made compulsory.

"This morning," says a recent issue of a Dublin paper, "police visited *Young Ireland* office and placed arretssshrrr rr rr r h bfa d mb shs under arrest." Suspicion was apparently aroused by his giving his name in the Erse tongue.

Enormous damage, says a cable, has been done by a water-spout which struck Tangier, Morocco, on Saturday. We note with satisfaction, on the other hand, that the water-spout which recently struck Scotland had no ill effects.

Every hotel in London taken over by the Government has now been given up. The idea of keeping one as a memento was suggested, but Sir ALFRED MOND decided to throw in his hand.

Asked his profession last week a man is reported to have answered, "*Daily Mail Reader*."

While a fire was being extinguished at Boston, Mass., recently the hose burst into flames. A country where that sort of thing occurs can afford to take Prohibition lying down.

A Constantinople message states that a Turk named ZORN MEHMED is one hundred and forty-six years of age. This is said to be due to the fact that for the last century or so he has kept a pet thyroid which he takes about on a chain.

We have no wish to cast any reflection on the courage of the Prohibition-

Diary has been shelved for the present, owing to the difficulty of procuring actors for the more dangerously acrobatic incidents.

An old lady writes to us with reference to wild-cat taxation that she has always advocated it, but that she has understood that the difficulty was to determine the ownership of these unfortunate vagrants.

The new houses when ready, says a North of England Town Clerk, will only be let to those people who are married. We have felt all along that there was some catch about Dr. ADDISON's housing scheme.

To a discreditable alien source has been traced the scandalous rumour that the disappearance of the summit of Mont Blanc is due to certain admirers of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who wished to present their hero with something in the nature of a permanent peroration.

As a partial remedy for the overcrowding at Oxford, it is suggested that the University should come into line with Battersea by making a rule that lost causes will not be kept longer than three days before being destroyed.

"I was the anonymous person who walked down Harley Street and counted the number of open windows," confesses Sir St.

CLAIR THOMSON, M.D. So now we can concentrate on JUNIUS and the Man in the Iron Mask.

Motorists are becoming much more polite, we read. They now catch pedestrians sideways, instead of full on.

According to an official of the R.S.P.C.A., as *Punch* informed us last week, dogs do not possess suicidal tendencies. Yet the other day we saw an over-fed poodle deliberately loitering outside a sausage factory.

"The number of curates who seem to be able to find plenty of time for golf is most surprising," writes a correspondent. We suppose the majority of them employ vicars.

Spanish toreadors are on strike for a higher wage. There is talk, we understand, of a six bull week.



"WHAT IS YOUR LITTLE BROTHER CRYING ABOUT?"
"OH, 'IN-'E'S A REG'LAR PESSIMIST, 'E IS."

ists, but we can draw our own conclusions from the fact that we haven't noticed them rushing to Ireland.

A Denver newspaper points out that the "Wild West bandit" has died out. Our own impression was that he had got a job as a waiter in London.

Things are settling down in America. A news report states that WILLARD MACK, the actor, has only been divorced three times.

"We have an innate modesty about advertising ourselves," said Sir ROBERT HORNE at the International Advertising Exhibition. A certain colleague of his in the Ministry is reported to have said that Sir ROBERT can speak for himself in future.

We understand that the idea of producing a filmed version of Mrs. ASQUITH's

THE DARK AGES.

(Being reflections on the pre-press period.)

[In *The Times* of December 2nd Lord NORTHCLEFFE traces the history of the English Press from the appearance of the first newspaper uttered in English—"A Corrant out of Germany," imprinted at Amsterdam, December 2nd, 1620—and finds some difficulty in understanding how civilisation got on as well as it did through all those preceding centuries.]

TO-DAY (December 2) we keep, with cheers,
The Tercentenary of the Press!

Probing the darkness of the previous years
I try, but try in vain, to guess
How anybody lived before the birth
Of this the Very Greatest Thing on Earth.

You'd say it must have been a savage life.

Men were content to eat and drink
And spend the intervals in carnal strife
With none to teach them how to think;
They had no Vision and their minds were dense,
Largely for lack of True "Intelligence."

When a volcano burst or floods occurred

No correspondent flashed the news;

It came by rumour or a little bird,

Devoid of editorial views;

No leader let them know to what extent

The blame should lie upon the Government.

And yet, when no one knew in those dumb days

Exactly what was going on,

Without reporters they contrived to raise

The Pyramids and Parthenon;

CONFUCIUS preached the Truth, and so did PAUL,

Though neither of them got in print at all.

It sounds incredible that, when in Greece

The poets sang to lyre or pipe,

When HOMER (say) threw off his little piece,

Nobody put the thing in type;

Even in days less barbarously rude

VIRGIL, it seems, was never interviewed.

And how did DANTE manage to indite

His admirable tale of Hell,

Or BUONARROTI sculpt his sombre "Night"

Without the kodak's magic spell—

No Press-photographer, a dream of tact,

To snap the artist in the very act?

Poor primitives, who groped amid the gloom

And perished ere the dawn of day,

Ere yet Publicity, with piercing boom,

Had shown the world a better way;

Before the age—so good for him that climbs—

Now culminating in the NORTHCLEFFE times.

O. S.

How to Brighten the Weather Forecasts.

"Mild and hazy conditions with increasing haze and cloudiness for an unfavourable change in the weather of heliotrope georgette over pale blue."—*New Zealand Paper*.

We commend this to our own Meteorological Office.

Of the Bishop-designate of Manchester:—

"Head master of an important public school while yet in his teens . . . a permanent figure in social and religious movements . . . the author of 'Men's Creatrix.'"—*Provincial Paper*.

We knew Canon TEMPLE had had a remarkable career, but confess that these details had hitherto escaped us.

OUR LUCKY DIPPERS.

FURTHER and final particulars of the drawings from the Lucky Bag at the Purple City are replete with illustrations of the extraordinary congruity between the prizes and the age, sex and station of the recipients.

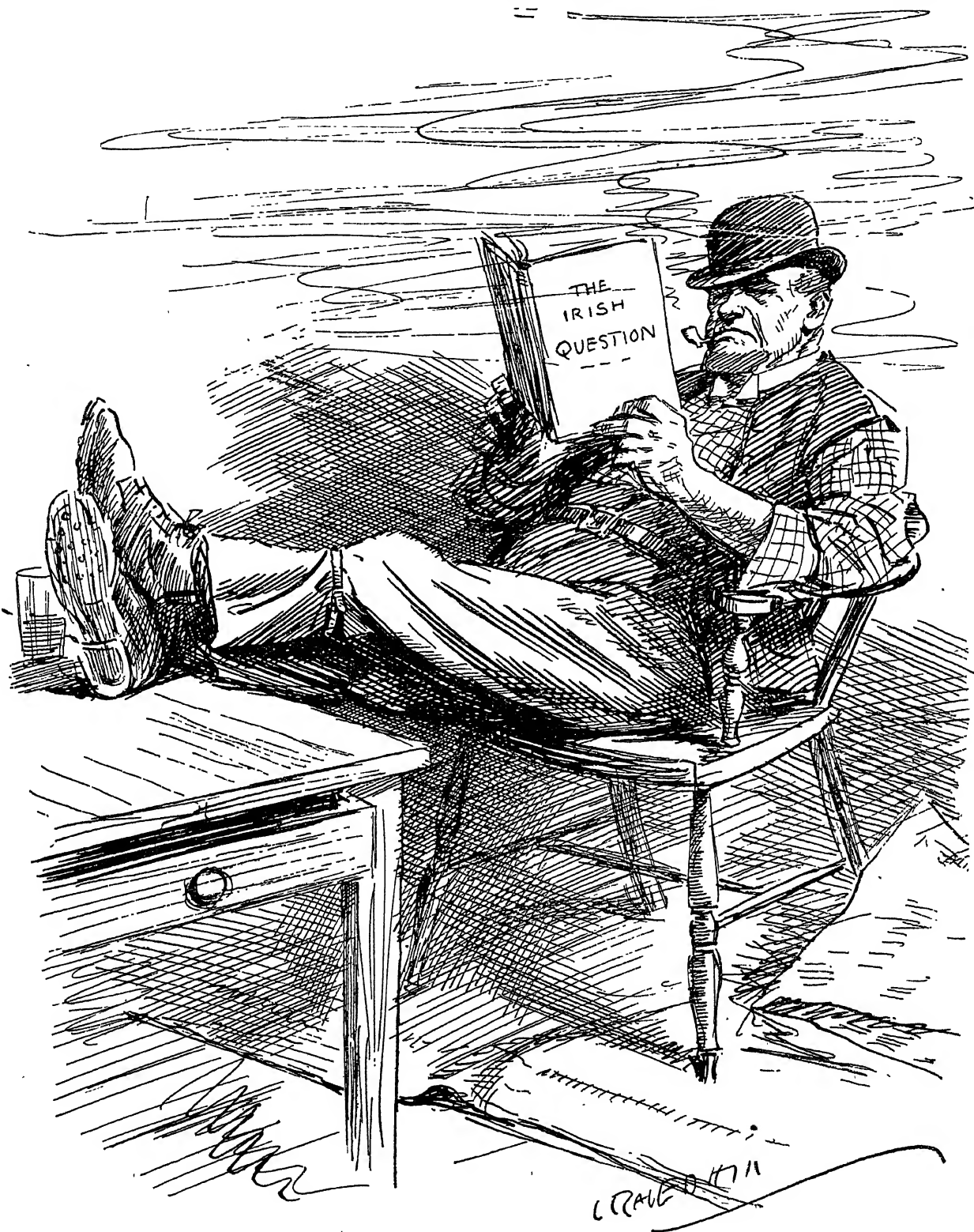
Mrs. Sarah Boakes, who received the colossal equestrian bronze statue of Lord THANET, weighing three hundred tons and valued at five thousand guineas, told our representative that the idea of getting one of the big prizes never entered into her head, and added, "I did not sleep a wink last night; the statue was in my mind the whole time." Mrs. Boakes, an attractive elderly lady of some seventy-five summers, is engaged at a laundry at East Putney. The haulage of the statue to her home at 129, Arabella Road, S.W. 15, is likely to be a costly affair; but Mrs. Boakes has made an application for a grant-in-aid to the Ministry of Health and has received a sympathetic reply from Dr. ADDISON. The cost of reconstructing her house to enable the statue to be set up in her parlour is estimated at about £4,500.

Mr. Jolyon Forsyth, who won the African elephant, is a stoker on the South Western Railway and lives at Worplesdon. He applied to the Company for a day's leave in order to ride his prize home; but his request was most unwarrantably refused, and the matter is receiving the earnest attention of the N.U.R. Mr. Forsyth informed our representative that his wife keeps a small poultry run, and hopes that she will be able to make room for the new visitor without seriously incommoding her fowls. Failing that, he thinks that employment may be found for the elephant on the Worplesdon Links, either in rolling the greens or irrigating them with its trunk. The claims of the animal to an unemployment allowance are being considered by Dr. MACNAMARA.

Gladys Gilkes, a bright-eyed child of six, living with her parents at 345, Beaverbrook Avenue, Harringay, who received a Sandringham opera-hat, is enduring her felicity with fortitude. "I have never been to the opera yet," she naively remarked to our representative, "but my brother Bert plays beautifully on the concertina."

Great interest has been excited in the neighbourhood of Tulse Hill by the success of Mr. Enoch Pegler, the winner of the three-manual electric cathedral organ with sixty-four stops, the most sonorous instrument of its type yet constructed by Messrs. Waghorn and Fogg, the famous organ-builders of Penge. A special piquancy is lent to the episode by the fact that Mr. Pegler, who is seventy-nine years of age and has long been a martyr to rheumatoid arthritis in both hands, belongs to the sect of the Silentiary Tolstoyans, who discountenance all music, whether sacred or profane. Mr. Pegler, it should be explained, authorised his grandniece, Miss Hester Wigglesworth, to put in for the Lucky Bag in his name, but, on the advice of the family physician, Dr. Parry Gorwick, the result has not yet been broken to him. Meanwhile, thanks to the tactful intervention of Sir ERIC GEDDES, the instrument has been temporarily housed in the Zoological Gardens, where daily recitals are given at meal-times by Dr. CHALMERS MITCHELL and other powerful executants. Unfortunately the organ was not yet installed at the time of the recent encounter between a lion and a tigress, otherwise the fatality would, in the opinion of Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, have almost certainly been avoided.

When that my Judith sticks her slender nose
In things whereon a lass doth ill to trench,
An ever-widening breach my fancy shows,
For this is but the thin end of the wench.



LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.

"TURN HIM TO ANY CAUSE OF POLICY,
THE GORDIAN KNOT OF IT HE WILL UNLOOSE,
FAMILIAR AS HIS GARTER."

HENRY V., I. i. 46.



The Girl. "I DON'T THINK YOUR FRIEND CAN BE MUCH CLASS."

The Boy. "WHY? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?"

The Girl. "WELL, WHEN I INTRODUCED HIM TO MY FRIEND, SHE, OF COURSE, SAID, 'PLEASED TO MEET YOU,' AND HE SAID, 'GRANTED.'"

UNAUTHENTIC IMPRESSIONS.

V.—THE SIZZLES.

I CANNOT help it, but this article has got to begin with a short historical disquisition. Many people are puzzled to know why Lord HUGH CECIL wears that worried look, and why Lord ROBERT also looks so sad. Yet the explanation is simple enough. It is because nobody can pronounce their surname. "Cessil," says the man in the street (and being in a street is a thing that may happen to anybody) as he sees the gaunt careworn figures going by. And when they hear it the sensitive ear of the CECILS is wrung with torture at the sound. They wince. They would like to button-hole the man in the street and explain to him, like the *Ancient Mariner*, all about David Cysell, the founder of their line. David Cysell, it seems, though he didn't quite catch the Norman Conquest and missed the Crusades, and was a little bit late for the Wars of the Roses, was nicely in time to get a place in the train of HENRY VIII., which was quite early enough for a

young man who firmly intended to be an ancestor. When he died his last words were, "Rule England, my boys, but never never, never let the people call you 'Cessil,'" and his sons obeyed him dutifully by becoming Earls and Marquises and all that kind of thing, so that the trouble did not arise.

But, of course, if you don't happen to be the eldest son, the danger is still there. And it is this danger which has led Lord HUGH CECIL to withdraw himself more and more into the company of ecclesiastical dignitaries, who are accustomed to pronounce quite hard words, like *chrysoprasus* and *Abednego* without turning a hair, if they have one, and Lord ROBERT CECIL to confine his attention to the League of Nations, where all the people are foreigners and much too ignorant to pronounce any English name at all.

Personally I hold that, if it were not for this trouble about hearing their name said all wrong by people on omnibuses and even shouted all wrong by newspaper sellers, one of the CECILS might become Prime Minister some day. As

it is they wear a look of sorrowful martyrdom, as if they were perfectly ready for the nearest stake; and this look, combined with their peculiar surname, has caused them to be not inaptly known as *The Sizzles*. How very much better would it have been, my dear reader, if their great ancestor had been simply called "David," so that they could have had a sunny smile and not so many convictions.

It is customary in speaking of the Sizzles to include some mention of their more famous relative, Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR. Very well, then.

Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR.

Born in 1873 the future Vice-President of the Sheffield Chamber of Commerce, Master Cutler and Chairman of the High-Speed Alloys Company, Limited, Widnes—

[*Editor.* What the deuce are you talking about?

Author: I like that. It comes straight out of *What's Which?*

Editor. Well, you must have got the wrong page.

Author. Why, you don't mean to say there are two ARTHUR BALFOURS, do you?

Editor. I do.

Author. Aren't you thinking of the two WINSTON CHURCHILLS?

Editor. No, I'm not.

Author. Well, perhaps I'd better begin again.

Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR.

Born, as one might say, with a silver niblick in his mouth and possessed of phenomenal intellectual attainments, Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR (the one on the other page) was not long in settling down to his main life-work, which has been the laying out of University golf curricula.

[Is that better?—*Editor.* Much.]

In spite of this preoccupation he has found time for a remarkable number of hobbies, such as politics, music and the study of refrigerating machines, though the effect of all these various activities is sometimes a little confusing for those with whom he works. When consulted on a burning topic of the hour he may, for instance, be on the point of inventing a new type of ice-bucket, so that the interviewer is forced to go out quickly and fetch his fur overcoat before he can talk in comfort. Or he may be playing, like *Sherlock Holmes*, on his violin, and say, "Just wait till I've finished this sonata." And by the time it's finished the bother about Persia or Free Trade is quite forgotten. Or, again, Mr. BALFOUR may be closeted with Professor VARDON, Doctor RAX or Vice-Chancellor MITCHELL at the very moment when the Nicaraguan envoy is clamouring at the door.

It is for this reason that Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR has sometimes been called Mr. Arthur Baffler. Puzzling, however, though he may be in many of his political manifestations, his writings are like a beacon in the gloom, and some day these simple chatty little booklets will surely gain the wide public which they deserve. "The Foundation of Bunkers," "A Defence of Philosophic Divots" and "Wood-wind and Brassies" should be read by all who are interested in *belles lettres*. And his latest volume of essays deals, I believe, with subjects so widely diverse and yet so enthralling as "Booty and the Criticism of Booty," "Trotsky's View of Russian World Policy," "Quizzical Research" and "The Freedom of the Tees."

The real pity is that with all his many and wonderful gifts Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR has never felt the fiery enthusiasm of his Hatfield cousins. He remains, in fact, a salamander among the Sizzles.

K.



Retired Dealer in Pork. "HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR IT?"

Artist. "FIFTY POUNDS."

Retired Dealer. "RIGHT-O. NOW COULD YOU DO ONE OF ME IN A RECLINING POSITION, TO MATCH?"

TRIUMPHANT VULGARITY.

[A writer in *The Athenæum*, discussing modern songs, observes that in the happy days of the eighteenth century "even the vulgar could not achieve vulgarity; to-day vulgarity is in the air, and only the strongest and most fastidious escape its taint." The accompanying lines are submitted as a modest protest against this sadly undemocratic and obscurantist doctrine.]

In days of old, when writers bold
Betrayed the least disparity
Between their genius and an age
When frankness was a rarity,
An odious word was often heard
From critics void of charity,
Simplicity or clarity,
Or vision or hilarity,
Who used to slate or deprecate
The vices of vulgarity.

But now disdain is wholly slain
By wide familiarity
Which links the unit with his age
In massive solidarity;
No more the word is used or heard,
No, no, we call it charity,
Simplicity or clarity,
Or vision or hilarity,
But never slate or deprecate
The virtues of vulgarity.

An Object Lesson.

"Nothing is so suggestive of a faulty education than a lack of grammar."—*Fiji Paper.*

"The Vicar was born in Ireland, and lived there many years, and the problems of the Irish are no difficulty to him."

New Zealand Paper.

That's the man we want over here.

PRISCILLA PLAYS FAIRIES.

UNREHEARSED dramatic dialogue comes quite easily to some people, and so does a knowledge of the ways of the fairy world, but I am not one of those people. Also I was supposed to have a headache that afternoon and to be recovering from a severe cold. Also I was reading a very exciting book. I cannot help thinking therefore that the fairy Bluebell was taking a mean advantage of my numerous disabilities in appearing at all. She rattled the handle of the door a long time, and when I had opened it came in by a series of little skips on her toes, accompanied by waggings of the arms rather in the fashion of a penguin. Every now and then she gave a slightly higher jump and descended flatly and rather noisily on her feet. She wore a new frock, with frills.

I. What are you doing, Priscilla?

She. I'm the Fairy Bluebell dancing. Don't you like my dancing?

I. It's beautiful.

She (rapidly). And you were a very poor old man who had a lot of nasty work to do and you were asleep.

I (feeling it might have been much worse and composing myself to slumber in my chair). Honk!

She (pinching my ear and pulling it very hard). And you woke up and said, "I do believe there's a dear little fairy dancing."

I (emerging from repose). Why, I do believe I heard a fairy dancing, or (vindictively) can it have been another ton of coal coming in?

She (disregarding my malice). And you said, "Alack, alack! I do want something to eat."

I. Alack, alack! I am so hungry.

She (fetching a large cushion from the sofa and putting it on the top of me). Lumpetty, lumpetty, lumpetty.

I. What's that, Priscilla?

She. Bitatoes pouring out of a sack. (Fetches another cushion and puts it on the top of the first.) Lumpetty, lumpetty, lumpetty.

I. And this?

She (opening her eyes very wide). Red plums. (Fetches another cushion.) Lumpetty, lumpetty, lumpetty.

I. What's that?

She. Lovely honey.

I (affecting to simulate the natural gratification of a poor old man suddenly smothered in vegetables, fruit and liquid preserve). How perfectly delicious!

She. And you want to go to sleep again.

She (pulling my ear again). And you saw a dragon coming up the drive, and the sofa was the dragon.

I. Alack, alack! I see a dragon coming up the drive. What shall I do? I must telephone to the police.

She (quickly). Did the police have a funcheon?

I. Yes, he did.

She. Shall I be the police?

I (cautiously, because a "funcheon" necessitates making a long paper roll out of "The Times"). I am afraid the tele-

She. Down its neck.

I (feeling that the immediate peril from the dragon's assault is now practically over and wishing to return the fairy's kindness). Shall we pretend that the sofa is where the Fairy Bluebell lived, and I built her a little home with flowers, and these cushions were the flowers, and (rather basely) she went to sleep in it?

She (with sparkling eyes). Yes, yes.

(I remove the potatoes, the plums, the honey and the head of the dragon and manufacture a grotto in which the Fairy Bluebell reclines with closed eyes. It appears to be a suitable moment for returning to my book.)

She. And suddenly the Fairy Bluebell woke up, and what do you think she wanted?

I (disillusioned). I can't think.

She. She wanted to be readen to.

I (resignedly). And what did I do?

She. You said, "I'll read about Tom and the otter."

I (hopefully). I don't know where it is.

She. I think it's in the dining-room, and the Fairy Bluebell couldn't get it herself because she was only a little girl really.

As I say, there are a lot of people, and many of them, doubtless, readers of this paper, who understand all about fairies. I want to ask them, as one poor old



Mrs. McNicol. "FOUND A POUN' NOTE IN THE STREET, DONAL'? THAT'S GUID!"

Her Husband (sadly). "AY, BUT MCTAVISH SAW ME PICK IT UP, AN' I OWE HIM TWENTY-TWO AN' SAMPENCE."

phone had broken down, so the police didn't hear. How I wish the Fairy Bluebell was about!

She. And so the Fairy Bluebell came and cut off the dragon's head and gave it to you.

(Fetches a fourth large cushion and adds it to the pile.)

I. But why should I have the dragon's head?

She (enigmatically). You had to have it.

(The poor old man resigns himself to his increasingly glutinous fate.)

She (fetching a waste-paper basket and returning to the sofa). Lumpetty, lumpetty, lumpetty.

I (faint but inquisitive). Whatever are you doing now, Priscilla?

She. Poisoning the dragon's body.

I. Poisoning it?

She. Yes, wiv a can.

I. How?

hard-worked man to another, whether this is the proper way for a fairy to behave. There seems to be a lack of delicacy—and shall I say slyness?—about it. EVOE.

Our Tactful Orators.

"At the close they asked President —, who was in the chair, to present a very handsome umbrella to Mr. —."

In a few well-chosen words the Chairman said he trusted that Mr. —, while journeying through life, would be successful in warding off many a shower with his umbrella, but they all hoped they would be showers of goodwill."—Trade Paper.

"This is great fun and mystifies your friends. Buy a few and you will be the cleverest fellow in your district.

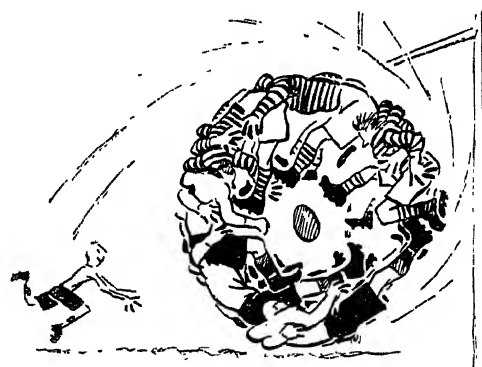
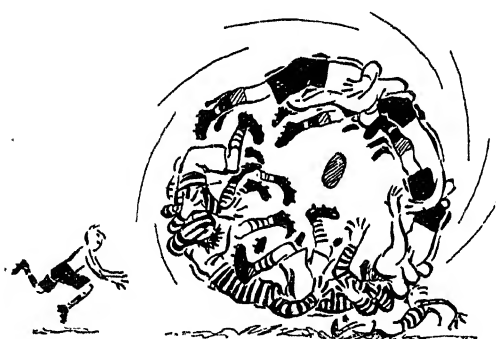
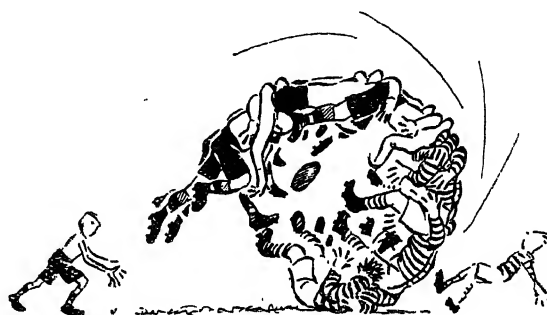
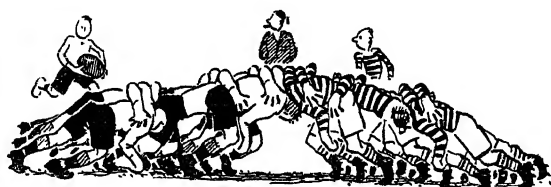
Our leaders are 'Stink Bomb' (make bad smell when broken). Re. 1 a box.

'Sneeze Powder' (makes everybody sneeze when blown in the air) Re. 1 a bottle."

Advt. in Indian Paper.

Who says the East has no sense of humour?

jougasse



THROUGH THE GOAL-POSTS; OR, THE END OF A PERFECT SCRUM.

THE WHITE SPAT.

WHEN it is remembered how large a part has been played in history by revolutionary and political songs it is both lamentable and strange that at the present time only one of the numerous political faiths has a hymn of its own—"The Red Flag." The author of the words owes a good deal, I should say, to the author of "Rule Britannia," though I am inclined to think he has gone one better. The tune is that gentle old tune which we used to know as "Maryland," and by itself it rather suggests a number of tired sheep waiting to go through a gate than a lot of people thinking very redly. I fancy the author realised this, and he has got over it by putting in some good powerful words like "scarlet," "traitors," "flinch" and "dungeon," whenever the tune is particularly sheepish. The effect is effective. Just imagine if the Middle Classes Union could march down the middle of the Strand singing that fine chorus:—

"Then raise the scarlet standard high,
Beneath its shade we'll live and die;
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer
We'll keep the Red Flag flying here."

Well, I have set myself to supply some of the other parties with songs, and I have begun with "The White Spat," which is to be the party-hymn of the High Tories (if any). I have written it to the same tune as "The Red Flag," because, when the lion finally does lie down with the lamb, it will be much more convenient if they can bleat and roar in the same metre, and I shall hope to hear Mr. ROBERT WILLIAMS and Lord ROBERT CECIL singing these two songs at once one day. I am not wholly satisfied with "The White Spat," but I think I have caught the true spirit, or, at any rate, the proper inconsequence of these things:—

THE WHITE SPAT.

Air—*Maryland*.

The spats we wear are pure as snow—
We are so careful where we go;
We don't go near the vulgar bus
Because it always splashes us.

Chorus. We take the road with trustful hearts,
Avoiding all the messy parts;
However dirty you may get
We'll keep the White Spat spotless yet.

At night there shines a special star
To show us where the puddles are;
The crossing-sweeper sweeps the floor—
That's what the crossing-sweeper's for.

Chorus. Then take the road, etc., etc.

I know it doesn't look much, just written down on paper; but you try singing it and you'll find you're carried away.

Of course there ought to be an inter-

national verse, but I'm afraid I can't compete with the one in my model:—

"Look round: the Frenchman loves its
blaze,
The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung;
Chicago swells the surging throng."

This is the best I can do:—

From Russia's snows to Afric's sun
The race of spatrists is one;
One faith unites their alien blood—
"There's nothing to be said for mud."

Now we have the song of the Wee Frees. I wanted this to be rather pathetic, but I'm not sure that I haven't overdone it. The symbolism, though, is well-nigh perfect, and, after all, the symbolism is the chief thing. This goes to the tune of "Annie Laurie":—

THE OLD BLACK BROLLY.

Air—*Annie Laurie*.

Under the Old Umbrella,
Beneath the leaking gamp,
Wrapped up in woolly phrases
We battle with the damp.
Come, gather round the gamp!
Observe, it is pre-war;
And beneath the old Black Brolly
There's room for several more.
Shameless calumniators
Calumniate like mad;
Detractors keep detracting;
It really is too bad;
It really is too bad.
To show we're not quite dead,
We wave the old Black Brolly
And hit them on the head.

Then we have the National Party. I am rather vague about the National Party, but I know they are frightfully military, and they keep on having Mass Rallies in Kensington—complete with drums, I expect. Where all the masses come from I don't quite know, as a prolonged search has failed to reveal anyone who knows anyone who is actually a member of the party. Everybody tells me, though, that there is at least one Brigadier-General (Tempy.) mixed up with it, if not two, and at least one Lord, though possibly one of the Brigadiers is the same as the Lord; but after all they represent the Nation, so they ought to have a song. They have nothing but "Rule Britannia" now, I suppose.

Their song goes to the tune of "The British Grenadiers." I have written it as a duet, but no doubt other parts could be added if the occasion should ever arise.

THE NATIONAL.

Air—*The British Grenadiers*.

Some talk of Coalitions,
Of Tories and all that;
They are but cheap editions
Of the one and only Nat;
Our Party has no equals,
Though of course it has its peers,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,
For the British Brigadiers.

You have no idea how difficult it

is to write down the right number of rows first time; however I daresay the General wouldn't mind a few extra ones.

We represent the Nation
As no one else can do;
Without exaggeration
Our membership is two.
We rally in our masses
And give three hearty cheers,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row
For the National Brigadiers.

There could be a great deal more of that, but perhaps you have had enough.

Of course, if you don't think the poetry of my songs is good enough, I shall just have to quote some of "The International" words to show you that it's the tune that matters.

Here you are:—

"Arise! ye starvelings from your slumbers,
Arise! ye criminals of want,
For reason in revolt now thunders,
And at last ends the age of cant."

If people can get excited singing that, my songs would send them crazy.

Then there is the Coalition. I have had a good deal of difficulty about this, but I think that at last I have hit the right note; all my first efforts were too dignified. This goes to a darkie tune:—

THE PIEBALD MARE.

Air—*Camptown Ladies*.

Down-town darkies all declare,
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
There never was a loss like the piebald mare,
Doo-dah, doo-dah day!
One half dark and the other half pale,
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
Two fat heads and a great big tail,
Doo-dah, doo-dah day!

Chorus. Gwine to run all night,
Gwine to run all day!
I put my money on the piebald mare
Because she run both way.

Little old DAVE he ride dat hoss,
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
Where'll she be if he takes a toss?
Doo-dah, doo-dah day!
De people try to push him off,
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
De more dey push de more he scoff,
Doo-dah, doo-dah day!

Chorus. Gwine to run, &c.

Over the largest fence they bound,
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
Things exploding all around,
Doo-dah, doo-dah day!
One fine day dat hoss will burst,
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
But little old DAVE he'll walk in first,
Doo-dah, doo-dah day!

Chorus. Gwine to run, &c.

Once again, merely written down, the words do not thrill, but I hope none of the parties will definitely reject these hymns till they have heard them actually sung; if necessary I will give a trial rendering myself.

The other day, when we were playing charades and had to act L, we



Profiteer Host. "WOT D'YER THINK OF MY OAKS?"

Profiteer Guest. "BIT OF ALL RIGHT. WHERE D'YER GET 'EM?"

did *Lloyd George and the Coalition*; and the people who were acting the Coalition sang the above song with really wonderful effect. It is true that the other side thought we were acting *Legion and the Gadarene Swine*, but that must have been because of something faulty in our make-up. The sound of this great anthem was sufficiently impressive to make one long to hear the real Coalition shouting it all along Downing Street. It is a solo with chorus, you understand, and the Coalition come in with a great roar of excitement and fervour on *Doo-dah! Doo-dah!*

Yes, I like that. A. P. H.

"MORE THAN MILLION SALE.

Waste! Waste! Waste!

Newspaper Poster.

In mercy we suppress the title of our contemporary.

"The man in custody has been identified as the result of the efforts of the Birkenhead detective stag."—*Liverpool Paper.*

A variation on the old-fashioned sleuthhound.

From the report of a speech by Admiral Sir PERCY SCOTT:—

"He might say that when the Germans were demoralised at the Battle of Jutland..."
Scottish Paper.

This confirms our impression that, whatever happened at Jutland, we certainly drew the German Navy's teeth.

QUESTIONS.

How did mankind get to all corners of the earth? and what is the cause of exploding suns? These are among the questions put by Professor A. W. BICKERTON, of the London Astronomical Society, and they would be solved, it seems, if our learned men would only band themselves together. I have no wish to hamper the good work, but a moment's reflection suggests a number of other questions simply asking to be answered.

For instance, what happens when an irresistible force meets Sir ERIC GEDDES?

And why is it that while we hear of thousands of people losing their umbrellas we have never yet heard of a single case where a man openly admitted that he had found one?

And is there any reason why the modern novel should not end happily, instead of the hero and heroine always marrying at the last moment.

And how does it happen that Thanet is the best holiday-place in this country and enjoys more sunshine than any other resort?

And could not *The Daily Mail* extend the same sunshine privilege to other parts?

And what makes a music-hall audience laugh when a comedian changes his hat and mutters the mystic word, "Winston"?

And who is the gentleman referred to?

And why is it that nine-tenths of the coon-singers on the halls are always wanting to get back to their dear old homes? And who is stopping them in their noble desire? And is there any explanation why all these singers seem to have their homes in distant Alabam, where the roses keep on climbing round the door, just close to where the cotton and the corn are growing all the year round, only later in life to leave the dear old place to take up music-hall work here, and then spend the remainder of their lives telling us of their passionate determination to get away back to the old folks?

And would I be right in my surmise that very few homes in Wigan have roses round the door or stand in fields of growing cotton and corn or reek of new-mown hay?

And why is it that, when you tell a man there are so many million stars in the skies, he will believe you, but the moment he sees a notice on a gate bearing the words "Wet Paint" he puts his finger upon it just to find out for himself?

And why did Mrs. ASQUITH— But perhaps that will be enough for the Professor to be going on with.

Commercial Candour.

"My Studio is the most up-to-date and my methods of photography just a little bit different."—*Canadian Paper.*



Hostess. "WHAT—GOING ALREADY? WHY, IT'S ONLY THREE O'CLOCK."

Guest. "I KNOW. BUT I'M DEAD TIRED, AND I'VE GOT TO BE UP EARLY FOR A 'DÉJEUNER D'INSANT.'"

A NOTE ON THE DRAMA.

[*"Hamlet was not a business man."*—MR. A. B. WALKLEY.]

HAD he but learned the useful knowledge
And that essential grasp of things
Which training at a business college
(If diligently followed) brings,
We should have had, no doubt,
A *Hamlet* with the "moody" Dane left out.
He'd not have stalked in gloomy fashion
Nor wanted to soliloquise,
But rather, undisturbed by passion,
He would have sat Napoleon-wise,
Chewing an unlit weed
And talking down the telephone (full speed).
Planning a "book" to suit his players,
He would have sought a theme less grim,
For tragedies are doubtful payers;
Revue would be the stuff for him,
Scanty in dress and plot,
With dancers featuring the Hammy Trot.
He missed one glorious proposition—
The money would have come in stacks
If he had shown the Apparition
For half-a-crown (including tax),
And, though 'twas after eight,
Added a side-line trade in chocolate.
At other stunts we find him lacking;
Thus, when he met *Laertes*, he

Did not secure a proper backing
Nor nominate the referee;
And, what was even worse,
Did no finessing for a bigger purse.
Had *Hamlet* made it his endeavour
To seize each chance of lawful gain,
Certain it is that there would never
Have been a doubt that he was sane;
And then perhaps Act Five
Had left some people—one or two—alive.

Christmas and the Children.

With the approach of a Festival that is dedicated to the joy of children, Mr. Punch makes bold to plead the cause of the less fortunate among them. The Queen's Hospital for Children, once known as the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, is the only one of its kind in this part of London and serves a poor district with a population of half-a-million. Its claim upon the generosity of more favoured Londoners is as strong as its lack of funds at the present moment is serious. It has one hundred-and-seventy beds, and during the last year has cared for eighteen hundred in-patients and sixty thousand out-patients. Mr. Punch is certain that, if the children of the West-end understood the suffering and needs of these other children of Bethnal Green, they would want to help them by forgoing some of their Christmas toys. Gifts should be addressed to the Secretary, T. GLENTON-KERR, Esq., Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.2.



THE ROAD TO ECONOMY.

THE SHEPHERD. "I WONDER IF ANY OF YOU SHEEP COULD SHOW ME THE WAY."

("Let the Nation set the example [in economy] to the Government."—Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 29th.—Some time ago Lord NEWTON was appointed Chairman of a Committee on Smoke Abatement. It took enough evidence to fill a Blue-book a couple of inches thick, and, at the request of the Government, furnished an interim report. Supposing, not unnaturally, that its valuable recommendations would be adopted in the Government's housing schemes the Committee was disgusted to find that, save for an emasculated summary in "a dismal journal called *Housing*," no notice was taken of its report. Lord NEWTON is not a man who can safely be invited to consume his own smoke, and he made indignant protest this afternoon. A soft answer from Lord SANDHURST, who assured him that the Government, far from being unmindful of the Committee's labours, had already equipped some thousands of houses with central heating, temporarily diverted his wrath.

Thanks to the Sinn Feiners, the Public Galleries of the House of Commons were closed. Thus deprived of all audience save themselves and the reporters the most loquacious Members were depressed. *Bombinantes in gurgite vasto*, their arguments sounded hollow even to themselves. With an obvious effort they tried to carry on what the SPEAKER described—and deprecated—as "the usual Monday fiscal debate." This time it turned upon the

was confident that Russia had nothing to export save propaganda. The controversy was beginning to pall when by a happy inspiration Mr. RONALD McNEILL, with mock solemnity, in-



THE DEFENDER OF KUT—WITH ESCORT.

SIR CHARLES TOWNSHEND.

quired if the last egg in Russia had not been eaten by a relation of the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.

A long-standing Parliamentary tradition enjoins that the reply to any Question addressed to the CHAIRMAN OF THE KITCHEN COMMITTEE should be greeted with laughter. By virtue of his office he holds, as it were, the "pass-the-mustard" prerogative. Members laughed accordingly when he replied to a question relating to the number of ex-Service men employed by his Committee; but they laughed much more loudly when the hon. Member who put the original Question proceeded to inquire "if his conscience is now quite clear," and Sir J. T. AGG-GARDNER, looking as respectable as if he were *Mrs. Grundy's* second husband, declared, hand on heart, that it was.

The House gave a rather less stentorian welcome than might have been expected to Sir CHARLES TOWNSHEND, who was escorted up to the Table by Mr. BOTTOMLEY and Colonel CROFT. Perhaps it was afraid that cheers intended for the defender of Kut might be appropriated by the Editor of *John Bull*.

Encouraged, I suppose, by the emptiness of the Ladies' Gallery, it then proceeded with great freedom to discuss a proposal for the employment of women and young persons "in shifts."

Tuesday, November 30th.—The EX-CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA will be tremendously bucked when he reads the report of to-day's proceedings, and discovers that there is one person in the world who takes him seriously. Sir FREDERICK HALL has been much disturbed by the reports of Hohenzollern intrigues for a restoration, and begged the Government to send a protest to the Dutch Government. But the Fat Boy of Dulwich quite failed to make Mr. BONAR LAW's flesh creep.

Mr. BALDWIN is the least perturbable of Ministers. Even when Major EDWARDS invited him to elucidate the phrase "a working knowledge of the Welsh language"—"Does it mean having an intimate acquaintance with the literary works of DAFYDD AP GWILYM or the forgeries of 'Tolo Morganwg'?"—he never turned a hair.

Modesty not having hitherto been regarded as one of Mr. CHURCHILL's most salient characteristics I feel it my duty to record that, on being asked when he would introduce the Supplementary Army Estimates, he replied, "I am entirely in the hands of my superiors."

Wednesday, December 1st.—That Hebrew should be one of the official languages of Palestine seems, on the face of it, not unreasonable. But, according to Lord TREOWEN, to compel the average Palestinian Jew, who speaks either Spanish or Yiddish, to use classical Hebrew, will be like obliging a



"His conscience now quite clear."

SIR J. T. AGG-GARDNER.

large imports from Russia in 1913. One side seemed to think that similar imports would be forthcoming to-day but for the obstructiveness of the British Government, while the other



THE FAT BOY OF DULWICH.

SIR FREDERICK HALL.

user of pidgin-English to adopt the language of ADDISON. He failed, however, to make any impression upon Lord CRAWFORD, who expressed the hope that the Government's action



Golfer. "HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A WORSE PLAYER?" [No answer.] "I SAID, 'HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A WORSE PLAYER?'"
Aged Caddie. "I HEERD YE VERRA WEELE THE FURST TIME. I WAS JEST THENKIN' ABOUT IT."

would help to purify the language. Sir HERBERT SAMUEL is determined, I gather, to make Palestine a country fit for rabbis to live in.

The Government of Ireland Bill had a very rough time in Committee. The LORD CHANCELLOR managed to ward off Lord MIDDLETON's proposal to have one Parliament instead of two—"a blow at the heart of the Bill"—but was less successful when Lord ORANMORE AND BROWNE moved that the Southern Parliament should be furnished with a Senate. The Peers' natural sentiment in favour of Second Chambers triumphed, and the Government were defeated by a big majority.

The Office of Works has been lending a hand to local authorities in difficulties with their housing schemes. But when Sir ALFRED MOND brought up a Supplementary Estimate in respect of these transactions he met with a storm of indignation that surprised him. "The road to bankruptcy," "Nationalisation in the building trade," "Socialistic proposals"—these were some of the phrases that assailed his ears. Fortified, however, by the support of the Labour Party—Mr. MYERS declared that his action

had been "the one bright spot in the whole of the housing policy"—Sir ALFRED challenged his critics to go and tell their constituents that they had voted to prevent houses being built, and got his Estimate through by 190 to 64.

Thursday, December 2nd.—Thanks to the free-and-easy procedure of the House of Lords the Government began the day with a victory. Lord SHANDON had moved an amendment, to which the LORD CHANCELLOR objected. But he did not challenge a division when the question was put. Lord DONOUGHMORE, most expeditious of Chairmen, announced "the Contents have it," and the matter seemed over. But then the LORD CHANCELLOR woke up, and said he had meant to ask for a division. "All right," said the CHAIRMAN; "clear the Bar," and when the white-wanded tellers had counted their flocks it appeared that the Government had a majority of three.

I do not suppose anyone will say of Lord BIRKENHEAD, as a celebrated judge is reported to have said of one of his predecessors, "Ere comes that 'oly 'umbug 'umming 'is 'orrid 'ymns;" but

he is evidently a student of hymnology, for he referred to the Government victory as this "scanty triumph" and for a long time did not challenge any more divisions.

In the House of Commons an attack upon the new liquor regulations—"pieces of gross impertinence" according to Mr. MACQUISTEN—found no favour with the PRIME MINISTER. Mr. McCURDY announced that he had reduced the price of wheat to the millers and hoped that "in a few weeks" the consumer might begin to receive the benefit. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER excused the delay in publishing the Economy Committee's reports on the ground that the MINISTER OF MUNITIONS was "at sea," and elicited the inevitable gibe that he was not the only one. Sir ERIC GEDDES, with a judicious compliment to the motorists for setting "an extraordinary example of voluntary taxation," got a Second Reading for his Roads Bill; and Sir GORDON HEWART with some difficulty induced the House to accept his assurance that the Official Secrets Bill was meant for the discomfiture of spies and not the harassing of honest journalists.



Margaret (not satisfied with the parental explanation of the recent disappearance of a pet rabbit). "MUMMY, IS—IS THIS GLADYS?"

TO A CLERICAL COLFING FRIEND.

FINE is your temper as your hand-forged iron!

Even should you hack the ball from out the spherical,
Or find it near the pin with lumps of mire on,
Your language is not otherwise than clerical.

Once only, when your toe received the niblick,
The word I saw your lips frame was not biblic.

Upon the links as perfect in address
As in the pulpit, just as you are seen
In life to play according to the Book,
So too, mid all the hazards of the green,
You teach us by example not to press
And how to shun the faults of slice and hook.

Treating the ball as if it had a soul,
Imparting safe direction, you determine
How best it may keep up its given rôle;
Indeed your daily round's a model sermon.

So, till life's course is traversed, I'll await

Your well-timed counsel. If I have you by me

I'll laugh at all the baffling strokes of Fate

And lay the bogie of Despair a styrmie.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGONE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You are fond, in "Charivaria," of poking some of your gentle fun at the leisurely bricklayer, and indeed at all the "ca-canny" brigade; but the bricklayer has come in for the thickest of your fire. I hope, however, that you don't think you have discovered his and his fellow-workers' deliberate processes yourself. If so, permit me to draw your attention to NED WARD'S *London Spy*, which was published as long ago as 1699. In that work is the description of a visit to St. Paul's Cathedral when it was building. A passage in this description runs thus:

"We went a little further, where we observed ten men in a corner very busie about two men's work, taking so much care that everyone should have his due proportion of the labours as so many thieves in making an exact division of their booty. The wonderful piece of difficulty the whole number had to perform was to drag along a stone of about three hundredweight in a carriage, in order to be hoisted upon the moldings of the cupola, but they were so fearful of despatching this facile undertaking with too much expedition that they were longer in hauling about half the length of the church than a couple of

lusty porters, I am certain, would have been carrying it to Paddington without resting of their burthen."

Shall I refrain from remarking that there is nothing new under the sun? I will. Yours, etc., L. V. E.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE BARNACLE.

(A Sort of Sea Shanty.)

OLD Bill Barnacle sticks to his ship,
He never is ill on the stormiest trip;
Upside down he crosses the ocean—
If you do that you *enjoy* the motion.

Barnacle's family grows and grows;
Little relations arrive in rows;
And the quicker the barnacles grow,
you know,

The slower the ship doth go—yo ho!

Thousands of barnacles, small and great,
Stick to the jolly old ship of State;
So we mustn't be cross if she seems to crawl—

It's rather a marvel she goes at all.

A. P. H.

"Priests preach the want of brotherhood in the Anglican Church, but many, I am sorry to say, do not practise what they preach."

Letter to *Daily Paper*.

Is not this carrying the reactionary spirit a little too far?

AT THE PLAY.

"THE DRAGON."

SOME day, no doubt, plays like *Mr. Wu* and *The Dragon* (by R. E. JEFFREY) will be forbidden by the League of Nations. Meanwhile let us allow ourselves to be diverted by the motiveless villainies of crooked cruel "Chinks" like *Wang Fu Chang*, who sold opium at a terrific profit in Mayfair, hung his servants up by their thumbs and belonged to a Society of Elder Brethren, as to whose activities we were given no clue, unless indeed their job was the kidnapping of Younger Sisters for Wicked Mandarins.

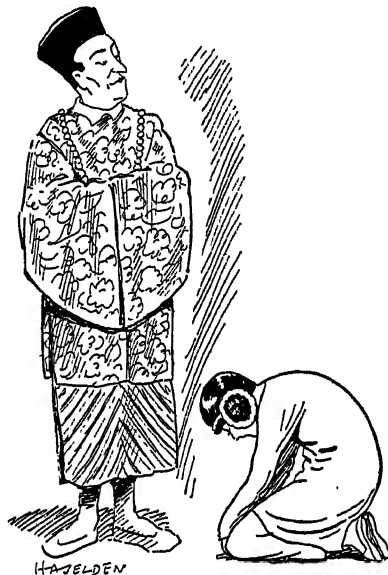
For *Jack Stacey*, who opened the Prologue in Loolong with head in hands and moaned invocations of the Deity (a version doubtless of the well-known gambit, "'Hell!' said the Duchess"), had his little daughter kidnapped at birth or thereabouts (by *Wang Fu*, as it happened), and never saw her again till, after eighteen years of opium-doping—between the Prologue and the First Act—he called upon the same *Wang Fu* (just before dinner) with a peremptory message from a very bad and powerful mandarin that if little Miss *Che Fu* were not packed off to China by eleven that same evening the Elder Brethren would be one short by midnight. *Che Fu*, I ought to say, passed as *Wang's* daughter, but was so English, you know, to look at that nobody could really believe it.

Of course *Jack* didn't recognise her as his own daughter, but equally of course we did, and knew that she would be rescued by her impetuous boy-lover and restored to her real father; but not before great business with opium pipes, pivoting statues of goddesses, inoperative revolvers, gongs, strangulations (with gurgles), detectives, rows of Chinese servants each more rascally (and less Chinese, if possible) than the last, and over all the polished villainy of the inscrutable *Wang Fu Chang*.

Mr. JEFFREY's technique was quite adequate for this ingenuous kind of thing. He achieved what I take to be the supreme compliment of noisy hushings sibilated from the pit and gallery when the later curtains rose. Perhaps action halted a little to allow of rather too much display of pidgin-English and (I suppose) authentic elementary Chinese and comic-reliefs which filled the spaces between the salient episodes of the slender and naïve plot. I couldn't help wondering how *Jack Stacey*, whom we left at 10.45 in a horrible stupor, shut away in a gilded alcove of *Wang Fu's* opium den, could appear at 11.30 at *Lady Handley's* in immaculate evening dress and with entirely unruffled hair,

having in the meantime cut down and restored to consciousness two tortured Chinese and heard the true story of his daughter's adventures. This seems to be overdoing the unities. And I wondered whether the puzzled look on young *Handley's* face was due to this same wonder or to the reflection that if he had shed one undesirable father-in-law he had let himself in for another. For, needless to say, they had all met in the famous opium scene when *Stacey* was naturally not at his best.

Mr. D. LEWIN MANNERING was suitably sinister as *Wang Fu*; Mr. TARVER PENNA's *Ah Fong*, the heroine's champion, made some very pleasant faces and gestures and was less incurably Western than some of his colleagues; Mr. CRONIN WILSON's *Jack Stacey* seemed a meri-



THE MODEL FLAPPER (CHINESE STYLE).
Wang Fu Chang . . . Mr. D. L. MANNERING.
Che Fu . . . Miss CHRISTINE SILVER.

torious performance. The part of *Che Fu* made no particular demand on Miss CHRISTINE SILVER's talent, and Miss EVADNE PRICE faithfully earned the laughter she was expected to make as *Sua Se*, the opium-den attendant. Leave your critical faculty at home and you will be able to derive considerable entertainment from this unambitious show.

Fashions in Hand-wear.

"Amusing contrast is seen in the Riviera and winter sports outfits now on view, with filmy lace, shimmering silks, and glowing velvets on the one hand and thick wool and the stoutest of boots on the other."

Weekly Paper.

From a *feuilleton* :—

" . . . She was startled by a low sibilant whisper, 'I've caught you, my girl!'"

Daily Paper.

Try and hiss this for yourself.

THE BARREL OF BEEF.

WE were dawdling home from the westward on the flood. Astern of us, knee-deep in foam, stood the slim column of the Bishop lighthouse, a dark pencil mark on the cloudless sky. To the south the full Atlantic piled the black reefs with hills of snow. Ahead the main islands lumped out of the blue sea like a school of basking whales. I had the tiller and Uncle Billy John Polsue was forward picking up the marks and carrying on a running commentary, punctuated by expectorations of dark fluid. Suddenly something away on the port bow attracted his attention. He rolled to his feet, stared for some seconds and shouted, "Hold 'er on the corner o' Great Minalte!" a tremor of excitement in his voice.

I did as I was bid and sheeted home.

Billy John fished the conger gaff from under the blue and silver heap of mackerel in the well and climbed laboriously on to the little half-deck. So we were after some sort of flotsam, I could not see what, because Billy John's expansive back-view obscured the prospect ahead, but from his tense attitude I judged that it appeared interesting. He signed to me to come up another couple of points, took a firm grasp of the gaff and leaned over the bows. Then with a creak of straining tackle and a hiss of riven water a gig was on us. She swooped out of the blue, swept by not two fathoms to windward and with a boat-hook snapped up the treasure trove (it looked suspiciously like a small kog) right under our very noses as adroitly as a lurcher snaps a hare. She ran on a cable's length, spun on her heel and slipped away down the sound, a long lean craft, leaping like a live thing under her press of canvas. She seemed full of red-headed men of all ages and was steered by a brindled patriarch who wagged his vermilion beard at us and cackled loudly. I roared with laughter; I had seldom seen anything so consummately slick in my life.

Billy John roared too, but from other influences. He bellowed, he spat, he danced with rage. He cursed the gig's company collectively and singly, said they were nothing better than common pirates and that they lured ships to destruction and devoured the crews—raw.

The gig's company were delighted; they jeered and waved their caps. Billy John trembled with passion.

"Who stole the bar'l o' beef?" he trumpeted through his palms. "Who—stole—the—bar'l—o'—beef? Hoo hoo!"

This last sally had a subduing effect on the gig's company; they turned



CHILDREN'S PRESENTS. CHRISTMAS, 1920.

Mother. "ISN'T IT A PERFECT GEM, DARLING?"

Son. "WOULDN'T BE SEEN DEAD WITH IT. I ASK YOU, WHERE'S THE H.P. CYLINDER THAT DRIVES THE CRANK-PINS ON THE TRAILING WHEELS?"

their faces away and became absorbed in the view ahead.

Billy John sat down with a grunt of satisfaction. "That settled 'em," he grinned. "They dunno who did steal the bar'l to this day, and each wan do suspect t'other."

"St. Martin's islanders?" I queried.

Billy John shook his head. "Naw, from St. Helen's, o' course; deddn' you see their red 'eads? They're all red-caded over on Helen's—take after their great-grandfather the Devil."

"They're pretty smart, anyhow," said I.

Billy John threw up both hands. "Smart! By dang you've said it! Anythin' in the way o' honest work they do leave to us poor mainland grabbers; they don't unnerstand it; but come a bit o' easy money in the way of wreckage and we might as well stop bed as try to compete with them; we eddn but children to 'em."

"What about this barrel of beef?" I asked.

Billy John chuckled. "Comed to pass years ago, Sir. There was a party of us over 'ere crabbin'. My brother

Zackariah 'ad married a Helen's wumman, and a brear great piece she were too. They was livin' on Helen's upon Lower Town beach, and we lodged with 'em.

"Wan mornin' before dawn along comes great Susan in her stockined feet. 'Whist!' says she, 'rouse thee out an' don't make no noise; I think I heerd a gun from Carnebiggal Ledges.'

"We sneaked out like shadows, got the boat afloat and pulled away, mufflin' the oars with our caps. We got a fair start; nobody heerd us go. It weren't yet light and the fog were like a bag, but we got there somehow, and sure enough there were a big steamer fast on the rocks. Great Susan were right. Oh, I tell you t'eddn guesswork with them St. Helen's folk; male or female they got a nose for a wreck, same as cats for mice. There was a couple o' ship's boats standing by on her port side full o' men.

"Where in 'ell are we?' shouts 'er skipper as we comed nosing through the fog. 'I ain't seen the sun for two days.'

"We told en and lay by chattin' and

wonderin' 'ow we was to plunder she, with them in the road. Time went by and there we was still chattin' about the weather an' suchlike damfoolery. Every minute I was expectin' to see the Helen's gigs swarmin' out, and then it wouldn't be pickin's we'd get but leavin's.

"'Ere,' whispers I to Zakky, 'scare 'im off for God's sake.'

"'I'll 'ave a try,' says 'e. 'Say, Mr. Captain, the tide's makin'. She do come through 'ere like a river and you'll be swamped for certain. Pull for the shore, sailor.'

"'Will you pilot me in?' says the captain.

"'Naw,' says Zakky. 'I got to be after my crab-pots; but I'll send my nephew wid 'e.'

"'Keep 'em lost out in the Sound for a couple of hours, son,' he whispers to the boy, and the lad takes 'em off into the fog. 'Now for the plunder, my dears,' says Zakky; and we makes for the ship.

"But Lor' bless you, Sir, she were already plundered. While we was chattin' away on her port side four

Helen's gigs' crews had boarded her quietly from starboard and was eatin' through her like a pest o' ants. They'd come staggering on deck—fathers, sons and grandfathers—with bundles twice as big nor themselves, toss 'em into the gigs and go back for more. As for us, we stood like men mazed. I tell you, Sir, a God-fearing man can't make a livin' 'mong that lot; they'll turn a vessel inside out while he's thinkin' how to begin.

"By-m, by they comed on the prize o' the lot—a bar'l o' beef. My word, what an outcry! 'I seed 'en first!' 'Naw, you deddn'; hands off!' 'Leggo; 's mine!' Quarrellin' 'mong themselves now, mark you, beef bein' as scarce as diamonds in them hard times. Old Hosea—the old toad that you seed steerin' that gig just now—he puts a stop to et.

"'Avast ragin', thou fools,' says 'e; 'coastguards will be along in a minute and then there'll be nothin' for nobody. Set en in my boat an' I'll divide it up equal on the beach."

"They done as they were told, and away goes old Hosea for the shore, followed by the other gigs loaded that deep they could hardly swim. Seein' they hadn't left us nothin' but the bare bones we pulled in ourselves shortly after, and my dear life what a sight we did behold! Fellows runnin' about in the fog on the beach, for all the world like shadows on a blind, cursin', shoutin', fightin', tumblin' over each other, huntin' high and low, and in the middle of 'em all old Hosea crying out for his bar'l o' beef like a wumman after her first-born. Somebody'd stole it! Mercy me! we mainlanders lay on our oars and laughed till the tears rolled out of us in streams."

"Who did steal it? Do you know?" I asked.

Billy John nodded. "I do, Sir. Why, great Susan, o' course. They'd forgotten she, livin' right upon the beach—wan o' their own breed. Susan stalked en through the fog an' had en locked in her own house before they could turn round. And many a full meal we poor honest mainlanders had off it, Sir, take it from me."

PATLANDER.

Our Cynical Municipalities.

"Schemes for the relief of the unemployed at—include the extension of the cemetery,"
Daily Paper.

"The constable went to the warehouse doorway and found two men, who, when asked to account for their movements, suddenly bolted in different directions, pursued by the constable."—*Welsh Paper*.

A worthy colleague of the Irish policeman who in a somewhat similar dilemma "surrounded the crowd."

VIGNETTES OF SCOTTISH SPORT.

(By a Peckham Highlander.)

O BRAVLY sklent the break o' day
On far Lochaber's bank and brae,
And briskly bra's the Hielan' burn
Where day by day the Southron kern
Comes busking through the bonnie
brae

Wi' rod and creel o' finest make,
And gars the artfu' trouties rise
Wi' a' the newest kinds o' flies,
Nor doots that ere the sun 's at rest
He'll catch a basket o' the best.

For what's so sweet to nose o' man
As trouties skirrlin' in the pan
Wi' whiles a nip o' mountain dew
Tae warm the chilly Saxon through,
And hold the balance fair and right
Twixt intellect and appetite?

But a' in vain the Southron throws
Abuné each trout's suspectfu' nose
His gnats and coachmen, greys and
brouns,

And siclike gear that's sold in touns,
And a' in vain the burn he whups
Frae earliest sunrise till the tups
Wi' mony a wean-compelling "meeeh!"
Announce the punctual close of day.
Then hameward by the well-worn
track

Gangs the disgruntled Sassenach,
And, having dined off mountain sheep,
Betakes him moodily to sleep.
And "Ah!" he cries, "would I might be
A clansman kilted to the knee,
Wi' sporrán, plaid and buckled shoe,
And Caledonian whiskers too!
Would I could wake the pibroch's
throes

And live on parritch and peas brose
And spurn the ling wi' knotty knees,
The dourest Scot frae Esk tae Tees!
For only such; I'll answer for 't,
Are rightly built for Hielan' sport,
Can stalk Ben Ledi's antlered stag
Frae scaur to scaur and crag tae crag,
Cra'ing like serpents through the grass
On waumies bound wi' triple brass;
Can find themselves at set o' sun,
Wi' sandwiches and whusky gone,
And twenty miles o' scaur and fell
Frae Miss McOstrich's hotel,
Yet utter no revilin' word
Against the undiminished herd
Of antlered monarchs of the glen
That never crossed their eagle ken:
But a' unfrettit turn and say,
'Hoots, but the sport's been grand the
day!'

For none but Scotsmen born and bred,
When ither folk lie snug in bed,
Would face yon cauld and watery pass,
The eerie peat-hag's dark morass,
Where wails the whaup wi' mournful
screams,

Tae wade a' day in icy streams
An' flog the burn wi' feckless flies
Though ilka trout declines tae rise,

Then hameward crunch wi' empty creel
Tae sit and hark wi' unquenched zeal
Tae dafties' tales o' lonesome tarns
Cramfu' o' trout as big as barns."

E'en thus the envious Southron girds
Complainin' fate wi' bitter words
For a' the virtues she allots
Unto the hardy race o' Scots.
And when the sun the brae's abune
He taks the train to London toun,
Vowing he ne'er again will turn
Tae Scottish crag or Hielan' burn,
But hire a punt and fish for dace
At Goring or some ither place.

ALGOL.

EFFECT AND CAUSE.

THE bell was knelling: dong, dong,
dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong.

Inside the Hall there was nothing
but gloom.

Suddenly the echoes were startled by
a loud knocking on the door: rat, tat,
tat, tat, tat, tat, ratta, tatta, tatta,
tatta, tat, tat.

Who could it be?

The old servitor shambled to undo
the bolts. As he opened the door the
wind rushed in, carrying great flakes of
snow with it and an icy blast pene-
trated to every corner of the house.

There followed a man muffled up to
the eyes in a vast red scarf—or not so
much red as pink, salmon colour—which
he proceeded gradually to unwind, re-
vealing at length the features of Mr.
James Tod Brown, the senior partner
of the firm of Brown, Brown & Brown,
of Little Britain. Save for a curious
nervousness of speech which caused
him to repeat every remark several
times, Mr. James Tod Brown was a
typical lawyer, in the matter of ability
far in advance of either of his partners,
Brown or Brown.

"Dear me," he said, "dear me, dear
me! This is very sad, very sad—very
sudden too, vory suddon. And what—
tut, tut, dear, dear, let me see—what
was the cause of—ah! What was the
cause—what was it that occasioned the
—how did your master come to die?
Yes, how did your master come to die?"

* * * * *

"What is it all about?" asks thereader.

Well, it is not quite so meaningless
as it may appear; there is method in
the madness; for this is a passage from
a story by one of the most popular
English authors in America, to whom
an American editor has offered twenty
cents a word. At the present rate of
exchange such commissions are not to
be trifled with.

"Wanted, experienced Parlourmaid for a
good home, where the household does not
change."—*Local Paper*.

Apparently "no washing."



Cheerful Sportsman. "HULLO, PADRE! I SEE YOUR LATE COLLEAGUE HAS GONE ON AHEAD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER, for whose work as a novelist I have more than once expressed high admiration, has now brought together seven long-short stories under the collective title of *The Happy End* (HEINEMANN). Lest however this name and the little preface, in which the writer asserts that his wares "have but one purpose—to give pleasure," should lead you to expect that species of happy ending in which Jack shall have Jill and naught shall go ill, I think a word of warning may not be wasted. In only three of the tales is the finish a matter of conventional happiness. Elsewhere you have a deserted husband, who has tracked his betrayer to a nigger saloon in Atlantic City, wrested from his purpose of murder by a revivalist hymn; a young lad, having avenged the destruction of his home, returning to his widowed mother to await, one supposes, the process of the law; or an over-fed war profiteer stricken with apoplexy at sight of a boat full of the starved victims of a submarine outrage. You observe perhaps that the epithet "happy" is one to which the artist and the casual reader may attach a different significance. But let not anything I have said be considered as reflecting upon the tales themselves, which indeed seem to me to be masterpieces of their kind. Personally my choice would rest on the last, "The Thrush in the Hedge," a simple history of how the voice of a young tramp was revealed by his chance meeting with a blind and drug-sodden fiddler who had once played in opera—a thing of such unforced art that its con-

cluding pages, when the discovery is put to a final test, shake the mind with apprehension and hope. A writer who can make a short story do that comes near to genius.

If you wish to play the now fashionable game of newspaper-proprietor-baiting you can, with Miss ROSE MACAULAY, create a possible but not actual figure like *Potter* and, using it for stalking-horse, duly point your moral; or, with Mr. W. L. GEORGE in *Caliban* (METHUEN), you can begin by mentioning all the well-known figures in the journalistic world by way of easy camouflage, so as to evade the law of libel, call your hero-villain *Bulmer*, attach to him all the legends about actual newspaper kings, add some malicious distortion to make them more exciting and impossible, and thoroughly let yourself go. Good taste alone will decide which is the cleaner sport, and good taste does not happen to be the fashion in certain literary circles at the moment. Of course Mr. GEORGE, being a novelist of some skill, has provided a background out of his imagination. The most interesting episode, excellently conceived and worked out, is the only unsuccessful passage in *Lord Bulmer's* life, the wooing of *Janet Willoughby*. The awkward thing for Mr. GEORGE is that he has so splashed the yellow over *Bulmer* in the office that there is no use in his pretending that the *Bulmer* in *Mrs. Willoughby's* drawing-room is the same man in another mood. He just isn't. Incidentally the author gives us the best defence of the saffron school of journalism I've read—a defence that's a little too good to believe; and some shrewd blows above (and, as I have hinted, occasionally below) the belt.

I want to give the epithet "lush" to *The Breathless Moment* (LANE), and, although the dictionary asks me as far as in me lies to reserve that adjective for grass, I really don't see why, just for once, I shouldn't do what I like with it. Lush grass is generally long and brightly coloured—"luxuriant and succulent," the dictionary says—and that is exactly what Miss MURIEL HINE's book is. She tells the story of *Sabine Fane*, who, loving *Mark Vallance*, persuaded him to pass a honeymoon month with her before he went to the Front, though his undesirable wife was still alive. In allowing her heroine to suffer the penalty of this action Miss HINE would appear, as far as plot is concerned, to discourage such adventures. But *Sabine* is so charming, her troubles end so happily and the setting of West Country scenery is so beautiful that, taken as a whole, I should expect the book to have the opposite effect. The picture of a tall green wave propelling a very solid rainbow, which adorns the paper wrapper and as an advertisement has cheered travellers on the Tube for some weeks past, has no real connection with the story, but perhaps is meant to be symbolical of the book, which, clever and well written as it is, is almost as little like what happens in real life.

The Uses of Diversity (METHUEN) is the title of a little volume in which Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON has reprinted a selection of his shorter essays, fugitive pieces of journalism, over which indeed the casual reader may experience some natural bewilderment at finding, what is inevitable in such work, the trivialities of the day before yesterday treated with the respect of contemporary regard. Many of the papers are inspired by the appearance of a particular book or play. I can best illustrate what I have said above by a quotation from one of them, in which the

author wrote (*à propos* of the silver goblets in *Henry VIII.* at His Majesty's) that he supposed such realism might be extended to include "a real Jew to act *Shylock*." For those who recall a recent triumph, this flight of imagination will now have an oddly archaic effect. It is by no means the only passage to remind us sharply that much canvas has gone over the stage rollers since these appreciations were written. Unquestionably Mr. CHESTERTON, with the unstated entertainment of his verbal acrobatics, stands the ordeal of such revival better than most. Even when he is upon a theme so outworn as the "Pageants that have adorned England of late," he can always astonish with some grave paradox. But for all that I still doubt whether journalism so much of the moment as this had not more fitly been left for the pleasure of casual rediscovery in its original home than served up with the slightly overweighting dignity of even so small a volume.

In *A Tale That Is Told* (COLLINS), Mr. FREDERICK NIVEN throws himself into the personality of *Harold Grey*, who is the youngest son of an "eminent Scottish divine," and

constitutes himself the annalist of the family, its private affairs and its professional business in the commerce of literature and art. The right of the family to its annals, notwithstanding that its members are little involved in furious adventures or thrilling romance, is established at once by the very remarkable character of the *Reverend Thomas Grey*. The duty upon you to read them depends, as the prologue hints, upon whether you are greatly interested in life and not exclusively intent on fiction. When I realised that I must expect no more than an account, without climax, of years spent as a tale that is told, I accepted the conditions subject to certain terms of my own. The family must be an interesting one and not too ordinary; the sons, *Thomas* (whose creed was "Give yourself," and whose application of it was such that it usually wrecked the person to whom the gift was made), *Dick* the artist, and *John* the novelist, must be very much alive; if the big adventures were missing the little problems must be faced; the question of sex must not be overlooked; and of humour none of the characters must be devoid, and the historian himself must be full. Mr. NIVEN failed me in no particular.

Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG, in *Imprudence* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), is not at the top of her form, but a neat and effective finish makes some amends for a performance which is, like the wind in a weather report, mainly moderate or light. The heroine, *Prudence Graynor*, was the child of her father's second marriage, and she was afflicted with a battalion of elderly half-sisters and one quite detestable half-brother. This battalion was commanded by one *Agatha*, and it submitted to her orders and caprices in a way incomprehensible to *Prudence*—and incidentally to me. The *Graynors* and also the *Morgans* were of "influential commercial stock," and both families were so essentially Victorian in their outlook and manner of living that I was surprised when 1914 was announced. The trouble with this story is that too many of the characters are drawn from the stock-pot. But I admit that, before we have done with them, they acquire a certain distinction from the adroitness with which the author extricates them from apparently hopeless situations.

Praise from "The Times."

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer, with that absence of commercial training which is essential to one occupying such a position . . ."

Another Sex-Problem.

"WANTED.—Six White Leghorn Cockerels; 6 Black Minorca Cockerels. Must lay eggs."—*Times of Ceylon*.

"A dreamy professor in a dim romantic laboratory may light upon a placid formula and, like Aladdin, roll back the portals of the enchanted fastness with a tranquil open sesame."—*Magazine*. But why should his laboratory be dim when he has *Ali Baba's* wonderful lamp to light it?



MORE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Goat. "WHO ARE YOU?"

The Man (greatly disturbed). "WHO? ME? I—I'M THE NEW GAMEKEEPER."

The Goat. "WELL, I'M THE LATE GAMEKEEPER. YOU SEE, OLD BILKS THE SORCERER TOOK TO POACHING LATELY, AND I WAS FOOL ENOUGH TO CATCH HIM AT IT."

CHARIVARIA.

APPARENTLY the official decision not to issue Christmas excursion tickets for journeys of less than one hundred miles will inflict some inconvenience on the public. Several correspondents point out that they will be obliged to travel further than they had intended.

A newspaper correspondent describes CHARLIE CHAPLIN as being an amusing companion in private life. We always suspect a popular comedian of having his lighter moments.

"For twenty years," says a contemporary, "Superintendent Spencer of Scotland Yard has been watching the King." We hasten to add that during all that time HIS MAJESTY has never done anything to excite suspicion.

This year's Oxford and Cambridge Rugby match is said to have been the most exciting in the memory of the oldest undergraduate.

According to *The Daily Express* twenty-five thousand Government officials are on strike in Austria. People are asking why we can't have this sort of thing in England.

Official kissing at Presidential functions is now discontinued in

France and visitors must shake hands in future. These curtailed amenities are still an improvement on the Mexican custom of exchanging revolver shots.

"Hats," says *The Times'* fashion correspondent, "are worn well on the head." We have always regarded this as the best place to wear a hat on.

White spats are to be fashionable this winter, we read. In muddy weather, however, the colour-scheme may be varied. Only the other day we saw one gentleman wearing a beautiful pair of Dalmatians.

So many singers want to run before they can walk, says Mr. BEN DAVIES. With some singers whom we have heard, the ability to dodge as well as run would be an advantage.

Loud cheers were given, says a

Bolshevist wireless message, when LENIN left Petrograd for Moscow. We can well believe it.

The Bolsheviks now forbid men to walk through the streets with their hands in their pockets. Hands in other peoples' pockets every time is their motto.

A palpitating writer in a Sunday paper asks if the summit of English life is being made a true Olympus or a rooting-ground for the swine of Epirurus. Judging by the present exorbitant price of a nice tender loin of pork, with crisp crackling, we should say the former.

A West Norwood man who de-

assigned is the depressing effect of the DEAN.

Of several hats caught up in a recent whirlwind it was observed that the one with the largest circulation was a "Sandringham."

A judge has decided that it is *ultra vires* for a municipal body to run a public laundry. Apparently this is to remain a monopoly of the Royal Courts of Justice.

"The telephone," we are told, "was cradled in a dead man's ear." As far as we can ascertain the other end of ours is still there.

Seventy is suggested by the London

County Council as the age limit at which coroners should retire. Complete justice cannot be done as long as there is anything in the shape of identity of interest between the coroner and the corpse.

"The natural position of the eyeballs in sleep," says a correspondent of *The Daily Mail*, "is turned upwards." The practice of leaving them standing in a tumbler of water all night should be particularly avoided by light sleepers.

We are asked to deny the rumour that

the POET LAUREATE is entitled to draw the unemployment donation.

Theatre-Fashions in Malta.

"The House was full to its utmost capacity, the elegant night dresses and toilettes of the ladies presenting a fine aspect."—*Malta Paper*.

"Ye Olde — Hotel. Hot and Cold Sheets." *Daily Paper*.

Produced, we assume, by a water-bottle (h. and c.).

"THE DRY CHAMPAIGN IN SCOTLAND. POLLING IN EDINBURGH." *Provincial Paper*.

Judging by the results, the Scots seem still to prefer the local vintage.

There was a young high-brow of Sutton
Who lived on hot air and cold mutton;
He knew not of Grock,
But he idolized Brock
(I don't mean the sculptor, but CLUT-
TON).



THE POKER-PLAYER'S SECRET MAKE-UP OUTFIT.

Disguises your elation when you hold a fat hand.
Only five-and-sixpence post free in plain wrapper.
Will pay for itself many times over.

scribed himself as a poet told the magistrate that he had twice been knocked down by a motor-cyclist. Our opinion is that he should have given up poetry when he was knocked down the first time.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL cannot be in two places at once, says *The Bristol Evening News*. All the same it is a dangerous thing to put him on his mettle like that.

Many people remain oblivious of the approach of Christmas until the appearance of mistletoe at Covent Garden. We don't wait for that; we go by the appearance in *The Daily Mail* of a letter announcing the discovery of primroses in Thanet.

Measures to arrest the subsidence of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral have again become imperative. The cause

TO THE LION OF LUCERNE.

TINO, before you went away
 To crouch behind a sheltering Alp,
 How strong the limelight used to play
 About your bald, but kingly, scalp!
 And now, emerging from the shelf
 (A site where Kings are seldom happy),
 You must be pleased to find yourself
 Once more resilient on the *tapis*.
 Over your past (Out, damned spots!)
 With lavish bucketfuls you paint
 The whitewash on to clean its blots
 And camouflage the Teuton taint;
 From WILLIAM and the family tie
 Protesting your unbridled freedom,
 "I know you not, old man," you cry,
 "Fall to your prayers—you badly need 'em!"
 For Athens, to your great content,
 Calls you to be her guiding star
 (Only a paltry one per cent
 Wanted to leave you where you are);
 And you've agreed to take it on,
 Jumped at the prospect Fate discloses,
 And thought, "With VENEZELOS gone,
 Life will be one long bed of roses."
 But mark the oversight you made,
 Forgetting, while you waxed so fat,
 That England, whom you once betrayed,
 Might have a word to say to that;
 Might, if for love of your fair eyes
 Greece should decide again to wobble,
 Conceivably withdraw supplies
 And cut her off with half an obol.
 Roar loud, O Lion of Lucerne!
 But lo, upon Britannia's shore
 Another Lion takes his turn
 And gives a rather louder roar;
 Meaning, "It doesn't suit my views
 To subsidise two sorts of beano,
 And Greece will therefore have to choose
 Between her tummy and her TINO." O. S.

ABOUT GOLF.

GOLF is obviously the worst game in the world. I doubt indeed whether it is a game at all.

It is played with a ball, about which, though I could say much, I will say little. I will not decide whether it should have a heart of oak or a heart of gold, whether it should go through a 1·6-inch ring or a plate-glass window, whether it should sink like the German Navy or float like the British. Enough, if not too much, has been said about the standard ball.

Golf is also played with a number of striking implements more intricate in shape than those used in any other form of recreation except dentistry. Let so much be agreed.

Now, quite plainly, the essential idea underlying all games played with a ball, whether a club, stick, mallet, bat or cue be added or no, is that some interference should take place with the enemy's action, some thwarting of his purpose or intent. In Rugby football, to take a case, where no mallet is used, it is permissible to seize an opponent by the whiskers and sling him over your right shoulder, afterwards stamping a few times on his head or his stomach. This thwarts him badly. The same principle applies, though in a milder form, to the game of cricket, where you attempt to beat the

adversary's bat with your ball, or, if you have the bat, to steer the ball between your adversaries, or at least to make them jolly well wish that you would.

Even with the baser and less heroic ball games, like croquet and billiards, where more than one ball is used at a time, action inimical to the interests of the opponent's ball is permitted and encouraged. Indeed in the good old days of yore, when croquet was not so strictly scientific, a shrewd sudden stroke—the ankle shot, we called it, for, after all, the fellow was probably not wearing boots—well, I daresay you remember it; and I have once succeeded in paralysing the enemy's cue arm with the red; but this needs a lot of luck as well as strength, and is not a stroke to be practised by the beginner, especially on public tables.

We come then again to golf, and see at once that, with the miserable and cowardly exception of laying the stymie, there is no stroke in this game that fulfils the proper conditions which should govern athletic contests involving the use of spherical objects with or without instruments of percussion.

And yet we read column after column about fierce encounters and desperate struggles between old antagonists, when as a matter of fact there is no struggle, no encounter at all. Against no other ball game but golf, unless perhaps it be roulette, can this accusation be laid. Ask a man what happened last Saturday. "I went out," he says, rather as if he was the British Expeditionary Force, "in 41; but I came home"—he smiles triumphantly; you see the hospital ship, the cheering crowds—"in 39." Whether he beat the other fellow or not he hardly remembers, because there was in fact no particular reason why the other fellow should have been there.

Golf matches ought to be arranged, and for my part I shall arrange them in future, as follows:—

He. Can you play on Saturday at Crump?

I. No, I'm not playing this week.

He. Next week then?

I. Yes, at Blimp.

He. I can't come to Blimp.

I. Well, let's play all the same. Your score this week at Crump against mine next week at Blimp, and we'll have five bob on it.

I'm not quite sure what his retort is, but you take my point. It is manifestly absurd to drag the psychological element into this cold-blooded mathematical pursuit. After all that England has done and come through in the last few years, is a man in baggy knickerbockers, with tufts on the ends of his garters, going to be daunted and foiled just because a man in slightly baggier knickerbockers and with slightly larger tufts on his garters has hit a small white pellet a little further than he has? Hardly, I think.

That is why, when I read long letters in the principal daily papers about the expense of this so-called game, and calculations as to whether it can be played for less than twenty-five shillings a time, I am merely amused. In my opinion, if the relatives of members of golf-clubs cannot afford to support them, these institutions should either be closed or the inmates should be provided with some better game, like basketball. That is what I feel about golf.

All the same, if Enderby really thinks and believes that, because in a nasty cross-wind I happened to be slicing badly and didn't know the course and lost a ball at the twelfth, and he holed twice out of bunkers and certainly baulked me by sniffing on the fifteenth tee, and laid a stymie, mark you, of all places at the seventeenth, that I can't beat him three times out of five in normal conditions and not with that appalling caddy—well, I suppose one must do one's best to relieve a fellow-creature of his hallucinations, mustn't one?

EVOE.



THE BOBLET.

BRITANNIA (*counting her change*). "WHAT'S THIS?"

OUR MR. CHAMBERLAIN. "THAT, MADAM, IS THE NEW SHILLING. IT HAS MORE ALLOY THAN THE OLD, BUT THE SAME PURCHASING POWER."

BRITANNIA. "PURCHASING WEAKNESS, YOU MEAN."



Host (by way of keeping his guest's mind off the state of the course). "ASTONISHING HOW QUICKLY PEOPLE HAVE FORGOTTEN THE WAR."
Guest. "WHAT—WITH THIS MUD, AND YOU AT THE SLOPE?"

OUR HEAVY-WAITS.

OUR Boxing Correspondent sends us the following gloomy forecast. We have pointed out to him that Mr. COCHRAN has recently made a definite contract for a meeting between DEMPSEY and CARPENTIER. Our Correspondent replies that this does not affect his attitude, and urges us to publish his predictions of further delay. We do so under protest.

Paris, December 22nd, 1920.—M. DESCHAMPS (CARPENTIER's Manager) denies all knowledge of any agreement with Mr. COCHRAN.

New York, December 24th, 1920.—Mr. C. B. COCHRAN says that DESCHAMPS must be dotty. He (C. B.) is returning by the *Mauretania* to-morrow.

London, April 17th, 1923.—As Mr. COCHRAN and M. DESCHAMPS have not yet come to an agreement the fight for the World's Heavy-Weight Championship is indefinitely postponed. JOE BECKETT meets Bombardier WELLS to-night at the Circle.

London, April 18th, 1923.—Since the

days of JIM CORBETT no more polished exponent of the fistic art has graced the ring than our Bombardier Billy. Thunders of applause greeted his appearance in the "mystic square" last night. He flashed round his ponderous opponent, mesmerising him with the purity of his style, the accuracy of his hitting, the brilliance of his foot-work. He held the vast audience spell-bound. BECKETT won on a knock-out in the second round.

London, August 11th, 1924.—Mr. LOVAT FRASER in a powerful article (written *entirely* in italics) in *The Daily Mail* points out the fearful tension the peace of Europe is undergoing through the continued differences between Messrs. COCHRAN and DESCHAMPS, and demands to know what the PREMIER is doing about it.

London, August 24th, 1924.—Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, acting under Mr. LOVAT FRASER's orders, has gone to Lympne (kindly lent by Sir PHILIP SASOON), where he will be joined by Mr. COCHRAN, M. DESCHAMPS and M. MILLERAND.

London, September 30th, 1924.—The

whole civilised world will rejoice to hear that the differences between Mr. C. B. COCHRAN and M. DESCHAMPS have at last been amicably settled. The great fight for the world's heavy-weight championship is fixed to take place at Olympia on November 17th. DEMPSEY is to receive £100,000, CARPENTIER £75,000.

London, October 4th, 1924.—It appears that Olympia was already booked for November for *The Daily Mail's* Ideal Pyjama Exhibition, and Mr. C. B. COCHRAN has to-day issued a *communiqué* to the Press Association to the effect that the contest will be held definitely in Sark (Channel Islands) on December 23rd. He has hired the entire Cunard and White Star Fleets for the day, and those who cannot find standing room on the island will be provided with seats and telescopes in the ships' riggings. All will be welcome at fifty guineas a head.

New York, October 6th, 1924.—DEMPSEY denies that he is meeting CARPENTIER on December 23rd. He laughs at the idea of fighting for £100,000. "Heaven knows I am not mercenary,"

he says, "but there's such a thing as a living wage."

London, October 7th, 1924.—Mr. C. B. COCHRAN, in an interview granted to our reporter yesterday, says that he has done with fight-promoting for ever and will in future concentrate on performing seals.

London, October 10th, 1924.—A sensation was caused at the Circle last night when an old man jumped unannounced into the ring and offered to fight anyone living to a finish for five pounds and a pint of beer for the sheer fun of the thing. The disturber, who was obviously out of his senses, was quickly removed. His identity has not so far been established, but he is thought to be a fighter of the old school escaped from confinement.

No authoritative announcement has been made as to who will assume Mr. COCHRAN's extensive boxing engagements, but rumour is busy with the name of Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY.

New York, January 31st, 1925.—Mr. W. BRADY, the veteran fight-promoter, has signed up J. DEMPSEY and GEORGES CARPENTIER to meet at Havana, Cuba, on Easter Monday, 1925. DEMPSEY will draw £200,000, CARPENTIER £150,000.

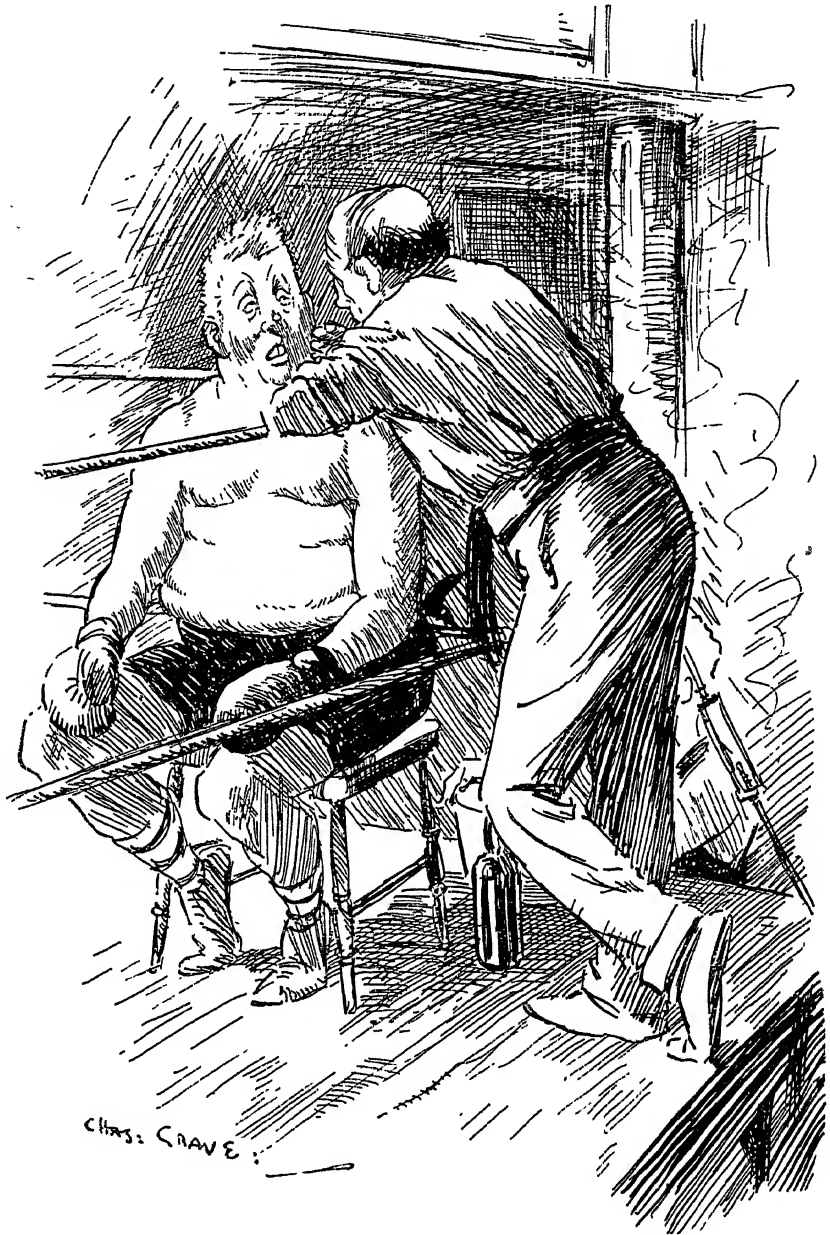
New York, February 8th, 1925.—Following Mr. W. BRADY's announcement, Mr. TEX RICKARDS (promoter of the JEFFRIES-JOHNSON contest) has now come forward, stating that DEMPSEY and CARPENTIER have signed a contract with him to fight at Nome, Alaska, on Shrove Tuesday, for a quarter-of-a-million each.

New York, February 19th, 1925.—Mr. C. B. COCHRAN, who arrived on the *Aquitania* this morning, says that the two champions have contracted to meet under his management at Tristan d'Acunha on Good Friday for half-a-million each and a percentage on the popcorn and peanut sales.

New York, March 3rd, 1925.—With the view of lifting the national depression consequent on the hitch in the world's championship arrangements, Mr. HENRY FORD, whose successes as a mediator are celebrated, is labouring to bring about a conciliatory meeting between the rival promoters.

New York, July 12th, 1925.—Mr. HENRY FORD's efforts, fortified by the prayers of the Rev. WILLIAM SUNDAY, have at length borne fruit. Messrs. BRADY, COCHRAN and RICKARDS have consented to talk matters over. The White House has been placed entirely at the disposal of the promoters, their families, secretaries, legal advisers, etc.

Washington, D.C., July 20th, 1925.—Mr. HENRY FORD's "Peace Party" has not proved an unqualified success. Battle royal broke out among the dele-



Second (to stout entrant in a Novice Competition). "Now, DON'T FORGET—AS SOON AS THE BELL GOES RUSH AT 'IM AN' KEEP FLITTIN' IN AN' OUT LIKE BITS O' FORKED LIGHTNIN'."

gates at noon yesterday. Messrs. BRADY, COCHRAN and RICKARDS have been taken to hospital, but are not expected to recover. The White House is in ruins.

THE GREAT FIGHT.

Geneva, July 4th, 1960.—The fight for the Heavyweight Championship of the World, held under the auspices of the League of Nations, took place yesterday before a gigantic crowd. DEMPSEY, who now wears a flowing white beard, was wheeled into the ring in a bath-chair. CARPENTIER, now wholly bald, appeared on crutches and was seconded by two trained nurses and his youngest grand-

son. Both champions were assisted to their feet by their supporters, shook hands and immediately clinched. In this clinch they remained throughout the entire round, fast asleep. At the opening of the second round they attempted to clinch again, but missed each other, overbalanced and went to the mat. Neither could be persuaded to get up, and consequently both were counted out.

It is therefore impossible to say who won or who lost, and the Heavyweight Championship of the World remains as open a question as ever.

PATLANDER.

EVE VICTORIOUS.

"AREN'T girls funny, Uncle Alan?" said Christopher.

"Christopher," I answered, "girls are the very dickens. You can't trust 'em. Never have anything to do with girls, my boy."

"I'm not going to," said Christopher.

This is what we said to each other afterwards. If either of us had thought of it before— But that's the usual way, of course.

* * * * *

Christopher and I were sitting by the fire. We were very peaceful and happy together, pretending to look at a book but really doing nothing at all.

Then Dorothy came into the room. Dorothy is Christopher's cousin and six years old. Not that her age matters—six, sixteen or sixty, they are all the same.

"What are you doing?" inquired Dorothy.

"Nothing," murmured Christopher contentedly.

"I wanted you to come and play with me."

Christopher shuffled uneasily and I came to the rescue.

"Not now, Dorothy," I said; "we are too comfortable. Come and have a look at this book with us."

Dorothy looked at me as though she had just realised my presence.

"I want Christopher to come and play with me," she repeated.

Christopher has a fine old-fashioned idea of a host's duty to his guests. He stifled a yawn and slid from my knee.

"All right, Dorothy," he said. "What shall we play?"

Dorothy skipped like a young lamb. "Hide and Seek," she sang. "I'll go and hide. Don't look till I call."

She danced gaily and triumphantly out of the room.

Now I don't mind being snubbed and I certainly shouldn't trouble about a spot of a child who ought to have been kept in the nursery. Of course it's ridiculous even to begin explaining, isn't it? The thing's obvious. No, I felt that Dorothy should be taught a lesson; that is all. I thought it would be good for her.

"That settles Dorothy," I said deliberately. "Now we can go on reading."

"But she wants me to go and look for her," explained Christopher.

"Then let her want," I said shortly. "We can't always be— Christopher, we'll have a game with Dorothy. We'll stop where we are and let her look for herself."

Christopher chuckled. "She'll be awfully angry," he said uncertainly.

"Good!" said I.

"Cooee!" came a voice from the far-away. We laughed guiltily to ourselves and settled down in the chair. The scheme proceeded according to plan.

After sundry shrieks and screeches and whistles Dorothy grew impatient and adopted bolder tactics.

"You can't find me," she called hopelessly.

I felt that it was time for a little encouragement.

"I wonder where she can be?" I said loudly.

There was a long silence. At last Dorothy grew desperate. "Look under the armchair in the hall," she called.

Christopher and I smiled to ourselves. Then suddenly we heard her creeping towards the door. I blame Christopher for what followed.

"She's coming," he whispered excitedly. "Let's hide."

There was no time to think. We slipped rapidly under the table. A ridiculous thing to do, of course; so undignified. I kick myself when I think of it, but at the time— Well, it was Christopher's fault for getting excited. So there we were squashed under the table when the door opened and Dorothy appeared.

"I don't believe—" she began, and then stopped. "Why, they're not here," she gasped. And then Christopher spoilt everything by spluttering. I strangled him at once and we hoped that Dorothy hadn't heard. We saw her legs standing very still by the door. Then they moved quickly round the table to the fireplace. Christopher and I held our breaths and waited. We saw that Dorothy was pulling our chair round to face the fire. Then she sat herself in it and all we could see was the back of the chair.

There was a great silence. Christopher and I looked at each other and decided that something must be done.

I cleared my throat quietly. "Cooee!" I fluted.

Dorothy began to sing a hymn in a loud voice.

And then Cecilia came into the room.

Now Cecilia is Christopher's mother and my sister. You will understand that neither Christopher nor I would care to appear ridiculous in front of her. So we kept quiet.

"Hallo, Dorothy," said Cecilia; "all by yourself? Where's Christopher?"

"I'm reading Christopher's book," said Dorothy, ignoring the question. "May I?"

"Of course, dear," said Cecilia, sitting down. There was a lot more silence. It grew very hot and uncomfortable under the table.

"What shall we do, Uncle?" whispered Christopher.

"Come on," I said desperately. We crawled out and stood up.

"What on earth—" began Cecilia. I managed a watery smile. "Here we are," I said to Dorothy.

Dorothy looked at us in surprise.

"You are untidy," she said. "Whatever have you been doing?"

Christopher swallowed indignantly. "We were playing 'Hide and Seek' with you," he said.

"Oh, I stopped playing a long time ago," said Dorothy. "I'm reading now." She turned to our book again. Cecilia began to laugh.

"Come and have a wash, Christopher," I said in a strangled voice, and we moved off sheepishly.

* * * * *

"Aren't girls funny, Uncle Alan?" said Christopher.

"Christopher," I answered, "girls are the very—" Well, I told you at the beginning what we said to each other.

HIGH EXPLOSIVE ART.

[*The Morning Post* has been conducting a vigorous campaign against singers who dispense with careful and prolonged training, and by their spasmodic and declamatory style suggest the title of "gaspers."]

Oh, all young folk of tuneful aims
And fancy names like Joan and Jasper,
I hope you'll read (and duly heed)
The Morning Post upon the "gasper."

'Tis not the "fag" that is turned down,
Though that often proves a rasper
Upon the larynx; here the noun
Denotes the human, singing gasper.

Rome was not builded in a day,
Nor even row-boats (*teste CLASPER*);
No more are voices which will stay,
Unlike the organ of the gasper.

Attorneys need, before they start,
Five years of training, but the gasper
Who grudges one to vocal art
Will end, as he began, a gasper.

Wherefore, ye men and maids who chant,

Refrain at all costs from exasperating
The Morning Post, which can't
Abide the methods of the gasper.

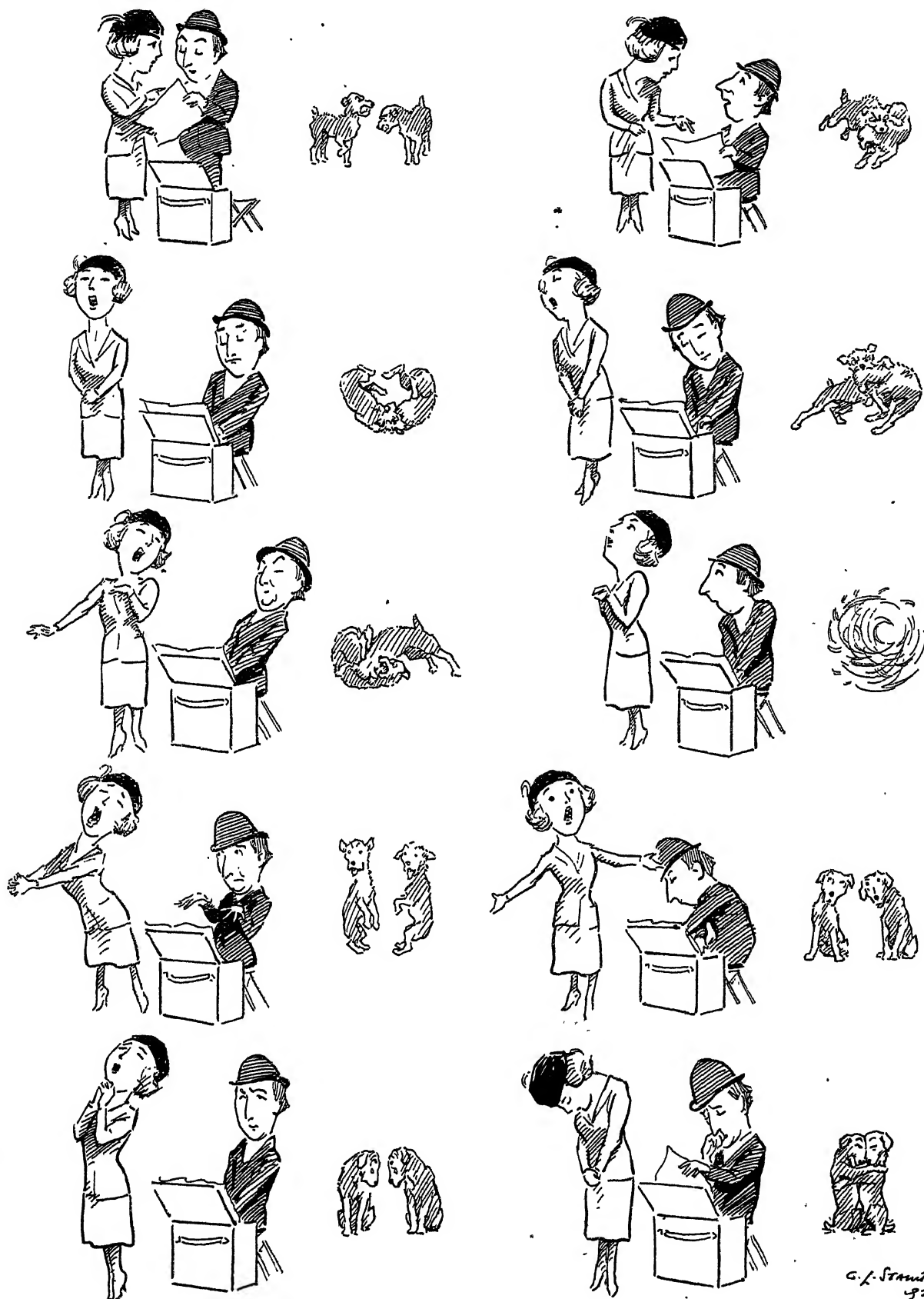
Another Impending Apology.

"St. — Hall was filled last night with people, with Scottish song—and with fog. Perhaps nothing but the — Orpheus Choir could have done that."—*Scottish Paper*.

"THE JAPANESE BUDGET."

Tokio, Tuesday.
The Cabinet has approved of the Budget, which totals 1,562 million yen (about 2s.)."
Jersey Paper.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, please copy.



THE POWER OF SENTIMENT.

LITTLE BITS OF LONDON.

BOND STREET.

I FIND it very difficult to walk slowly down Bond Street as one ought to do; I always feel so guilty. Most of the people there look scornfully at me as if I belonged to Whitechapel, and the rest look suspiciously at me as if I belonged to Bond Street. My clothes are neither good enough nor bad enough. So I hurry through with the tense expression of a man who is merely using Bond Street as a thoroughfare, because it is the way to his dentist—as indeed in my case it is. But recently I *did* saunter in the proper way, and I took a most thrilling inventory of the principal classes of shops, the results of which have now been tabulated by my statistical department.

For instance, do you know how many shops in the street sell things for ladies to wear (not including boots, jewellery or shoes)? No? Well, there are thirty-three. Not many, is it? But then there are twenty-one jewellers (including pearl shops) and eight boot and/or shoe shops; so that, with two sort of linen places, which may fairly be reckoned as female, the ladies' total is sixty-four. I only counted a hundred-and-fifty shops altogether. Of that total, nine are places where men can buy things to wear, and ten are places where they can buy things to smoke; I have charitably debited all the cigarette-shops to the men, even the ones where the cigarettes are tipped with rose-leaves and violet-petals. But even if I do that and give the men the two places where you can buy guns and throw in the one garden-seat shop, we are left with the following result:—

FEMININE SHOPS.	MASCULINE SHOPS.
Dress 33	Dress 9
Jewellers 21	Tobacco 10
Boots and Shoes 8	Motors 9
Sort of Linen Places 2	Guns 2
Dog Bureau 1	Garden Seats 1
65	31

From these figures a firm of Manchester actuaries has drawn the startling conclusion that Bond Street is more used by women than by men. It may be so. But a more interesting question is, how do all these duplicates manage to carry on, considering the very reasonable prices they charge? At one point there are three jewellers in a row, with another one opposite. Not far off there are three cigarette-shops together, madly defying each

other with gold-tips and silver-tips, cork-tips and velvet-tips, rose-tips and lily-tips. There is only one book-shop, of course, but there are about nine picture-places. How do they all exist? It is mysterious.

Especially when you consider how much trouble they take to avoid attracting attention. There are still one or two window-dressers who lower the whole tone of the street by adhering to the gaudy-overcrowded style; but the majority, in a violent reaction from that, seem to have rushed to the wildest extremes of the simple-unobtrusive. They are delightful, I think, those reverent little windows with the chaste curtains and floors of polished walnut, in the middle of which reposes delicately a single toque, a single choco-

grocers and a poulterer. There is even a fish-shop—you didn't know that, did you? I am bound to say it seemed to have only the very largest fish, but they were obviously fish.

Anyone can go shopping in Bond Street. I knew a clergyman once who went in and asked for a back-stud. He was afterwards unfrocked for riotous living, but the stud was produced. You can buy a cauliflower in Bond Street—if you know the ropes. There is a shop which merely looks like a very beautiful florist's. There are potatoes in the window, it is true, but they are "hot-house" ones; inside there is no trace of a common vegetable. But if you ask facetiously for a cauliflower (as I did) the young lady will disappear below ground and actually return with a real cauliflower (*de luxe*, of course). I remember few more embarrassing episodes.

And if you like to inquire at the magnificent provision-merchant's he too will conjure up from the magic cellars boot-cream and metal-polish and all those vulgar groceries which make life possible. That is the secret of Bond Street. Beneath that glittering display of luxurious trivialities there are vast reserves of solid prosaic necessities, only waiting to be asked for. A man could live exclusively on Bond Street. I don't know where you would buy your butchers' meat, but I have a proud fancy that, if you went in and said something to one of those sleek and sorrowful jewellers, he too would vanish underground and blandly return to you with a jewelled steak or a plush chop.

Many years ago, they tell me, there was a butcher in Bond Street. Perhaps you dealt there. For my part I was not eating much meat in those days. But I can imagine his window—a perfect little grotto of jasper and onyx, with stalactites of pure gold, and in the middle, resting on a genuine block of Arctic ice, an exquisite beef-sausage. I wish he would come back.

It is difficult to realise that there is anything but shop-windows in Bond Street, but I like to think that, up there in those upper storeys which one never sees, there does dwell a self-contained little community to whom Bond Street is merely the village street, down which the housewives pass gossiping each morning to the greengrocer's or the fishmonger's and never purchase any pearls at all.

When the butcher comes back I think I shall join them. A. P. H.

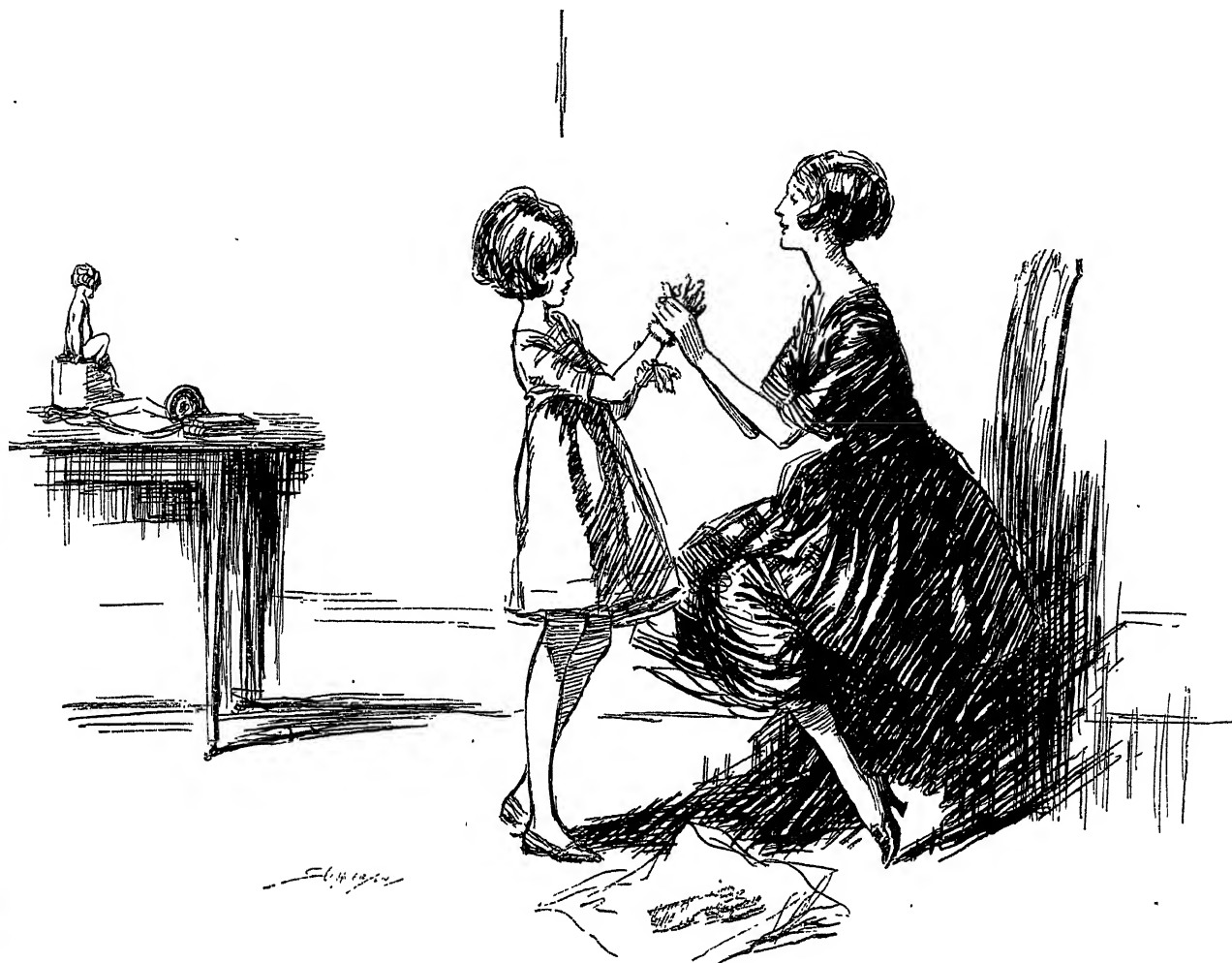


Father. "LOOK HERE, BILLY, MR. SMITH CALLED AT THE OFFICE THIS MORNING ABOUT YOUR FIGHT WITH HIS BOY YESTERDAY."

Son. "DID HE? I HOPE YOU GOT ON AS WELL AS I DID."

late or a single pearl. Some of the picture-places are among the most modest. There is one window which suggests nothing but the obscure branch of a highly-decayed bank in the dimmest cathedral town. On the dingy screen which entirely fills the window is written simply in letters which time has almost erased, "— PICTURES." Nothing could be less enticing. Yet inside, I daresay, fortunes are made daily. I noticed no trace of this method at the Advertisers' Exhibition; they might give it a trial.

Now no doubt you fondly think that Bond Street is wholly devoted to luxuries; perhaps you have abandoned your dream of actually buying something in Bond Street? You are wrong. To begin with, there are about ten places where you can buy food, and, though there is no pub. now, there is a café (with a licence). There are two



Joan (whose mother has just bought her a pair of woollen gloves). "OH, MUMMY, I WISH YOU HAD GOT KID. . I HATE THIS KIND; THEY MAKE MY SWEETS SO HAIRY."

THE SAD CASE OF EL GRECO.

It was at the National Gallery, situated on the north side of Trafalgar Square, that I first made the acquaintance of one DOMENICO THEOTOCOPULI, a native of Crete, who—probably because his own people wanted him to be a stockbroker or something—set up as a painter in Spain, and was dubbed by the Dons "El Greco," as you might say "Scottie."

For years I have been rather tickled by his manner of depicting Popes and Saints as if they were reflected in elongating mirrors labelled, "Before Dining at the Toreador Restaurant." But until quite lately I hardly ever met anyone who had even noticed him, so I felt quite bucked on the old chap's account when I heard that he was considered one of the most distinguished of the Spanish painters, past and present, who are on view just now at Burlington House.

And what surprises me is not that old THEOTOCOPULI should attract so

much attention in Piccadilly, but that such lots of people seem never to have known that he has been exhibiting himself all this time in Trafalgar Square.

I'm sure Mrs. Bletherwood didn't, for one, when she tackled me at the Chattertons' the other afternoon.

"Of course you've been to Burlington House?" she began, and she was in such a hurry to get first innings that she didn't give me time to say that I hadn't yet, but that I meant to go on my first free day that wasn't foggy.

"Don't you *love* those quaint 'El Grecos'?" she went on. "He's quite a discovery, don't you think? My daughter Muriel, who hopes to get into the Slade School soon now, says she doesn't see how anybody *can* see people differently from the way 'El Greco' saw people. And yet I don't know that I *quite* like the idea of Muriel seeing me like that, although she's so clever. . . ."

I could not help thinking that in Mrs. Bletherwood's case the "El Greco" treatment would be an admirable corrective to a certain lateral expansion.

"Besides," she continued in a confidential tone, "I've heard or read somewhere that there's just a doubt whether he distorted people on purpose or because there was something wrong with his eyes. If I thought it was astigmatism I would insist on taking Muriel to an oculist. I wonder what you think."

I raised my teacup suggestively.

Mrs. Bletherwood gasped. "You don't mean that he—"

"Like a fish," I said.

"Oh, how too disgraceful!" she exclaimed. "Fancy their having his pictures there at all. Such religious subjects too. I shall warn Muriel at once. I'm so thankful you told me. . . ."

Have I done a wrong to Señor DOMENICO THEOTOCOPULI ("El Greco")? Perhaps; but I hope it has prevented Miss Muriel Bletherwood from doing him a greater.

"Sun Sets This Morning 8.8
Sun Sets To-night 9.56"
Liverpool Paper.

Just as in London last Wednesday.



Vicar's Wife. "THE VICAR WAS ASKING ONLY THIS MORNING WHY YOU WEREN'T IN THE HABIT OF ATTENDING CHURCH."
 Latest Inhabitant. "WELL, YOU SEE, IT DOES SO CUT INTO ONE'S SUNDAYS."

CURES FOR INSOMNIA.

THE following correspondence, clearly intended for the Editor of *The Daily Ailment*, has found its way into our letter-box. Another example of post-office inefficiency.

SIR,—As a regular reader of your valuable journal I am always deeply interested in the views of your readers as expressed in its columns. The recent letters on the cure of insomnia have interested me particularly. Although I have read your paper for many years, always eaten standard bread, study most diligently each morning my lesson on Government wobble and waste, grow sweet peas, keep fowls, take my holidays early (in Thanet) and read the feuilleton, in short perform all the duties of an enthusiastic loyal Englishman, I cannot sleep. Yesterday I decided to try the remedies suggested by your readers.

After inviting sleep with "a dish of boiled onions" I found that I must go to bed "without having eaten anything for five hours or so." This meant sitting up very late, but I found the time useful for taking "deep long breaths."

Meanwhile I ran through the names of my friends alphabetically and emptied the feathers from my pillow, replacing them with hops. Sometimes a hop got mixed up in a "deep long breath," which was rather pleasant.

Every few minutes I left my friends' names to say to myself, "I am terribly sleepy," or "I am falling asleep;" this was wrong, as the boiled onions had not had nearly five hours. "Relaxing all my muscles" was rather awkward, as one hand was filling the pillow with hops and the other was "holding a wet sponge," which would drip water on the sheets. Another difficulty was "waiting myself in an imaginary aeroplane" to bring about "a state of oblivion and coma," which I might perhaps have done more easily by putting the hops to another use.

I had to cut out the "recital of the Litany," partly because my friends' names had only got as far as George (Lloyd), and also because, being a Non-conformist, I don't know it. (I must learn it now the feuilleton is finishing.)

But the most annoying part of the business was to find that, after all this elaborate preparation for sleep, I was

to "take a brisk walk for half-an-hour" (whatever the weather conditions). Even this did not work, for by that time the milkmen and newsboys were heralding the dawn and kept my brain too alert.

As a final effort, do you think you could produce a nightcap model of the Sandringham, or is it quite impossible for one who reads your paper to be anything but wideawake?

THE PERFECT PARTNER.

THERE are, my Mabel, men who vow
 The perfect wife is theirs
 Because she smoothes the ruffled brow
 And drives away their cares;
 While there are others hold the view
 That she is best who'll pay
 Some trivial attention to
 Her promise to obey.

Well, let each babble in his turn
 About that spouse of his;
 Not knowing you, how could they learn
 What true perfection is?
 Of all your sex you stand most high
 By far and very far
 Who mid your Christmas gifts can buy
 A smokeable cigar.



THE ECONOMISTS.

SCENE.—*The Coalition Golf Club de luxe.*

MR. BONAR LAW. "DARE WE HAVE CADDIES?"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "NO, NO. WE ARE OBSERVED. THE PLACE IS ALIVE WITH ELECTORS."

["Watch your M.P.!"—*Poster of Anti-Waste Press.*]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THURSDAY.

[After the Painting by W. DENDY SADLER.]

SIR D. MACLEAN, MR. HOGGE, MR. G. LAMBERT, MR. G. R. THORNE, MR. ASQUITH, MR. ACLAND, GENERAL SEELY.

Monday, December 6th.—"Logic has never governed Ireland and never will," said Lord MIDLETON to-day. It was certainly conspicuous by its absence from a good many of the speeches made in Committee on the Government of Ireland Bill. Representatives of Southern Ireland have been clamouring for greater financial control, but they quite changed their tone when Clause 24, enabling the Irish Parliaments to impose a surtax upon residents in Ireland, came up for discussion. While professing the greatest confidence in the desire of their fellow-countrymen to treat them fairly, Lords DROGHEDA, SLIGO and WICKLOW agreed in thinking that this was too dangerous a power to entrust to them; it would breed absenteeism and drive capital out of the country.

Lord FINLAY, to whom as a Scotsman logic still makes appeal, was for the deletion of the whole clause. But the Irish Peers again objected; for they desired to preserve for the Irish Parliaments power to remit Imperial taxes, on the off-chance that some day it might be exercised. And they carried their point.

According to Lieut.-Colonel CROFT the pencils used by the British Post-Office are procured from the United States. As one who has suffered I can only hope that Anglo-American friendship, already somewhat strained by the bacon episode, will survive this revelation.

On the strength of a rumour that the seed of Irish peace had been planted in Downing Street, Mr. HOGGE promptly essayed to root it up in order to observe its progress towards fruition. The PRIME MINISTER, however, gave no encouragement to his well-intentioned efforts. Nor did he satisfy Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY's curiosity as to whether Father O'FLANAGAN was "a Sinn Feiner on the bridge," beyond saying "that is what we want to find out."

Tuesday, December 7th.—After a week's interval for reflection and study Lord LINCOLNSHIRE moved the rejection of the Agriculture Bill. Adapting an old joke of Lord SPENCER's, made in "another place" a generation ago, he observed that this was no more an agricultural Bill than he himself was an agricultural labourer. He knows

however how to call a spade a spade, if not something more picturesque, and he treated the measure and its authors to all the resources of a varied vocabulary. Possibly his brother peers, while enjoying his invective, thought that it had been a little bit overdone, for of the subsequent speakers only Lord HINDLIFF announced his intention of voting against the Bill, the others being of opinion that parts of it were, not excellent perhaps, but at least tolerable.

In the Commons Viscount CURZON pressed upon the Government the desirability of licensing side-car combinations as taxi-cabs. The idea might, one feels, appeal to a Coalition Government; but Sir JOHN BAIRD for the Home Office hinted at the existence of "serious objections."

Collectively the House has an infantile mind. It went into kinks of laughter over a question put by Dr. MURRAY regarding the "daily mail service" between one of his beloved islands and the Scottish mainland. The author of the joke—and small blame to him—quite failed to appreciate how funny he had been until his neighbours muttered

in stage-whispers, "*Daily Mail!*" "*Daily Mail!*" Then a wan smile broke over his own features.

It has been stated in certain newspapers that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has refused the Viceroyalty of India in consequence of the weak state of his health, and that for the same cause he is likely to vacate shortly the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. All I can say is that on the Treasury Bench he betrays no outward sign of this regrettable debility when dealing with critics of the Treasury. It is not easy to puncture the *œ triplex* of Mr. BOTTOMLEY, but two words from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN did it this afternoon.

Sir ROBERT HORNE got a second reading for the Dyes Bill, a measure which he commended as being necessary to protect what is a key-industry both in peace and war. Dye-stuffs and poison-gas are, it seems, inextricably intermingled, and unless the Bill is passed we shall be able neither to dye ourselves nor to poison our enemies.

Wednesday, December 8th.—The Agriculture Bill found one thorough-going supporter in the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, an "owner-occupier" so enamoured of Government control that he desires to see the whole of the ditches and hedges of England administered out of public funds; and a host of critics, friendly and otherwise. Lord CHAPLIN, though he thought the Bill one of the worst ever introduced, declined to vote against the Second Reading; Lord HARRIS believed that it would make very little difference one way or the other; Lord RIBBLESDALE, as an old-fashioned Free Trader, would have nothing to do with it; Lord LOVAT was of opinion that as an insurance for our food supply it would not compare with a Channel Tunnel; and Lord BUCKMASTER feared that it would rather strengthen than allay the demand for land nationalisation. The Government approached the division in some trepidation and were the more rejoiced when, in an unusually big House, the Second Reading was carried by 123 votes to 85.

But for the self-sacrifice of Mr. SPEAKER the Commons would have made themselves ridiculous this evening. Major ARCHER-SHEE wanted to

have up a certain newspaper for breach of privilege in endeavouring to dictate to Members how they should vote. He obtained leave to move the adjournment and would doubtless have provided the peccant journal with a valuable free advertisement had not Mr. LOWTHER, reckless of his reputation for infallibility, suddenly remembered that motions for the adjournment were intended for criticising the Government and not for rebuking irresponsible outsiders. At his request the gallant Major withdrew his motion, and *The Daily* — lost its advertisement.

Invigorated by this episode the House—or what was left of it—resumed the Report stage of the Ministry of Health

little Bills." Mr. PEMBERTON BILLING had another solution for the difficulty and asked, "Why not pass them all *ad hoc*?" meaning, it is supposed, "*en bloc*."

Well might the PRIME MINISTER remark at Question-time that he welcomed the attacks of a certain section of the Press on the "Wastrels" because then he knew the Government was all right. Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT made a lively speech in support of his proposal to "ration" the Government to a sum of £808,000,000—the amount Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had said would suffice for a normal year. But his criticisms were too discursive to be really dangerous, and his condemnation of "sloppy Socialism" put up the backs of the Labour Party.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER reminded the House that when he talked of a "normal Budget" he had been careful to add, "but not this year, next year or the year after," which sounds suspiciously like the nursery formula, "This year, next year, sometime, NEVER."

Still the great majority of the Members were only too anxious to be convinced, and passed by a huge majority the "blanketing" amendment of Sir GODFREY COLLINS in favour of economy in the abstract. I don't know how this is to be squared with the PRIME MINISTER's theory that it is the business of the Government

"to see that the population is contented." That sounds a little like *panem et circenses*—a policy which did not work out cheaply.

Friday, December 10th.—With the air of one who has something fresh and strange to impart the PRIME MINISTER informed the House of Commons to-day that in regard to Ireland "the Government are determined on a double policy." The novelty presumably consists in putting those old stagers, conciliation and coercion, hitherto only tried tandem-fashion, into double harness. Martial law is to be introduced in certain of the most disturbed districts, and at the same time such Sinn Féin M.P.'s as are not "on the run" are to be called into conference. On the face of it the prospect looks unpromising, but happily Ireland is essentially the place where nothing happens save the unexpected.



Actor-Manager of Touring Company. "CONFOUND OUR LUCK! THE LEADING LADY HAS DESERTED US IN OUR HOUR OF NEED—ELOPED WITH THE OSTLER FROM YONDER PUBLIC-HOUSE—ON THIS OF ALL EVENINGS, WHEN THE AUDIENCE THREATENS TO OUTNUMBER THE CAST."

Bill. The debate was remarkable for the brevity of some of the speeches. Sir ROWLAND BLADES set a good example to new Members by making a "maiden" effort in a minute and a half. But his record was easily beaten by Mr. SEXTON, who found ten seconds sufficient for expressing his opinion that the fact that the House was trying to legislate in the small hours was sufficient proof of the necessity of extending the laws of lunacy. "*Si argumentum requiris circumspice*," he might have said as he gazed upon the recumbent and yawning figures around him.

Thursday, December 9th.—Mr. BONAR LAW enumerated a portentous list of measures which the House of Commons must pass if it wants to enjoy its Christmas holidays in peace. Lord HUGH CECIL wanted to know what was the use of passing "all these foolish



Macdonald. "MAN SANDY, ARE YE BOGGIT?"

Sandy. "AY, MACDONALD, I'M BOGGIT."

Macdonald. "YE CANNA GET OOT?"

Sandy. "I'M NO BIDDING HERE FOR THE PLEASURE O'T!"

Macdonald. "I DOOT YE'D LIKE FINE TO COME OOT?"

Sandy. "AY, I WOULD THAT."

Macdonald. "WEEEL, 'TWAD BIE A CHRISTIAN ACT TO PULL YE OOT, BUT FERRA DEEFFICULT—UNLESS YE'VE NO FAIRTHEER USE FOR YOUR RED COO."

MAKING THE LAW POPULAR.

A WRITER in an evening contemporary complains that one has some difficulty in finding the notices to jurors in the newspapers.

We have often thought that more prominence might be given to the Law Notices generally. Printed in the smallest type and abbreviated almost beyond understanding, they are by no means the brightest item of news.

Would it not be an advantage to hand the department over to a smart paragraphist? Readers might then be entertained by something like the following:—

Visitors to the Law Courts to-day should on no account fail to look in at King's Bench XIII., which is one of the cosiest of our beautiful Courts of Justice. Here will be continued the scintillating contest between Sir Anthony Prius, K.C., and that rising young barrister, Mr. Terry Blee-Smart, K.C. It is more than probable that the cross-examination of the humorous butcher will continue through most of the day.

The first case on the list in the Lord Chief's Court to-day is no other than *The King v. The Dean and Chapter*

of Mumborough Cathedral. While it is not expected that his Majesty's engagements will permit him to be present, an action of this character is fraught with more than common interest, since it must be seldom that the Royal House finds itself in such conflict with the Church as to resort to the arbitrament of the law.

We see no reason why some legal engagements should not be boldly displayed, the more readily to catch the reader's eye. Why not the following:—

ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

YOU MUST NOT MISS THIS!

Chancery Court No. 29,

Before

Mr. JUSTICE HOWLING,

Binks v. Arcana Cinema Company, Ltd.

As one of the leading comedians of the day Mr. TIM BINKS never fails to create roars of laughter, and with Mr. JUSTICE HOWLING may be relied upon to put up a show provocative of never-failing mirth.

CHEER YOURSELF UP! ADMISSION FREE!

Whether it's wet or whether it's fine,
Visit Chancery Twenty-nine.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE LOBSTER.

THE lobster is an oblong crab
With one or two antennæ;
I fancy life would be less drab
If people had as many.

I think he uses them to smell,
But what he most enjoys
Is rubbing them against his shell;
It makes a funny noise.

He rubs away like anything,
And you should see his face!
Alas, he thinks that he can sing;
But that is not the case.

He's very sensitive and shy;
At last when he is dead
He knows the truth—and that is why
He goes so very red. A. P. H.

"Your System appealed to me as a rational means of exercise without undue fatigue, and I started on the 10th of March, 1920. I was then in my 75th year, and now within only two months of completing the 85th."

Advt. in Sunday Paper.

If he keeps it up he should be a centenarian by about the end of next year. One seems to age rather rapidly under this system.

THE OTHER HALF.

I was sitting by Anderson's fire the other day when his telephone bell rang. He made the usual insincere exclamation of disgust—as insincere as the horror we simulate when a bundle of letters is brought into the room, to have letters and to be called up on the telephone being really adventures and therefore welcome; and he then crossed the room to answer the call.

"Shall I go?" I asked, thinking that he might prefer to be alone.

"Oh, no," he said, and I remained. I was not trying to overhear, but it couldn't be helped.

This is the conversation (his half) that I heard:—

"Yes."

"Speaking. Who is it?"

"Oh, I'm so glad! I was getting horribly nervous. How is he?"

"Good Heavens! I was afraid he might be. What do you think?"

"Of course I must trust you. But we must never let my wife know."

"I'll think about it and let you know."

"Quite likely. I'll go into that and let you know. She can't be absolutely alone anyway. There must be another some time."

"And what do you propose to do now?"

"You're sure it will be painless?"

"I wouldn't have him suffer for anything."

"Thank you very much. I shall tell my wife he died in his sleep. Good-bye."

What, I wonder, would you have made of that? Some telephone conversations are easy to construct, but this to me was a puzzle. What had Anderson been up to? It must be an awful moment, I have often thought as I read divorce and other cases, when a friend is suddenly turned into a witness; and I had the feeling that that might be my lot now. Those clever cross-examining devils, they can get anything out of you. If Anderson had known who was ringing him up he would probably (so I reasoned) have got me out of the room; but, having once started, he decided to brazen it out as the less suspicious way.

As so often happens, however, I was wrong. This is the whole innocent conversation:—

"Is that 1260?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Anderson there?"

"Speaking. Who is it?"

"Harding, the veterinary surgeon."

"Oh, I'm so glad! I was getting horribly nervous. How is he?"

"He's worse."

"Good Heavens! I was afraid he might be. What do you think?"

"I think we had better put an end to him."

"Of course I must trust you. But we must never let my wife know."

"Shall I be looking about for another?"

"I'll think about it and let you know."

"Perhaps a totally different breed would be better; not another Peke. There'd be fewer unhappy associations then, don't you see?"

"Quite likely. I'll go into that and let you know. She can't be absolutely alone, anyway. There must be another some time."

"Yes."

"And what do you propose to do now?"

"Oh, I'll give him poison."

"You're sure it will be painless?"

"Quite."

"I wouldn't have him suffer for anything."

"That will be all right."

"Thank you very much. I shall tell my wife he died in his sleep. Good-bye." E. V. L.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE PROPHETS.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—At Geneva there is, and was long before the arrival of the League of Nations, a mountain. There are many mountains in Switzerland, but Geneva's private mountain happens to be in France. It is called "The Salève," a nasty name, but not of my choosing. If, being in Geneva, you want to go up The Salève (as I personally do not) you have first to get your passport off the police. The police are always a little difficult about passports, but, if you mention the name of The Salève, you will find them easier. You have next to obtain the French *visa* in order to get out of Geneva; then the Swiss *visa* in order to get back again. Thus provided you have to compete with a complicated and long-drawn process of trams and frontier controls; even so you find yourself at the bottom and not at the top of The Salève.

Being a busy (or shall we say idle?) man yourself, you will thus understand the reasons of my policy; if the mountain will not come to MAHOMED then MAHOMED and the mountain are best kept apart.

The inhabitants of Geneva have long been contriving, intriguing, I will even say complotting, to get me up The Salève. My doctor, having made me thoroughly interested in myself, got on to the subject of exercise; when my banker passed from the subject of interest on overdrafts to the advisability of my seeing the great Geneva view, it was un-

doubtedly blackmail; and as for my dentist—well, you know what dentists are and what mean advantages they take. But this one, I think, overstepped the limit when he allowed the crown of my tooth to remind him of the crown of Mont Blanc; paused in fixing the former to descant on the beauties of the latter; told me that from The Salève I should get a better view of the latter than he, where he was, was getting of the former; asked me almost simultaneously if he was hurting me and if I had been up The Salève, and told me that I must go up it and (which I took to mean "or") that he might have to hurt me.

That was the most critical moment in the whole Battle of The Salève; the military critics are unanimous that I should have then said, "I will go up," had I been in a position to say anything at all. Saved by the gag, I have won the war against the Genevois.

I have taken the standpoint of the prophet, who, as you know, is not without honour abroad—a prophet with the policy outlined above. When a prophet of my sort decides on a policy, and that policy consists of doing nothing, he takes a lot of shifting, even on the flat. And there the matter and I remained, when there arrived from England, on or about November 15th, a positive cloud of prophets, intent on the League of Nations. The busiest figure among them is the secretary of one of the delegates. Pretending to be my best friend he sought the occasion of a heart-to-heart with me. I took it he wanted to discuss Nations; it appeared he wanted to discuss mountains. I hoped he was considering them generally in mass, possibly with the view of making a League of them. He was thinking in the particular, and you can guess what particular. He was beginning to think of wanting to go up it.

In an effective speech, which brought tears to my eyes but merely gave him an opportunity to fill and light his pipe, I put all the "cons" before him, particularly the passport part. As a man speaking with the authority behind him of a world leagued together, he detailed all the "pros." We must act together, he and I; he would assemble the prophets, I the passports.

I refused to be bullied by him. He named some major prophets, whom I should find it more difficult to withstand. His propaganda amongst them apparently began at once. Mark the sequence of events:—

On Tuesday, November 16th, His Majesty's Minister-Plenipotentiary and Envoy-Extraordinary in Switzerland assembled the British element to dinner. I have reason to know that he had al-

ready been approached by the secretary. The Crown of Mont Blanc was freely discussed and curiosity was aroused as to the identity, the desirability, even the approachability of the nearer mountain.

On Wednesday, November 17th, I ran into Lieut.-Col. His Highness the JAM SAHIB OF NAWANAGAR—"RANJI," in brief. He was standing at the entrance of his hotel in significant meditation. The entrance of his hotel looks upon The Salève and past it to the Crown of Mont Blanc. And that was where he looked.

On Friday, November 19th, I found the Right Hon. G. N. BARNES walking along the Quai de Mont Blanc in the fatal direction. His eyebrows pointed relentlessly upward.

On Saturday, November 20th, Mr. BALFOUR arrived. The secretary began to talk about a date for our excursion.

On Sunday, November 21st, I became involved in conversation with Lord ROBERT CECIL in his room in his hotel. He moved towards the window, and as he did so Armenia, Vilna and all the Powers that want to come into the League and all the Powers that want to stay out of the League faded from his mind, and he called attention to the Crown of Mont Blanc and fixed his eagle eye upon the mole-hill in between.

On Monday, November 22nd, the secretary came to me and ordered me to provide passports, duly *visaed*, for The Salève party—seven in all, myself included. I told him that I would appeal direct to the delegates themselves, with whom I had already done some defensive propaganda on my own. He told me it was nothing to do with the delegates; it was the delegates' ladies. Fool that I was, I had never thought of them!

That night I wrote in my diary: "At Geneva there is a mountain. It is called The Salève—a nasty name for a nasty mountain. On Saturday I shall be on the top of it. I always knew that the League of Nations would make trouble."

On Tuesday, November 23rd, I sent an emissary among the ladies to persuade them that the summit of The Salève was loathsome. The emissary succeeded in establishing this point by contrasting it unfavourably with the Crown of Mont Blanc. The ladies thanked the emissary cordially for her most interesting information and said they would take steps to see the Crown of Mont Blanc more nearly, even if those steps had to be up The Salève.

That night I wrote in my diary: "For a year I have fought and won, but on Saturday the Crown of Mont



"HUILO, BROWN! FANCY RUNNING UP AGAINST YOU. HOW SMALL THE WORLD IS, TO BE SURE!"

"Y-YES. TERRIBLY SMALL, ISN'T IT?"

Blanc will witness my defeat, and the whole range of the Alps will look on in silent contempt."

On Wednesday morning, November 24th, I met Mr. BALFOUR crossing the Pont du Mont Blanc. He was looking at it with that dreamy smile of his, which seems to laugh at the littleness of man and the futility of his policies. That finished me.

On Wednesday night, November 24th-25th (read your paper to witness if I lie), the Crown of Mont Blanc fell off. . . . I have left The Salève where it is. What does it matter now?

Yours ever, HENRY.

Enough Said.

"Sir Henry apologised at the close for having made the lecture somewhat shorter than usual. Sir Donald — said that theirs was an unspoken gratitude to Sir Henry for having done what he had been able to do."—*Scots Paper*.

"MADRID, Dec. 8.

The Ministry of Public Works has announced that on January 15 next an opportunity will be offered to foreign firms to secure orders for 119 railway engines and tenders needed by the Spanish railway companies. Tenders must be handed personally by a duly accredited representative of the firm making the offer."—*Times*. The engines may, however, be done up in a parcel and sent by post in the usual manner.



Indian Servant (as telephone continues ringing). "Oh, SAR, DO NOT BE SO ANGRY. THE SAHIB IS COMING VERY QUICKLY, I TELL YOU."

THE ARRIVAL OF THE MANX BALLET.

THE first visit of the Manx Ballet to London is undoubtedly the most outstanding feature in the annals of chore-graphic and corybantic realism since the historic *première* of the Botocudo Troupe on September 31st, 1919. And it is all the more welcome as an indication of the emergence of a native school, fully equipped in technique and scenic resource and, above all, imbued from start to finish with a high sense of the paramount importance of psycho-analysis in eliminating all supra-liminal elements from the orchestromimetic drama.

The most ambitious as well as the most successful item in the programme presented on Saturday night at the Colossodrome was *The Cat of Ballasalla*, that wonderful old Manx legend of the Princess who was turned into a cat by the enchantments of the Wizard of Dhoon and subsequently sentenced to decaudation by the cruel Scandinavian invader, MAGNUS BARFOD. The scene of the trial in the great synclinatorium of Greeba Castle—exhibiting contemporaneous carboniferous tuffs, soft argillaceous rocks with choriambic fossils as well as later dolerite dykes, amid which the feline

amenities of the Princess were illustrated with miraculous agility by Miss Agneesh Crannoge—compares favourably with the most ambitious enormities ever perpetrated by the genius of BAKST, DIAGHILEV, or even COCODRILLO, the Sardinian neo-Gongorist.

The music, which is chiefly founded on Manx folk-songs, developed and adapted by Mr. Orry Poolvash, is richly suggestive of the psycho-analytic basic aroma which pervades the entire scenario. The absence of a Coda in the Funeral March which concludes the ballet is an exquisitely pathetic touch which could only have occurred to a composer of genius. The orchestration is sumptuous and sonorous, the usual instruments being supplemented by two Glory Quayle-horns, a quartet of Laxey-phones with rotating C and C sharp crooks, a Manx harp with three strings, and a Miaowola, which gives out the Death Motive of the Princess at the various crises of the drama in tones of sublimated anguish and intensity.

We have only space in this brief preliminary notice to remark that the programme includes a humorous extravaganza entitled *The Quirks of Quilliam*, in which a grotesque *pas de quatre* for the *Deemster*, the *Doomster*, the *Boomster* and the *Scrabster*, forms the central

episode; and ends with a satiric sketch, *The Golden Calf of Man*, apparently aimed at the extravagance of Lancashire trippers, who are pursued by demons into Sulby Glen, and released, to the sound of sea-trumpets, by the beneficent intervention of Lord Greeba on their promising to evacuate the island.

GOLFING "IFS."

If you bring your own lunch
And frugally munch
Your sandwich and cake
For economy's sake;
If you strictly abstain
From sloe-gin and champagne,
Never touching a drop
Save perhaps ginger-pop;
If you're clever enough
To keep out of the rough,
If you don't slice or hook
Into pond, dyke or brook
Your new three-shilling ball,
And, best saving of all,
If you carry your clubs,
You can pay heavy "subs."
Fees for entrance and greens,
Without straining your means,
And, though you're a middle-
Class man, not a peer,
Agree with Lord RIDDELL
That golf isn't dear.



Cheery Sportsman. "HAD SIX FALLS IN TWO DAYS, HAVE YOU? WELL, CHEER UP. YOUR LUCK'S BOUND TO CHANGE SOON. THESE THINGS ALWAYS COME IN CYCLES."

Rough Rider. "MINE SEEM TO COME IN MOTOR LORRIES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE news that Mr. STEPHEN LEACOCK has published a fresh series of burlesques will, I do not doubt, add to the Christmas jollity of a vast crowd of laughter-lovers. The name of it is *Winsome Winnie, and other New Nonsense Novels* (LANE), and I can only describe it in that pet phrase of the house-agents as "examined and strongly recommended" for the merriest five-shillings' worth that I have enjoyed this long time. If ever a volume demanded to be read aloud over the Yule log here it is. Which of the eight novels is the most irresistible must remain, I suppose, a matter of individual taste; for myself I found the opening chapter in the title-tale the funniest thing in the collection, and that not forgetting the billiard match in the detective story, a contest that I defy anyone to follow without tears. To attempt analysis of such happily unforced humour would be a dark and dreadful task; but I incline to think that, more than most, the fun of Mr. LEACOCK (to be accurate one should, I suppose, say Dr. LEACOCK) depends upon the sudden tripping-up of the reader in his moment of fancied security. The *cliché*, with its deceptive appearance of solid and familiar ground, conceals an unexpected trap. Thus *Winnie*, the thrown-upon-the-world heroine, asked by the family lawyer how she proposes to gain a livelihood, replies in consecrated phrase, "I have my needle." "Let me see it," says the lawyer. But I grow pedantic; far more important than the method of this little book is its gift of seasonable entertainment, for which we need only wipe our eyes and be grateful.

In *The Royal Artillery War Commemoration Book* Messrs. G. BELL AND SONS have produced a noble volume worthy of the great record of the Royal Regiment. To the energy and enthusiasm of Mrs. AMBROSE DUDLEY is largely due the collection of the fine material which Major-General Sir HERBERT UNIAKKE has here set out in fair order and proportion. Personal diaries dealing with various phases of the War on all fronts or with the daily routine of batteries are here interspersed with articles and poems of a more purely literary quality and with original illustrations, largely the work of Gunner-officers and extremely well reproduced. Among the most notable contributors are Brigadier-General J. H. MORGAN, Major V. R. BURKHARDT, D.S.O., Major The Master of BELHAVEN, Captain VICTOR WALROND (the last two killed in action), Captain GILBERT HOLIDAY, Captain H. ASQUITH, Lieut. ROBERT NICHOLS, Lieut. GILBERT FRANKAU, Gunner MEARS, the Hon. NEVILLE LYTTON, Mr. SEPTIMUS POWER, Mr. W. ROTHENSTEIN, Miss LUCY KEMP-WELCH and Mr. C. CLARK. *Punch* is represented by several artists, including Captain E. H. SHEPARD, M.C., and Lieut. WALLIS MILLS (both of the Regiment), who have contributed some delightful colour-sketches, very faithfully observed. Many of the poems, too, that appear in the volume have been reprinted from the pages of *Punch*. There are brief records of those members of the Regiment who won the V.C., many portraits of "Representative Artillerymen," and a Roll of Honour of fallen officers, numbering 3,507. Lack of space alone prevented the inclusion of the names of the 45,442 Other Ranks who gave their lives for their country. Every Gunner who does not possess this splendid memorial work should have it given

to him this Christmas by some proud relative or friend. Like the Regiment, it should go *Ubique*.

When Mr. ROBERT CHAMBERS decides to give his neurotic New York society women a miss, and exploit his more imaginative and adventurous vein, I always know that I am in for a late night and an extra large gas bill. Like the British soldier Mr. CHAMBERS does not carry the word "impossible" in his vocabulary. Why should he, since he can give the semblance of reality to the utterly unbelievable? Then one mutters, "What utter rubbish!" and sends round to the bookseller to enquire if by any chance there is a sequel coming out. In *The Slayer of Souls* (HODDER AND STROUGHTON) Mr. CHAMBERS is at his best and most impossible. A race of dreadful magicians, the descendants of the Old Man of the Mountain, who have been multiplying and acquiring extraordinary psychic powers in the interior of China for centuries, come forth to do battle with the United Secret Service for the souls of men. They have inspired the Hun, and the Bolshevik has been their tool. Fortunately a beautiful young American girl, who was brought up in their midst and has learned all their grizzly powers and (as it seems) a bit more, is on the side of the "forces of law and order." The struggle is titanic, for these magicians can slay and be slain corporeally and incorporeally with equal ease. I do not need to tell you who wins out, but neither will I intimate how it is done. I can only say that I envy anybody who is fortunate enough to have a long evening before him and *The Slayer of Souls* at his elbow, still unread.

In *Uncle Pierce's Legacy* (METHUEN) Mrs. DORO-

THEA CONYERS gives us once more all that we have learned to expect of her novels: the friendly, witty, blundering servants; the hunting society in which wealth and poverty, breeding and vulgarity, cheerfully rub shoulders; the descriptions of the wistful beautiful West of Ireland in autumn and winter; and above all the horses. Added to all this there are Sinn Fein raids, real and imaginary, to bring things up to date. A rather unconvincing plot, with a dash of *Great Expectations* in it, yet offers a situation which has plenty of amusing possibilities. *Honor and Evie Nutting*, two middle-aged spinsters, find themselves the possessors of eight thousand a year, on condition that they spend it all. That sounds, of course, a very pleasant arrangement; but they have been struggling for years to make ends meet and economy has become a habit. The end of the first quarter finds them sending *Harris*, the English manservant, in haste to buy a frying-pan with the last unspent three shillings and sixpence. That the *Uncle Pierce* of the title should be really a brother, that characters should change their names without rhyme or reason from paragraph to paragraph, and that inverted commas should make their appearance just anywhere—all this, I think, is the author's clever way of suggesting an atmosphere of Irish irresponsibility, and it is quite successful. *Uncle*

Pierce's Legacy is a pleasant tale most pleasantly told, and it is not Mrs. CONYERS' fault, but her misfortune (and ours), that novels which describe the lighter side of Irish life, even with the tenderest humour, are more likely just now to make one sigh than smile.

I do not know whether *The Scar* (HODDER AND STROUGHTON) first saw publication in any of our popular dailies, but from internal evidence I should be strongly inclined to suspect it. At least Miss RUBY M. AYRES has written an admirable example of the class of tale, beloved of our serial public, in which new every morning are the tribulations of the elect, only to vanish with startling suddenness in the last days of June or December. For example, *Mark*, the hero, begins as the misunderstood son of one of those widower-fathers who in such stories dwell for ever behind the locked doors of studies, leaving in this instance *Mark* to be the victim of an aunt whose lack of sympathy approaches the pantomimic. All the usual results follow, even to the

acquisition by *Mark* of a faithful hound, which the least experience of sentimental fiction would have caused any insurance company to refuse on sight. When therefore Aunt *Midian*, following her appointed course, effaced this friend-of-man, I confess that my grief was to some extent tempered by a recognition of the inevitable. Of course, however, *Mark* does not remain for long in what I might call these dog-days of his young affection; love, strong, passionate and not too slavishly restricted to a single object, soon has his world going round as fast as the most exacting reader could desire. For the decorous details of this delirium I



Christmas Card Artist (of the Old School). "GOOD HEAVENS! CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT SUCH THINGS ARE?"

need only add that, if you want them, you know where to go to find them.

Had I been asked to godfather *Smith and the Pharaohs* (ARROWSMITH) I should have refused to stand, unless its name was changed to "Barbara who Came Back," for the tale of *Barbara* is by far the best in this book of short stories. It would be boastful—as well as untrue—to say that I have read all of Sir H. RIDER HAGGARD's many books, but as far as my experience of them goes I find a delightfully fresh quality in this tale. It may be old-fashioned and over-sentimental, but in spite of these defects it has a very definite charm, and its conclusion makes a curious and legitimate appeal to the emotions. All the other stories are well up to standard, and it is amazing that an author who has written so much still shows no symptoms either of weariness or vain repetition.

Those who appreciate Miss C. FOX SMITH's familiarity with the ways and moods of sailormen and her flair for the true sea-tang will welcome the new collection of poems which she has brought out under the title, *Ships and Folks* (ELKIN MATHEWS). Most of these verses have appeared in *Punch*, and no further commendation is here needed.

CHARIVARIA.

It is pointed out that the display of December meteors is more than usually lavish. Send a postcard to your M.P. about it.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE recently stated that the first prize he ever won was for singing. It is only fair to say that this happened in the pre-NORTHCLIFFE era.

An elderly Londoner recalls a Christmas when the cold was so intense that in a Soho restaurant the ices froze.

There has arrived at the Zoo a bird akin to the partridge and excellent for the table, but unable to fly. The very thing for the estate of a sporting profiteer.

"What is the best fire preventative?" asks a weekly journal. The answer is, the present price of coal.

The National Rat Campaign this year, we are told, was a great success. On the other hand we gather that several rats have threatened to issue a minority report.

"There is nothing so enjoyable," says a newspaper correspondent, "as a trip across the water to Ireland." Except, of course, a trip back again.

A number of Huns are receiving Iron Crosses through the post inscribed "Your Fatherland does not forget you." How like Germany! She won't even allow by-gones to be by-gones.

"Let Christmas come," says a contemporary headline. We have arranged to do so.

A Minneapolis judge rules that a man has the right to declare himself head of the household. Opinion in this country agrees that he has the right but rarely the pluck.

"My faith in the League of Nations is not shaken," says Lord ROBERT CECIL. This is the dogged spirit which is going to make this country what it used to be.

"It may yet be possible," according to the Water Power Resources Committee, "to harness the moon." This of course would depend upon whether Sir ERIC GEDDES would let them have it or not.

Cinema stunt actors, says *The Man-*

chester Guardian, expect to be paid fifty pounds for a motor smash. It seems an injustice that ordinary pedestrians should have to take part in this sort of thing for nothing.

The continued disappearance of newspaper from a well-known club has now been traced to a large female cat, and most of the paper has been recovered from her sleeping-basket. It is thought that she was probably preparing to write her memoirs.

A burglar who broke into a private house near Hitchin helped himself to a good supper before leaving. It is pleasing to learn, however, that, judging

It is with the deepest sorrow that we record the death of F. H. Townsend, which occurred, without any warning, on December 11th. Their personal loss is keenly felt by his colleagues of the *Punch* Table, to whom the fresh candour of his nature and his brave gaiety of spirit, not less than his technical skill and resourcefulness, were a constant delight and will remain an inspiration. As Art Editor he will be greatly missed by the many contributors who have been helped by his kindly counsel and encouragement. Of the gap that he leaves in the world of Art they are sadly conscious who followed and appreciated his fine work not only in the pages of *Punch* but in his book-illustrations and in those appeals for charity to which he always gave freely of his best.

To his nearest and dearest among the wide circle that loved him we ask leave to offer the sympathy of friends who truly share their grief. With them we mourn a life untimely closed, and great gifts lost to us while still in their fulness; but we take comfort in the thought that death touched him with swift and gentle hand, and that he died with harness on, as a man would choose to die.

by the disordered state in which the pantry was left, the Stilton cheese must have put up a splendid fight.

It was most unfortunate that Mr. "FATTY" ARBUCKLE's visit to London should have clashed with the Cattle Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall.

During a recent revue performance in London the conductor accidentally turned over two pages of music at once and the orchestra suddenly ceased playing. Several words of the chorus were actually heard by those sitting in front before the mistake could be rectified.

Green peas in excellent condition, says a contemporary, have been picked at Pentlow, Sussex. It serves them right.

"Although Labour extremists are now much quieter it would take very

little to set the ball of discontent into motion once again," states a writer in the *Sunday Press*. This being so, is it not rather unwise to let Christmas Day fall this year on the workmen's half holiday?

We question the wisdom of drawing the attention of Parliament to the silence of the POET LAUREATE. If he is goaded into breaking it we shall know whom to blame.

"If people at home only knew how grateful we are for *anything* that is sent us," writes a lady from the island of Tristan d'Acunha. If they are as easily pleased as that, the idea of sending them Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY should not be lost sight of.

"The Hexathlon," we read, "is a form of contest new to this country." Mind you get one for the children at Christmas.

A new type of American warship is expected to be able to cross the Atlantic in a little over three days. It will be remembered that the fastest of the 1914 lot took nearly three years.

Large numbers of Filipinos are resisting an edict requiring them to wear trousers. Unfortunately it is impossible to offer to accommodate them all in the ranks of the Chicago Scottish.

Riverside residents remarked that just before the cold set in large flocks of seagulls passed up the Thames. Well, what did they expect? Flamingoes?

Mr. A. B. WALKLEY has remarked that a prejudice against actors is as old as the stage. It is satisfactory to think that it is no older and that in many cases it may be removed by a change of profession.

"I never dreamed of anything like this when I invented the telephone," said Dr. BELL after a demonstration. Neither as a matter of fact did we when we hired ours.

Owing to the fact that Dr. BELL has experienced no unpleasantness during his stay over here, it is thought that the American genius who invented revues may now risk a visit to our shores.

"THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT."

IN AFFECTIONATE MEMORY OF F. H. TOWNSEND.

ONLY a few days before the sudden tragedy which took from us our colleague of the *Punch* Staff, he made me a small request, very characteristic of his kindly heart. It was that I should put in these pages a notice of *The Christmas Spirit*, the illustrated annual published in aid of the work of Talbot House ("Toc. H."), in which he had taken a practical interest. In carrying out his wish I want not only to plead in behalf of a good cause, but also to associate this appeal with the memory of one with whom for over fourteen years I have worked in close and happy comradeship.

In case any reader of *Punch* has yet to be introduced to the idea of Talbot House, let me explain that its purpose is to carry on in peace-time the work that was done by the original "Toc. H.," which from 1915 to 1918, under the management of the Rev. P. R. CLAYTON, M.C., Garrison Chaplain, provided the comforts of a club and rest-house at Poperinghe for soldiers passing to and fro in the deadly Salient of Ypres. Its objects—I quote from *The Christmas Spirit*—are:

"(1) To preserve among ex-Service men and to transmit to the younger generation the traditions of Christian Fellowship and Service manifested on Active Service.

(2) To offer opportunities for recreation and the making of friendships to thousands of men who find life a difficult salient to hold.

(3) To provide opportunities for men of all kinds to come together in the Spirit of Service, to study, to discuss and, if possible, to solve the problems of their time.

(4) To offer the help and happiness of club life at a low rate by establishing clubs in many centres throughout the country as the focus of the brotherhood."

The noble work done by Talbot House in Poperinghe and Ypres was gratefully recognised by the scores of thousands of our troops whose needs it served in those hard days, but it was only when the War was over that its story was made known to the public at home in *Tales of Talbot House* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), which received a warm welcome in the review columns of *Punch*. This was followed recently by *The Pilgrim's Guide to the Ypres Salient* (REIACH), a little book compiled and written, as a labour of love, entirely by ex-Service men. Besides being actually a present-day guide to the Salient, it contains special articles illustrating the life that was there lived during the War by various branches of the service. And now we have the annual of "Toc. H."—*The Christmas Spirit*—to which the PRINCE OF WALES has given a foreword and a host of brilliant authors and artists have freely contributed. Here are RUDYARD KIPLING, STEPHEN GRAHAM, G. K. CHESTERTON, E. F. BENSON, IAN HAY, GILBERT FRANKAU, W. ROTHENSTEIN, "SPY," DERWENT WOOD, HEATH ROBINSON and, of *Punch* artists, F. H. TOWNSEND, LEWIS BAUMER, G. L. STAMPA, GEORGE MORROW, G. D. ARMOUR, E. H. SHEPARD, "FOUGASSE," WALLIS MILLS and H. M. BATEMAN.

The four contributions of F. H. TOWNSEND include a "first study" for a drawing that appeared recently in *Punch* and a delightful sketch of "The Christmas Spirit," as typified by a St. Bernard dog from whose little keg of brandy a traveller, up to the neck in snow, is reviving himself.

Out of the great scheme in whose aid this remarkable annual has been published have already sprung two Talbot Houses, one in Queen's Gate Gardens, and one in St. George's Square. There is still need of a main headquarters in London and hostels for its branches, more than sixty of them, spread all over the country. "Toc. H.," says its Padre, "is not

a charity. Once opened our Hostel Clubs are self-supporting, as our experience already proves. In Edinburgh, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Newcastle, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, two thousand pounds will open a house for which our branches in each of these places are crying out. It is only the original outlay, the furniture and the first quarter's rent, which stands between us and a whole series of such houses in the great provincial centres. Fifty pounds will endow a bedroom, where a lad can live cheaper than in the dingiest lodgings, and know something better of a great city than that it is a place where all evil is open to him and all good is behind closed doors. . . . 'Toc. H.,' we repeat, is *not* another recurrent charity. It is a wise way of helping to meet our debt of honour; it is a living and growing memorial, charged with the task of making reincarnate in the younger world the qualities which saved us."

Punch ventures to add his voice to this claim upon our honour and gratitude; and, if I may, I would like to make appeal to all who loved the work of our friend who is dead, that they should send some offering to this good cause as a personal tribute to the memory of a man who, in his own form of service, did so much to cheer the hearts of our fighting men in the dark hours that are over.

Contributions should be addressed to the Rev. P. B. CLAYTON, M.C., Effingham House, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.2. O. S.

THE FAIRY TAILOR.

SITTING on the flower-bed beneath the hollyhocks
I spied the tiny tailor who makes the fairies' frocks;
There he sat a-stitching all the afternoon
And sang a little ditty to a quaint wee tune:

"Grey for the goblins, blue for the elves,
Brown for the little gnomes that live by themselves,
White for the pixies that dance upon the green,
But where shall I find me a robe for the Queen?"

All about the garden his little men he sent,
Up and down and in and out unceasingly they went;
Here they stole a blossom, there they pulled a leaf,
And bound them up with gossamer into a glowing sheaf.
Petals of the pansy for little velvet shoon,
Silk of the poppy for a dance beneath the moon,
Lawn of the jessamine, damask of the rose,
To make their pretty kirtles and airy furbelows.

Never roving pirates back from Southern seas
Brought a store of treasures home beautiful as these;
They heaped them all about him in a sweet gay pile,
But still he kept a-stitching and a-singing all the while:

"Grey for the goblins, blue for the elves,
Brown for the little gnomes that live by themselves,
White for the pixies that dance on the green,
But who shall make a royal gown to deck the Fairy Queen?" R. F.

"Unless he wishes to raise a hornet's nest about his ears we would advise him to let sleeping dogs lie."—*Local Paper*.
Personally we never keep a dog that harbours hornets.

From a concert-programme:—

"Fantastic Symphony...Berlioz in a Vodka Shop.....Bax."
Birmingham Paper.

This should help to combat the current opinion that BERLIOZ is dry.

"Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson said there were, in certain places, some forms of light entertainments which, to say the least, wanted carefully watching."—*Daily Paper*.
At present, we gather, the wrong people do the watching.



SING A SONG OF DRACHMAS.

(TINO AT ATHENS.)

THE KING WAS IN HIS COUNTING-HOUSE
LOOKING FOR HIS MONEY.



Man of Wealth (to his son just home for the holidays). "AND WHY DON'T YOU LIKE YOUR FUR COAT? I'LL BET NONE OF THE OTHER BOYS 'AVE GOT ONE."

Son. "YES, BUT NONE OF THE OTHER BOYS HAVE TO BE CALLED 'SKUNKY.'"

THOUGHTS IN A COLD SNAP.

It is going to be very cold when I get up, which will be almost immediately—very cold indeed. It was zero yesterday; it may be below the line to-day, twenty or thirty below the line—even more. A little slam, perhaps, in spades. There are icicles hanging from the window-frame; and it is a curious thing, when one comes to think of it, what a lot of things there are that rhyme with icicle: tricycle, bicycle, phthical, psychical—no, I am wrong, not psychical . . .

Anyhow, it is going to be very cold. Some people do not mind the cold. There are people bathing in the Serpentine at this moment, I suppose, and apparently nothing can be done about it. They ju-just break the ice and ju-jump in. And yet it is not their ice; it is the KING'S. It seems to me that it ought to be made illegal, this breaking of the KING'S ice, like the breaking of windows in Whitehall. These ice-breakers seem to me as bad as the people who say, "It's going to be a

nice old-fashioned Christmas, with Yule-logs and things." Not that I object to Yule-logs. I have some in my own Yule-shed, hand-sawn by myself, though I am not a good hand-sawyer. When I get about halfway through, the saw begins to gnash its teeth and groan at me. It seems to me that what is wanted is a machine for turning the logs round and round while one holds the saw steady. But there is something beautiful in burning the Yule-logs of one's own fashioning that makes one feel like the sculptor when at last the living beauty has burst forth under his chisel from the shapeless stone. Besides, they are cheaper than coal.

As I say, when people talk of "Yule-logs and things," it is not the Yule-logs that I object to. It is the things. Nasty cold things like clean shirts and collars and bedroom door-handles—there ought to be hot water in bedroom door-handles—nasty cold things that make one say "Ugh." I have a theory that the word "Ugh" was invented on some such morning as this. Previously people had been contented with noises like

"Ouch" and "Ouf" and "Ur-r," though they realised how inadequate they were. And then one day, one very cold $\frac{3}{4}$ day, inspiration came to the frenzied brain of a genius, and he wrote down that single exquisite heart-cry and hurried it off to the printer. People knew then that the supreme mating of sound and sense, which we have agreed to call poetry, had once more been achieved.

But I have wandered a little from the Serpentine. Has it ever struck you what people who bathe in the Serpentine on days like this are like during the rest of the year?

Suppose it is a balmy spring morning, a mild temperate afternoon in early summer, a soft autumn twilight when everyone else is happy and content, what are they doing then? Positively bathed in perspiration, groaning under the burden of the sun, mopping their shining foreheads and putting cabbage-leaves under their hats. And then at last comes the day they have longed for and looked forward to all through the twelve-months' heat-wave, a beautiful

day forty degrees below the belt. They spring out of bed and fling wide the casement. That is what they intend to do, at least. As a matter of fact, of course, it is stuck, and they have to bash it out with a bolster, sending the icicles clinking into the basement. "Delicious!" they say, leaning out and breathing deep. Then they chip a piece of ice out of the water-jug with a hammer, rub it on their faces and begin to shave.

They shave in their cotton pyjamas, with bare feet, humming a song. Then they put on old flannels and a blazer, wrap a towel round their neck, light a cigarette, pick up a mattock and stroll to Hyde Park. When they get there they feloniously break the King's ice. Then they "ugh." The mere thought of these people ughing with a great splash into the Serpentine makes me feel ill. When I think of them afterwards sitting lazily on the bank and letting the blizzard dry their hair, basking in the snow for an hour or two and reading their morning paper, and every now and then throwing a snow-ball or a piece of "ugh" into the water, I hate them. Nobody ought to be allowed to bathe in the Serpentine on days like this except the swans, who paddle all night to hold the ice at bay. I wonder if I could get a swan and keep it in the water-jug.

Half-past eight? Yes, I did hear, thank you. I am really going to get up very soon now.

What I am going to do is to make one tiger-like leap—tiger-like leap, I say—for the bathroom door and turn the hot-water tap full on until the whole of the upper part of the house is filled with steam.

I am going to do it this very moment. I—yes—ugh.

Now I come to think of it a tiger-like leap would be quite the wrong idea. I am glad I did not do it. Tigers are not cold when they leap. "Tiger, tiger, burning bright." Tiger, tiger—

What did you say? A quarter to nine? What? And the water-pipes frozen? Are they?

Thankugh.

K.

"WIDOW KISSED BY BURGLAR.
ADVENTURE WITH A SOFT-VOICED GIANT.
The gurglar took nothing away with him."

Scots Paper.

"Gurglar" seems the *mot juste*.

—CLUB.

Monthly medal competition. Returns:—

	Gross.	Nett.
F. Slicer . . .	92	84
W. H. Putter . . .	103	87

Provincial Paper.

If only the Judicious Hooker had been playing he might have downed them both.



AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

Mother (trying to calm her lachrymose offspring). "There, ALBERT—LOOK AT THE PRETTY FISHES."

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE PIG.

THE way in which he eats and drinks
Is so extremely crude
That nearly everybody thinks
The pig enjoys his food.

But when I see how very fast,
Without one single chew,
He gobbles up his huge repast,
I'm sure it isn't true.

Far nobler than your Uncle Joe,
Who simply sits and sits,
Revolving, gluttonous and slow,
The more attractive bits;

Far nobler than your Uncle Dick,
Who likes the choicest food,
And, if he doesn't have the pick,
Is very, very rude;

The pig has not a word to say
To subtleties of taste;
He eats whatever comes his way
With admirable haste.

In fact, the pig may well resent
The insult to his line
When certain of the affluent
Are said to eat like swine. A.P.II.

"None are much better than others, and some are much worse."—*New Zealand Paper.*
We fear the writer is a pessimist.

TAFFY THE FOX.

[Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY has complained of the war-time efforts of the POET LAUREATE, and desires the appointment of a national bard whose mind is more attuned to the soul of the British nation. Recent political events are not of course a very inspiring subject for serious verse, but we have tried to do our feeble best here in faint imitation of one of the manners of Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD.]

SAFE and snug from the wind and rain
In a thick of gorse with a tranquil brain
The fox had slept, and his dreams were all
Of the wild Welsh hills and the country's call;
He slept all night in the Wan Tun Waste,
He woke at dawn and about he faced,
He flexed his ears and he flaired the breeze
And scratched with his foot some poor wee fleas;
He sat on his haunches, doubted, stood;
To his left were the lairs of his native wood,
The deep yew darkness of Cowall Itchen;
He flaired, I say, with his nostrils twitching
Till he smelt the sound of the Fleet Street stunt
And over the hillside came the Hunt.

* * * * *
Over the hillside, clop, clip, clep,
And the dappled beauties, Ginger and Pep,
Live Wire, Thruster, Fetch Him and Snatch Him,
They were coming to bite him and pinch him and
scratch him,
Whimpering, nosing, scenting his crimes,
The Evening News and The Morning Times.
"Yooi! On to him! Yooi there!" Hounds were in;
He slunk like a ghost to the edge of the whin;
"Hark! Holloa! Hoick!" They were on his trail.

* * * * *
The huntsman, Alfred, rode The Mail,
A bright bay mount, his best of prancers,
Out of Forget-me-not by Answers.
A thick-set man was Alf, and hard,
He chewed a straw from the stable-yard;
He owned a chestnut, The Dispatch,
With one white sock and one white patch;
And had bred a mare called Comic Cuts;
He was a man with fearful guts.
So too was Rother, the first whip,
Nothing could give this man the pip;
He rode The Mirror, a raking horse,
A piebald full of points and force.
All that was best in English life,
All that appealed to man or wife,
Sweet peas or standard bread or sales
These two men loved. They hated Wales.

* * * * *
The fox burst out with a flair of cunning,
He ran like mad and he went on running;
He made his point for the Heroes' Pleasance,
By Hang Bill Copse, where he roused the pheasants.
They rose with a whirr and kuk, kuk, kukkered;
The fox ran on with a mask unpuckered
By Boshale Stump and Uttermost Penny,
Where the grass was short and the tracks were many.
He tried the clay and he tried the marl,
A workman's whippet began to snarl;
Into the Dodder a splash he went,
All that he cared was to change the scent,
And half of the pack from the line he shook
By paddling about in the Beaver Brook.

* * * * *
He swerved to the left at Maynard Keynes,
With an eye to sheep and an eye to drains;

By Old Cole Smiley and Clere St. Thomas,
Without any stops and without any commas;
At Addison's Cots he went so quick,
He startled a bricklayer laying a brick;
He ran over oats and he ran over barleys,
By Moss Cow Puddle and Rushen Parleys;
By Lympne Sassoon and Limpet Farm
He scattered the geese in wild alarm;
He ran with a pain growing under his pinny
Till he heard the sound of a war-horse whinny,
And tried for an earth in the Tory Holts.

* * * * *
The earth was stopped. It was barred with bolts.

* * * * *
He turned again and he passed Spen Valley,
By Paisley Shawls and Leamington Raleigh;
His flanks were wet, he was mire-beslobbered
By Hatfield Yew and by Hatfield Robert;
He tried a hen-coop, he tried a tub,
He tried the National Liberal Club—
A terrier barked and turned him out.

* * * * *
He tried the end of an old drain-spout.

* * * * *
It was much too small. With a bursting heart
He thought of the home where he made his start;
His flanks were heaving, his soul despairing,
He flaired again—he was always flairing
To find the best way of escape and nab it,
He couldn't get out of this flairing habit;
He felt at his back the fiery breath
Of the Kill Gorge pack that had vowed his death;
He turned once more for the shelter good
Of the Wan Tun Waste and the dark yew wood,
The deep yew fastness of Cowall Itchen
And the scuts and heads of hens in his kitchen.
The hounds grew weak and The Mail was blowing;
Rother said, "Alf, this is bad going!"
Past Pemberton Billing, past Kenworthy,
He shook them off, he was damp and earthy;
By Molton Lambert and Platting Clynes—
But I can't go on with these difficult lines.

* * * * *
The night closed down and the hunt was dead,
Alfred and Rother were tucked in bed;
The cold moon rose on a fox's snore
And everything much as it was before.

EVOR.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat like little mice peep in and out." Yes, but when Bobbie Burns wrote that the lassies of Scotland didn't wear Louis heels and extremely short skirts.—*Ladies' Paper*. Any more than they did when Sir JOHN SUCKLING apostrophised the "wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie."

Our Sleuths.

"A Sheffield firm of solicitors have, this week, had stolen from one of the pegs in the hall an overcoat belonging to one of the principals. The solicitor concerned is of the opinion that someone removed it between his arrival at the office the other morning and going to find it in the evening, when it was missing."—*Provincial Paper*.

The Sandringham Hat.

"Many women are making surprise presents of hats to their husbands, and will take great pleasure in seeing them worn for the first time on Christmas Day."—*Daily Mail*.

We understand that it will be the quietest Christmas on record, many family men having decided to spend the day in the seclusion of their own homes.

Zougasse



"WHAT I LIKE—



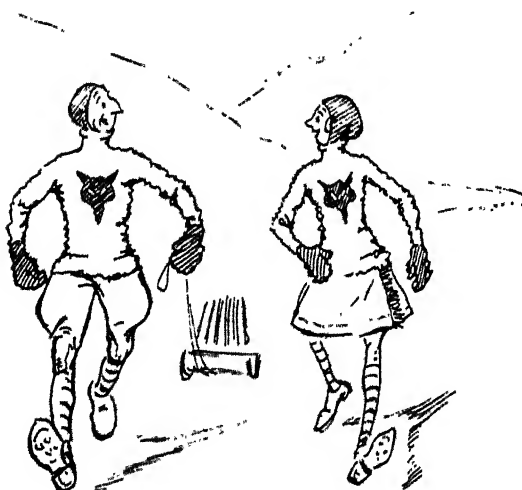
—ABOUT SWITZERLAND IS—



— THE COMPLETE CHANGE—



—FROM LONDON LIFE—



—AND ALL THAT—



—NEEDLESS DRESSING-UP."

THE HUMOURIST.

"HERE'S Alan," said Cecilia; "good."
"Really," I said, stopping and bowing slightly in several directions, "I am touched. Such a reception. . . I find no words—"

"Don't be funny," said Margery cuttingly, "we shan't laugh. What we want to know is what are you going to do?"

"Well," I said, "I did think of sitting by the fire and—er—just watching it burn."

"Oh, dear," said Margery, "please don't be dense. I mean, what are you going to do at the show?"

I passed my hand over my eyes.

"I'm sorry," I said; "I'm afraid I don't . . . Have I been to sleep for ten years or anything?"

"Tell him," said Margery impatiently. "You'll have to start right at the beginning."

I sat down expectantly.

"Well," began Cecilia, "Christmas is coming and we shall be full up."

"Of course, of course," I murmured deprecatingly. "You want me to get some medicine ready for you?"

"I mean the house will be full up," explained Cecilia coldly. "The point is we must arrange something beforehand—some sort of entertainment."

"Good heavens," I said, "you're not going to hire the Sisters Sprightly or anything, are you?"

"No, we are not," said Cecilia; "not the Sisters Sprightly nor the Brothers Bung. We are going to do it ourselves."

"What—a Sisters Sprightly Act? Have a little shame, Cecilia. What will Christopher think when he sees his mother in a ballet skirt, kicking about all over the drawing-room?"

"He'd think I looked very nice," said Cecilia hotly, "if I was going to wear one; but I'm not."

"Not going to wear a ballet skirt?" I said. "You surely don't mean to appear in—"

"We're not going to do a Sisters Sprightly turn at all," shouted Margery; "nobody ever thought of them but you."

"Then I give it up," I said helplessly; "I quite understood you to

say— Then what are you going to do, anyway?"

"Well, we thought at first we'd do a play, but there were difficulties in the way."

"Too true," I said; "none of us can act to begin with."

"Speak for yourself," said Margery.

"Pardon, Miss Thorndike," I apologized.

"No, the difficulty is that we haven't really room for theatricals. We should have to use the drawing-room, and by the time you've got a stage and scenery

"Nothing. I never heard of such a horrible idea."

"Don't be a pig, Alan," said Margery.

"Really, Cecilia," I said, "let me plead with you. Not a costume concert party, please. A simple glee perhaps—just four of us—in evening dress; or even a conjurer. I'll agree to anything. But not, *not* Pierrots, Cecilia."

"Pierrots it is," said Cecilia defiantly.

"Then I wash my hands of it. To think that our family—"

"You can wash your hands if you like," said Cecilia; "we should prefer

it, in fact; but you are certainly going to take part."

I know the futility of arguing with Cecilia.

"Then tell me the worst,"

I begged; "what am I to be? Can I show people to their seats, or am I the good-looking tenor with gentlemanly features and long hair?"

"We thought of making you the funny man," said Cecilia.

I buried my head in my hands and shuddered.

At this moment John came into the room. "Talking about the 'Merry Maggots'?" he said. "Splendid idea of Cecilia's, isn't it? I've just been thinking it over, and what we must decide on first of all is who is to be the—the humourist. He's the really important man; must be someone really first-class."

"We've also been discussing it," I said quickly, "and we came to the conclusion that there's only one man for the job—yourself."

John nodded complacently.

"I'm glad to hear you say so, because I was going to suggest it myself. It's my belief that I should be a devilish funny fellow if I had a chance. I've just tried a few jokes on myself upstairs, and I've been simply roaring with laughter. Haven't enjoyed myself so much for years."

"Splendid fellow!" I said heartily; "you shall tell them to me later on and I'll roar with laughter too. Cecilia, put your husband down for the funny man."

"H'm—humourist," corrected John with a slight cough.

"Humourist," I agreed; "and thank goodness that's settled."

"But," said Cecilia, "you said you were going to do a dramatic recitation."



Doris. "BUT, JIMMY, I THOUGHT YOU CAME TO BUY A PRESENT FOR DADDY?"

Jimmy. "YES, IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIS, I AM DOING. HE MONOPOLISED MY ENGINE LAST CHRISTMAS; I THOUGHT HE'D LIKE ONE FOR HIMSELF THIS YEAR."

and rooms for changing, well, there's simply no space left for the audience," explained Cecilia.

"That's no objection at all," I said; "rather an advantage, in fact."

"And anyhow," continued Margery, "we haven't got a play to do."

"And so," said Cecilia, "we've decided to have a concert party."

I gasped.

"Not a concert party," I implored.

"Yes," said Cecilia, "a costume concert party. It isn't any use groaning like that. It's all arranged. Sheila and Arthur Davies, Margery, John, you and I are in it. The question is what are you going to do?"



"SO LONG, OLD CHAP! I'M OFF TO CHAIRING CROSS."

"HOSPITAL, I PRESUME."

"So I am, so I am," said John; "I'm going to do that as well. Contrast, my dear Cecilia. Laughter and tears. Double them up with sly wit one moment and have them sobbing into their handkerchiefs the next. I'm going to do it all, Cecilia."

"So it appears," said Cecilia; "it hardly seems worth while to have anybody else in the show."

"Now, now," said John, wagging his forefinger at her, "no jealousy. You ought to be glad to have someone really good in the party. Good funny men aren't to be found just anywhere."

"But we don't know that you are a good funny man," said Margery.

"Of course you don't," said John; "I've never had a chance to prove it. For years I have been kept in the background by your family. I'm never allowed to make a joke, and if I do nobody laughs. This is my chance. I'm going to be in the limelight now. I shall be the life of the party, and it's no good trying to stop me. In fact," he finished confidentially, "I shan't be surprised if I take it up professionally. You should have heard me laughing upstairs."

"But, John," began Margery.

"Sh—!" said Cecilia; "it's no use arguing with him while he's in this mood. That's all right, John. You shall be everything you like. But as you've selected such a lot of parts for yourself perhaps you'll suggest what we can do with Alan."

"Ah," said John; "Alan! Yes, he's a problem, certainly. If he had any voice, now. I'm not sure that we want him at all. Could he do a clog-dance, do you think?"

"Don't worry," I interrupted; "I've thought of a fine part for me. All the best concert parties have a chap who sits in the corner and does nothing but look miserable. I could do that splendidly."

"That's quite true," said John approvingly; "it tickles the audience, you know, to see a fellow looking glum while everyone else is having hysterics at the funny—at the humourist. It isn't as easy as it looks, though, Alan. I shall keep saying things to make you laugh, you know. You'll find it jolly difficult to keep looking miserable once I get going."

"Not at all," I said. "That is, I

shall do my best to keep serious. I shall try not to listen to you being funny."

John looked at me and considered whether it was worth following up. He decided it was not.

"I daresay he'll do," he said loftily to Cecilia; "the fellow has no sense of humour anyway."

Commercial Modesty.

"This system develops such valuable qualities as:—

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| —Forgetfulness | —Timidity |
| —Mind Wandering | —Weakness of Will |
| —Brain Fog | —Lack of System |
| —Indecision | —Lack of Initiative |
| —Dullness | —Indefiniteness |
| —Shyness | —Mental Flurry." |

Advt. in Sunday Paper.

"It is announced that, starting with next week, 'Ways and means' and 'Common Sense' will be amalgamated."

Evening Paper.

Will the Government please note?

"Army biscuits, suitable for bed-chair cushions. 3s. reserve. —'s Auction Sale."

Provincial Paper.

They seem to have lost something of their war-time hardihood.



Small Boy. "I SAY, ISN'T THERE ANYTHING WITH A BIT MORE BUCK IN IT THAN THIS LEMONADE?"

PUSS AT THE PALACE.

[*The Daily Telegraph*, in a report of the Cat Show at the Crystal Palace, remarks that "the cat has 'come back' as a hobby."]

O ALL ye devoted cat-lovers,
Ere spending the cheques you have
cashed,
Leave a trifle for tickets to enter the
wickets
That ope on the Temple of Pasht.

For to-day in the Palace of PAXTON
Cats gathered from every zone—
Manx, Persian, Sardinian, Chinese,
Abyssinian—
Are now being splendidly shown.

The names of the winners and owners
Inspire me with joy and delight;
E.g., Blue-eyed Molly, John Bull
(Madame Dolli)
And Snowflake, the champion white.

And then the adorable kittens!
Too high-bred to gambol or skip,
With names that are mighty, like Ingle-
wood Clytie,
Or comic, like Holme Ruddy Pip.

It is pleasant to learn Mr. SHAKE-
SPEARE'S
Success with his Siamese strain,

For his namesake the poet, so far as
we know it,
Held "poor, harmless" puss in
disdain.

Yes, the cat has "come back" as a
hobby,
Oh, let us be thankful for that,
For it might be the coon or the blue-
nosed baboon,
Or the deadly Norwegian rat.

THE FINE OLD FRUITY.

WINE merchants must be kind men.
So many of those who have sent me
their circulars this Christmas-time have
announced that they are "giving their
clients the benefit of some exceptionally
advantageous purchases which they
have made."

But it is not the humanity of wine
merchants of which I wish to speak.
It is the intriguing epithets which they
apply to their wines. And I have enter-
tained myself by applying these to
my relatives, an exercise which I find
attended by the happiest results.

"Fine old style, rich," is, of course,
obvious. It applies to more than one
of my Victorian uncles. "Medium rich"
to a cousin or so. More subtle is

"medium body." This must be Uncle
Hilary; he takes little exercise now-
adays and his figure is suffering. Soon
he will be "full-bodied" or "full and
round." "Elegant, high class" is my
Cousin Isabel. "Pretty flavour" also
is hers. "Frosh and brisk" is Aunt
Hannah. And could anything be more
descriptive of Aunt Geraldine than
"delicate and generous"?

For "great breed and style" (used, I
see, of a claret) I should, I fear, be obliged
to go outside the family; and "recom-
mended for present consumption and
for laying down" I only mention be-
cause it leaves me wondering to what
other uses a fine fruity Burgundy could
be put. But here is a noble one: "Of
very high class, stylish, good body and
fine character." I have tried this on
several relations without being entirely
satisfied about it, and I have finally
decided that I shall keep it for myself.

"Only a few visitors braved the first fall of
the snow yesterday and adventured as far as
the Zoological Gardens. They found there a
depressed-looking collection of animals in the
open-air cages, but a perfect holocaust of
sparrows."—*Sunday Paper*.

The sparrows must have been warm
enough, anyway.



VERDUN.

LONDON (*to her adopted daughter*). "YOU WILL LET ME PASS—TO YOUR HEART?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 13th.—Since the House of Lords took the bit in its teeth and bolted with the Government of Ireland Bill the LORD CHANCELLOR has practically thrown the reins on the creature's neck and confined himself to occasional mild remonstrance when it kicked over the Government traces. The most he could do when rival amendments were put forward was to secure the passage of the less objectionable. Thus when Lord SHANDON, for purely sentimental reasons—Ireland knew him as "a most susceptible Chancellor—desired that the unifying body should be called a Senate Lord BIRKENHEAD laughed the proposal out of court with the remark that "a man might as well purchase a mule with the object of founding a stud," and persuaded the Peers to accept the word "Council." He was at first inclined to oppose Lord WICKLOW's amendment providing that neither Irish Parliament should take private property without compensation; but when he found that an old Home Ruler, Lord BRYCE, was in favour of imposing this curb on Irish exuberance he, as "a very young Home Ruler," gracefully withdrew his objection.

Sir JOHN BAIRD revealed the names of the members of the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic). The muffled groans that followed the announcement of the first of them, Mr. WATERS-BUTLER, were quite uncalled for, as I understand that the gentleman in question preserves a strict impartiality between the two branches of his patronymic.

Sir ERIC GEDDES was not too sympathetic to the complaints of overcrowding on the suburban railways; but I cannot think that Mr. MARTIN had fully thought out the consequences of his suggestion that the right hon. gentleman should take a trip one night from Aldgate to Barking and see for himself. Imagine the feelings of the strap-hangers when Sir ERIC

essayed "little by little" to wedge himself into their midst.

If the Opposition desired a really satisfactory discussion on the origin of the fires in Cork it should have chosen some other spokesman than Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY. The hon.

it was left by these "Burnt Cork Comedians."

Tuesday, December 14th.—Despite the protests of Lord BRAYE, who demanded full self-determination for Ireland, the Peers gave a Third Reading to the Government of Ireland Bill. Lord

CREWE so far modified his previous attitude as to congratulate the Government on having held on their course in the face of the discouraging events in Ireland, and to express the hope that the measure would be worked for all it was worth, though, in his lordship's estimation, it was not worth much.

The Ministry of Health Bill found the Peers in a much less accommodating mood. Lord STRACHIE moved its rejection, chiefly on the ground of the financial strain it would impose upon local authorities, and was supported by Lord GALWAY, who thought it an insult to Parliament to bring forward so ambitious a measure at the fag-end of the Session. Lord CURZON vainly en-

deavoured to avert the coming storm by accepting a suggestion that the Bill should be carried over till next Session. The majority of the Peers were out for blood, and they defeated the Second Reading by 57 to 41. Dr. ANDERSON, from the steps of the Throne,

gloomily watched the overturn of his omnibus. It is understood that, following the example of his distinguished namesake, he is going to write to *The Spectator* about Lord STRACHIE.

So many of the Commons appeared to have anticipated the Christmas holidays that Questions were run through at a great pace. Mr. HOGGE, however, was in his place all right to know how it was, after all the protestations of the Government, that an official motor-car containing an officer and a lady had been seen outside a toy-shop in Regent Street. "Mark how a plain tale shall set you down," said Mr. CHURCHILL in effect. The officer was on his way from an outlying branch of the War Office to an important confer-



The Lord Chancellor. "AND TO THINK IT WAS THE BEST IRISH LINEN!"

and gallant gentleman was less aggressive in manner than usual, but even so he encountered a good many interruptions. He was answered in a characteristic speech by Mr. CLAUDE LOWTHER; and the debate as a whole never rose much above the level where



THE END OF THE OMNIBUS.

Conductor ADDISON. "A NICE OLD MESS YOU'VE BEEN AND GONE AND MADE!"

Driver CURZON. "ME? IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SO LATE IN TURNING OUT I SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO CUT THINGS SO FINE."



Dealer. "WELL, THERE SHE IS, GUV'NOR, AN' YOURS AT A ROCK-BOTTOM PRICE."

Farmer. NOA, THANKEE. I ONLY GOT POUND NOTES ON ME, YE SEE, AN' I DOAN'T WANT TO BREAK INTO ANOTHER."

ence in Whitehall; the lady was his private secretary; the natural route of the car was *via* Regent Street, and the officer had merely seized the opportunity to pick up a parcel.

A Supplementary Estimate of six and a-half millions for the Navy gave the economists their chance. Mr. G. LAMBERT could not understand why we were employing more men at the dockyards than before the War, and suggested that three or four of the yards might be sold. This proposal was received with singularly little enthusiasm by most of the Members for dockyard constituencies; but Sir B. FALLE (Portsmouth) handsomely remarked that Chatham might well be leased for private enterprise. The Member for Chatham was not present, or he would, no doubt, have returned the compliment.

Wednesday, December 15th.—A less adventurous Minister than Mr. CHURCHILL might have funk'd the task of justifying to a House of Economists a Supplementary Army Estimate of forty millions. But he boldly tackled the job, and proved to his own satisfaction that half the liability was a mere book-entry, and the other half inevi-

table, in view of the Empire's commitments. Sir CHARLES TOWNSEND, in a maiden speech which in the more flamboyant passages suggested the collaboration of the Editor of *John Bull*, announced his intention of supporting the Government "for all I am worth," and proceeded to demonstrate that their policy in Mesopotamia had been wrong from start to finish.

Thursday, December 16th.—I don't know whether the current rumours of the PRIME MINISTER's delicacy are put about by malignant enemies who hope that Nature will accomplish what they have failed to achieve, or by well-meaning friends who desire to convince the Aberystwith Sabbatarians that Sunday golf is essential to his well-being. In his answers to Questions this afternoon he showed no signs of failing powers. When Mr. BILLING accused him of breaking his pledge that there should be no more secret diplomacy he modestly replied that that was not his but President WILSON's phrase; and a little later he informed the same cocksure questioner that a certain problem was "not so simple as my hon. friend imagines most problems are."

An inquiry about the Franco-British boundaries in the Holy Land led the PRIME MINISTER to observe that the territory delimited was "the old historic Palestine—Dan to Beersheba." It was, of course, a mere coincidence that the next Question on the Paper related to the destruction of calves, though not the golden kind.

The quarter-deck voice in which Rear-Admiral ADAIR thundered for information regarding the Jutland Papers so startled Sir JAMES CRAIG that, fearing another salvo if he temporised with the question, he promptly promised immediate publication.

Despite a characteristic protest from Mr. DEVLIN, who, as Mr. BONAR LAW observed, treats his opponents as if they were "not only morally bad but intellectually contemptible," the House proceeded to consider the Lords' Amendments to the Home Rule Bill, and dealt with them by the time-honoured device of "splitting the difference."

"MALESWOMAN WANTED.—Competent to take charge of Millinery establishment."
Trade Paper.

A sort of Mannequin, we presume.



The Viking's Wife (to husband, who is setting off to raid the coast of Britain). "GOOD-BYE, SIGURD DARLING. DON'T FORGET WHAT I SAID ABOUT GETTING YOUR FEET WET. AND, BY THE WAY, I'M GREATLY IN NEED OF A COOK-GENERAL, IF YOU HAPPEN TO SEE ONE. BUT REMEMBER SHE MUST BE CAPABLE AND PLAIN—NOT LIKE THE RUSSIES YOU USUALLY FETCH."

A FOUL GAME.

It is Christmas, and here is a nice little cricket story for the hearth. The funny thing about it is that it is true. And the other funny thing about it is that it was told to me by a huge Rugger Blue called Eric. (I understand people can change their names at Confirmation. Why don't they?)

It was in a College match—not, I gather, a particularly serious one. Eric and his friend Charles were playing for Balbus College against Caramel College. Caramel had an "A" team out, and Balbus, I should think, must have had about a "K" team . . . anyhow, Eric and Charles were both playing. Eric, as he modestly said, doesn't bat much, and Charles doesn't bowl much. Eric said to Charles, "I bet you a fiver you won't get six wickets." Charles said to Eric, "All right; and I bet you a fiver you won't get a hundred runs."

Then began a hideous series of intrigues. Caramel were to bat first, and Eric went to the Balbus captain and said, "There's a sovereign* for you if Charles doesn't go on to bowl at all."

"Very well," said the captain, with a glance of sinister understanding. "Wouldn't have anyhow," he added as he pocketed the stake.

Then Charles arrived.

"Two pounds," said the captain.

"What for?" said Charles.

"For ten overs—four bob an over."

"It's too much," said Charles; "but there's a sovereign for you if Eric goes in ninth wicket down."

"Very well," said the captain, with a glance of devilish cunning. "It's only one lower than usual. Thank you."

Acting on intuition and their knowledge of the captain, Eric and Charles then hotly accused each other of bribery. Both confessed, and it was agreed to start fair. Charles was to bowl first change and Eric was to bat first wicket. The captain said he would want a lot of bribing to go back on the original arrangement, especially if it meant Charles bowling, but he would do it for the original price; and, as he already held the money, Eric and Charles had to concede the point.

By the way, I am afraid the captain doesn't come very well out of this, and I'm afraid it is rather an immoral story; but my object is to show up the evils of commercialism, so it is all right.

Pallas Athene came down and stood by the bowler's umpire while Charles was bowling, and he got five wickets quite easily. It was incredible. The Caramel batsmen seemed to be paralysed. Then the last man came in, and the first thing he did was to send up a nice little dolly catch to Eric at cover-

point. Eric missed it. When I say he missed it I mean he practically flung it on the ground. Indeed he rather overdid it, and the batsman, who was a sportsman and knew Charles, appealed to the umpire to say he was really out. Pallas Athene grabbed the umpire by the throat, and he said firmly that no catch had been made.

Then the batsmen made a muddle about a run and found themselves in the common but embarrassing position of being both at the wicket-keeper's end. The ball had gone to Eric and he had only to throw it in to Charles, who was bowling, for Charles to put the wicket down. But in one of those flashes of inspiration which betray true genius he realised that in the circumstances that was just what Charles would *not* do. Direct action was the only thing. So, ball in hand, he started at high velocity towards the wicket himself.

He was a Rugger Blue (I told you) and a three-quarter at that, so he went fairly fast. However, the batsman saw that he had a faint hope after all, and he ran too. It was an heroic race, but the batsman had less distance to go. Eric saw that he was losing, and from a few yards' range he madly flung the ball at the wicket. He missed the wicket, but he hit Charles very hard on the shin, which was something. I fancy he must have hit Pallas Athene as

* This is a pre-war story.

well, for with the very next ball she gave Charles his sixth wicket.

By this time the game had resolved itself into an Homeric combat between the two protagonists, of which the main bodies of the Balbus and Caramel armies were merely neutral spectators—neutral, that is, so far as they had not been hired out for some dastard service by one or other of the duellists.

When Eric went in it was clear that Juno had come down to help him, for he made three runs in eight balls without being bowled once. Then Charles came in. His first ball he hit slowly between mid-off and cover, and he called for a run. All unsuspecting, Eric cantered down the pitch. When he was half-way Charles seemed to be seized with the sort of panic which sometimes possesses a batsman. "No, no!" he cried. "Go back! go back!" And he scuttled back himself. Juno fortunately intervened and Eric just got home in time. But he realised now what he was up against. His next ball he hit towards mid-wicket, and shouting "Come on!" he galloped up the pitch. Charles came on gingerly, expecting to be sent back, but Eric duly passed him; he then turned round and just raced Charles back to the wicket-keeper's end. Charles was only a Soccer Blue (and a goal-keeper at that), and Eric won.

"After that," said Eric with his usual modesty, "it was easy." Eyewitnesses, however, have told me more. Juno dealt with the Caramel bowlers, but Eric had to compete with Charles. And Charles resorted to every kind of devilish expedient. Nearly all the Balbus batsmen were bribed to run Eric out, and whenever he hit a boundary Eric had to stop and reason with them in the middle of the pitch. Sometimes he tried to outbid Charles, but he usually found that he couldn't afford it. So he colared the bowling as much as possible and tried not to hit anything but boundaries. Juno helped him a good bit in that way.

When he had made seventy he got a ball on the knee. Charles ran out and offered to run for him, but Eric said he could manage, thank you. Then Charles went and walked rapidly up and down in front of the screen; but Eric wasn't the sort of batsman who minded that.

At about ninety, Eric's knee was pretty bad, so he called out for somebody to run for him—not Charles. Five of Charles's hirelings rushed out of the pavilion, but the captain said he would go himself, as that wasn't fair. Besides, he had money on Eric himself.

At this point I gather that Pallas Athene must have deserted Charles al-

together, for he seems to have entertained for a moment or two the ignoble notion of tampering with the scorer. I am glad to be able to say that even the members of the Balbus College "K." Team, eaten up as they were by this time with commercialism, declined to be parties to that particular wickedness. With every circumstance of popular excitement Eric's hundredth run—a mis-cue through the slips—was finally made, scored and added up. In fact, he carried his bat.

"So you were all square," I said, not without admiration.

"By no means," said Eric. "It cost me forty shillings."

"And Charles?"

"It cost him seven pounds." A. P. H.

"SUGGESTIONS."

A WARNING.

ENTERING as we are upon the season of games, it might be well to utter an urgent appeal to hostesses not to play "Suggestions." For "Suggestions," though it may begin as a game, is really a wrangle. Under the guise of a light-hearted pastime it offers little but opportunities for misunderstanding, general conversation, allegations of unfairness, and disappointment.

"Suggestions" ought to be played like this: You sit in a semicircle and the first player says something—anything—a single word. Let us suppose it is (as it probably will be in thousands of cases) "MARGOT." The next player has to say what "MARGOT" suggests—"reticence," for example—and the next player, shutting his mind completely to the word "MARGOT," has to say what "reticence" suggests—perhaps *Grimaud*, in *The Three Musketeers*—and the fourth player has to disregard "reticence" and announce whatever mental reaction the name of *Grimaud* produces. It may be that he has never heard of *Grimaud* and the similarity of sound suggests only GRIMALDI the clown. Then he ought to say, "GRIMALDI the clown," which might in its turn suggest "melancholy" or "the circus." All the time no one should speak but the players in their turn, and they should speak instantly and should say nothing but the thing that is honestly suggested by the previous word. At the end of, say, a dozen rounds the process of unwinding the coil begins, each player in rotation taking part in the backward process until "MARGOT" is again reached.

That is how the game should be played.

This is how it is played:—

First Player. Let me see; what shall I say?

Various other Players (together). Surely there's no difficulty in beginning? Say anything," etc., etc.

A Player (looking round). Say—say "fireplace."

First Player. But that's so silly.

Master of Ceremonies (who wishes he had never proposed the game). It doesn't matter. All that is needed is a start.

Another player. Say "MARGOT."

(Roars of laughter.)

All. Oh, yes, say "MARGOT."

First Player. Very well, then—"MARGOT."

(More laughter.)

Second Player (trying to be clever). "Reticence."

(Shouts of laughter.)

Other Players. How could "MARGOT" suggest "reticence"?

M. C. Never mind; the point is that it did. Now then—and please everyone be silent—now, then, Third Player?

Third Player. "Audacity."

M. C. I'm afraid you're not playing quite fairly. You see "reticence" cannot suggest "audacity." The First Player's word not impossibly might. Could it be that you were still thinking of that?

Third Player. I'm sorry. But "reticence" doesn't suggest anything.

Other Players (together). Oh, yes, it does—"silence," "grumpiness," "oysters," "Trappists."

M. C. If a word suggests nothing whatever to you, you should say, "Blank mind."

Third Player. Ah, but I've thought of something now—"reticule."

(Roars of laughter.)

M. C. It's all right. That's how the mind does work. Now, next player.

Fourth Player. Have I got to say something that "reticule" suggests?

M. C. That's the idea—yes.

A Player. Say "vanity-bag."

Another Player. Say "powder-puff."

(Roars of laughter.)

M. C. Please, please—either the game is worth playing or it isn't. If it is worth playing it is worth playing seriously, and then you can get some very funny effects—it's a psychological exhibition; but if other players talk at the same time and try to help it's useless. Now, next player, please. The word is "reticule."

Fourth Player (after a long silence). "Bond Street."

Fifth Player. Ah, "Bond Street"! That's better. That suggests heaps of things. Which shall I choose? "Chocolates"? No. "Furs"? No. "Diamonds"? No. Oh, yes—"Old Masters."

M. C. (with resignation). But you know you mustn't select. The whole point of the game is that you must say



Fruiterer. "ROYALTY 'ISELF, MADAM, COULDN'T WISH FOR A BETTER PINEAPPLE THAN THAT."
Newly-rich Matron. "WELL, IF ROYALTY CAN BITE 'EM I S'POSE I CAN, I'LL 'AVE IT."

what comes automatically into your mind as you hear the word.

Fifth Player. I'm sorry. Shall I go back to "diamonds"?

M. C. No, you had better stick to "Old Masters."

Fifth Player. "Old Masters."

Sixth Player (deaf). What did you say—"mustard-plasters"?

Fifth Player. No; "Old Masters."

Sixth Player. I've heard of new men and old acres, but I've never heard of Old Pastures. What are they?

Fifth Player (shouting). No, no; "Old Masters." Pictures of the Old Masters—RAPHAEL, TITIAN.

Sixth Player. Ah, yes! "Old Masters." Well, that suggests to me— Yes (triumphantly), "the National Gallery."

Seventh Player (who has been waiting sternly). "Trafalgar Square."

Eighth Player (instantly). "NELSON."

Ninth Player (even more quickly). "NELSON KEYS."

M. C. (beaming). That's better. It's going well now.

Tenth Player. "England expects——"

Ninth Player. No, you can't say that. I could have said that, but you can't.

Tenth Player. Why not?

Ninth Player. Because "NELSON" is

all over and done with. The new name is "NELSON KEYS." You ought to have thought of something connected with him.

Tenth Player. If you'd said "KEYS" I might have done. But you said "NELSON KEYS," and the "NELSON" touched a spot. Isn't that right?

M. C. Quite right. It's the only way to play. But may I once more ask that there should be no talking? We shall never be able to unwind if there is. Now, please—"England expects——"

Eleventh Player. "Duty."

Twelfth Player. "Bore."

Thirteenth Player. "The Marne."

(Cries of astonishment.)

Various Players. How can "bore" suggest "the Marne"?

M. C. But it did. You mustn't mind.

Twelfth Player. How did it? Just for fun I'd like to know.

Thirteenth Player. Well, when I was on the Marne I used to see the marks on the ground made by them.

Twelfth Player. By who?

Thirteenth Player. The wild boars.

(Roars of laughter.)

Twelfth Player. But I meant that duty is a bore—b-o-r-e.

M. C. (frantic). It doesn't matter.

It's what you think—not what is—in this game. But really we're in such a muddle, wouldn't it be better to begin again? You all know the rules now.

Hostess. Perhaps "Clumps" might be better, don't you think?

M. C. Just as you like. "Clumps," then.

The Deaf Player. What is the word now?

A Player. We're going to play "Clumps" instead.

The Deaf Player. Mumps in bed? I'm sure I don't know what that suggests. That's very difficult. But I like this game. It ought to be great fun when we unwind.

(They separate for "Clumps.")

B. V. L.

Headline to an article on ladies' fashions:—

"STOCKINGS COMING DOWN."

This should make the hosiers pull up their socks.

"Several reasons, besides the claims of humanity, made the Eugenist favour schemes for abolishing the eugenist."—*Daily Paper.*

We are inclined to agree with the Eugenist.



AT A FAT STOCK SHOW.

"THEY'RE TWO SMART 'OGS, I ADMIT. BUT LOOK AT THE PRICE O' FOOD-STUFFS. YOU KNOW YERSELF IT DON'T PAY ANYONE TO FEED THESE DAYS."

MISPLACED BENEVOLENCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—From your earliest years you have preached sound and wholesome doctrine on the duty of man to birds and beasts. Indeed, I remember your pushing it to extreme lengths in a poem entreating people not to mention mint-sauce when conversing with a lamb. Still, I wonder whether even you would approve of the title of an article in *Nature* on "The Behaviour of Beetles." Of course I know that "behaviour" is a colourless word, still I am rather inclined to doubt whether beetles know how to behave at all. I may be prejudiced by my own experiences, but they certainly have been unfortunate. They began early—at my private school, to be precise. I shall

never forget the conversation I had, when a new boy, with a sardonic senior who, after putting me through the usual catechism, asked me what I was going to be. I replied that I had not yet decided, whereupon my tormentor, after looking at my feet, which I have never succeeded in growing up to, observed, "Well, if I were you, I think I should emigrate to Colorado and help to crush the beetle." Later on in life I was the victim of a cruel hoax, carried out with triumphant ingenuity by a confirmed practical joker, who with the aid of a thread caused what appeared to be a gigantic blackbeetle to perform strange and unholy evolutions in my sitting-room. Worst of all, I was victimised by the presence of a blackbeetle in a plate of clear soup served me at my

club. I backed my bill, but it was too late, for I am very shortsighted.

No, Mr. Punch, I am prepared to discuss the Ethics of Eels, the Altruism of Adders, the Piety of Pintails, or even the Benevolence of Bluebottles, but (to deviate into doggerel)—

"LOT LANKESTERS, LUBBOCKS and
CHEATLES
Dilate with a rapturous bliss
On the noble behaviour of beetles—
I give them a miss."

I am, Mr. Punch, with much respect,
Yours faithfully,
PHILANDER BLAMPIN.

THREE TRAGEDIES AND A MORAL.

THERE was an imperious old Sage
Who upheld the dominion of Age,
But his son, a grim youth,
Red in claw and in tooth,
Shut him up in a chloroformed cage.

There was also a Child full of beans
Who bombarded nine great magazines,
But not one of the nine
Ever published a line,
For the Child was not yet in its teens.

There was thirdly, to round off these
rhymes,

A Matron who railed at the crimes
Of designers of frocks
Who in smart fashion "blocks"
Left middle-age out of *The Times*.

The moral—if morals one seeks
In an age of sensation and shrieks—
Is this: Even still
Things are apt to go ill
With old, young and middle-aged freaks.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The Grecian women were forbidden entrance to the stadium where the [Olympic] games were being held, and any woman found therein was thrown from the Tarpeian rock."

Canadian Paper.

"The French are thinking of building straw houses to remedy the present housing crisis." The first straw house has already been built at Montargis."—*Evening Paper.*

Where, presumably, they are trying it on the well-known local Dog.

"Negotiating the intricate traffic of the City was quite easy, the engine being responsive to the slightest touch of the steering wheel. It is just the car for the owner-driver."

Financial Paper.

Our chauffeur agrees. He says he wouldn't undertake to drive it down the village street, let alone the City.

"IS SINGING ON THE DECLINE?"

A GREAT TENOR'S ADVICE.

"NEVER FIGHT AGAINST THE BRASS."

Morning Paper.

It is, we believe, the experience of most impresarios that great tenors almost invariably fight for the brass.



"QUICK, MUMMIE! COME AND HELP BOBBIE—HE'S FALLEN INTO THE LUCKY DIP."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

So charged is it with liable-to-go-off controversy that I should hardly have been astonished to see Mr. H. G. WELLS's latest volume, *Russia in the Shadows* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), embellished with the red label of "Explosives." Probably everyone knows by now the circumstances of its origin, and how Mr. WELLS and his son are (for the moment) the rearguard in that long procession of unprejudiced and undeceivable observers who have essayed to pluck the truth about Russia from the bottom of the Bolshevik pit. What Mr. WELLS found is much what was to be expected: red ruin, want and misery unspeakable. The difference between his report and those of most of his forerunners is that, being (as one is apt to forget) a highly-trained writer, he is able to present it with a technical skill that enormously helps the effect. Our author having been unable to deny the shadow, like everyone else save perhaps the preposterous Mr. LANSBURY, the only outstanding question is who casts it. The ordinary man would probably have little hesitation about his answer to that. Mr. WELLS has even less. He unhesitatingly names you and me and the French investors and several editors. Well, I have no space for more than an indication of what you will find in this undeniably vigorous and vehement little volume. But I must not forget the photographs. Some of these, of devastated streets and the like, have rather lost their novelty. Unfortunately, however, for Mr. WELLS as propagandist he has also included a number of the most revealing portraits yet available of the men who are hag-riding a once great nation to the abyss. I can only say that for me those portraits put the finishing touch to Mr. WELLS's argument. They extinguish it.

The pictorial wrapper of *A Man of the Islands* (HUTCHIN-

SON) is embellished with a drawing of a coffee-coloured lady in a costume that it would be an understatement to call curtailed, also (inset, as the picture-papers say) the portrait of a respectable-looking gentleman in a beard. In the printed synopsis that occupies the little tuck-in part of the same wrapper you are promised "an entrancing picture of breaking seas on lonely islands and tropical nights beneath the palms." In other words Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE as before. Lest however you should suppose the insularity of this attractive pen-artist to be in danger of becoming overdone, I will say at once that the six tales from which the book takes its name occupy not much more than a third of it, the rest being filled with stories of varied setting bearing such titles as "The Queen's Necklace," "The Box of Bonbons," and the like—all frankly to be grouped under the head of "Financial Measures." This said, it is only fair to add that the half-dozen *Sigurdson* adventures—-he was the Man of the Islands, a bearded trader, murderer, pearl thief and what not—seem to me a group of as rattling good yarns as of their kind one need wish to meet, every one with some original and thrilling situation that lifts it far above pot-boiling status. I could wish (despite anything above having a contrary sound) that Mr. STACPOOLE had given us a whole volume with that South Sea setting that so happily stimulates his fancy.

Mr. S. P. B. MAIS has not yet extricated himself from the groove into which he has fallen. It is not a wholesome groove, and even if it were I should not wish an author of his capacity to remain a perpetual tenant of it. In *Colour Blind* (GRANT RICHARDS) we are given the promiscuous amours of a schoolmaster, a subject which has apparently a peculiar attraction for Mr. MAIS. *Jimmy Penruddocke*, who tells the story, left the Army and could not find a job until he was offered a mastership at a public school. The school rather than *Jimmy* has my sympathies. There was

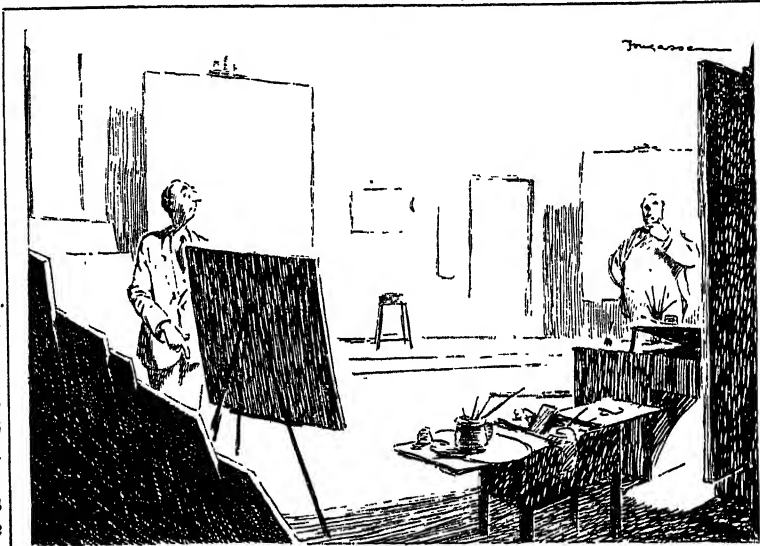
nothing peculiarly alluring about this philanderer to account for the devastating magnetism which he exerted upon the female heart. To describe all this orgy of caresses could hardly have been worth anyone's time and trouble; certainly it was not worth Mr. MAIS's. I say this with all the more assurance because, greatly as I dislike the main theme of this novel, there are many good things in it. There is, for example, *Mark Champernowne* (Jimmy's friend), a finely and consistently drawn character, and there are descriptive passages which are vividly beautiful and also some delightful gleams of humour. I think that when Mr. MAIS's sense of humour has developed further he will agree with me that a man who loved as promiscuously as *Jimmy* and then wrote over three hundred pages about it could, without much straining of the truth, be called a cad.

For many reasons I could wish that England were China. It would be nice, for instance, to address the HOME SECRETARY as "Redoubtable Hunter of Criminals" and to call the Board of Exterior Affairs (if we had one) "Wai - wo - poo." I should like my house also to be named "The Palace of the Hundred Flowers." I think there are about a hundred, though I have not counted them. But in China it is above all things necessary to be an ancestor, and this may lead to complications if Mr. G. S. DE MORANT, who appears to be much more at home with the French and the Oriental idiom than the English, is to be trusted. In the *Claws of the Dragon* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) describes the experiences of a young lady named *Monique*, who married the Secretary to the Chinese Embassy in Paris and was obliged, after visiting her relations-in-law, to reconcile herself to the introduction of a second wife into the family, in order that their notions of propriety might be respected and an heir born to the line. When she had consented she returned to Paris and wrote the following cablegram from her own mother's house: "You have acted as a good son and a faithful husband. Bring back with you the mother of our (*sic*) child." And so, the author evidently feels, it all ended happily. His book is an interesting and amusing presentment of an older civilisation, but if it won't strain the *Entente* I am bound to say that I disagree with his conclusions.

I fear it may sound an unkindly criticism, but my abiding trouble with *Broken Colour* (LANE) was an inability to get any of the characters, with perhaps one exception, to come alive or behave otherwise than as parts of a thoroughly nice-mannered and unsensational story. Perhaps it was my own fault. Mr. HAROLD OHLSON (whose previous book I liked) has obviously, perhaps a little too obviously, done his best for these people. It is a tale of two rivalries: that for the heroine, between the penniless artist-hero and a pound-full other; and that in the breast of the p.a.h., between the flesh-pots of commerce and the world-well-lost-

for-Chelsea. It is typical of Mr. OHLSON's care that, though one would in such a situation nine times out of ten be safe in backing Art for the double event, he makes so even a match of it between *Hubert* and *Ralph* that he leaves the heroine ringing the door-bell of the one immediately after kissing the other. You observe that I was perhaps really more interested in the contest than my opening words would suggest, but it was always in a detached story-book way; except in the case of a mildly unsympathetic secretary, represented as having spent too much time in the contemplation of other persons' affluence, also as owning an expensive-looking stick that made him long to be as rich as it caused him to appear. I hate to think that there can have been anything here to touch a chord in the reviewing breast, but the fact remains that *Mr. Burnham* stands out for me as the only genuinely human figure in the book.

Blessed, no doubt, is the nation or the man without a history, but blessed too is the biographer who has something



Artist (condescendingly). "I DID THIS LAST SUMMER. IT REALLY ISN'T MUCH GOOD."

Canid Friend. "No, IT CERTAINLY ISN'T. BUT WHO TOLD YOU?"

definite to write about. Mr. C. CARLISLE TAYLOR, in putting together his *Life of Admiral Mahan* (MURRAY), the American naval philosopher and prophet, must have felt this keenly, for rarely can a man whose work was so important that he simply had to have a biography have done so few things of the kind that help to fill up a book. The Admiral not only foresaw the great War before 1914; he even suggested definite details of it—for instance, the loyalty of Italy to Western civilisation and the final surrender of the German fleet; yet in himself,

though the writer draws an attractive picture of his home and religious life, he was only a kindly Christian gentleman who lectured to a few naval students. This is not the stuff to turn into a thrilling life-story, yet his studies on *Sea-Power* in relation to national greatness must certainly be reckoned among the prime causes of world-war. They set the Germans trying to outbuild the British fleet; more fortunately they were an inspiration to naval enthusiasts in this country also. Mr. TAYLOR has a pleasant chapter describing the immediate recognition and welcome his hero received in England, while it has taken quite a number of chapters to do justice to all the written tributes to his genius that the energetic author has collected. Personally, if ever I had been in doubt about it, I should have been quite willing to take that genius for granted some time before the end, and could indeed recommend the volume much more happily if it were reduced by about half. It will be valuable mainly as a necessary work of reference.

Our Well-Informed Press.

"At Kensington Palace the ground frost registered 9 deg. Fahr., which represents 23 degrees below zero."—*Evening Paper*.

"WELLS HITS BACK AT CHURCHILL."—*Sunday Paper*.

Not the Bombardier, as you might think, but BERT WELLS.

CHARIVARIA.

No newspapers were published on Saturday, Sunday or Monday. We did not begrudge them their holiday, but we do think *The Daily Mail* might have issued occasional bulletins respecting the weather at Thanet, as we consider three days is too long to keep their readers in suspense.

The most popular indoor game this winter seems to be Battledore-and-Juttlecock.

A woman informed a London magistrate last Tuesday that her husband thrashed her at Easter, Whitsuntide and on August Bank Holiday. Our thoughts were constantly with her during the recent Yuletide festivities.

Readers should not be alarmed if a curious rustling noise is heard next Saturday morning. It will be simply the sound of new leaves being turned over.

In view of the possible increase of their salaries it is not the intention of Members of Parliament to solicit Christmas-boxes. Householders, therefore, should be on their guard against men passing themselves off as M.P.s.

Our attention is drawn to the fact that the latest photograph of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE shows him to be smoking a cigar with the band on. We can only say that CROMWELL wouldn't have done it.

Our magistrates appear to be made of poor stuff these days. A man named SNAIL was last week summoned before the Feltham magistrates for exceeding the speed limit, yet no official joke was made. Incidentally, why is it that Mr. Justice DARLING never gets a real chance like this?

A New York policeman has been arrested in the act of removing a safe from a large drapery store. It is said that upon being seen by another policeman he offered to run and fetch a burglar.

Mme. DELYSIA has been bitten by a dog in New York. The owner's defence, that the animal had never tasted

famous dancer before, is not likely to be accepted.

Like a soothing balm just before the old year dies comes the intimation from Mr. LOVAT FRASER that there is a bright side to things.

With reference to the opening of the pantomime season it is reported that a couple of new jokes have been found nesting in a Glasgow theatre.

Psychologists are inclined to attribute the recent night stampede of sheep in the Midlands, when thousands of them jumped their hurdles, to the influence of a large number of people concentrat-

persuade Sir ERIC GEDDES to disguise himself as an Eton boy during the holidays to see how it feels.

It is now admitted that the plum-pudding which was badly mauled by a small boy in the Hoxton district on Christmas Day began it by inviting his assailant to "come on."

D'ANNUNZIO is reported to be coming to a more reasonable frame of mind. Apparently he is disposed to allow Italy a certain measure of independence.

People step out into the road and never look to right or left, says a London coroner. This makes things far too easy for motorists.

Dr. A. GRAHAM BELL recently told a Derby audience how he invented the telephone. We note that he still refuses to say why.

We are informed that, on and after the 1st of January, Mr. CHURCHILL cannot undertake to refute the opinions of any writer who has not been officially recognised as a best seller.

A scientist has succeeded in putting a pea to sleep with electromagnetism. The clumsy old method of drowning it in a plate of soup should now be a thing of the past.

General TOWNSEND says that with seventy thousand men he could have conquered half Asia. But then he might have lost Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

What we want now is something to make the world safe for those who made the world safe for democracy.

There is now on the market a new patent contrivance which gives warning when the contents of an oven are on the point of burning. We have secured a sample, but unfortunately our cook still relies on her sense of smell.

"Leather is now much cheaper," we read. Yet we have noticed no drop in the price of restaurant steak.

On January 1st the Ministry of Munitions will enter upon its second year of winding up.



OUR GOGGLERS.

First Girl in grandmotherly spectacles (to second ditto). "How FRIGHTFULLY OUT OF DATE THAT WOMAN IS. FANCY—LORNETTES!"

ing on a well-known remedy for sleeplessness.

It is stated that rabies does not exist in Ireland. Our opinion is that it wouldn't be noticed if it did.

Very few English Christmas customs, we hear, are prevalent out in Russia. We have always felt that the custom of clients giving Christmas-boxes to their executioners will never become very popular.

It is rumoured that the repeated assassinations of General VILLA have made it necessary for him to resign his position as Permanent Chief Insurgent to the State of Mexico.

The Morning Post has remarked that nowadays the Eton boy is often reduced to travelling third-class. It is hoped to

THE HAPPY HOOTS.

YES, it is nearly twelve now. In ten minutes we shall hear the bells—I mean the hooters. I wonder if there were hooters when TENNYSON wrote those popular lines about ringing in the New Year. Very likely he didn't hear them if there were, as there's nothing to show that he ever really stayed up late enough to see the New Year in. It's a pity, because the hooters would have fitted in to that poem most beautifully. The hooting idea is just what is wanted to give a dramatic contrast to the sugary ringing business.

"Ring out the false, ring in the true" doesn't *convince* somehow; it's too impartial. One doesn't say to the footman, "Show the Rector up, please, and show this blackmailer out," even at the Lyceum. One says, "*Kick this black-hearted hound out*," and the footman realises then that you have something against the fellow. Just so one doesn't gather from the above line that the poet has any strong preference as between the false and the true, except that there is no good rhyme to "the false," unless you can count "waltz"; but what about—

*Hoot out the old, ring in the new;
Hoot out the false, ring in the true?*

Magnificent! There's some sting in that; it "gets over," and it brings the whole poem into harmony with modern practice.

Come on, we'd better have another dance before the great moment. I wonder if TENNYSON ever saw the New Year in at two guineas a head. I don't expect so. For that matter it's the first time we've done it at an expensive public "Revel" ourselves; but then this is the first year we've been absolutely bankrupt. Up till now we've been rather well off, and have celebrated cheaply at home. Do you realise that this is our wedding-day? I believe you'd forgotten; women never remember these things. Yes, it's six years . . . Six years. And this is the first year we've been bankrupt. All the same, as I say, it's the first year we've come out and had a jolly good supper. Reckless? Yes, I'm afraid we are. But we've caught it from the Government . . . However, to-morrow we'll start a new cheque-book.

Have you made your resolutions yet? I have. Do you remember this time last year? You said you'd keep accounts, and I said I wouldn't smoke so much. And all the year through our resolution has never wavered. I've got evidence of that. Look at my diary. Here we are:—

January 1st.—G. started keeping accounts. Gave up smoking.

And here we are again:—

March 20th.—G. started accounts.

March 29th.—Knocked off smoking.

That shows it was no mere flash-in-the-pan, doesn't it?

And we *went on* like that. Look at this:—

June 6th.—Gave up smoking.

June 7th.—Only one pipe since yesterday.

June 30th.—Cut myself down to four pipes a day.

July 1st-9th.—G. keeping accounts; knocked off smoking.

But I wonder why I kept writing it down. Even in September, you see, I wasn't taking it for granted:—

September 29th.—Quarter-Day. Not smoking this quarter. G. began new system of accounts.

It looks like bragging, doesn't it? But I don't think I can have meant it that way. Still, it is rather marvellous, when you come to think of it—here we are, after all these months, twelve of them, and we still stick doggedly to the same unswerving resolution. Nothing can alter it. That's what I call tenacity of purpose.

You don't think I'm serious? But I am. I'm just as serious as I was last year. This year I *shall* give up smoking. Only I think you ought to give up your hot-water bottle in sympathy. You won't? No, I know you won't. You're a slave of the bottle, you see. It doesn't do you any harm? Oh, yes it does. It makes your backbone flabby, and it makes you susceptible to colds, and it gives you chilblains, and, anyhow, it's morally pernicious, because it's an *indulgence* . . . If I'd known you were a hot-water-bottle woman before we were married . . . However, we needn't go into that. But if you won't give up your bottle I shan't give up smoking after all.

Look, they're opening the windows. We shall all catch cold. Can you hear anything? I can hear those people eating. What a draught! Can you hear anything? I can hear the eaters quite plainly now. Here comes Father Christmas. I believe he is going to give us all gifts.

Can you hear anything yet? I have been given a diary. What have you got? Another diary? Is yours for 1921? So is mine. How dull! Christmas will be on a Sunday next year, I see. So will our wedding-day. I hope you'll remember it this time. And they have arranged for the Spring to begin on March 21st. Think of it! Spring—in less than three months!

There they go.

Hoot out, wild hooters, to the wild sky!

What a jolly noise! Much better than bells, really much more accurate as an expression of one's feelings. There's a sort of "faint but pursuing" note about it. And that's how I feel, rather. It was a dreadful year, really, wasn't it?—that last one, I mean. No money, no clothes—nothing but rates and dentists and small accounts respectfully submitted for our esteemed favour. One long crisis. . . . But we kept the flag flying. This year—

Hallo! somebody's going to recite. What do you think it will be? You'll never guess. Yes, you're quite right.

Ring out a slowly-dying cause
And ancient forms of party strife.

That sounds like a bit of Government propaganda. Disgraceful, I call it. If I was a Wee Free—

Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners—

That's a hit at somebody, too, I shouldn't wonder. Somebody must have written a topical verse for the occasion. Those people are still eating. I expect they are doing Hog-money, or whatever it is. . . .

Are you still as obstinate as ever about that hot-water bottle? Very well, then, I shall now have the first smoke of the New Year. Oh, no; we've got to do *Auld Lang Syne* first. I never can smoke while I'm singing.

"Should auld acquaintance . . ." Do you know any of the people here? No? Do you ever want to see any of them again? No? Never mind, they've all paid a lot of money to hold our hands; let them have their money's worth . . . "A right gude willie-waucht . . ." Waiter! One large willie-waucht, please, and a small pint stoup . . . Do you realise that this is the only night in the year when you can get a willie-waucht at this hour? What a world!

Six years. Do you see that nice couple over there? I bet they haven't been married as long as we have. And I bet they're not so bankrupt. This is going to be a dreadful year. I can see that at once. But we'll keep the flag flying.

Ah, here come the willie-waughts. Thank you, waiter.

Well, my dear—a cup of kindness with you. Here's luck! A. P. H.

Natural History on the Football Field.

"St. Columb's Court and North-End met at The Farm, when St. Columb's Court were the victors by three goats to one."—*Irish Paper*.

"Harry — (19), described as a comedian, was bound over in £5 for six months under the rug, the property of Hilda —."

Provincial Paper.

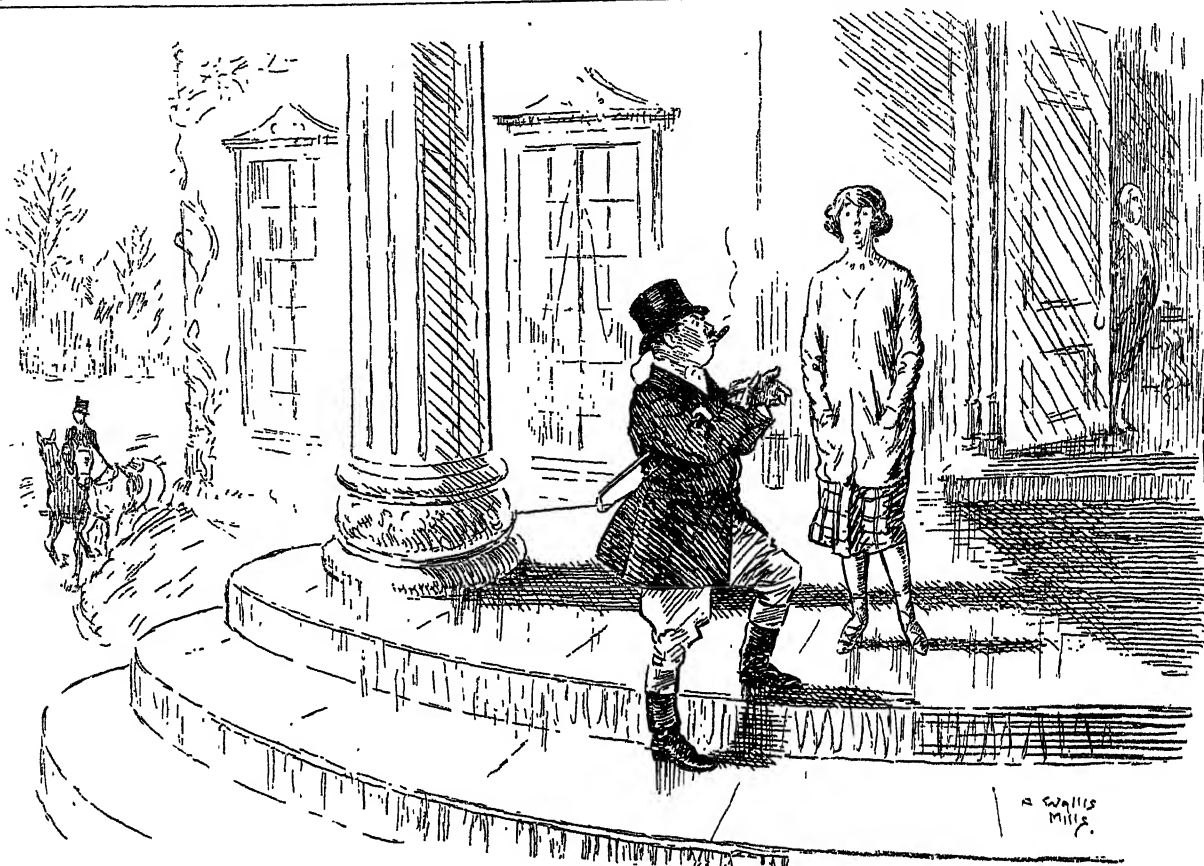
It seems that HARRY was not the only comedian in court.



A BOXING NIGHTMARE.

THE GOOD FAIRY GEORGINA. "I WAVE MY WAND—UTOPIA DOTH APPEAR . . .

(extemporising) SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG. O DEAR! O DEAR! O DEAR!"



Post-War Sportsman. "THE HOUNDS MEET ON THE LAWN TO-MORROW, MY DEAR. WE MUST GIVE THEM A STIMUP-CUP."
Wife. "I HOPE THE CHEF KNOWS HOW TO MAKE IT. IF NOT I SUPPOSE CLARET-CUP WOULD DO?"

ELIZABETH'S CHRISTMAS.

"I've always thort 'ow I'd love to 'ave a reel nice Christmas," remarked Elizabeth—"a jolly proper kind o' one, you know, 'm."

"Don't you find Christmas a pleasant time, then?" I inquired.

"Well, you see, 'm, I bin in service ever since I was turned fifteen, an' you know wot Christmas in service is. An extry tip, I will say, but a lot of extry work to go along with it—and wot washin' up! Some'ow it orl seems so different in books an' on the pictures."

She sighed as she spoke and a look that was almost human crept into the arid region of her countenance. A feeling of compunction swept over me. Was it possible that this poor simple girl concealed depths of conviviality in her nature and a genial disposition which I, in common with all her former employers, had carelessly overlooked? I will admit that this unexpected phase in Elizabeth's character touched and interested me.

"Elizabeth," I cried in a sudden glow of enthusiasm, "you shall have your jolly Christmas—I will provide it. You shall have your turkey, plum-pudding, mince-pies, crackers, mistletoe and all

the rest of it." *Cheeryble* in his most beneficent mood could not have felt more expansive than I did just then. "You can invite your friends; we shall not be at home, so you will have the place to yourself."

"Lor!" she ejaculated. "D'ye reerly mean it, 'm?"

"I do, Elizabeth. Let me know the sort of Christmas you've always longed for and I'll see that you get it."

She drew up her lank form and her face shone. "Well, 'm, I don't know where you get 'em, but for one thing I've often thort as 'ow I'd like to 'ave a festlebord."

"What's that?" I asked, puzzled. "Is it in the Stores' list?"

"I don't know, 'm, but there's always a lot about it in the books. When the Squire's son comes 'ome repentant at Christmas-tide they always gathers round a festlebord and rejoices."

I began to see light. "You mean a 'festal board'?"

"That's wot I sed, 'm."

"Well, you shall have one, Elizabeth, I'll see to that. I'd let you have a Squire's son as well, but unfortunately the only ones I know are not repentant—as yet. And now tell me which of your friends you would like to invite."

"There's my sister-in-lor 'ud like to come—er that I 'aven't been on speakin' terms with for five years—but she shan't. An' my friend isn't comin'; I'll see to that arter the things she sed about me to my young man's cousin—sorey baggage! As for my two aunts they don't set foot under the same roof as me arter the way——"

"Never mind about the people you're not inviting," I broke in; "we don't need a list of them. Who do you want to come?"

"Well, there's Mrs. Spurge, the char—a real nice lady, as you know, 'm. Then I'd like to arsk Polly, the sister of the cook wot lives in the 'ouse at the corner with red 'air; an' there's Mary Baxter. An' isn't it lucky my sailor-brother will be 'ome for the first time in ten years? Can 'e come too, 'm? 'E's been round the world twice."

"In that case, Elizabeth, he certainly ought to be invited. He may even have returned home repentant, so you will be able to rejoice at the festal board in proper style."

"Oh, 'm, isn't it luvly? I won't 'arf have a beano this Christmas. Wot a time we'll 'ave, wot a time!"

* * * * *
 For my part I did not pass a very

blithesome Christmas. Henry's aunt, who invited us, is rich, but she is also dull, and several times I found myself rather envying Elizabeth. While Aunt Jane nodded in her chair, Henry and I pictured those boisterous revels of Elizabeth and her friends, their boundless mirth, their unrestrained gaiety. We imagined them too gathered round the sailor-brother, listening with rapt delight as he told them stories of the far-off wonder-lands he had known. Henry sighed then and said there were times when he envied the so-called lower classes their capacity for enjoyment.

When we returned home Elizabeth greeted us with beaming countenance. "I 'ope you 'ad a good time," she said; "I know I 'ad."

"Then it really was as nice as you thought it would be, Elizabeth?"

"It was first-rate, 'm. Leastways orl went well until arter dinner, when we begins chippin' each other and ends in 'avin' a few words. My sailor-brother started it by chaffin' Polly about 'er red 'air an' 'arskin' why she didn't cut it orf, an' she told 'im then that if 'e'd such an objection to red she wondered 'e didn't cut 'is own nose orf. Arter that one thing led to another; we took sides an'——"

"Oh, Elizabeth, you don't mean to say you quarrelled?" I interrupted sorrowfully.

"Oh, no, it wasn't quarrellin', 'm—just bargin', you know. Any'ow it ended in Polly an' Mary an' my brother goin' off early. I was chilly to Mrs. Spurge owin' to 'er 'avin' said that she didn't believe my sailor-brother'd ever been further than Wapping in a coal-barge. I shouldn't 'ave spoke to 'er again that evenin' if the book 'adn't brought us together again friendly, like."

"What book?" I asked, bewildered.

"One of yours that I got out of the study, 'm. Oh, wot a book! Sorter ghost story in a manner o' speakin'. I laughed an' I cried over it, turn about. So did Mrs. Spurge. You see we read bits out to each other—kep it up till three o'clock in the mornin', we did. It was luvly!"

"And what was the book called?" I inquired.

"It's called *A Christmas Carol*, 'm, by Mr. DICKINGS. Why didn't nobody tell me about it afore? It's far better 'n the pictures. 'Just like 'eaven,' Mrs. Spurge said."

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourself, Elizabeth."

"It's the 'appiest Christmas I ever 'ad, 'm. That there Mr. DICKINGS is a one! 'E do know wot's wot in festle-bords."



Patient. "MY MISSIS SENT ME FUR A BOTTLE O' MEDICINE FUR ME CORP. SHE SAYS IT KEEPS HER AWAKE O' NIGHTS. I SAYS, 'YOU'VE NOBBUT TO LIE AWAKE. I'VE GOT TO LIE AWAKE AN' CORP.'"

HOW, WHY AND WHAT.

(Being the Tragedy of the Conscientious Inquirer who fell among Philistines.)

THERE WAS an old man who said, "How Can I link the To-Be with the Now?" But they said, "Poor old thing!

You've been reading Dean INGE, And you're *not* high enough in the brow."

But in spite of this check he said,

"Why Is my Ego the same as my I?"

So they put him to bed And placed ice on his head Till the cerebral storm had passed by.

Now I'm told he is asking them, "What Use has psycho-analysis got?"

And they answer, "N.E. If you're not an M.D., Or a novelist minus a plot."

"A cargo of 800 German pianos arrived at the Tyne from Hamburg on Saturday." *Daily Paper.*

Another key industry in danger.



UNFINISHED DRAWING FOR "PUNCH" BY THE LATE F. H. TOWNSEND.

THE FIGURE OF THE LITTLE GIRL WAS SKETCHED ON THE MORNING OF HIS DEATH. THE LEGEND WHICH THIS PICTURE WAS TO ILLUSTRATE IS NOT KNOWN.

MAYBIRDS.

I CAN see some justification for keeping peacocks, especially if you have shaven lawns and terraces and sundials, though sundials, I imagine, are rather a nuisance now-a-days, because of the trouble of having them reset for summer and winter time. Peacocks at any rate are beautiful, and, if their voices are apt in England to become a little hoarse, that is only because they screech when the weather is going to be bad.

The pheasant is also a useful and beautiful fowl. One may put down bread-crumbs to attract the pheasant to one's garden when he is alive, or to one's plate when he is dead.

But I can see no justification whatever for keeping maybirds, for they are neither useful nor beautiful. Perhaps you do not know what a maybird is. I have five maybirds. I have them because people here would keep saying to me, "Look at the price of fresh eggs, and how much nicer it is to have your own." It is a curious thing about the country that people are always giving one disinterested advice in the matter of domestic economy. In London it is different. In London people let you take a twopenny bus ticket to Westminster instead of walking across the Park, and go to ruin in your own sweet way. They rather admire your dash.

But in the country they tell you about these things.

So I went to a man and confessed to him my trouble about fresh eggs.

"I see," he said; "you want maybirds."

"No, I don't," I said; "I want hens."

"It's the same thing," he told me.

"How many would you like?"

"Five," I said. I thought five would be an unostentatious number and make it clear that I was not trying to compete with the wholesale egg-dealers.

He segregated five maybirds and explained their points to me.

It appeared that one of them was a Buff Orpington and three were white Wyandottes and one had no particular politics. I should say now that it was an Independent. It has speckles and is the one that keeps getting into the garden.

I asked him when the creatures would begin to enter upon their new duties, and he said they would do so at once.

"What is their maximum egg-laying velocity?" I inquired.

"They'll lay about three eggs a day between them," he said, "these five birds."

"Why between them?" I enquired. But I consented to buy his birds, and he said if I liked he would run round to my garden at once and run up a hen-

house and a hen-run for me. "Ruin" seemed rather a word with him.

I said, "Yes, by all means."

He came round that evening and hewed down an apple-tree under the light of the moon to make room for the maybird-run, and in the morning he brought a large roll of wire-netting, and the next day he built a wooden house, and the day after that he brought his five maybirds, and the day after that he came round and asked for some cinders. He sprinkled these all over the enclosure, and I watched him while he worked.

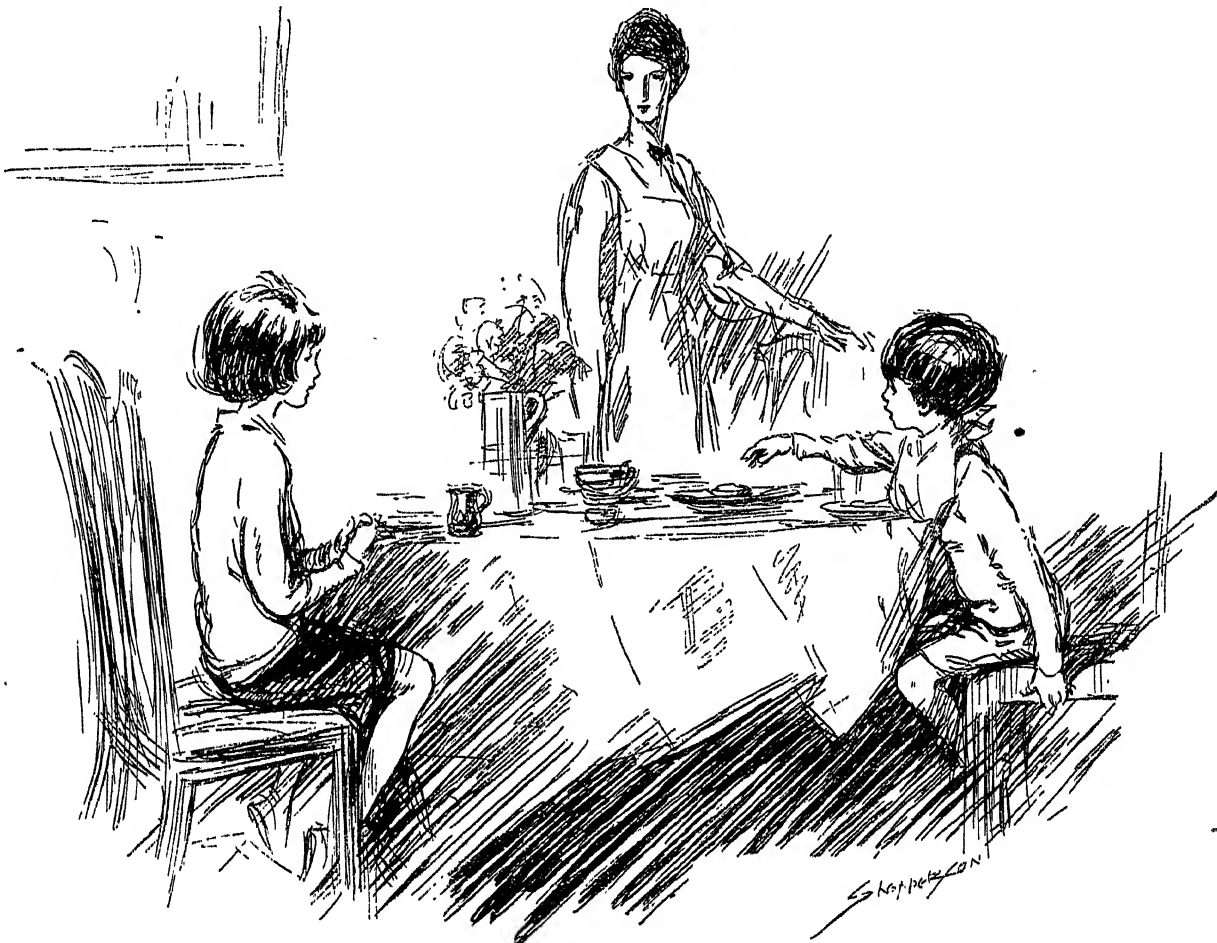
"What is that for?" I asked.

"They want something to scratch in when they run about," he explained. "Exercise is what they need."

"They seem to be scratching already, but they don't seem to be running," I said. "Wouldn't it have been better to put a cinder-track all round the edge and train them to run races round it?"

He said that he hadn't thought of that, but I could try it if I liked. Then he gave me a bag of food, which he said was particularly efficacious for maybirds, and produced his bill.

All this happened about a month ago, and for the last four weeks the principal preoccupation of my household has been the feeding of these five birds. I have had to lay a gravel-path from



Nurse. "LITTLE GENTLEMEN, MASTER ERIC, LEAVE THE LAST MINCE-PIE TO THEIR SISTERS."
Generous Little Girl. "O NURSE, DO LET HIM BE A LITTLE CAD."

the aviary to the back premises in order to sustain the weight of the traffic. Huge bowls of hot food are constantly being mixed and carried to them, without any apparent consciousness on their part of their reciprocal responsibilities. What I mean to say is that there are no eggs. The food which they eat resembles Christmas-pudding at the time when it is stirred, and I have suggested that a sixpence should be concealed in it every now and then—sixpence being apparently the current price of an egg—in order to indicate the nature of our hopes.

I have made other valuable suggestions. I have suggested putting an anthracite stove in their sitting-room, and papering the walls with illustrations representing various methods of mass production, ordinary methods having failed. I notice that cabbages are suspended by a string across the top of the parade-ground in order that the birds may obtain exercise by springing at them. The cabbages are eaten, but I do not believe that the birds jump. I believe that they clamber up the wire with their claws, walk along the tight-

rope and bite the cabbage off with their teeth.

Sometimes, as I think I have mentioned, the one with speckles escapes into the garden, and I have several times been asked to chase it home. Nothing makes one look more ridiculous than chasing an independent maybird of no particular views across an onion bed. The rest of the animals appear to spend most of their time in walking about the run with their hands in their pockets looking for things on the ground.

But every now and then one or other of them makes the loud cry which is usually associated with successful egg-production; the whole household troops beaming with anticipation along the gravel-path; and it is then discovered that the Buff has knocked one of the Whites off her perch, or that one of the Whites has scratched a cinder on which the Buff had set her eye, or that the Independent member has made a bitter speech which is deeply resented by the Coalition. But there are no eggs.

About a week ago the corn which apparently forms a part of the neces-

sary nourishment of maybirds, and is kept in an outhouse, was attacked by rats. I was told that I must do something about this. I buttered some slices of bread with arsenic and laid them down on the outhouse floor. The rats ate the bread and arsenic and went on with the corn. Unless a great improvement is manifested in the New Year I have decided to butter the maybirds with arsenic and place them in the outhouse too. EVEN.

Cyclone in the Channel Islands.

"METEOROLOGICAL NOTES.

Harbour Office, Jersey.
Wind - E.W.E. - Strong Breeze."
Jersey Paper.

"To get away, the man must have jumped from a height of about ten feet to the ground, then across a garden, and over a wall about eight feet high into a laneway."—*Irish Paper.*
Some "lep," as they say in Ireland.

"In the House of Lords on Saturday, the expiring Lords Continuance Bill [was] read a third time and passed."—*Provincial Paper.*
Trust the Peers for looking after themselves.



*Child (saying prayers). "GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD-AND-BUTTER."
Governess. "No, DEAR—NOT BUTTER." Child. "MARGE, THEN."*

LETTERS I NEVER POSTED. CONCERNING GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

TO THE GIRL AT THE EXCHANGE.

THE New Year is upon us and with it comes the determination to mend our bad habits and make serious efforts to turn over a new leaf. Perhaps you have already thought of this and have made some good resolutions; perhaps, on the other hand, you cannot think of anything amiss that needs correcting. In this case will you let me help you? In every other respect you may be perfection, but as an exchange operator, which is the only capacity in which (alas!) I know you, you are often lacking. I have no doubt that you are charming in private life and that we should get on famously if we met at dinner; but you have an irritating way of giving me the wrong number, which I do most cordially hope you will lose during 1921. When I protest, you merely say you are sorry, but what I suggest is that an ounce of careful listening at first is worth tons of sorrow later. Kingston doesn't really sound a bit like Brixton, and yet yesterday, when I asked for a Kingston number, you put me at once on to the same number in the other suburb. Constantly when I say I want 2365 you give me 2356. To give you your due

you are always, I will admit, sorry; but . . .

Another thing. Sometimes, when you ring me up and I answer, all you do is to ask, "Number, please," as though I had rung you. (It is then that I feel most that I should like to wring you.) When I reply, "But you rang me," you revert to your prevailing regretful melancholy and say, "Sorry you were troubled," and before I can go deeply into the question and discover how these things occur you ring off. Can't you make an effort during 1921 not to do this? Let it be a year of gladness.

Sometimes I am perfectly certain you don't ring up the number I want until after you have asked me once or twice if they have answered. Isn't that so? "I'll ring them again," you say with a kind of resigned adventurousness; but, knowing as I do that they have been waiting for my call, I am not taken in. But what I want to know is—what were you doing instead of ringing up at first? I suppose that these secrets will never be penetrated by the ordinary subscriber outside the sacred precincts; but I wish you would give me fewer of such problems to ponder during the year that is coming.

P.S.—Have you ever considered, with proper alarm, what would happen to a cinema story if a wrong number were

provided by the operator, or if any delay whatever occurred? This should make you think.

TO A RACING JOURNALIST.

I suggest that you should include among your good resolutions for the New Year the decision not to allow your readers to participate in your special information as to which horse will come in first. Tell them all you like about yesterday's sport, but dangle no more "security tips" before their diminishing purses. If they must bet—which of course they must, as betting is now the principal national industry—let them at least have the fun of selecting the "also-ran" themselves.

TO MANY AN EDITOR.

In contemplating your 1921 programme of regeneration could you not make a vow to dispense with all headlines that ask questions? Probably you never see the paper yourself and therefore have no feeling in the matter, but I can assure you that the habit can become very wearisome. "Will it freeze to-day?" "Can Beckett win?" "Will Hobbs reach his 3,000 runs?" "Are the Lords going to pass the Bill?" Won't you make an effort to do without this formula? It is futile in itself and has the unfortunate effect of raising



Neighbour (bearer of message, to billiard enthusiast). "You're wanted at 'OME, CHARLIE. YER WIFE'S JUST PRESENTED YER WITH ANOTHER REBATE OFF YER INCOME-TAX."

what surely are undesirable doubts as to whether journalists are any more sensible than their readers.

TO ONE EDITOR IN PARTICULAR.
No comic hats in 1921, please.

TO THE P.M.G.
There is, as everyone (except possibly Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN and the cynic who professes to hate letters so much that he wishes that they cost a shilling a-piece to send) will agree, one good resolution which above all others you should concentrate upon for 1921, and that is to get back our penny postage. With so many comparatively unnecessary things still untaxed, it never should have been sacrificed.

TO A PORK BUTCHER.
Among the problems of this latter day of discontents few are more pressing than speculating as to why sausages and pork-pies have so degenerated. Under the malign influence of Peace, sausages have become tasteless and pork-pies nothing but pies with pork in them; the crust chiefly plaster-of-Paris, and the meat not an essential element, soft and seductive and fused

with the pastry, but an alien assortment of half-cooked cubes. I can understand that after a great war a certain deterioration must set in, but I fail to see why sausages and pork-pies, if made at all, should not be made as well as ever, especially as you get such a long price for them. Couldn't you—wouldn't you—try in 1921 to make them with some at least of the old care?

TO A CABINET MINISTER.
Might not a vow against writing for the papers be rather a nice one to observe during 1921? It is quite on the cards that one's duties to the State (not too inadequately paid for) ought to be sufficiently exacting to preclude journalism at all. There's a question of dignity too, although I hesitate to drag that in.

TO THE CHIEF OF THE POLICE.
Couldn't you (I hope I am addressing the right gentleman) arrange that before 1921 becomes 1922—twelve whole months—a simple device is made for taxis by which a square of red glass can be slipped over one of the lamps at night to indicate that the cab is free? I'm sure it wouldn't really be difficult,

and the comfort of London would be enormously increased.

TO A TAXI-DRIVER.

You will perhaps note what I have just said to the Chief of the Police. If you had any interest in your work you would, of course, long since have fixed up something of the kind for yourself. But let that pass. All I am suggesting to you as a 1921 amendment is that you should bank in a more accessible part of your clothing. Waiting for change in this weather (especially with the flag still down) can be an exasperating experience. Won't you make a resolution during the coming year to keep your money nearer the surface?

E. V. L.

How to deal with Windbags.

"The address was punctured throughout with cheers."—*West Indian Paper*.

"There would be a grand dinner and music, and splendidly-dressed ladies to look at, and things to eat that strangely twisted the girls' paws when they tried to tell about them,"
Weekly Paper.

Mem.—Never try to talk the deaf-and-dumb language after dinner.



Profiteer (to his wife). "PRETTY MIXED LOT AT THIS HOTEL. 'ERE COME SOME MORE O' THEM PRE-WAR BLIGHTERS."

THE BARKER THAT MISSED FIRE.

ON hearing a shuffle of feet in the porch and the clearing of little throats, I exclaimed, "Those carols again!" If between "those" and "carols" I inserted another word, I withdrew it.

I went into the hall and barked like a dog.

I have often said that, if anyone could earn a hundred pounds a week on the stage by barking like a dog, I could. Children like to come to my house to tea merely for the thrill of listening to my imitation. I used to flatter myself that I could bark like a dog even better than NELSON KEYS can imitate GERALD DU MAURIER.

I hardly gave the carol-singers time even to mention Royal David's city before I barked. Instantly one pair of little feet scuttled away towards the gate; then a voice called, "Don't be silly, Alf; come on back."

Two small girls stood at the front-door as I opened it. One of them smiled up at me and said, "He thinks he's going to be bit." She appeared to be amused by the idea. Down by the gate was a small muffled figure carrying a Chinese lantern. "Come on back, Alf," she called again, "and let's sing to the gentleman. You see," she

explained to me in confidence, "he's got adleoids and can't sing loud, so we let him hold the lantern."

I was beginning to feel sorry that I had played a trick on such inoffensive children and was about to assure them that my savage bull-terrier was safely locked up in the kitchen when the brave little lass began chattering again.

"My dad keeps dogs—all sorts," she told me, "and sells them to gentlemen. So I'm used to dogs." Then she turned once more to the lantern-bearer and commanded, "Now come on and sing, Alf. It ain't a dog at all; it's only the gentleman trying to make a noise like one."

"Rod Iron Red Mail Bird, year old; good breed; 16s."—*Provincial Paper*.

We fancy it must be an armour-clad rooster of this species that, crossed with a Plymouth Rock, was responsible for the reinforced-concrete chicken that we met at dinner the other night.

"When once the exchanges of the world have righted themselves—and that is bound to come about sooner or later—then will follow such a reaction in the trade of the country that will exceed the expectations of the most sanguinary optimist."—*Trade Paper*.

We think this must be intended as a hit at TROTSKY.

NEW RHYMES FOR OLD CHILDREN.

THE OYSTER.

THE oyster takes no exercise;
I don't believe she really tries;
And since she has no legs
I don't see why she should, do you?
Besides, she has a lot to do—
She lays a million eggs.

At any rate she doesn't stir;
Her food is always brought to her.

But sometimes through her open lips
A horrid little creature slips

Which simply will not go;
And that annoys the poor old girl;
It means she has to make a pearl—

It irritates, you know;
So, crooning some small requiem,
She turns the thing into a gem.

And when I meet the wives of Earls
With lovely necklaces of pearls

It makes me see quite red;
For every jewel on the chain
Some patient oyster had a pain
And had to stay in bed.

To think what millions men can make
Out of an oyster's tummy-ache!

A. P. H.

"At — Hall, St. John's Wood, Tues., by auction, stock of a Furrier.—Cats. free."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

A case of adding insult to injury.



MICAWBER AND SON.

SENILE OPTIMIST. "AND TO YOU, MY BOY, I BEQUEATH—MY LIABILITIES. MAY YOU BE WORTHY OF THEM!"

JUVENILE DITTO. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. SOMETHING'S SURE TO TURN UP!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AT THE MILLENNIUM STORES.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (Chairman). "YOU'VE WORKED SPLENDIDLY UP TO CHRISTMAS, AND IF YOU'LL PUT YOUR BACKS INTO IT FOR THE NEW YEAR TRADE I'LL SEE IF I CAN'T GIVE YOU A GOOD LONG HOLIDAY IN THE AUTUMN."

Mr. BONAR LAW (Manager). "OR SOME OTHER TIME."

MR. BONAR LAW, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, MR. SHORTT, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, MR. NEAL, SIR ERIC GEDDES, SIR ROBERT HORNE, MR. CHURCHILL.

Monday, December 20th.—As the result of being tossed backwards and forwards between the two Houses the Government of Ireland Bill had already lost most of its awkward corners. The last two were rounded off to-day, when the Government secured that Southern Ireland should have three years, instead of two, in which to make up her mind whether to accept or refuse the proffered Parliament, and that in the meantime only a joint resolution of both Houses should prevent the Act from coming into operation. Lord MIDLETON pressed hard for a retention of the Lords' veto, but was thrown overboard by Lord CREWE, who was greatly impressed by the LORD CHANCELLOR's reminder that within three years there must be a General Election.

In the Commons Sir ROBERT HORNE performed his customary Monday dance among the fiscal egg-shells. He declined to give an estimate as to the number of British workmen unemployed owing to the importation of German goods—"no man who breathes could do it"—and judiciously evaded acceptance of Sir FREDERICK HALL's

suggestion that one reason why Teuton manufacturers were snapping up Dominion contracts was that their employes worked eleven hours a day.

The close of one of the longest and weariest sessions on record finds the Government in a penitent mood. How long will it last? The PRIME MINISTER told one of his supporters that he hoped next year's programme would be less exacting, and immediately promised another measure dealing with dumping and exchange; and when Sir F. BANBURY helpfully suggested that the surest way to avoid an Autumn Session would be to introduce fewer Bills Mr. BONAR LAW turned on him with the retort that "a surer way would be to introduce none."

An amusing duel between well-matched opponents took place over liquor control. Mr. MACQUISTEN, whose voice, at once insinuating and penetrative, has been likened to a corkscrew, urged that the *bona-fide* frequenters of public-houses should be consulted in the settlement of the drink regulations. The present arrangement, in his view, was like entrusting the regulation of the

Churches to avowed atheists. Lady ASTOR made full use of her shrill treble in retorting that it was the "victims"—by which apparently she meant the wives of Mr. MACQUISTEN's *protégés*—who ought to have the last word. She herself had it in the series of incredulous "Oh's!"—uttered *crescendo* on a rising scale and accompanied by appropriate gesture—with which she received Mr. MACQUISTEN's confident assertion that the working-men's clubs are the enemies of "the Trade."

Supplementary Estimates produced a good deal of miscellaneous information. On the Vote for Road Transport Colonel MILD MAY attacked the system of tar-spraying and told a melancholy story of a cow that skidded with fatal results. He was backed up by Sir F. BANBURY, who said that he had found the ideal pavement in soft wood and awakened memories of an ancient jest by suggesting that something might be done if he and the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT were to put their heads together.

Tuesday, December 21st.—Sir WILLIAM DAVISON thundered against the Home



Old Sea-dog (to nervous passenger). "ROLL? SHE CAN ROLL! D'YH SEE THEM MARKS ON THE WALL? THAT'S OUR FEET."

Office for not taking steps to prevent the desecration of the Nelson Column by the delivery of seditious speeches. Sir JOHN BAIRD explained that it was impossible to know beforehand what sort of speech was going to be delivered. But his critic would have none of this paltry excuse. "Did not the regulations provide," he boomed, "that the objects of the meetings must be specified?" Fortunately for the Minister, who had nearly been blown off the Treasury Bench, Mr. HOGGE came to the rescue. "Is it not a fact," he inquired, "that the monument was erected to a man who turned a blind eye to orders?"

The strange case of Lord ROTHERMERE and the Committee on Public Accounts was further investigated. The Committee had reported that a certain stationery contract for the Air Ministry had been extravagant and improper. The AIR MINISTER at the time was the noble Lord who has lately been so eloquent about "squander-mania," but he has since, in a letter to the Press, declared that he never signed or initialled the order. Lieut.-Colonel ARCHER-SHEE and Mr. ORMSBY-GORE sought the opinion of the Treasury on the transaction, and Mr. BALDWIN replied that it was certainly usual for a Minister to

be held responsible for his expenditure, and that if subordinate officials were thrown over by their chiefs it would be bad for the Service.

The Lords' amendments to the Commons' amendments to the Lords' amendments to the Government of Ireland Bill were agreed to. Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS thought to improve the occasion by a neat little speech expressing goodwill to Ireland, and, much to his surprise, found himself in collision with the SPEAKER, who observed that this was not the time for First Reading speeches.

It was rather hard on Lord PEEL, as the grandson of the great Sir ROBERT, to have to sponsor the Dyestuffs Bill. He frankly described it as "a disagreeable pill." Lord EMMOTT and other Peers showed a strong disinclination to take their medicine, but Lord MOULTON said that the chemists—naturally enough—were all in favour of it, and persuaded the House to swallow the bolus.

In the course of an eleventh-hour effort to destroy the Agriculture Bill Lord LINCOLNSHIRE described the PRIME MINISTER's Christmas motto as *Tax Vobiscum*; and the success of his jape served as a partial solace for the defeat of his motion.

A WARNING FROM THE SKY.

[The latest form of mascot is a trinket-model of the sign of the zodiac under which one was born.]

'Twas Caution bade me: "Think a while;

Calm thought may prove your avoiron;
You've only seen her gala style

And very host behaviour;
What though her form's divinely planned

And rightly you adore it,
Her character's an unknown land,
You'd better first explore it."

But such exploring baffled me—

She had, to my vexation,
No younger brother I could fee
For stable information—
Until at last I noted (worn
Mid baubles weird and various)
A mascot which announced her born
Beneath the sign Aquarius.

An ancient tome declared how this
Implied that, though a beauty,
The girl was careless, slack, remiss
And negligent of duty;
I stilled in time my cardiac stir
And ceased my adoration,
Thanking my lucky stars and her
Explicit constellation.

AT THE PLAY.

"PETER PAN."

Peter Pan, the play, must by now have long overtaken the age of *Peter Pan*, the boy; but, like him, it never grows any older. The cast may change, but that seems to make hardly any difference. The new *Peter* (Miss EDNA BEST) is as good as any of them. Graceful of shape and lithe of limb, he is still essentially a boy, the realised figure of BARRIE's fancy; a little aloof and inscrutable; romantic, too, in his very detachment from the sentiment of romance that he provokes. Miss FREDa GODFREY, the new *Wendy*, would have seemed good if we had not known better ones. To be frank, she looked rather too mature for the part; she needed a more childlike air to give piquancy to her assumption of maternal responsibilities. It was pleasant to see Mr. HENRY AINLEY unbend to the task, simple for him, of playing *Captain Hook* and *Mr. Darling*. One admired his self-control in refusing to impose new subtleties upon established and sacred tradition.

Of familiar friends, age has not withered the compelling charms of Mr. SHERTON's *Smee*, nor, in the person of Mr. CLEAVE, has custom staled the infinite futility of *Slightly*. I was glad, too, to find Miss SYBIL CARLISLE back in the part of *Mrs. Darling*, which she played most appealingly.

The lagoon scene was cut out this year; perhaps it was thought that there is enough lagoon in London just now. I could more willingly have spared the business of *Mr. Darling* and the kennel, the one blot in the play. My impression of this grotesquerie has not changed since I first saw *Peter Pan*.

Among new impressions was a feeling that the domestic details of the First Act are a little too leisurely, so that I appreciated the impatience of my little neighbour for the arrival of *Peter Pan*, whose acquaintance she had still to make. Also from the presence of children in my party I became conscious how much of the humour of the play—its burlesque, for example, of the stage villain—is only seizable by children who have grown up. BARRIE wrote it, of course, to please the eternal child in himself, but forgot now and then what an unusual child it was.

O. S.

On Wednesday, January 5th, 1921, at 3.30 and 8 P.M., in the Hall of the Inner Temple, the "Time and Talents" Guild will give a series of "Action Tableaux," dramatised by Miss WILSON-FOX, in illustration of the history of Southwark and Old Bermondsey from Saxon times to the present day. There will

be singing, in character, by the Stock Exchange Choir. The profits will go in aid of the Settlement in Bermondsey, which has been carried on for twenty-one years among the factory girls by members of "Time and Talents," and to-day includes a Hostel, Clubs, a Country Holiday Fund and a cottage in the country. Applications for tickets may be made to Miss WILSON-FOX, 17, De Vere Gardens, Kensington, W. 8.

THE GREAT RESOLVE.

["When *Chu Chin Chow* reaches its 2,000th representation on the 29th, it will have run for 1,582 days, 26 days longer than the War." *Sunday Times*.]

BEHIND its pendent curtain folds
We know not what the future holds;
We only know that worlds have gone
Since *Chu Chin Chow* was first put on.

Mid all our stress and strife and change
This strikes me as extremely strange;
I think when plays go on like this
There ought to be an artifice.

But, when we have another war
After the peace we've toiled so for,
And empires break and thrones are bust
And nations tumble in the dust,

And culture, rising from the East,
On tottering Europe is released,
And Chinamen at last shall rule
In Dublin, Warsaw and Stamboul,

Soon as the roar of cannon ends
And all men once again are friends,
I must fulfil my ancient vow
And go and visit *Chu Chin Chow*.

ST. CECILIA OF CREMONA.

Punch has no desire to plunge into the controversy which has arisen over the employment of women in professional orchestras, especially as the cause has already been practically won, and here, at any rate, the saying, "What Lancashire thinks to-day England will think to-morrow," has failed to justify itself. The example of Manchester is not being followed in London, and what is deemed advisable for the Free Trade Hall in one city is not to dominate the policy of the Queen's Hall in the other.

But without going into the arguable points of this latest duel of the sexes, Mr. Punch, already in the last year which completes his fourth score, may be allowed to indulge in an old man's privilege of retrospect and incidentally to congratulate the ladies on the wonderful and triumphant progress they have made in instrumental art since the roaring 'forties. For in the 'forties women, though still supreme on the lyric stage, had hardly begun to assert themselves as executants, save on the pianoforte. *Punch* well

remembers LISZT—with the spelling of whose name he had considerable difficulty—in his meteoric pianofortitude. But the young WILMA NERUDA, who visited London in 1849, escaped his benevolent notice. She was then only ten. It was not until twenty years later that, as Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, she revisited London, proved that consummate skill could be combined with admirable grace in a woman-violinist, took her place as a leader of the quartet at the Monday "Pops," upset the tyranny of the pianoforte and harp as the only instruments suitable for the young person, and virtually created the professional woman-violinist. Indeed, she may be said to have at once made the fiddle fashionable and profitable for girls.

On its invasion of Mayfair the pencil of DU MAURIER furnishes the best comment. Before 1869, woman-violinists were only single spies; now they are to be reckoned in battalions. And they no longer "play the easiest passages with the greatest difficulty," as was once said of an incompetent male pianist, but in all departments of technique and interpretation have fully earned Sir HENRY WOOD's tribute to their skill, sincerity and delicacy. When the eminent conductor goes on, in his catalogue of their excellences, to say, "They do not drink, and they do not smoke as much as men," he reminds Mr. Punch of two historic sayings of a famous foreign conductor. The first was uttered at a rehearsal of the Venusberg music from *Tannhäuser*: "Gentlemen, you play it as if you were teetotalers—which you are not." The other was his lament over a fine but uncertain wind-instrument player: "With—it is always Quench, Quench, Quench."

Mr. Punch is old-fashioned enough to hope that, whether teetotalers or not, the ladies will leave trombones and tubas severely alone, and confine their instrumental energies mainly to the nice conduct of the leading strings—the aristocrats of the orchestra, the sovereigns of the chamber concert.

From a butcher's advertisement:—
"SPECIAL PRE-WAR PORK, AND BEEF, SAUSAGES."—*Local Paper*.

While all in favour of old-fashioned Christmas fare, here we draw the line.

"Enough butter to cover 265,000,000 slices of bread was produced in Manitoba this year. Of 8,250,000,000 pounds produced, 4,100,000 has been exported."—*Canadian Paper*.

Thirty-one pounds of butter to the slice is certainly the most tempting inducement to Canadian immigration we have yet noticed.



THE INSPIRED MUSICIAN AND THE CHRISTMAS HAM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I CAN'T help thinking that Mr. H. G. HIBBERT has not chosen altogether the right name for his second volume of theatrical and Bohemian gossip, *A Playgoer's Memories* (GRANT RICHARDS). It is not so unsophisticated as the title had somehow led me to expect. Indeed "unsophisticated" is perhaps the last epithet that could justly be applied to Mr. HIBBERT's memories. I fancy I had unconsciously been looking for something more in the style of my own ignorant playgoing. "How wonderful she was in that scene with the broker's man," or "Do you remember the opening of the Third Act?" Not thus Mr. HIBBERT. For him the play itself is far less the thing than a peg upon which to hang all sorts of tags and bobtails of recollection, financial, technical and just not scandalous because of the discretion of the telling. His book is a repository of theatrical information, but the great part of it of more absorbing concern for the manager's-room or the stage-door than, say, the dress circle. But I must not be wanting in gratitude for the entertainment which, for all this carping, I certainly derived from it. As an expert on stage finance, for example, to-day and forty years back, Mr. HIBBERT has revelations that may well cause the least concerned to marvel. And there is an appendix, which gives a list of Drury Lane pantomimes, with casts, for half a century, including, of course, the incomparable first one; but that is not a memory of this world. A book to be kept for odd references in two senses.

What most interfered with my peace of mind over *The Happy Highways* (HEINEMANN) was, I think, its almost entire absence of highway, and the exceedingly unhappy nature of its confused and uncharted lanes. Indeed, I am wondering now if the title may not have been an instance of bitter irony on the part of Miss STORM JAMESON. Certainly a more formless mass of writing never within my experience masqueraded as a novel. There are ideas and reflections—these last mostly angry and vaguely socialistic—and here and there glimpses of illusory narrative about a group of young persons, brothers and a girl-friend, who live at Herne Hill, attend King's College and talk (oh, but interminably) the worst pamphlet-talk of the pre-war age. It is, I take it, a reviewer's job to stifle his boredom and push on resolutely through the dust to find what good, if any, may be hidden by it. I will admit therefore some vague interest in the record of how the War hit such persons as these. Also (to the credit of the author as tale-teller) she does allow one of the young men to earn a scholarship, and for no sane reason to depart instantly thereupon before the mast of a sailing-ship; also another, the central figure, to fall in love with the girl. The book is in three parts, of which the third is superfluously specialized as "chaos." Whether Miss JAMESON will yet write a story I am unable to say;

I rather wonder, however, that Messrs. HEINEMANN did not suggest to her that these heterogeneous pages would furnish excellent material for the experiment.

I have discovered that Miss PEGGY WEBLING has quite a remarkable talent for making ordinary places and people seem improbable. She achieves this in *Comedy Corner* (HUTCHINSON) by sketching in her scenery quite competently and then allowing her characters to live lives, amongst it, so fraught with coincidence, so swayed by the most unlikely impulses, that a small draper's shop, a West End "Hattery" and an almshouse for old actresses become the most extraordinary places on earth, where anything might happen and nobody would be surprised. *Winnie*, her heroine, behaves more improbably than anyone else, but she is such a dear little goose that most amiable readers will be quite glad that she doesn't have to suffer as much as such geese would if they existed in real life. You can see from this that it is one of those books that are full of real niceness and goodwill, and it has besides plenty of plot and lots of interesting characters, and yet somehow it gives you the feeling of being out of focus. You read on, expecting every moment that clever Miss WEBLING will give things a little push in the right direction and make them seem true, and, while you are reading and hoping, you come to the happy ending.



CULPABLE NEGLIGENCE ON THE PART OF AN EDITOR OF AN ILLUSTRATED PAPER. IMPENDING LIBEL ACTIONS.

CAPTAIN ERIC BLIGHTMAN, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO LADY SARAH HUBB HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED.

BASHER SMITH, EX-HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF STEENEY, WHO IS TO ACT AS REFEREE AT THE CORKERY-HACKETT FIGHT ON FRIDAY.

Should you enter *The Gates of Tien T'ze* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) you will not regret it, but it is possible that you may be—as I was—a little breathless before the end of this vehement story is reached. The average tale of criminals and detectives is not apt to move slowly, but here Mr. LESLIE HOWARD GORDON maintains the speed of a half-mile relay race. I am not going to reveal his mystery except to say that *Tien T'ze* was a Chinese organisation which perpetrated crimes, and that *Donald Craig*, *Kyrle Durand*—his secretary (female) and cousin—and *Bruce MacIvor*, superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department, were employed in tracking it down and smashing it to pieces. Never have I met anyone in fiction (let fact alone) so clever as *Kyrle* in getting herself and her friends out of tight places. When *Craig* and *MacIvor* were so beset by *Tien T'ze* that their last hour seemed to have come I found myself saying, "It is time for *Kyrle* to emerge from her machine," and she emerged. In a novel of this *genre* it is essential that the excitement should never fall below fever-heat, but Mr. GORDON's book does better than that; its temperature would, I think, burst any ordinary thermometer.

"The Vicar's Study Circle is now engaged in considering the teaching of what is known as the 'Higher Criticism.' All interested are invited to attend, whatever sex they may claim to possess."

— *Parish Magazine*.

The Vicar evidently possesses the open mind so necessary for discussions of this sort.



AS WE SEE OTHERS: A CANDID APPRECIATION OF U.S.A.

THE liner *de luxe* had swung in past Sandy Hook, and the tender had already come alongside with its mail and Press-gang. There ensued a furious race to interview the most distinguished passenger, and it was by the representative of *The Democratic Elevator*, who got there first, that the Sage, in the very act of recording the emotions provoked by his first sky-scraper, was *abordé*.

"Mr. Punch, I guess?" said he. "Pleased to meet you, Sir. And what do you think of the American nation?"

"Shall I tell you now," asked Mr. Punch, "or wait till I've actually seen it?"

"Right here," said the interviewer, and drew his note-book.

"Well," began Mr. Punch, "I think a good deal of it—I mean, I think a good deal about it. And it nearly always makes me smile. Of course you won't understand why it nearly always makes me smile, because we don't see fun in the same things. You don't appreciate our humour, and therefore you say that we haven't any. And if we don't appreciate your humour that proves again that we haven't any. So you'll never understand why it makes me smile, sometimes gently and sometimes rather bitterly, to think about your nation; but I'll tell you just the same.

"In the first place, what you call 'America' is only a small fraction of the American continent, not even as large as British North America. And in the second place what you call your 'nation'—well, some rude person once said of it that it isn't really a nation at all, but just a picnic. I won't go so far as that, but I hardly suppose you will be much better pleased if I call it a League of Nations. That is a phrase that you hate, because your President WILSON loves it.

"By the way, I must be very careful how I speak of your President, because you're so sensitive on that subject. You allow yourselves to abuse him as the head of a political party, but if other nations so much as question his omniscience he suddenly becomes the Head of a Sovereign State. An English Cabinet Minister once told me how an American gave vent in conversation to the most violent language in regard to the policy of the President of the day, and when at the end the Englishman very quietly said, 'I am inclined to agree with you,' the American turned on him in a fury, saying: 'Sir, I didn't come here to have my country insulted!'

"However, to return to your League of Nations. In England (where I come from) they are just now reviving a play by Mr. ISRAEL ZANGWILL, in which, if I recall it rightly, he makes out your country to be the Melting Pot into which every sort of fancy alien type is thrown, and turned out a pattern American citizen, a member of a United Family. I wish I could believe it. It seems to us that your German, even after passing through the Melting Pot, remains a German; that your Irishman, however much he Americanises himself for

purposes of political power and graft, remains an Irishman. You never seem to get together as a nation, except when you go to war, and even then you don't keep it up, for you're not together now, although you're still at war with Germany. The rest of the time you seem to spend in having Elections and 'placating' (I think that's what you call it) the German interest, or the negro interest, or the Sinn Fein interest.

"And this brings me to the point that makes me smile most of all—when it doesn't make me weep. Isn't it a pathetic thing that a really great and strong people like you should be so weak and little as to let your Press sympathise blatantly with the campaign of murder in Ireland; to suffer that campaign to be actively assisted by American gunmen; to look on while it is being financed by American money, here employed in conjunction with the resources of that very Bolshevism which you take care to treat as criminal in your own country?"

"Isn't it pitiful that you should regard reprisals (hateful though they may be) as worse than the hideous murders which provoked them; forgetting your own addiction to lynch law; forgetting too (as some of our own people forget) that the sanctity of the law depends as much upon the goodwill and assistance of the populace as it does upon the police, and cannot else be maintained?"

"Indeed your memory is not very good. Your Monroe Doctrine, which insists that nobody from outside shall interfere with your affairs, escapes you whenever you want to interfere with other people's. You even forget, at convenient times, your own Civil War. Just as there was not a protest made by you against the methods of our blockade of Germany for which an answer could not be found in some precedent set by you in that War of North and South, so now the best answer to your sympathy with the preposterous claims of an Irish Republic is to be found in those four years in which you fought so bloodily to preserve the integrity of your own Union.

"Yet you let men like DE VALERA go at large proclaiming the brutal tyranny of the alien Saxon and advertising his country as a Sovereign State—all because you have to 'placate' the Irish interest. I should very much like to hear what you would think of us if at our Elections we ran an Anti-You campaign and even made Intervention a plank in our platform (as one of your Parties did) for the sake of 'placating' the niggers or the Cubans or the Filipinos or any other sort of Dago in our midst.

"Of course we are told—and of course I believe it—that the 'best' American sentiment is all right. But, if so, it must be cherished by a very select few, or they would never tolerate a condition of things so rotten that, unless your coming President finds some cure for it, you are like to become the laughing-stock of Europe. I am almost tempted to go into the Melting Pot myself and show you, as none but an American citizen would ever be allowed to show you, how it is to be done. Unfortunately I am too busy elsewhere, putting my own country right.

"But to conclude—for I see that we are drawing close to the landing-stage—I do hope that in my desire to be genial I have not been too flattering. No true friend ever flatters. And in my heart, which has some of our common blood in it (notoriously thicker than water), I cannot help loving your country, and would love it better still if only it gave me a better chance. Indeed, I belong at home to a Society for the Promotion of Anglo-American Friendship. More than that"—and here the Sage was seen to probe into a voluminous and bulging breast-pocket—"I have brought with me a token of affection designed to stimulate a mutual cordiality."

"Not a flask of whisky?" exclaimed the representative of *The Democratic Elevator*, suddenly moved to animation.

"No, not that, not that, my child," said Mr. Punch, "but something far, far better for you; something that gives you, among other less serious matter, a record of the way in which we in England, with private troubles of our own no easier than yours to bear, and exhausted with twice as many years of sacrifice in the War of Liberty (whose colossal effigy I have just had the pleasure to remark), still try to play an honourable part in that society of nations from which you have apparently resolved, for your better ease and comfort, to cut yourselves off. Be good enough to accept, in the spirit of benevolence in which I offer it, this copy of my

One Hundred and Fifty-Ninth Volume."





Cartoons.

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD

Aladdin and the Miner's Lamp	311
Bad for the Bull	51
Cap of Liberty: Le Dernier Cri	101
Close Corporation (A)	351
Economists (The)	471
Exports (The)	241
Folly of Athens (The)	431
German Invasion (A)	431
Great Repudiation (The)	231
"House" Breaker (The)	161
If Winston Set the Fashion—	111
League of Youth (The)	91
Micawber and Son	511
Moral Suasion	71

Prince Comes Home (The)	271
Problem (The)	131
Road to Economy (The)	451
Salvage	251
Scales of Justice (The)	331
Session of Common Sense (A)	171
Shrine of Honour (The)	371
Snowed Under	211
Vertun	491
Worth a Trial	391

RAVEN-HILL, L.

Abyssinians (The)	393
Balm for the Sick Man	423
Blue Ribbon of the Sea (The)	83

Boblet (The)	463
Encourage Home Industries	353
Evil Communications	43
Good Fairy Georgina (The)	503
Iconoclast (The)	123
I. O. U.	11
Labor Omnia Vincit	443
Last Straw (The)	403
"Lion of Lucerne (The)"	143
Our Parish Church	31
Our Village Sign	343
Out of the Flying Pan	183
Polish Hug (The)	283
Prospective Jonah? (A)	283
Public Benefactor (The)	203

Real Music (The)	103
Resources of Civilisation (The)	303
Road to Ruin (The)	163
Sing a Song of Drachmas	483
Tartarin dans les Indes	243
Too-Free Country (A)	323

REYNOLDS, FRANK

Under a Cloud (with a Golden Lining)	223
--------------------------------------	-----

TOWNSEND, F. H.

L'Enfant Terrible	3
Sun-view of the Situation (A)	63
Subject to Revision	23

Articles.

ALLEN, INGLIS

Difference of Class (A)	208
-------------------------	-----

ANDERSON, MISS E. V. M.

Mudford Blight (The)	189
----------------------	-----

ARMSTRONG, H.

Working for Peace	330
-------------------	-----

BELL, NEIL

Cage (The)	349
------------	-----

BIDDULPH, MISS VIOLET

In Defence of Dorothy	102
-----------------------	-----

BIRD, A. W.

Cricketer Mannerism (A)	22
Edward and the B.O.F.	98
Fine Old Fruity (The)	480
Stutfield and the Reds	374
Twenty Years On	55

BLAIRLEY, MISS E. L.

Pamela's Alphabet	270
-------------------	-----

BRETHERTON, CYRIL

Charivaria	weekly
To Isis	76
Vignettes of Scottish Sport	458

BROWN, C. L. M.

Our Invincible Navy	362
---------------------	-----

BROWN, HILTON

Blue Mountains (The)	136
Nimrod	195
Santamigos	24

BRYANT, A. W. M.

Kings and Queens	224
------------------	-----

BUDGEN, C. G.

Language for Logic (The)	422
--------------------------	-----

CAMERON, C. F.

Taxation of Virtue (The)	214
--------------------------	-----

CASSON, C. R.

Eve Victorious	466
Humourist (The)	438
Light Fantastic (The)	366
Word Chains	28

CHALMERS, P. R.

Kelpie (The)	149
Visionary (The)	124

CHANDLER, MISS B. W.

Coup for The Daily Trail (A)	182
Our Pastoral	36

CLARK, DUDLEY

Badly Synged	82
--------------	----

CROSS, W. H.

Cures for Insomnia	470
--------------------	-----

DARMADY, E. S.

Peculiar Case of Toller (The)	75
-------------------------------	----

DARMADY, E. S. & J.

Human City and Suburban (The)	184
Superfection Laundry (The)	342

DAVIES, MISS S. M.

Prodigies (The)	202
Sources of Laughter	345

DYER, A. E. R.

Knell of the Navy (The)	246
Passing of Alfred (The)	208

EASTWOOD, CAPTAIN

Rabbits' Game (The)	144
---------------------	-----

ECKERSLEY, ARTHUR

Squatters	105
-----------	-----

FARROW, R. S.

New Journalism (The)	370
----------------------	-----

FAY, S. J.

Authorship for All	46, 66
Dissimulation of Suzanne	176
My Right-Hand Man	234
Sayings of Barbara (The)	388

FOX-SMITH, MISS C.

All Sorts	46
Nitrates	86
Ship in a Bottle (A)	230
Yarns	330

FRANKLIN, BERNARD

Ballad of the Early Worm (A)	265
------------------------------	-----

FYLEMAN, MISS ROSE

Check by the Queen	306
Consolation	284
Fairy Tailor (The)	482

Queen's Counsel

Rainy Morning	233
Wedding Presents	186

GARTLAND, A. P.

Patient's Library (The)	118
Place of the Trombone in the Band (The)	428
Romance of Book-making (The)	2
Timon	1

GARTIN, GROSRIE

Barrel of Beef (The)	456
Down Channel	77
Fair (The)	110
Letter to the Back-Blocks	324
Old Woman's House Rock, Scilly	213
Our Heavy-Waits	464
Roofs (The)	30
Spanish Lodges	237

GILLMAN, W. H.

Counter-Irritant (The)	108
Headlining	318
Very Personal	255

GOODIART, MRS. H.

Logs to Burn	337
--------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L.

Between Two Stools	226
British Tarpon (The)	198
Change in Club-Land	130
Cry of the Adult Author (The)	845
Cures Worth Making	98
Fashion and Physique	210
Footnote to the "Bab Ballads"	408
From Spa and Shore	122
Happy Gardener (The)	353
Mixed Meteorological Maxims	259
New Utopia (The)	366
Our Lucky Dippers	442
Our Natural History Column	69
Prawling's Theory	316
Puss at the Palace	490
Revival of the Fittest (The)	116
Revival of Olendorf	335
Revolt of Youth (The)	168
St. Cecilia of Cremona	514
State and the Screen (The)	50

HILLMAN, W. H.

Counter-Irritant (The)	108
Headlining	318
Very Personal	255

GOODIART, MRS. H.

Logs to Burn	337
--------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L.

Between Two Stools	226
British Tarpon (The)	198
Change in Club-Land	130
Cry of the Adult Author (The)	845
Cures Worth Making	98
Fashion and Physique	210
Footnote to the "Bab Ballads"	408
From Spa and Shore	122
Happy Gardener (The)	353
Mixed Meteorological Maxims	259
New Utopia (The)	366
Our Lucky Dippers	442
Our Natural History Column	69
Prawling's Theory	316
Puss at the Palace	490
Revival of the Fittest (The)	116
Revival of Olendorf	335
Revolt of Youth (The)	168
St. Cecilia of Cremona	514
State and the Screen (The)	50

HILLMAN, W. H.

Counter-Irritant (The)	108
Headlining	318
Very Personal	255

GOODIART, MRS. H.

Logs to Burn	337
--------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L.

Between Two Stools	226
British Tarpon (The)	198
Change in Club-Land	130
Cry of the Adult Author (The)	845
Cures Worth Making	98
Fashion and Physique	210
Footnote to the "Bab Ballads"	408
From Spa and Shore	122
Happy Gardener (The)	353
Mixed Meteorological Maxims	259
New Utopia (The)	366
Our Lucky Dippers	442
Our Natural History Column	69
Prawling's Theory	316
Puss at the Palace	490
Revival of the Fittest (The)	116
Revival of Olendorf	335
Revolt of Youth (The)	168
St. Cecilia of Cremona	514
State and the Screen (The)	50

HILLMAN, W. H.

Counter-Irritant (The)	108
Headlining	318
Very Personal	255

GOODIART, MRS. H.

Logs to Burn	337
--------------	-----

GRAVES, C. L.

Between Two Stools	226
British Tarpon (The)	198
Change in Club-Land	130
Cry of the Adult Author (The)	845
Cures Worth Making	98
Fashion and Physique	210
Footnote to the "Bab Ballads"	408
From Spa and Shore	122
Happy Gardener (The)	353
Mixed Meteorological Maxims	259
New Utopia (The)	366
Our Lucky Dippers	442
Our Natural History Column	69
Prawling's Theory	316
Puss at the Palace	490
Revival of the Fittest (The)	116
Revival of Olendorf	335
Revolt of Youth (The)	168
St. Cecilia of Cremona	514
State and the Screen (The)	50

HILLMAN, W. H.

Counter-Irritant (The)	108
Headlining	318
Very Personal	255

To Certain Cautious Prophets

To Certain Cautious Prophets	256
------------------------------	-----

To General O.

To General O.	198
---------------	-----

Tragedy of Reaction (A)

Tragedy of Reaction (A)	19
-------------------------	----

Two Studies in Musical Criticism

Two Studies in Musical Criticism	259
----------------------------------	-----

When and If

When and If	259
-------------	-----

GREENLAND, HORACE

Miriam's Two Babies	254
---------------------	-----

HARWOOD, A. C.

How to Build a House	176
----------------------	-----

HASELDEN, PENEY

Old Beer Flagon (The)	358
-----------------------	-----

HERBERT, A. P.

Art of Poetry (The)	164
Autobiography Shocker (The)	313
Contemporary Folksongs	384
Criminal Type (A)	62
Ecrid in Real Life	346
Foul Game (A)	495
Grasshopper (The)	42
Happy Hoots (The)	502
Heart of Mine	88
If They were at School	408
Korban Bath (The)	288
Little Bits of London	468
Little Horse (The)	26
Mystery (The)	126
Mystery of the Apple-pie Beds	208
New Rhymes for Old Children	186, 215, 234, 244, 295, 306, 329, 350, 365, 416, 428, 456, 475, 485, 510
On with the Dance	6
Private Film (The)	338
Seven Whitebait	206
Spider (The)	116
Thoughts on The Times	148
White Spot (The)	448

HEYER, GEORGE

Rhymes of the Underground	95, 115, 176, 193
---------------------------	-------------------

Articles—continued.

<i>Mens Conscia Mali</i>	106	George, Jane and Lenin.....	153	Honours Easy.....	274	SEAMAN, OWEN	
Ministering Angel (The).....	85	Gone Away!.....	302	If We All Took to Margotry.....	142	Apology to the Bench (An).....	142
Note on the Drama (A).....	450	Handy Man (The).....	228	Letters I never Post (The).....	416	Ashes (The).....	222
Sartorial Tragedy (A).....	398	Harding and Cox.....	37	Letters I never Posted.....	508	As We See Others.....	517
Vanished Glory.....	7	I remember—I remember.....	70	More Margobiography.....	102	At the Play.....	153, 196, 236, 256, 275, 336, 378, 418, 514
Warning from the Sky (A).....	513	Maybirds.....	506	Mother-in-law Mystery (The).....	376	"Christmas Spirit (The)".....	492
HOLMES, CAPT. W. K.		Miners' Opera (The).....	252	Other Half (The).....	476	Dark Ages (The).....	442
Ben and the Boot (The).....	233	More Pay for M.P.s.....	438	Philosophers.....	22	Doggerel.....	203
Territorial (The).....	137	My Apologia.....	377	Points of View.....	56	Falling Prices.....	303
To James in the Bath.....	250	On Running Down to Brighton.....	190	Privileges of Margotism (The).....	166	How to Vitalise the Drama.....	382
Victim of Fashion (A).....	96	Priscilla Paints.....	18	Ring in the Old.....	358	Lessons from Nature.....	262
HOLT, E. C.		Priscilla Plays Fairies.....	446	"Suggestions".....	496	Michaelmas and the Goose.....	242
Songs of an Ovalite.....	45	Proof Positive.....	344	That Tea Interval.....	216	Mr. Smillie's Little Armageddon.....	162
JACKSON, LIEUT. GERALD, R.N.		Sand Sports.....	170	Three Exceptional Men.....	15	Post-Laureate and his German Friends (The).....	342
Difficult Case (A).....	410	September in My Garden.....	244	Wire and Barbed Wire.....	226	Standard Golf-Ball (The).....	422
JAGGER, ARTHUR		Squish.....	106	MARTIN, N. R.		To the Lion of Lucerne.....	462
Elfin Tennis.....	405	Taffy the Fox.....	486	Sniper (The).....	406	To our Play-Makers.....	282
Rara Avis.....	182	Thoughts in a Cold Snap.....	484	Tips for Uncles.....	49	Unknown Warrior (The).....	370
Westward Ho!.....	169	Unauthentic Impressions.....	364, 382, 404, 424, 444	MAY, H. R. D.		SILSBY, MISS E.	
JAY, THOMAS		Ways and Means.....	68	Whiff of the Briny (A).....	162	Late Worm (The).....	322
Charivaria.....	weekly	Yet One More Planter for Ireland.....	282	MORRISON, A. C. L.		SMITH, E. A.	
Questions.....	449	LAMBURN, MISS R. C.		Language Difficulty (The).....	218	One Touch of Dickens.....	436
JENKINS, ERNEST		Anniversary (The).....	118	NORRIS, CECIL		SPENDER, MISS B. E.	
Barker that Missed Fire (The).....	510	Birthday Present (The).....	94	Charivaria.....	weekly	Unlikely Story (An).....	438
Downing of the Pen (The).....	354	Strike in Fairyland (A).....	356	NORT-BOWER, W. G.		Before the Cenotaph.....	362
Improving "Hansard".....	434	Way Out of the Present Unrest.....	238	"G.B.R.L.".....	435	Chantry (The).....	298
My Dromedary.....	78	LANGLEY, F. O.		Ogilvie, W. H.		TAYLOR, S. J.	
Premier's Metaphors (The).....	386	Boot Mystery (The).....	414	Opening Run (The).....	357	To a Maker of Pills.....	150
Should Millionaires read Homer?.....	58	Conspirators (The).....	248, 266, 286, 306, 326, 348	PENNEY, F. G.		THORNHILL, J. F. P.	
Shrimp Test (The).....	253	Genf and the League of Nations.....	368	To a Clerical Golfing Friend.....	455	Beau Brimacombe.....	306
Solving the Holiday Fare Problem.....	81	King's Messenger (The).....	8	PHELPS, S. K.		THORP, JOSEPH	
When Charl. comes over.....	18	Lucerne.....	154	Ministry of Ancestry (The).....	222	At the Play.....	44, 125, 276, 456
KIDD, ARTHUR		Mountain and the Prophets (The).....	476	Pigs.....	258	TROTTER, MRS. A. F.	
Another War to End War.....	175	Movement in the Money Market.....	189	PLATT, F. W.		Moon-Seller (The).....	216
More Secret History.....	325	Story about a Clock (A).....	98	Wall of the Wasp (The).....	238	WESTBROOK, H. W.	
Our "Promised" Land.....	429	LEWIS, M. A.		PLUMBE, C. C.		Beginner (The).....	109
Passing of the Cradle (The).....	205	Tragedy in Birdland (A).....	393	PRESTON-THEWART, A.		WHITAKER, V.	
KILPATRICK, MRS.		Transmigration of Bowles (The).....	128	Roses all the Way.....	86	Nocturne.....	58
Elizabeth Goes on Holiday.....	64	<i>Vade Mecum</i>	96	BRIDGE CONVENTIONS.....	242	WHITE, E. P.	
Elizabeth Goes to the Sales.....	4	LEYS, MISS H. M.		RICHARDSON, R. J.		Another Garden of Allah.....	108
Elizabeth Outwitted.....	284	Flowers' Names.....	57, 78, 90, 104, 132, 145, 198, 206, 229, 273, 298	Cubbin' thro' the Rye.....	266	Goldwire and Poppyseed.....	9
Elizabeth's Christmas.....	504	LOOKER, W. A.		Headgear for Heroes.....	229	Racing as a Business.....	426
Ernest Experiments.....	315	Essence of Parliament.....	weekly	Room at the Back (The).....	174	<i>St Jeunesse Savant</i>	310
Hard Times for Heroines.....	146	during Session		Scene at the Club (A).....	74	Taste of Authority (A).....	188
KING, P. J.		LUCAS, E. V.		RIGBY, REGINALD		"To Him that hath".....	156
Ministry for Heroes (The).....	294	Among the Pedestals.....	122	Great Idea (The).....	394	Vacillating Policy (A).....	398
KITCHIN, HARCOURT		Brown Lady (The).....	430	Little Moa (The).....	265	WHITE, R. F.	
My Rat.....	25	Buckler's.....	76	Piglets.....	58	Increased Output.....	402
KNOX, E. V.		Cabman and the Coin (The).....	246	Phone.....	149	Type-Slinger (The).....	334
About Conferences.....	326	Cynosure (The).....	397	What to do with our Boys.....	136	WHITMARSH, F. J.	
About Golf.....	462	Dining Gladiator (The).....	304, 322	SALVIDGE, STANLEY		Guide to Greatness (A).....	330
Coal Cup (The).....	204	Down-on-Court Circular.....	117	Belles of the Ball.....	403	Peerless Provincial (The).....	297
Converted Castles.....	48	End of the Season (The).....	194				
D'Annunzio Dialogue (A).....	406	For Ourselves Alone.....	296				

Pictures and Sketches.

ARMOUR, G. D.	159, 215, 238, 248, 279, 295, 339, 379, 419, 439, 459, 479, 513	MORRELAND, ARTHUR	141, 174, 201, 319, 394	NORRIS, ARTHUR	68, 348, 397
BATEMAN, H. M.	16, 17, 35, 187, 257, 267	MORRISON, J.	188	OWEN, WILL.	385
BAUMER, LEWIS.....	119, 190, 207, 224, 250, 270, 330, 390, 430, 450, 490, 510	MORROW, EDWIN	388	PARTRIDGE, BERNARD	1
BELCHER, GEORGE	75, 97	MORROW, GEORGE	60, 80, 120, 140, 180, 195, 220, 237, 260, 273, 320, 340, 360, 380, 400, 410, 440, 460, 480, 495, 516	PETT, NORMAN.....	20, 36, 98, 228, 258, 301, 421, 446
BIRD, W.	40, 61, 161, 177, 308, 417, 435, 461			PRANCE, BERTRAM	79, 117, 137, 299, 436, 468
BROCK, H. M.	9, 57, 89, 109, 297, 364, 415			RAVEN-HILL, L.	37, 55, 95, 189, 253, 260, 334, 396, 478, 497, 518
BROOK, RICARDO	300			REYNOLDS, FRANK	4, 24, 44, 64, 84, 104, 124, 157, 158, 170, 184, 194, 196, 213, 236, 239, 244, 275, 284, 304, 327, 344, 367, 389, 404, 427, 444, 464, 484, 509
COTTRELL, TOM	169, 474			RIDGEWELL, W. L.	14, 128
CURRY, J. R.	280			ROWNTREE, HARRY	149
DOWD, J. H.	23, 100, 148, 160, 168, 178, 181, 188, 241, 261, 361, 428, 501			SHEPARD, E. H.	10, 107, 130, 167, 197, 234, 254, 264, 455, 515
EARNSHAW, HAROLD	341, 345			SHEPHERD, J. A.	217
"FOUGASSE".....	27, 47, 87, 101, 121, 154, 227, 277, 287, 317, 369, 407, 447, 477, 487, 500			SHEPPERSON, C. A.	67, 147, 247, 347, 469, 507
FRASER, PETER.....	105, 221, 268, 288, 328, 399, 420			SIMMONS, GRAHAM	173
GAMMON, REGINALD	139, 209			SMITH, A. T.	50, 135, 145, 179, 240, 294, 313, 357, 368, 375
GARSTIN, CROSBIE	21			SPEED, LANCELOT	78, 235, 305
GILCHICK, D. L.	41, 218			STAMPA, G. L.	15, 29, 59, 85, 155, 175, 199, 219, 229, 274, 307, 329, 350, 365, 387, 425, 454, 467, 489
GRAVE, CHARLES	19, 25, 99, 125, 204, 249, 293, 395, 465			TERRY, STAN.	81, 200, 208, 281, 321, 381, 401, 441
HARRISON, CHARLES	366, 376, 499			THOMAS, BERT	7, 69, 115, 185, 214, 225, 255, 285, 309, 324, 405, 494, 505
HASELDEN, W. K.	276, 386, 418, 456			THORP, J. H.	296, 314, 429
HENRY, THOMAS	48, 488			TOWNSEND, F. H.	5, 39, 49, 65, 90, 110, 129, 150, 165, 193, 205, 280, 245, 265, 290, 310, 325, 349, 370, 384, 408, 437, 449, 470, 506
JENNIS, G.	77, 144, 259, 316, 387, 359			WOOD, STARR.	445
LLEWELLYN, MAJOR W.	498				
LLOYD, A. W.	13, 33, 34, 53, 54, 73, 74, 93, 94, 113, 133, 134, 333, 353, 354, 373, 374, 393, 413, 414, 433, 434, 453, 473, 493, 512				
MARTIN, L. B.	114				
MILLS, A. WALLIS	30, 45, 70, 127, 153, 164, 210, 278, 289, 315, 335, 355, 377, 409, 424, 457, 475, 485, 504				

